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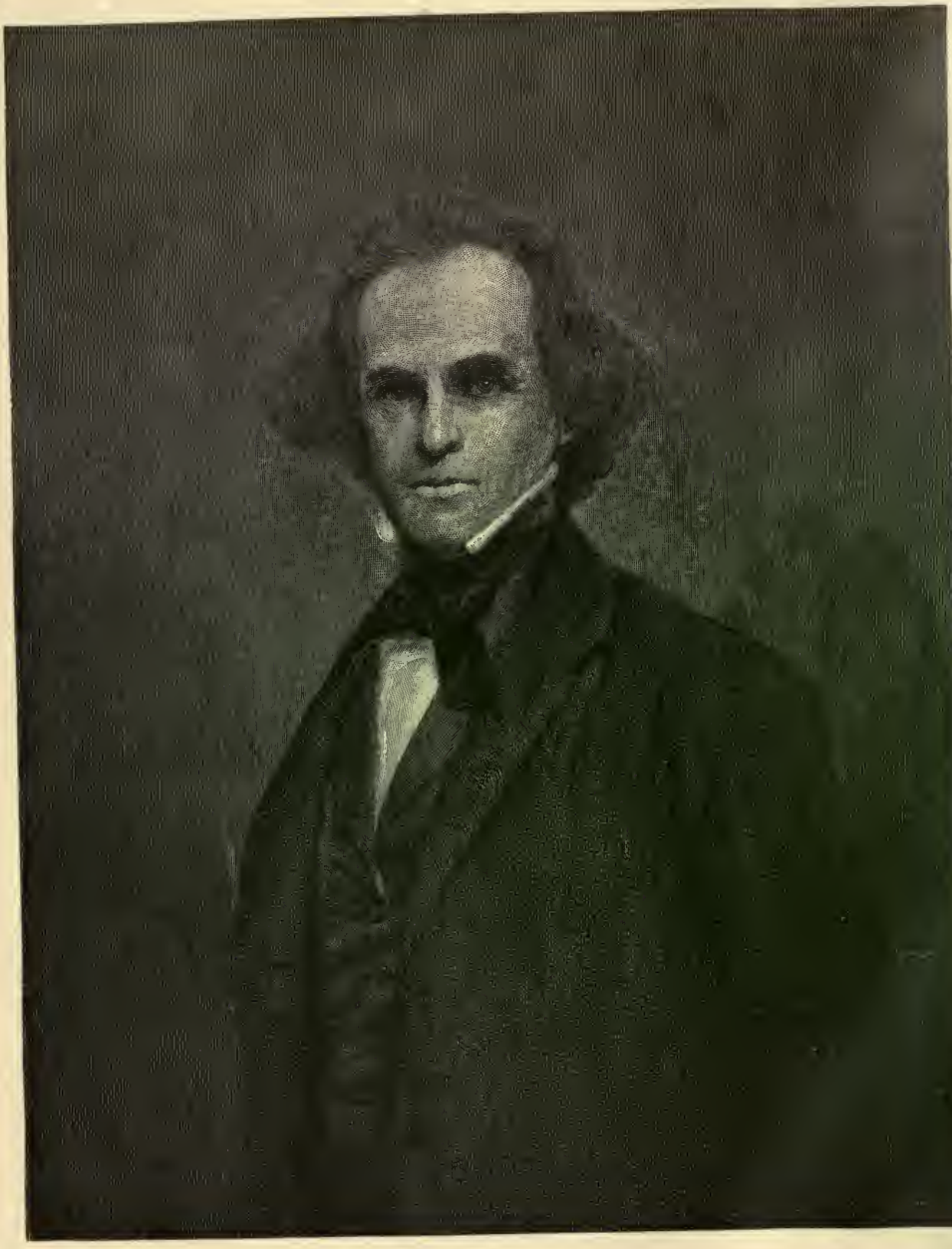

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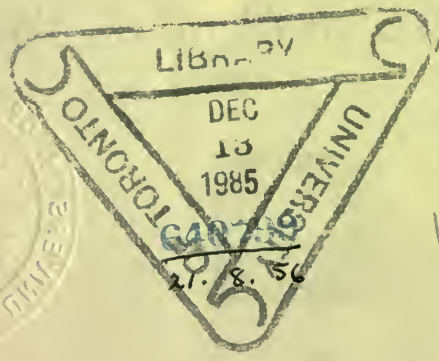

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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AMERICAN COUNTRY DWELLINGS. I.

LODGE OF CHAS. J. OSBORNE, ESQ., MAMARONECK, N. Y.

PASSING from one branch of our architecture to another, we realize how many are the dangers which beset its path. Much of our ecclesiastical work, as we have seen, has been fettered by the wish to follow inappropriate precedents; very many of our buildings for commercial use have been pauperized by complete indifference; and for long our city dwellings were stereotyped and stunted in dull reiteration of some unintelligent design. And now, in considering the domestic architecture of our smaller towns and our country places, we shall see still another tendency at work for evil — the tendency toward ignorant, reckless "originality." But the same fundamental sin has underlaid all these various superficial sins, and the reformation which now begins to show in each and every branch is due in each and all to the fact that we are repenting of this fundamental sin — are beginning to feel the necessity for basing all our work on *rational* foundations, for taking as our guide intelligent, cultivated thought, not apathy or impulse, not mere vague artistic aspirations nor a merely formal adherence to the examples of some other age.

It is not strange that in building our country homes we should have shown ourselves more original, more "American" than elsewhere. Here most of all have we been forced to meet — or at least to deal with — new and diverse requirements. Our climate and the habits of life it engenders, our social conditions and the variety of needs they create, our sites and surroundings, as well as our main material, wood — all have been most unlike those of other nations. In no other architectural branch have we been thrown so largely upon our own resources; therefore in none was the development of some kind of originality so probable. And thus that native character which gives more general signs of its existence than are commonly perceived — which somewhat tinges all our work, however featureless or however imitative — nowhere else reveals itself so clearly as in our country homes. Nowhere has its accent been so pronounced, and nowhere has its voice been broken by so few wholly alien notes. An inquiry into its various manifestations must begin with our very earliest products.

Every one knows what were the first of all our country dwellings — those old farm-houses, built by Dutch or English settlers, which still survive in many a quiet spot. Nothing could be more simple, more utilitarian, more without thought of architectural effectiveness. And yet such a farm-house is often extremely good in its own humble way — good in its general proportions, and especially in the agreeable

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and sometimes picturesque, yet simple and sensible, outlines of its roof.

More decided in character, of course, are those colonial dwellings which soon were built for a higher than the farming class. Whether of Dutch or of English origin, a family likeness marks them all, for the English model itself had been influenced by Dutch ideas. Everywhere the details are "classic," but in their choice and application many variations showed themselves as the years went on. Sometimes a very plain pattern has been followed, sometimes columns and pilasters give a more ambitious air. The openings are now rectangular and now round-arched, with fan-lights in their heads. The porches, and especially the doorways, are often charmingly designed and delicately carved. But here again, as with the farm-house, the roof is apt to be the best and most attractive feature. Truly good and very charming is the "gambrel roof" with its quaint and useful dormers, and the hipped roof, which does not run to a peak but is stopped at a broad balustraded central platform — as, for example, in the oft-illustrated Longfellow house at Cambridge.

Hundreds of these colonial dwellings still stand all through New England and New York State and all along the Atlantic seaboard; and even when they are built of wood their charm is incontestable. Of course we know that many of their features are not intrinsically appropriate to this material. Yet how much of the original excellence survives the unlawful translation from one material into another — how much solidity and simplicity of effect, how much of the truly architectural merit of good outlines and beautiful proportions, how much of that expression of mingled dignity and refinement, which is surely a pleasant expression for any dwelling to put on. In his sparse but intelligently applied detail, moreover, the colonial architect showed a truly artistic perception of the way in which the ornamenta-

HOUSE OF GEORGE R. FEARING, ESQ., NEWPORT, R. I.

HOUSE OF MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE, INDIAN HILL, MASS.

tion appropriate to stone should be altered when it came to be wrought in wood. And inside his structures he built such spacious, well-proportioned rooms, such comfortable or such stately stairways, and, once more, such simple yet pure and artistic decoration, that we cannot but respect his memory, cannot but rejoice in the legacy he has left us.

Greek temples copied in wood and put to domestic uses (an innovation which Thomas Jefferson did very much to foster) were of course much less defensible — were wholly indefensible, in fact, since they showed not merely a translation from one material into another, but a radical and foolish transformation of the structure's very purpose. Yet even for these houses one is tempted to say a good word or two — such a word as I have already tried to say for our public buildings and churches of like fashion. At least they are not vulgar, wild, and frivolous in effect, as have been our products so often since their day.

But there came a time when the traditions of classicizing art died out, when our early forms and ideals were abandoned even by the most conservative, the most provincial. Imitative experiments of various kinds were tried at this time, as they have been tried at all subsequent times; but in general we renounced all outside help, all attempts at "style" of any sort, and fell back upon such native intelligence as we possessed. The resultant product was a mere plain, bald, clapboarded box, surrounded with a wide piazza and arranged inside in the simplest and most obvious fashion, and, inside and out, wholly lacking decoration. The presence of the piazza, however, and of the "Venetian blinds," and the total absence of anything else that possibly could be called a feature, of themselves sufficed to make these houses distinctively American, thoroughly original in effect.*

Beautiful they certainly were not; and yet when they were built the New England village put on the aspect which made its name proverbial for a neat, cheerful, pretty domesticity. This aspect, in truth, was not primarily architectural, but resulted chiefly from the

* The illegitimate employment of the word *piazza* instead of *veranda* hardly deserves to be called, as it so often is called, an Americanism. According to an English glossary, *piazza* is "very frequently and very ignorantly used to denote a walk under an arcade." But not only the ignorant have thus used it even in England; for I know of treatises on architecture, written nearly a century ago, wherein the cloisters of a convent are called *piazzas*. Be its illegitimacy as it may, however, the term has in its present American sense all the warrant any term need have — that of long, consistent, and exclusive use. The common term in the South is "veranda," which is absolutely correct; and in the West, "porch," which, again, is incorrect. But in the Northern and Eastern States one invariably *says* "piazza," and therefore I should feel it to be sheer pedantry did I oblige myself to *write* a different word.

ARCH AND SCREEN ON STAIRWAY IN HOUSE OF HENRY VILLARD, ESQ., DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.

lack of all poverty, squalor, and unthrift, and from the wide spacing of the houses, which turned the village into a succession of green lawns, gay garden-plots, and broad grassy streets, over which the thick-set elms and maples arched their vaults of verdure. And yet the houses themselves did contribute something to the pleasant picture. Their universal white paint, unbroken save by green blinds and gray shingled roofs, increased the air of cheerfulness and purity, and was not discordant with the omnipresent foliage and with the bright blue of our sky. Then, although they had no architecture properly to be so called, though they were bald and bare and unsubstantial-looking when winter stripped off nature's beauty, and were marred by the close, rigid lines of their clapboard covering, they gave a negative sort of satisfaction by their utter modesty and frank simplicity. They looked like the work of a people who could not do anything in the way of art, but who had at least the good sense to recognize the fact and to make no abortive efforts. And finally, the one real feature they did possess — the long and wide piazza — was a most excellent invention, though an invention in a quite rudimentary stage as regarded artistic treatment.

But it was not very long ere we began to be dissatisfied with such negative qualities as these — to ask for something more positive, which, we hoped of course, would be something beautiful to the eye and satisfactory to the mind. And then our "rural vernacular" entered upon its would-be artistic stage.

There have been critics of late years (not only in this country but in England also) to lay all the shortcomings of modern architecture upon the very existence of the "professional architect." They find the root of all evil in his undisputed supremacy, as having disinherited the "naïf artisan"; in his anti-

quarian study, as having led to a soulless eclecticism or a dogged attachment to some bygone style; in his self-conscious cultivation, as having killed all native impulse. In the great architectural ages, they say, architecture was a popular art, of which there were no theorizing, dogmatizing, controlling professors, but to which few men were wholly strange. It was merely a part and parcel of the world's general work, practiced spontaneously and developed unconsciously with the general development of the people. And, as the future must always repeat the past — again an assumption which I quote — never, unless the box, and sprang from a truly popular desire to give this a beauty it too plainly lacked. There is plenty of literature relating to its development, but literature only of a certain kind, in the shape of curiously illiterate hand-books for the use of client and mechanic, filled with ready-made designs which are prolifically varied, and yet are alike from first to last in their general spirit and effect. The great number of such books — "Every Man his Own Architect" may be given as their generic title — goes far to prove the unprofessional, spontaneously popular nature of the movement; and the entire absence of all other

VESTIBULE, ARCH, AND SCREEN IN MR. VILLARD'S HOUSE.

same state of things can be brought about with us, need we hope to see a living, characteristic, national, and therefore worthy architectural movement.

In view of such theories, it may be instructive to call attention to the fact that our country is the only one which in this age has known a development such as they approve. Our "rural vernacular" developed in ignorance, not in knowledge; instinctively, not self-consciously; and it was wrought by the hand of artisans, and not of an educated architectural profession.

It took nothing from the earlier colonial work; it was based wholly on the wooden contemporary literature, theoretic or critical, is sufficient to complete the evidence. These copy-books, assisted by the witness of our memory, show how we went to work to give our box "more architecture." Intelligent thought was not the wind that filled our sails, nor was trained skill at the helm. A vague, ignorant wish for something agreeable to the eye, a bold ignorant use of superficial, rapid, showy means toward getting it — these were the moving, guiding powers. Client and mechanic worked harmoniously together, undisturbed by the professional architect with his inherited styles and methods and ideals, and his conscious, definite aims. The "simple artisan,"

whose advent we are told is so desirable, actually had for a time full sway. Nor ought our theorists to cavil at the fact that he was not the master mason but the "boss carpenter"; for should the artisan have been any other than a carpenter when wood was the material we chiefly used?

This carpenter, then, worked as spontaneously, as untheoretically, as entirely after his own native lights, as carelessly of school traditions, rules, and precedents, as is possible to a modern man. He did not invent all his features, but no man has done this since the very dawning of the art. He invented some, however, and he borrowed just as his untutored taste saw fit, and adapted just as his untutored hand found most convenient. He twisted his square box into odd card-house shapes in a determined desire for "picturesqueness"; or he left it square and, with a peculiarly bold and naïf movement of appropriation, crowned it with that form of covering which Mansard had applied to the palaces of France. None too pleasing, it seems to me, even in its proper size and station, this so-called "French roof" was ludicrous indeed when set on top of our flimsy little wooden walls in a greatly diminished but still all-too-massive form. It was supremely ludicrous and supremely ugly, yet no feature we have ever made our own has been more universally beloved.

Then our customary white paint was deemed too simple or too "unæsthetic," and all the tints of the diligent but tasteless modern manufacturer were essayed, either one by one or a dozen at a time. Scarlet and canary-yellow were not too bright, malarial greens were not too depressing for the experimental energy of the moment. One house would almost imitate a circus-tent, and the next would look like an emanation from the Dismal Swamp. Nor do I exaggerate when I say "a dozen tints at a time." I have counted often, and once, for example, I counted nine colors in the body of a house, with several more in the "Scotch-plaid" pattern of its roof.

FARM-HOUSE OF LYMAN C. JOSEPHS, ESQ., NEWPORT.

And then we borrowed features here and there and everywhere to give them queer, abortive shapes in our soft pine wood. Cornices, brackets, balustrades, and pediments of Renaissance lineage; turrets, pinnacles, finials, and gables which had once been Gothic — all were now Americanized together, and were adorned with decoration that was chiefly, I should say, American in its first estate. And all the decoration took flat, shallow, mechanical, outline shapes, fitted for execution with the jig-saw and for application with the glue-pot. With these delightful helpers, with the eccentric paint-brush, and with a clumsy turning-lathe and molding-plane — all their colonial skill and grace forgotten — our builder wrought

HOUSE OF MRS. MARY HEMENWAY, MANCHESTER, MASS.

both his borrowed and his invented motives into structures unlike all else on earth besides, but with such a consistent, persistent family likeness among themselves, and such an identity of feeling and effect running through all their varied items, that they reveal indeed a "national style," all the more national since it was accepted with such national satisfaction. The "rural vernacular" was neither local in its birth nor local in the degree of unanimity with which it was adopted. It seems to have developed everywhere almost at once, and for a generation its authority was everywhere supreme. From the tiniest cottage to the most ambitious residence, from the suburban villa to the huge "summer-resort" hotel, from the village street to the Newport avenue, everything for a time spoke the same dialect, though, of course, with diversities in emphasis and elaboration. I do not say there was no dissent. The plain wooden box still survived; occasionally we had a would-be Gothic cottage or a pseudo-Swiss chalet; and when brick or stone was used a simple utilitarian respectability was sometimes preserved, though perhaps the more common tendency was to overlay even these materials with showy decoration wrought in wood. Nor were instances wholly wanting when a much more positive, a distinctly artistic, excellence revealed itself. One such example we see in our illustration of Mr. Fearing's house at Newport, which was built before the recent rise of our "new school" of domestic architecture, yet is still one of the most attractive among all its varied neighbors. But I am sorry to say that a Swiss and not a native artist must be credited with its virtues. If we count up, however, all the dissentient voices of every kind and value, we still find that they hardly weaken to a perceptible extent the unanimity of the vernacular chorus.

Evidently we failed in this attempt to produce architectural art, but not because we lacked for aspiration. The very extravagance of our misdeeds shows the eagerness of the effort we had been making. Why was it so fruitless an effort? Must we conclude that its outcome proves us wholly and hopelessly, then, now, and forever, without artistic aptitude? Or should we lay the whole blame on mere immaturity? Should we argue that failure in this early stage counts for little as proof or prophecy of any kind, having been but a youthful, temporary stumble on what was none the less the right path to follow? Or ought we to decide, on the other hand, that we failed because the path

HALL IN HOUSE OF SAMUEL TILTON, ESQ., NEWPORT.

in order. We are not a primitive people, but the heirs of all the ages; for surely the mere fact that we have crossed an ocean does not disinherit us. It is as utterly foolish to talk of throwing away our legacy of art, and of beginning afresh with the intent to develop "something American," as it would be to hold the same language with regard to science, industry, morals, manners, feelings, tastes — with regard to any other of those civilized necessities or sentiments or requirements which are ours as much as Europe's. All history proves this fact, if proof is needed. Every page and line of that long record which certain critics have so misread (for the mere delight, it would seem, of championing a paradox) proves, when rightly read, that no people ever deliberately threw away its artistic inheritance; and proves also and as a natural consequence, be it noted, that never, save in really primitive periods, was architecture pursued in a thoughtless, untrained, "popular" way. There is no presence more clearly and constantly to be recognized all through the varied story, which begins in the gray Egyptian centuries and carries us over so many lands and ages, than the presence of him whom in the strictest sense of the word we must call the "professional architect." Especially often has it been said that in the middle ages there were "no architects" — nothing but a multitude of artisans who were consummately skilled in practical things, but who applied their skill unreflectingly, instinctively; who labored much as bees labor at their honeycomb; who "builded better than they knew"; who built well, in fact, just because they did not know *how* well, did not see distinctly what they were aiming at, but were guided in some occult way by the "spirit of the age." "Inspired masons" is the queer term that has been invented for them, and that is used as a

we followed was *not* the right one — because the ignorant, naïf, popular way of attempting architecture is intrinsically mistaken, is a way that will kill, not foster, such gifts as we may possess, that will prevent and not insure such progress as we may be capable of making? I think, in spite of the critics I have quoted, that the last explanation is the true one.

Of course there was a period with many nations in the past when their builders were not learned, cultivated, theorizing — when instinctive, untrained effort did such work as was done and conquered such steps as were gained. But these were *primitive* periods, when work of no kind was "professional," when no knowledge was codified, and no effort was theorizing or self-conscious. Art in its earlier stages was then certainly brought out of ignorance, as were all the other treasures of civilized humanity. But we are not in a time or a condition when such births are

counter-term to the "professional architects" of modern days.

How absurd such ideas seem when one knows what the mediæval styles really were — perhaps the very last styles of all that could possibly have been wrought untheoretically by even the most "inspired" of artisans, could possibly have been developed without definite, conscious aim, were a people never fessional architects, and were never called aught else. And if in other cases the architect *was* something else as well — was prince or monk, bishop, sculptor, master mason — what does it matter? The educated, deliberating, theorizing mind — this is the thing in question. This always directed in all ages, though, of course, with varying degrees of knowledge and of skill, according as the general intel-

DINING-ROOM IN MR. TILTON'S HOUSE.

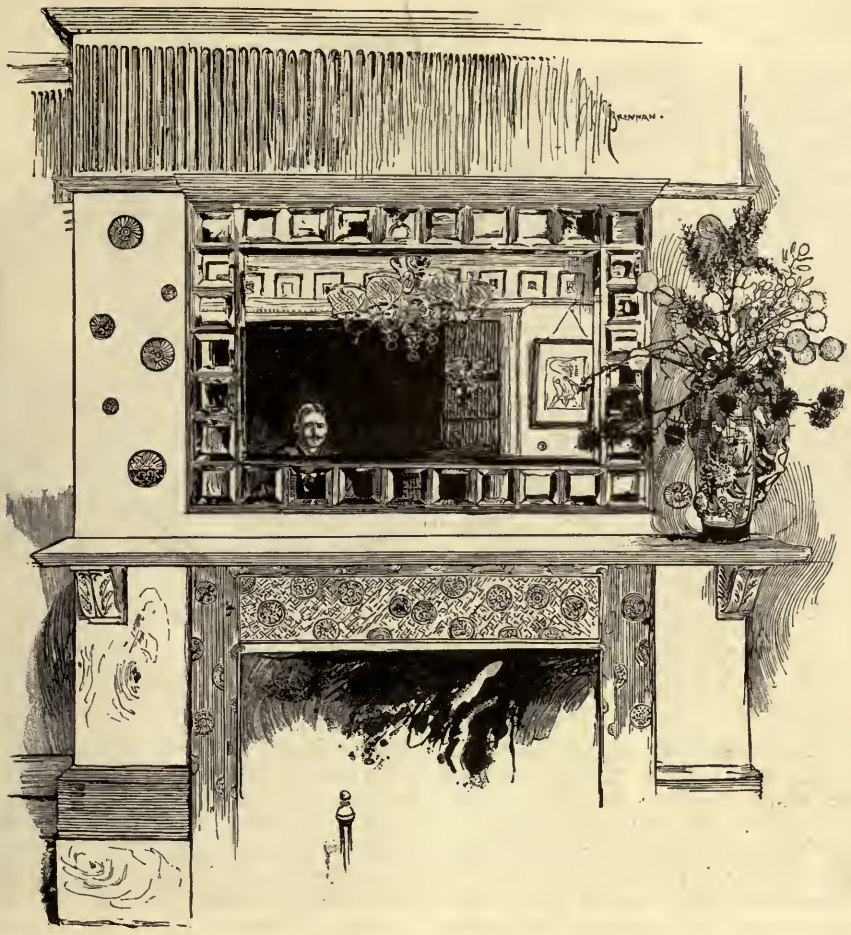
so "artistic"; how absurd when one knows that their fundamental power and excellence lie, not in that decorative richness which strikes and holds the popular eye (and which was in truth largely the work of the subordinate artisan), but in their incorporation of the profoundest scientific knowledge, their logical following out of the strictest mathematical formulæ, their realization of the highest and the subtilest artistic theories. And how foolish must seem the attempted elimination of the "professional architect" to those who have even a slight acquaintance with contemporary records. Scanty, mutilated, casual, confused, and superficial though those records are, there has been compiled from them an astonishingly long and unbroken list of men who were widely famous just for their theoretic knowledge of their art, men who were recognized as pro-

lectual standard of one age varied from the general intellectual standard of another. This should have the credit of mediæval no less than of classic triumphs — this, and not that mere blind, passive, multiple human tool, wielded by the "spirit of the age," which certain critics have imagined as a fetich for their worship. Perhaps it may seem, as we look back where all things are blurred in a dim far perspective, as though the spirit of the age had done it all; and in truth it is a potent spirit, one upon which the architect is greatly dependent for help or hindrance, nay, for his own birth and nature and impulsions; and it is often a naïf, unconscious spirit. But all history shows — and nowhere more plainly than in the very chapter which tells of mediæval architecture — that it can never do great and lasting work save through

STAIRWAY AND WINDOW IN MR. TILTON'S HOUSE.

the hands of specially qualified instruments, can never fully express its impulses save through the mouth of accredited high priests. And these instruments, these priests, can never themselves individually be blind, naïf, and ignorant in their efforts. They must know very well what they want to do, and must have learned very thoroughly all that their age can teach them with regard to the best way of doing it.

Believe me, to manage rightly our inheritance of art, we must have as our executives those who really know and understand it. And we *must* manage it rightly, for we could not get rid of it if we would. It would not only be a folly to throw it away—it would be an actual impossibility. If it does not remain to help, it will remain to hinder; if not for inspiration, then for contamination. For look once more at our own unfortunate essay in independence. I have said that the artisan who developed our "vernacular" wrought as spontaneously, as instinctively, *as is possible to a modern man*. But this is just the point: no civilized modern man, however ignorant, however self-reliant, however far removed from the sources of transmitted knowledge and the springs of transmitted influence, can ever hold himself quite outside the current, can ever be in a state even approaching to primitive ignorance, absolute simplicity, aboriginal independence, unsophisticated freshness of memory and thought and eye. Untutored effort meant with our artisan what it must always mean with modern men — merely a crude and insufficient, instead of a wise and successful method of inventing; and a haphazard, stupid, tasteless, instead of a skillful, law-abiding, artistic method of adaptation. Dim and fragmentary as was our builder's knowledge of precedent and architectural theory, it was still great enough to preclude the possibility of his beginning at a really independent starting-point and working out a new salvation for himself. Nor could we, his clients, have suppressed our complex, imperious, practical necessities, our vague but strong and sophisticated expressional and artistic aspirations, and have waited while a slow, century-long development from some primitive starting-point went on. He knew too much, we knew and desired too much, for this. But for the other method — for the sensible, scientific, and artistic use of the inherited materials which forced themselves upon us — both he and we knew far too little. This is the truth — the truth that mere common sense might teach, and that all history but illustrates: our *contented ignorance* is the scapegoat which should bear the burden of our failures. All history teaches this, I repeat once more; for if we are to judge the present by the past at all, we surely must be careful that the terms of the comparison correspond. And then it is not with the primitive communities of old, but with the most highly complex and sophisticated communities that have ever been, that we shall compare our own. For what is the superficial fact that we are a new nation on a new soil to the fundamental fact that we are an old *people* with all the characteristics this term implies? And the history of our prototypes proclaims, I say, that instead of blaming our architecture for being "too professional," we should blame it for being not by a thousand degrees professional *enough* — should blame it in that its executives, whatever they have called themselves,



FIREPLACE IN HOUSE OF HORACE WHITE, ESQ., ELBERON, N. J.

have too commonly lacked the knowledge, the training, the cultivated taste, and the educated, refined common sense which in every great building age have been the corner-stones of effort and the inspiration of success.*

It is possible that, even though we long follow the best path and strive in the best way, we may never have a really great building age in America; for its advent will depend in great part, of course, upon whether or no we are gifted with artistic aptitude. I wish only to insist that our results need not be taken as decisive upon this last point until we *do* follow the best path and strive in the best way; until we go to work, and long persist in working, as we confess we ought to work in every other department of human effort — building intelligently on a wide knowledge of what has been done before, not thinking a bastard modern primitiveness a desirable foundation; systematizing our efforts, not wasting ourselves in crude experiments; keeping definite aims and ideals in view, not waiting lazily for "the spirit of the age" to speak through empty minds and untrained hands. If hitherto we have seemed to show little enough of artistic aptitude, let us take comfort from the confession that we have been very ignorant, and that we have had a very childish trust in the capabilities of ignorance. For, be it noted, not only in the branch which I have dwelt upon as the most conspicuous example, but in every other branch as well, the name of American architecture has been disgraced by a multitude of works in which no architect ever had a hand. What should have been

* The architecture of the rural Swiss is sometimes cited as an example of an appropriate and artistic product which must have been developed "unprofessionally," and, therefore, as an example for our following. But there is no real analogy between the two cases — nothing more than the very shadowy analogy which lies in the use of the same materials under totally different social and temporal conditions.

FIREPLACE IN HOUSE OF ISAAC BELL, ESQ., NEWPORT.

his task was confided too often to those who claimed his name without sufficient warrant, and as often to those who did not even dream of claiming it at all. Have we not seen how the "builder" wrought in our city homes when the speculator was his partner? Are we not well aware that he was often joined in a similar partnership with a very different client from the speculator — with the most lavish and ambitious of owners? Do we not all know in our own home neighborhoods the builder's factories and warehouses, his town halls and his public schools, his railway stations, even his churches? And can we say that their species is not still prolific? Now at last it has come into active competition with another and a better species. But that the "fittest" shall survive in this one special struggle for existence, depends almost entirely on you to whom I speak — on the wide general public of future clients, on the patrons who in this art are so immensely potent a power. Certainly, as compared with even a very recent period, this public has to-day a better appreciation of the importance of trained professional skill in building. But such appreciation is still not distinct or strong enough; and it is by no means *thorough* enough. That is looked upon as a luxury for great occasions which is, in truth, a necessity for all occasions great and small, and which, under the right conditions, is an economy instead of an indulgence. I do not say that we could always have acted up to this belief, even had we held it very firmly. When the local builder bore undisputed sway there certainly was not a trained and skillful architect languishing for want of patronage in every little village. Nor even when, in village or in city, one who believed himself to be such was given the helm, was he always able to steer a triumphant or so much as a safe and sensible course. Nor would I insinuate that builder and architect were always themselves to blame for not better deserving the higher title — except in so far as they were contented with the lower. But I *do* say that their condition and ours was a great misfortune, a hopelessly hampering misfortune; not a necessary stage in progress, nor, still less, a fortunate chance which, had we only been a "more artistic" nation, we should have utilized toward the best possible results. And I do insist that it is the duty of our public as well as of our architects themselves to try to make our art ever more and more "professional."

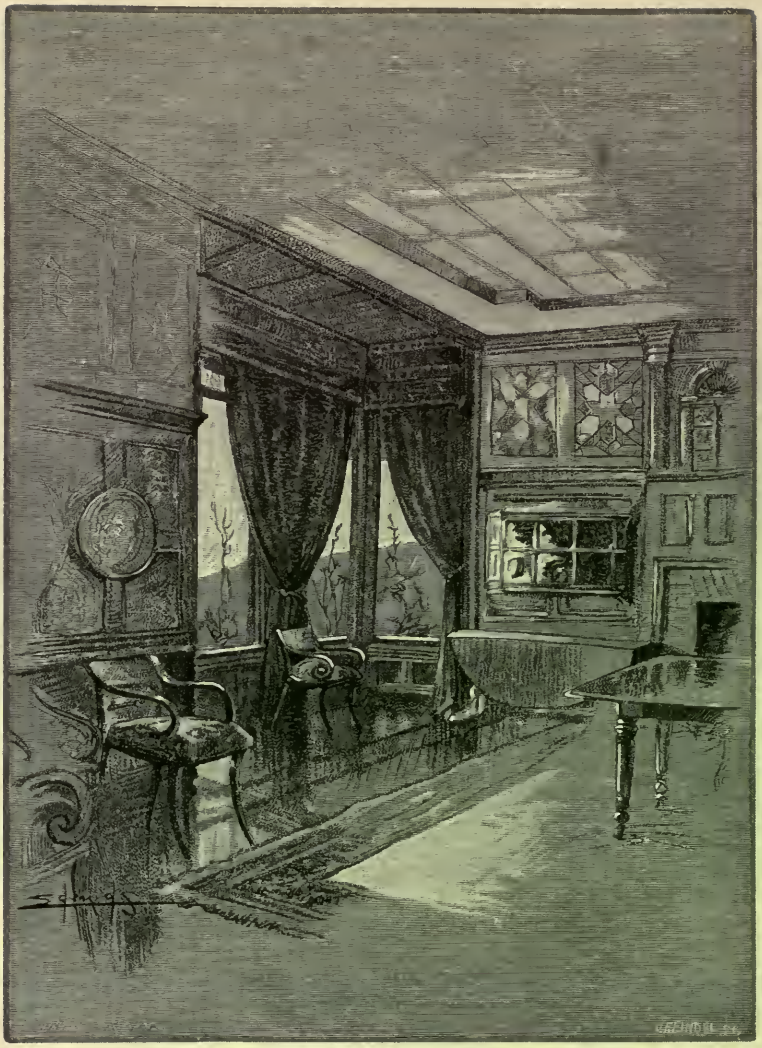
But enough and more than enough of generalities. It is quite time that I should prove my own arguments by the evidence of our most recent work in the branch with which at the moment we are specially concerned. For such proof can, I think, here be found.

It is certainly not open to question that our best country homes and our average coun-

try homes of to-day are infinitely better than the best and the average of twenty or even of ten years ago. But it is just as little open to question that the "professional architect" now plays a much more important part in their construction; or, again, that this architect is becoming year by year more professional himself — that is, more widely differentiated from the mere artisan in quantity of knowledge, in thoroughness and quality of training, in refinement of intelligence, in width of artistic horizon, in processes and theories and ideals.

LIBRARY IN HOUSE OF SAMUEL GRAY WARD, ESQ., LENOX, MASS.

One name, I think, deserves to be mentioned here with especial honor. It would be difficult to overestimate the good influence Mr. Richard Hunt has had both upon the profession itself and upon its status with the public. When he began to practice such an education and equipment as his were almost anomalous with us, while to-day (of course not by any means solely, but yet, I think, partly through his example) they are getting to be thought essential and getting to *be* not quite exceptional. He was so industrious a worker, moreover, that the sum of his results formed a very large lump of leaven — a remarkably large lump, seeing that they were not all, like the results of too many others, patterned upon one shallow, monotonous scheme. He was so full of ideas that he experimented very widely and diversely. Not all of his experiments, we may grant, were successful. But as they were based on knowledge, not ignorance, all were useful as systematizing future efforts and marking out future paths, and most especially those which dealt with the new necessities of iron. He was so enthusiastic and versatile that every branch of the art appealed to him — even the then despised branch which includes country homes. All this did good, I repeat, not only as influencing other workers, but as raising the generally received opinion with regard to the utility of an architect in architecture. But in this last respect we are most of all indebted, perhaps, to the force of character and witchingness of tongue that enabled Mr. Hunt to lay hold of the stolid, indifferent, obstinate, or timid client, and lead him whither he would have him go. I do not feel that in saying this I overstep the line which divides legitimate impersonal from illegitimate personal commentary; for, let it be in the other arts as it may, in the architect's art personal force and persuasiveness are essentially part and parcel of the required endowment. As I have said so often, this art depends upon direct, special, reiterated acts of patronage to a degree quite peculiar to itself; and as every new commission differs from every other, an artist's past record is not always taken — indeed, cannot always be taken — as a guarantee of future success. Therefore he who has not a modicum of personal persuasive power runs a great risk of being obliged to follow those whom he ought to lead. I do not say how it might be in an ideally artistic community; *there*, perhaps, all excellence would be self-evident to all in anticipation as in fact, and no discussion or persuasion necessary. But as communities



DINING-ROOM IN MR. WARD'S HOUSE.

stand to-day, that architect will be most serviceable to his clients, as well as to his art and to himself, who (other things being equal, I mean, of course) can persuade them most convincingly *that he knows best.* When Mr. Hunt began to practice this seemed a very strange proposition to the ears of the free and independent American citizen — especially when he was intent upon the structure of his own home. The fact that it now carries with it a sound much less of novelty and offense is largely due just to this one champion.*

Of course Mr. Hunt was not the first to try to improve upon the "vernacular" type of country dwelling — to try to put architectural coherence and something which might truthfully be called design in the place of the fantastic and yet mechanical medley which prevailed. Doubtless he was not even the first to do this with real ability and radically right ideas to

* How often do we still hear some "house-father" of the elder generation proclaim with child-like pride: "I had no architect; the builder and I did it all" — or, more likely, "*I* and the builder." And how invariably does the fact reveal itself in a very different way from that which he supposes! Perhaps this is as good a time as any to acknowledge the personal debt of gratitude I feel to Mr. Howells for having set before my readers so delicately trenchant a dramatic picture of the difference between the old *régime* and the new in matters architectural. Silas Lapham and his new house and his architect will, I am very sure, advocate my conclusions far more persuasively than all my own theoretic preachments.

FIREPLACE IN STUDIO OF H. H. RICHARDSON, ESQ., BROOKLINE, MASS.

back the effort. But so far as I know he *was* the first who perceptibly stemmed the popular current, who started any conspicuous and permanent stream of improvement. His work differs in many ways from that which is most characteristic of to-day. And yet he should be ranked as the forerunner — as what the Germans call the "road-breaker" — of the younger band who are doing such good service now. In the matter of interior treatment — both as regards the nice provision for complicated practical needs, and as regards variety and beauty of architectural effect as well — his innovations were especially remarkable and salutary. When speaking in a former chapter of the gradual growth in beauty our domestic interiors have undergone, I remarked that it showed at first in the shape of mere extrinsic charm — of upholsterer's decoration, so to say — and that we were satisfied for a time with this ere we bethought ourselves that intrinsic architectural charm might be still better worth the having. But Mr. Hunt's houses should be noted as exceptions. His efforts after architectural beauty began long before the decorative movement declared itself. For a long time the homes he built were much better in their main constructive features than in their decoration or their furniture, though at a much later day the rule was the reverse of this.

Coming now to speak of our current work in this department, I find the task extremely difficult. In no other branch do controlling needs, desires, and opportunities vary so widely and perpetually; nowhere else are possibilities of excellence or failure so manifold in themselves or so dependent upon the differing characters of different sites. And this makes it peculiarly hard, of course, to select examples — these being necessarily few in number — so that they shall be in any sense *typical* examples. That is to say, a town hall which is successful in one small town might have been just as successful in a hundred others; the plan and façade which are good for a narrow city lot might be just as good in Chicago or St. Louis as in New York or Boston; but a country home that is admirable at Newport, for example, could hardly be repeated at Mt. Desert or in the Catskills, not even to meet the same owner's needs — often could not be repeated on any other Newport site. It is peculiarly difficult, moreover, to describe even the individual excellence of any country home, for this excellence is not only individual to so exceptional a degree, but in this country is also, in the majority of cases, of a comparatively modest, unaccented kind; lies in the harmony of minor, detailed virtues; is not to be explained by the citation of con-

spicuous features, or characterized by reference to anything very pronounced in the way of "style." The architectural virtues of a palace or a mansion are emphatic and describable, but the architectural virtues of a cottage are retiring and elusive — are very apt to evaporate entirely from the words in which one tries to write them down. I must therefore make it my chief aim to point out certain factors which, in spite of the endless diversity of our problems, nevertheless enter into almost all of them; and to note certain tendencies which, in spite of the varied character of our efforts, nevertheless may be said to characterize those efforts as a whole. The examples I shall briefly note in illustration must not be accepted as being better than all others, but merely as being most familiar to my eyes. Indeed, their illustrative value depends to no small degree just upon the fact that I can say they are *not* better than all others.

I have already hinted that when the American architect labors in this branch he can get an unusually small amount of help from his foreign brethren. Continental excellence cannot be very useful to him, for the fundamental ideas which prevail in continental lands with regard to what country homes should be are radically different from those which prevail with us. The fundamental ideas which prevail in England, on the other hand, do strongly resemble ours. But our social conditions are so peculiar to ourselves, and our climate also, and our consequent habits of life, that even English teachings must be vastly modified in the application. Of course I do not mean to contradict everything I have written above — to say that we do not need to use all possible learning, to incorporate many transmitted ideas and many borrowed motives, here as elsewhere in our art. I merely mean that here even more than elsewhere we should not, cannot *copy* — should study the results of other lands and ages "only as one studies literature, not as one studies grammar."

This fact has clearly proved itself within the last few years. An effort has been made to copy the domestic style which now rules in England,— that so-called "Queen Anne," which our grandchildren will call "Queen Victoria,"— and it has proved the impossibility of direct imitation as distinctly as the "vernacular" had already proved the futility of thoughtless, ignorant originality. Fortunately we have not been as long in learning the second lesson as we were in learning the first. It is true that we cannot just yet say that it is thoroughly learned — cannot say that our imitative Queen Anne is yet extinct. But it is dying fast, I think, and to-day it does not include those which we deem our most characteristic, much less those which we deem our most successful efforts.

But why is not the Queen Anne cottage, which in its best state at home has charmed the eye of many an American and thoroughly fulfilled his conception of what a country home should be — why is it not able, if transplanted to our own soil, to meet at least a certain class of needs? Try to live in one, and you will see. In the winter season you will have snow where the Englishman has rain, and will find his picturesquely complex roof a snow-trap, not a snow-shed. You will have far greater cold than he, and will need a plan that does not put too many difficulties in the way of warming from a common center. Winter and summer you will have sunshine of a strength he knows only in his dreams, and his house will very likely give you more windows than you want. And in summer you will have heat of a potency he would hate to know even in his dreams, and his house will most certainly *not* give you the thing you want most of all — a piazza. And, again, you will very often wish to make a much more extensive use of wood than he ever makes in these modern days. Of course you may use your wood in place of his brick; you may modify his roofs, change his plan, alter his openings, and add your own piazza. If, however, you do this with the intent to copy the effect of his house as nearly as you can, you will utterly spoil his creation and produce a bastard thing which will neither satisfy your eye nor wholly meet your needs. And this is just what has been done in a very great many cases. If, on the other hand, you make the necessary changes with intelligent thought and artistic feeling as your helpers, instead of with imitative effort as your fetter, the result will not be the Englishman's house at all, but something essentially different, essentially your own. And this too, let us rejoice to note, is done more often and more successfully year by year.

From current English fashions we have certainly learned a great deal besides the mere fact that we cannot copy them; and we should be peculiarly grateful that our interest in them has led us to take an interest in genuine Queen Anne and Georgian work — that is, in the work so many examples of which are to be found upon our own soil. Our colonial homes have of late been the objects of much earnest attention, and the fact is very fortunate.

It would have been unfortunate, however, had not our architects approached them in a more sensible spirit than that which has swayed some of the critics already quoted. For, after saying much in a vague way with regard to what ought *not* to be done in Amer-

ica, these advisers have given at least one bit of decided counsel with regard to what *ought* to be done — have declared that we ought to look back at our colonial examples and to "reproduce" them as faithfully as we can. These examples, they assert, are the only examples at once "American" and good; and they are so very good — so charming, so characteristic, and so appropriate to our wants — that we need not try to improve on them. If, however, we throw aside a very natural sentimentality which clings about the subject, and if we then compare our colonial homes not merely with their later rivals, the clapboarded box and the "vernacular" villa, but with a sensible ideal of what the homes of to-day might be and should be — if we do this, we find that our critics' assertions hardly sustain themselves.

We need not quarrel over the question whether the colonial house is "American" or not. In any strict sense, of course, it does not deserve the name; nothing does save the wigwam of the North and the pueblo of the South. Of course its patterns were all imported, and sometimes their treatment was very strictly imitative — more strictly imitative, I should say, than the treatment of any of our later products whatsoever. But certain frequent features — as, for instance, one or two sensible and charming modes of roofing — may fairly be called original; and when the translation into wood occurred, that was certainly American enough. Then our colonial work has stood longer than any other, and is identified with whatever historic associations we can call our own; and it is all so analogous as to offer an instance of the flourishing on our soil of something that may be called a coherent, comprehensible, all-pervading "style." All these facts, together with its undeniable charm, certainly give it a strong hold upon our affections, and a priority of claim among the proper objects of our study. But the main question is not as to its Americanism, and is not as to its charm; the main question is, does it indeed wholly meet the needs of to-day, practically, expressionally, and artistically?

Practically it does not. Its air is indeed as of a delightfully complete domesticity, but it by no means fulfills to the modern American mind the promise it holds out to the eye. In relation to the habits we have acquired during more than a century of rapidly changing existence, it is not one-half so "livable" as it looks. It provides only for the simplest, most unvaried and homogeneous domestic and social customs, and only for housekeeping of what now seems a very primitive pattern. Whatever the *paterfamilias* might feel about it, neither the *mater* nor her executives could live at their ease to-day or work at their best in an unmodified colonial interior. If they happen to dwell in an old one, there are sentimental compensations which perhaps suffice. But when a new home is in question the case seems wholly different. And the alterations in plan and arrangement which are necessary to meet the change in main requirements, and to provide for a hundred subordinate new requirements, must be of such a character that the old exterior pattern cannot often be retained. For this pattern is certainly not flexible, elastic, given to indefinite extension and the indefinite multiplication of minor constructive features. The effect of quiet dignity which is its greatest charm depends very largely just upon its simple, unbroken outlines, and its broad, unbroken masses.

And in thus deciding with regard to its practical sufficiency, have we not also decided with regard to the expressional and artistic sufficiency of the colonial home? Our more freely social, more lavish, more varied and complex ways of living cannot find full and truthful expression in any colonial pattern, nor our growing love of art full and lawful satisfaction. We still want to be dignified in our architectural voice, still to be refined, still to be quiet; but the dignity, the refinement, and the repose must be of a different character from those which appropriately marked the dwellings of our ancestors. The simpler types among these are extremely puritanical; and I do not think the adjective fits ourselves. And the ornater types, even if they had not also much of the same accent, are the least well fitted for reproduction in our most usual material; for, excusable though the practice was a hundred years ago, it would be inexcusable to-day to build Doric porticoes or to frame Ionic pilasters out of pine boards painted.

In short, we may say of our colonial homes what we may say of the contemporary homes of England: our architects should study them, but cannot copy them. When to a certain degree their features and their general effect have been reproduced, the result seems peculiarly pleasing and most appropriately "American." (At least this is true of the Eastern States. It would not be so true, I think, of the Western — which may be taken as proof in passing of how desirabilities vary in this department of our art.) But many extraneous features and many variations of old features and old modes of working must be introduced if the result is to be sensible and satisfactory. And for some of these the point of departure must be found in the "vernacular." Incapable of self-development into anything good, it yet cannot be cut down root and branch; it must

LODGE OF FREDERICK L. AMES, ESQ., NORTH EASTON, MASS.

yield us certain buds of excellence for development along with other grafts. Its piazza, for example, absolutely imposes itself upon the conscience of every American architect. To develop it into a beautiful and constructive instead of an ugly, make-shift, superadded feature, and to bring it into perfect harmony with all his other features, many of which will have come from very different sources — this is one of the most vital problems with which he has to deal; and also one of the most difficult, and the one of all others which most emphatically forbids him to imitate any previous product, most emphatically prescribes that if he builds good country houses for the Americans of to-day, they will be essentially unlike all others.

But I have come to the utmost limits of a long chapter, and must postpone all further comment to another. The illustrations herewith given reveal something in the mean while with regard to our current efforts. I would only say once more that the revelation is of necessity imperfect; that no such illustrations can tell the whole truth as to form and proportion, much truth as to detail, or any truth as to color; and, especially, cannot speak distinctly as to that perfect adaptation of a house to its surroundings which is one of the most vital of all virtues. As our conditions run, it is sometimes a virtue very difficult of attainment. Nevertheless it is one which we are earnestly striving to attain, and already with a degree of success that goes far to prove there lie within us some latent sparks of true artistic aptitude.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

The lodge on Mr. Osborne's place at Mamaroneck, Major Poore's house, and all the interiors except the studio were designed by Messrs. McKim, Mead & White; the studio and the lodge at North Easton by Mr. Richardson; Mrs. Hemenway's house by Mr. Emerson, and the Newport farm-house by Mr. C. S. Luce.

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life" "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

XI.

"WHAT makes Lemuel such a gift," said Miss Vane, in a talk which she had with Sewell a month later, "is that he is so supplementary."

"Do you mean just in the supplementary sense of the term?"

"Well, not in the fifth-wheel sense. I mean that he supplements us, all and singular—if you will excuse the legal exactness."

"Oh, certainly," said Sewell; "I should like even more exactness."

"Yes; but before I particularize I must express my general satisfaction in him as a man-body. I had no idea that man-bodies in a house were so perfectly admirable."

"I've sometimes feared that we were not fully appreciated," said Sewell. "Well?"

"The house is another thing with a man-body in it. I've often gone without little things I wanted, simply because I hated to make Sarah bring them, and because I hated still worse to go after them, knowing we were both weakly and tired. Now I deny myself nothing. I make Lemuel fetch and carry without remorse, from morning till night. I never knew it before, but the man-body seems never to be tired, or ill, or sleepy."

"Yes," said Sewell, "that is often the idea of the woman-body. I'm not sure that it's correct."

"Oh, *don't* attack it!" implored Miss Vane. "You don't *know* what a blessing it is. Then, the man-body never complains, and I can't see that he expects anything more in an order than the clear understanding of it. He doesn't expect it to be accounted for in any way; the fact that you say you want a thing is enough. It is very strange. Then the moral support of the presence of a man-body is enormous. I now know that I have never slept soundly since I have kept house alone—that I have never passed a night without hearing burglars or smelling fire."

"And now?"

"And now I shouldn't mind a legion of burglars in the house; I shouldn't mind being burned in my bed every night. I feel that Lemuel is in charge, and that nothing can happen."

"Is he really so satisfactory?" asked Sewell, exhaling a deep relief.

"He is, indeed," said Miss Vane. "I couldn't exaggerate it."

"Well, well! Don't try. We are finite, after all, you know. Do you think it can last?"

"I have thought of that," answered Miss Vane. "I don't see why it shouldn't last. I have tried to believe that I did a foolish thing in coming to your rescue, but I can't see that I did. I don't see why it shouldn't last as long as Lemuel chooses. And he seems perfectly contented with his lot. He doesn't seem to regard it as domestic service, but as domestication, and he patronizes our inefficiency while he spares it. His common sense is extraordinary — it's exemplary; it almost makes one wish to have common sense one's self." They had now got pretty far from the original proposition, and Sewell returned to it with the question, "Well, and how does he supplement you singularly?"

"Oh! oh, yes!" said Miss Vane. "I could hardly tell you without going into too deep a study of character."

"I'm rather fond of that," suggested the minister.

"Yes, and I've no doubt we should all work very nicely into a sermon as illustrations; but I can't more than indicate the different cases. In the first place, Jane's forgetfulness seems to be growing upon her, and since Lemuel came she's abandoned herself to ecstasies of oblivion."

"Yes?"

"Yes. She's quite given over remembering *any*thing, because she knows that he will remember *every*thing."

"I see. And you?"

"Well, you have sometimes thought I was a little rash."

"A little? Did I think it was a little?"

"Well, a good deal. But it was all nothing to what I've been since Lemuel came. I used to keep some slight check upon myself for Sibyl's sake; but I don't now. I know that Lemuel is there to temper, to delay, to modify

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the effect of every impulse, and so I am all impulse now. And I've quite ceased to rule my temper. I know that Lemuel has self-control enough for all the tempers in the house, and so I feel perfectly calm in my wildest transports of fury."

"I understand," said Sewell. "And does Sibyl permit herself a similar excess in her fancies and ambitions?"

"Quite," said Miss Vane. "I don't know that she consciously relies upon Lemuel to supplement her, any more than Jane does; but she must be unconsciously aware that no extravagance of hers can be dangerous while Lemuel is in the house."

"Unconsciously aware is good. She hasn't got tired of reforming him yet?"

"I don't know. I sometimes think she wishes he had gone a little farther in crime. Then his reformation would be more obvious."

"Yes; I can appreciate that. Does she still look after his art and literature?"

"That phase has changed a little. She thinks now that he ought to be stimulated, if anything — that he ought to read George Eliot. She's put 'Middlemarch' and 'Romola' on his shelf. She says that he looks like Tito Malema."

Sewell rose. "Well, I don't see but what your supplement is a very demoralizing element. I shall never dare to tell Mrs. Sewell what you've said."

"Oh, she knows it," cried Miss Vane. "We've agreed that you will counteract any temptation that Lemuel may feel to abuse his advantages by the ferociously self-denying sermons you preach at him every Sunday."

"Do I preach at him? Do you notice it?" asked Sewell nervelessly.

"Notice it?" laughed Miss Vane. "I should think your whole congregation would notice it. You seem to look at nobody else."

"I know it! Since he began to come, I can't keep my eyes off him. I do deliver my sermons at him. I believe I write them at him! He has an eye of terrible and exacting truth. I feel myself on trial before him. He holds me up to a standard of sincerity that is killing me. Mrs. Sewell was bad enough; I was reasonably bad myself; but this! Couldn't you keep him away? Do you think it's exactly decorous to let your man-servant occupy a seat in your family pew? How do you suppose it looks to the Supreme Being?"

Miss Vane was convulsed. "I had precisely those misgivings! But Lemuel hadn't. He asked me what the number of our pew was, and I hadn't the heart — or else I hadn't the face — to tell him he mustn't sit in it. How could I? Do you think it's so very scandalous?"

"I don't know," said Sewell. "It may lead to great abuses. If we tacitly confess ourselves equal in the sight of God, how much better are we than the Roman Catholics?"

Miss Vane could not suffer these ironies to go on.

"He approves of your preaching. He has talked your sermons over with me. You oughtn't to complain."

"Oh, I don't! Do you think he's really softening a little toward me?"

"Not personally, that I know," said Miss Vane. "But he seems to regard you as a channel of the truth."

"I ought to be glad of so much," said Sewell. "I confess that I hadn't supposed he was at all of our way of thinking. They preached a very appreciable orthodoxy at Willoughby Pastures."

"I don't know about that," said Miss Vane. "I only know that he approves your theology, or your ethics."

"Ethics, I hope. I'm sure *they're* right." After a thoughtful moment the minister asked, "Have you observed that they have softened him socially at all — broken up that terrible rigidity of attitude, that dismaying retentiveness of speech?"

"I know what you mean!" cried Miss Vane, delightedly. "I believe Lemuel *is* a little more supple, a little *less* like a granite bowlder in one of his meadows. But I can't say that he's glib yet. He isn't apparently going to say more than he thinks."

"I hope he thinks more than he says," sighed the minister. "My interviews with Lemuel have left me not only exhausted but bruised, as if I had been hurling myself against a dead wall. Yes, I manage him better from the pulpit, and I certainly oughtn't to complain. I don't expect him to make any response, and I perceive that I am not *quite* so sore as after meeting him in private life."

THAT evening Lemuel was helping to throng the platform of an overcrowded horse-car. It was Saturday night, and he was going to the provision man up toward the South End, whom Miss Vane was dealing with for the time being, in an economical recoil from her expensive Back Bay provision man, to order a forgotten essential of the Sunday's supplies. He had already been at the grocer's, and was carrying home three or four packages to save the cart from going a third time that day to Bolingbroke street, and he stepped down into the road, when two girls came squeezing their way out of the car.

"Well, I'm glad," said one of them in a voice Lemuel knew at once, "'t there's one man's got the politeness to make a *little* grain o' room for you. Thank you, sir!" she added,

with more scorn for the others than gratitude for Lemuel. "*You're* a gentleman, *any*way."

The hardened offenders on the platform laughed, but Lemuel said simply, "You're quite welcome."

"Why, land's sakes!" shouted the girl. "Well, if 'tain't you. S'tira!" she exclaimed to her companion in utter admiration. Then she added to Lemuel, "Why, I didn't s'pose but what you'd 'a' be'n back home long ago. Well, I *am* glad. Be'n in Boston ever since? Well, I want to know!"

The conductor had halted his car for the girls to get off, but, as he remarked with a vicious jerk at his bell-strap, he could not keep his car standing there while a woman was asking about the folks, and the horses started up and left Lemuel behind. "Well, there!" said 'Manda Grier. "'F I hain't made you lose your car! I never see folks like some them conductors."

"Oh, I guess I can walk the rest of the way," said Lemuel, his face bright with a pleasure visible in the light of the lamp that brought out Statira Dudley's smiles and the forward thrust of 'Manda Grier's whopper-jaw as they turned toward the pavement together.

"Well, I guess 'f I've spoke about you once, I have a hundred times, in the last six weeks. I always told S'tira you'd be'n sure to turn up b'fore this 'f you'd be'n in Boston all the time; 'n' 't I guessed you'd got a disgust for the place, 'n' 't you wouldn't want to see it again for *one* while."

Statira did not say anything. She walked on the other side of 'Manda Grier, who thrust her in the side from time to time with a lift of her elbow, in demand of sympathy and corroboration; but though she only spoke to answer yes or no, Lemuel could see that she was always smiling or else biting her lip to keep herself from it. He thought she looked about as pretty as anybody could, and that she was again very fashionably dressed. She had on a short dolman, and a pretty hat that shaded her forehead but fitted close round, and she wore long gloves that came up on her sleeves. She had a book from the library; she walked with a little bridling movement that he found very ladylike. 'Manda Grier tilted along between them and her tongue ran and ran, so that Lemuel, when they came to Miss Vane's provision man's, could hardly get in a word to say that he guessed he must stop there.

Statira drifted on a few paces, but 'Manda Grier halted abruptly with him. "Well, 'f you're ever up our way we sh'd be much pleased to have you call, Mr. Barker," she said formally.

"I should be much pleased to do so," said Lemuel with equal state.

"'Tain't but just a little ways round here on the Avenue," she added.

Lemuel answered, "I guess I know where it is." He did not mean it for anything of a joke, but both the girls laughed, and though she had been so silent before, Statira laughed the most.

He could not help laughing either when 'Manda Grier said, "I guess if you was likely to forget the number you could go round to the station and inquire. They got your address too."

"'Manda Grier, you be still!" said Statira.

"S'tira said that's the way she knew you was from Willoughby Pastures. Her folks is from up that way, themselves. She says the minute she heard the name she knew it couldn't 'a' be'n you, whoever it was done it."

"'Manda Grier!" cried Statira again.

"I tell her she don't believe 't any harm can come out the town o' Willoughby, anywheres."

"'Manda!" cried Statira.

Lemuel was pleased, but he could not say a word. He could not look at Statira.

"Well, good-evening," said Amanda Grier.

"Well, good-evening," said Lemuel.

"Well, good-evening," said Statira.

"Well, good-evening," said Lemuel again.

The next moment they were gone round the corner, and he was left standing before the provision man's, with his packages in his hand. It did not come to him till he had transacted his business within, and was on his way home, that he had been very impolite not to ask if he might not see them home. He did not know but he ought to go back and try to find them, and apologize for his rudeness, and yet he did not see how he could do that, either; he had no excuse for it; he was afraid it would seem queer, and make them laugh. Besides, he had those things for Miss Vane, and the cook wanted some of them at once.

He could hardly get to sleep that night for thinking of his blunder, and at times he cowered under the bedclothes for shame. He decided that the only way for him to do was to keep out of their way after this, and if he ever met them anywhere, to pretend not to see them.

The next morning he went to hear Mr. Sewell preach, as usual, but he found himself wandering far from the sermon, and asking or answering this or that in a talk with those girls that kept going on in his mind. The minister himself seemed to wander, and at times, when Lemuel forced a return to him, he thought he was boggling strangely. For the first time Mr. Sewell's sermon, in his opinion, did not come to much.

While his place in Miss Vane's household was

still indefinitely ascertained, he had the whole of Sunday, and he always wrote home in the afternoon, or brought up the arrears of the journal he had begun keeping; but the Sunday afternoon that followed, he was too excited to stay in and write. He thought he would go and take a walk, and get away from the things that pestered him. He did not watch where he was going, and after awhile he turned a corner, and suddenly found himself in a long street, planted with shade-trees, and looking old-fashioned and fallen from a former dignity. He perceived that it could never have been fashionable, like Bolingbroke street or Beacon; the houses were narrow and their doors opened from little, cavernous arches let into the brick fronts, and they stood flush upon the pavement. The sidewalks were full of people, mostly girls walking up and down; at the corners young fellows lounged, and there were groups before the cigar stores and the fruit stalls, which were open. It was not very cold yet, and the children who swarmed upon the low door-steps were bareheaded and often summer-clad. The street was not nearly so well kept as the streets on the Back Bay that Lemuel was more used to, but he could see that it was not a rowdy street either. He looked up at a lamp on the first corner he came to, and read Pleasant Avenue on it; then he said that the witch was in it. He dramatized a scene of meeting those girls, and was very glib in it, and they were rather shy, and Miss Dudley kept behind Amanda Grier, who nudged her with her elbow when Lemuel said he had come round to see if anybody had robbed them of their books on the way home after he left them last night.

But all the time, as he hurried along to the next corner, he looked fearfully to the right and left. Presently he began to steal guilty glances at the numbers of the houses. He said to himself that he would see what kind of a looking house they did live in, any way. It was only No. 900 odd when he began, and he could turn off if he wished long before he reached 1334. As he drew nearer he said he would just give a look at it, and then rush by. But 1334 was a house so much larger and nicer than he had expected that he stopped to collect his slow rustic thoughts, and decide whether she really lived there, or whether she had just given that number for a blind. He did not know why he should think that, though; she was dressed well enough to come out of any house.

While he lingered before the house an old man with a cane in his hand and his mouth hanging open stopped and peered through his spectacles, whose glare he fixed upon Lemuel, till he began to feel himself a suspicious character. The old man did not say anything, but stood faltering upon his stick and now and then gathering up his lower lip as if he were going to speak, but not speaking.

Lemuel cleared his throat. "Hmmn! Is this a boarding-house?"

"I don't know," crowed the old man, in a high senile note. "You want table-board or rooms?"

"I don't want board at all," began Lemuel again.

"What?" crowed the old man; and he put up his hand to his ear.

People were beginning to put their heads out of the neighboring windows, and to walk slowly as they went by, so as to hear what he and the old man were saying. He could not run away now, and he went boldly up to the door of the large house and rang.

A girl came, and he asked her, with a flushed face, if Miss Amanda Grier boarded there; somehow he could not bear to ask for Miss Dudley.

"Well," the girl said, "she *rooms* here," as if that might be a different thing to Lemuel altogether.

"Oh!" he said. "Is she in?"

"Well, you can walk in," said the girl, "and I'll see." She came back to ask, "Who shall I say called?"

"Mr. Barker," said Lemuel, and then glowed with shame because he had called himself Mister. The girl did not come back, but she hardly seemed gone before 'Manda Grier came into the room. He did not know whether she would speak to him, but she was as pleasant as could be, and said he must come right up to her and S'tira's room. It was pretty high up, but he did not notice the stairs, 'Manda Grier kept talking so; and when he got to it, and 'Manda Grier dashed the door open, and told him to walk right in, he would not have known but he was in somebody's sitting-room. A curtained alcove hid the bed, and the room was heated by a cheerful little kerosene stove; there were bright folding carpet-chairs, and the lid of the wash-stand had a cloth on it that came down to the floor, and there were plants in the window. There was a mirror on the wall, framed in black walnut with gilt molding inside, and a family-group photograph in the same kind of frame, and two chromos, and a clock on a bracket.

Statira seemed surprised to see him; the room was pretty warm, and her face was flushed. He said it was quite mild out, and she said, "Was it?" Then she ran and flung up the window, and said, "Why, so it was," and that she had been in the house all day, and had not noticed the weather.

She excused herself and the room for being

in such a state; she said she was ashamed to be caught in such a looking dress, but they were not expecting company, and she did suppose 'Manda Grier would have given her time to put the room to rights a little. He could not understand why she said all this, for the whole room was clean, and Statira herself was beautifully dressed in the same dress that she had worn the night before, or one just like it; and after she had put up the window, 'Manda Grier said, "S'tira Dudley, do you want to kill yourself?" and ran and pulled aside the curtain in the corner, and took down the dolman from among other clothes that hung there, and threw it on Statira's shoulders, who looked as pretty as a pink in it. But she pretended to be too hot, and wanted to shrug it off, and 'Manda Grier called out, "Mr. Barker! *will* you make her keep it on?" and Lemuel sat dumb and motionless, but filled through with a sweet pleasure.

He tried several times to ask them if they had been robbed on the way home last night, as he had done in the scene he had dramatized; but he could not get out a word, except that it had been pretty warm all day.

Statira said, "I think it's been a very warm fall," and 'Manda Grier said, "I think the summer's goin' to spend the winter with us," and they all three laughed.

"What speeches you do make, 'Manda Grier!" said Statira.

"Well, anything better than Quaker meetin', *I* say," retorted 'Manda Grier; and then they were all three silent, and Lemuel thought of his clothes, and how fashionably both of the girls were dressed.

"I guess," said Statira, "it'll be a pretty sickly winter, if it keeps along this way. They say a green Christmas makes a fat grave-yard."

"I guess you'll see the snow fly long before Christmas," said 'Manda Grier, "or Thanksgiving either."

"I guess so, too," said Lemuel, though he did not like to seem to take sides against Statira.

She laughed as if it were a good joke, and said, "'Tain't but about a fortnight now till Thanksgiving, anyway."

"If it comes a good fall of snow before Thanksgivin', won't you come round and give us a sleigh-ride, Mr. Barker?" asked Manda Grier.

They all laughed at her audacity, and Lemuel said, Yes, he would; and she said, "We'll give you a piece of real Willoughby Center mince-pie, if you will."

They all laughed again.

"'Manda Grier!" said Statira, in protest.

"Her folks sent her half a dozen last Thanksgivin'," persisted 'Manda Grier.

"'*Manda!*" pleaded Statira.

'Manda Grier sprang up and got Lemuel a folding-chair. "You ain't a bit comfortable in that stiff old thing, Mr. Barker."

Lemuel declared that he was perfectly comfortable, but she would not be contented till he had changed, and then she said, "Why don't you look after your company, S'tira Dudley? I should think you'd be ashamed."

Lemuel's face burned with happy shame, and Statira, who was as red as he was, stole a look at him, that seemed to say that there was no use trying to stop 'Manda Grier. But when she went on, "I don't know but it's the fashion to Willoughby Center," they both gave way again, and laughed more than ever, and Statira said, "*Well*, 'Manda Grier, what do you s'pose Mr. Barker'll think?"

She tried to be sober, but the wild girl set her and Lemuel off laughing when she retorted, "Guess he'll think what he did when he was brought up in court for highway robbery."

'Manda Grier sat upright in her chair, and acted as if she had merely spoken about the weather. He knew that she was talking that way just to break the ice, and though he would have given anything to be able to second her, he could not.

"How you do carry on, 'Manda Grier," said Statira, as helpless as he was.

"Guess I got a pretty good load to carry!" said 'Manda Grier.

They all now began to find their tongues a little, and Statira told how one season when her mother took boarders she had gone over to the Pastures with a party of summer-folks on a straw-ride and picked blueberries. She said she never saw the berries as thick as they were there.

Lemuel said he guessed he knew where the place was; but the fire had got into it last year, and there had not been a berry there this summer.

Statira said, "What a shame!" She said there were some Barkers over East Willoughby way; and she confessed that when he said his name was Barker, and he was from Willoughby Pastures, that night in the station, she thought she should have gone through the floor.

Then they talked a little about how they had both felt, but not very much, and they each took all the blame, and would not allow that the other was the least to blame. Statira said she had behaved like a perfect coot all the way through, and Lemuel said that he guessed he had been the coot, if there was any.

"I guess there was a pair of you," said 'Manda Grier; and at this association of them in 'Manda Grier's condemnation, he could see that Statira was blushing, though she hid her face in her hands, for her ears were all red.

He now rose and said he guessed he would

have to be going; but when 'Manda Grier interposed and asked, "Why, what's your hurry?" he said he guessed he had not had any, and Statira laughed at the wit of this till it seemed to him she would perish.

"Well, then, you set right straight down again," said 'Manda Grier, with mock severity, as if he were an obstinate little boy; and he obeyed, though he wished that Statira had asked him to stay too.

"Why, the land sakes!" exclaimed 'Manda Grier, "have you been lettin' him keep his hat all this while, S'tira Dudley? You take it right away from him!" And Statira rose, all smiling and blushing, and said:

"Will you let me take your hat, Mr. Barker?" as if he had just come in, and made him feel as if she had pressed him to stay. She took it and went and laid it on a stand across the room, and Lemuel thought he had never seen a much more graceful person. She wore a full Breton skirt, which was gathered thickly at the hips, and swung loose and free as she stepped. When she came back and sat down, letting the back of one pretty hand fall into the palm of the other in her lap, it seemed to him impossible that such an elegant young lady should be tolerating a person dressed as he was.

"There!" began 'Manda Grier. "*I* guess Mr. Barker won't object a great deal to our going on, if it *is* Sunday. 'S kind of a Sunday game, anyways. You 'posed to games on Sunday?"

"I don't know as I am," said Lemuel.

"Now, 'Manda Grier, don't you!" pleaded Statira.

"Shall, too!" persisted 'Manda. "I guess if there's any harm in the key, there ain't any harm in the Bible, and so it comes out even. D'you ever try your fate with a key and a Bible?" she asked Lemuel.

"I don't know as I did," he answered.

"Well, it's *real* fun, 'n' it's curious how it comes out, often*times*. Well, *I* don't s'pose there's anything *in* it, but it *is* curious."

"I guess we hadn't better," said Statira. "I don't believe Mr. Barker'll care for it."

Lemuel said he would like to see how it was done, anyway.

'Manda Grier took the key out of the door, and looked at it. "That key'll cut the leaves all to pieces."

"Can't you find some other?" suggested Statira.

"I don't know but maybe I could," said 'Manda Grier. "You just wait a half a second."

Before Lemuel knew what she was doing, she flew out of the door, and he could hear her flying down the stairs.

"Well, I *must* say!" said Statira, and then neither she nor Lemuel said anything for a little while. At last she asked, "That window trouble you any?"

Lemuel said, "Not at all," and he added, "Perhaps it's too cold for you?"

"Oh, no," said the girl, "I can't seem to get anything too cold for me. I'm the greatest person for cold weather! I'm *real* glad it's comin' winter. We had the greatest *time*, last winter," continued Statira, "with those English sparrows. Used to feed 'em crumbs, there on the window-sill, and it seemed as if they got to know we girls, and they'd hop right inside, if you'd let 'em. Used to make me feel kind of creepy to have 'em. They say it's a sign of death to have a bird come into your room, and I was always for drivin' 'em out, but 'Manda, she said she guessed the Lord didn't take the trouble to send birds round to every one, and if the rule didn't work one way it didn't work the other. You believe in signs?"

"I don't know as I do, much. Mother likes to see the new moon over her right shoulder, pretty well," said Lemuel.

"Well, I declare," said Statira, "that's just the way with *my* aunt. Now you're up here," she said, springing suddenly to her feet, "I want you should see what a nice view we got from our window."

Lemuel had it on his tongue to say that he hoped it was not going to be his last chance; he believed he would have said it if 'Manda Grier had been there; but now he only joined Statira at the window, and looked out. They had to stoop over, and get pretty close together, to see the things she wished to show him, and she kept shrugging her sack on, and once she touched him with her shoulder. He said yes to everything she asked him about the view, but he saw very little of it. He saw that her hair had a shade of gold in its brown, and that it curled in tight little rings where it was cut on her neck, and that her skin was very white under it. When she touched him, that time, it made him feel very strange; and when she glanced at him out of her blue eyes, he did not know what he was doing. He did not laugh as he did when 'Manda Grier was there.

Statira said, "Oh, excuse me!" when she touched him, and he answered, "Perfectly excusable," but he said hardly anything else. He liked to hear her talk, and he watched the play of her lips as she spoke. Once her breath came across his cheek, when she turned quickly to see if he was looking where she was pointing.

They sat down and talked, and all at once Statira exclaimed, "*Well!* I should think 'Manda Grier was *makin'* that key!"

Now, whatever happened, Lemuel was bound to say, "I don't think she's been gone very long."

"Well, you're pretty patient, I *must* say,"

said Statira, and he did not know whether she was making fun of him or not. He tried to think of something to say, but could not. "I hope she'll fetch a lamp, too, when she comes," Statira went on, and now he saw that it was beginning to be a little darker. Perhaps that about the lamp was a hint for him to go; but he did not see exactly how he could go till 'Manda Grier came back; he felt that it would not be polite.

"Well, there!" said Statira, as if she divined his feeling. "I shall give 'Manda Grier a *good* talking-to. I'm awfully afraid we're keeping you, Mr. Barker."

"Not at all," said Lemuel; "I'm afraid I'm keeping *you*."

"Oh, not at all," said Statira. She became rather quieter, till 'Manda Grier came back.

'Manda Grier burst into the room, with a key in one hand and a lamp in the other. "Well, I knew you two'd be holdin' Quaker's meetin'."

"We hain't at all! How d'you know we have? Have we, Mr. Barker?" returned Statira, in simultaneous admission and denial.

"Well, if you want to know, I listened outside the door," said 'Manda Grier, "and you wa'n't sayin' a word, either of you. I guess I got a key now that'll do," she added, setting down her lamp, "and I borrowed an old Bible 't I guess 'tain't go'n' to hurt a great deal."

"I don't know as I want to play it much," said Statira.

"Well, I guess you got to, now," said 'Manda Grier, "after all my trouble. Hain't she, Mr. Barker?"

It flattered Lemuel through and through to be appealed to, but he could not say anything.

"Well," said Statira, "if I got to, I got to. But you got to hold the Bible."

"You got to put the key in!" cried 'Manda Grier. She sat holding the Bible open toward Statira.

She offered to put the key in, and then she stopped. "Well! I'm great! Who are we going to find it for first?"

"Oh, company first," said 'Manda Grier.

"You company, Mr. Barker?" asked Statira, looking at Lemuel over her shoulder.

"I hope not," said Lemuel, gallantly, at last.

"Well, I declare!" said Statira.

"Quite one the family," said 'Manda Grier, and that made Statira say, "'Manda!" and Lemuel blush to his hair. "Well, anyway," continued 'Manda Grier, "you're company enough to have your fate found first. Put in the key, S'tira."

"No, I sha'n't do it."

"Well, *I* shall, then!" She took the key from Statira, and shut the book upon it at the Song of Solomon, and bound it tightly in with a ribbon. Lemuel watched breathlessly; he was not sure that he knew what kind of fate she meant, but he thought he knew, and it made his heart beat quick. 'Manda Grier had passed the ribbon through the ring of the key, which was left outside of the leaves, and now she took hold of the key with her two forefingers. "You got to be careful not to touch the Bible with your fingers," she explained, "or the charm won't work. Now I'll say over two verses, 't where the key's put in, and Mr. Barker, you got to repeat the alphabet at the same time; and when it comes to the first letter of the right name, the Bible will drop out of my fingers, all I can do. Now, then! *Set me as a seal on thine heart*——"

"A, B, C, D," began Lemuel.

"Pshaw, now, 'Manda Grier, you stop!" pleaded Statira.

"You be still! Go on, Mr. Barker!—*As a seal upon thine arm; for love is as strong as death*—don't say the letters so fast—*jealousy as cruel as the grave*—don't look at S'tira; look at me!—*the coals thereof are coals of fire*—you're sayin' it too slow now—*which hath a most vehement flame.* I declare, S'tira Dudley, if you joggle me!—*Many waters cannot quench love; neither can the floods drown it*—you must put just so much time between every letter; if you stop on every particular one, it ain't fair—*if a man would give all the substance of his house for love*—you stop laughin', you two!—*it would be utterly consumed.* Well, there! Now we got to go it all over again, and my arm's most broke *now*."

"I don't believe Mr. Barker wants to do it again," said Statira, looking demurely at him; but Lemuel protested that he did, and the game began again. This time the Bible began to shake at the letter D, and Statira cried out, "Now, 'Manda Grier, you're making it," and 'Manda Grier laughed so that she could scarcely hold the book. Lemuel laughed too; but he kept on repeating the letters. At S the book fell to the floor, and Statira caught it up, and softly beat 'Manda Grier on the back with it. "Oh, you mean thing!" she cried out. "You did it on purpose."

'Manda Grier was almost choked with laughing.

"Do you know anybody of the name of Sarah, Mr. Barker?" she gasped, and then they all laughed together till Statira said, "Well, I shall surely die! Now, 'Manda Grier, it's your turn. And you see if I don't pay you up."

"I guess I ain't afraid any," retorted 'Manda Grier. "The book'll do what it pleases, in spite of you."

They began again, Statira holding the book this time, and Lemuel repeating as before, and he went quite through the alphabet without anything happening. "Well, I declare!" said Statira, looking grave. "Let's try it over again."

"You may try, and you may try, and you may try," said 'Manda Grier. "It won't do you any good. I hain't got any fate in that line."

"Well, that's what we're goin' to find out," said Statira; but again the verses and alphabet were repeated without effect.

"Now you satisfied?" asked 'Manda Grier.

"No, not yet. Begin again, Mr. Barker!"

He did so, and at the second letter the book dropped. Statira jumped up, and 'Manda Grier began to chase her round the room, to box her ears for her, she said. Lemuel sat looking on. He did not feel at all severe toward them, as he usually did toward girls that cut up; he did not feel that this was cutting up, in fact.

"Stop, stop!" implored Statira, "and I'll let you try it over again."

"No, it's your turn now!"

"No, I ain't going to have any," said Statira, folding her arms.

"You got to," said 'Manda Grier. "The rest of us has, and now you've got to. Hain't she got to, Mr. Barker?"

"Yes," said Lemuel, delightedly; "you've got to, Miss Dudley."

"Miss Dudley!" repeated 'Manda Grier. "How that *does* sound."

"I don't know as it sounds any worse than Mr. Barker," said Lemuel.

"Well," said 'Manda Grier, judicially, "I sh'd think it was 'bout time they was both of 'em dropped. 'T any rate, I don't want you should call me Miss Grier — Lemuel."

"Oh!" cried S'tira. "Well, you *are* getting along, 'Manda Grier!"

"Well, don't you let yourself be outdone, then, S'tira."

"I guess Mr. Barker's good enough for me awhile yet," said Statira, and she hastened to add, "The name, I mean," and at this they all laughed till Statira said, "I shall *certainly* die!" She suddenly recovered herself — those girls seemed to do everything like lightning, Lemuel observed — and said, "No, I ain't goin' to have mine told at all. I don't like it. Seems kind of wicked. I ruther talk. I never *could* make it just right to act so with the Bible."

Lemuel was pleased at that. Statira seemed prettier than ever in this mood of reverence.

"Well, don't talk too much when I'm gone," said 'Manda Grier, and before anybody could stop her, she ran out of the room. But she put her head in again to say, "I'll be back as soon's I can take this key home."

Lemuel did not know what to do. The thought of being alone with Statira again was full of rapture and terror. He was glad when she seized the door, and tried to keep 'Manda Grier.

"I — I — guess I better be going," he said.

"You sha'n't go till I get back, anyway," said 'Manda Grier hospitably. "You keep him, S'tira!"

She gave Statira a little push, and ran down the stairs.

Statira tottered against Lemuel, with that round, soft shoulder which had touched him before. He put out his arms to save her from falling, and they seemed to close round her of themselves. She threw up her face, and in a moment he had kissed her. He released her and fell back from her aghast.

She looked at him.

"I — I didn't mean to," he panted. His heart was thundering in his ears.

She put up her hands to her face, and began to cry.

"Oh, my goodness!" he gasped. He wavered a moment, then he ran out of the room.

On the stairs he met 'Manda Grier coming up. "Now, Mr. Barker, you're real mean to go!" she pouted.

"I guess I better be going," Lemuel called back, in a voice so husky that he hardly knew it for his own.

XII.

LEMUEL let himself into Miss Vane's house with his key to the back gate, and sat down, still throbbing, in his room over the L, and tried to get the nature of his deed, or misdeed, before his mind. He had grown up to manhood in an austere reverence for himself as regarded the other sex, and in a secret fear, as exacting for them as it was worshipful, of women. His mother had held all show of love-sickness between young people in scorn; she said they were silly things, when she saw them soft upon one another; and Lemuel had imbibed from her a sense of unlawfulness, of shame, in the love-making he had seen around him all his life. These things are very open in the country. Even in large villages they have kissing-games at the children's parties, in the church vestries and refectories; and as a little boy Lemuel had taken part in such games. But as he grew older, his reverence and his fear would not let him touch a girl. Once a big girl, much older than he, came up behind him in the play-ground and kissed him; he rubbed the kiss off with his hand, and scoured the place with sand and gravel. One winter all the big boys and girls at school began courting whenever the teacher was out of sight a moment; at the noon-spell, some

of them sat with their arms round one another. Lemuel wandered off by himself in the snows of the deep woods; the sight of such things, the thought of them, put him to shame for those fools, as he tacitly called them; and now what had he done himself? He could not tell. At times he was even proud and glad of it; and then he did not know what would become of him. But mostly it seemed to him that he had been guilty of an enormity that nothing could ever excuse. He must have been crazy to do such a thing to a young lady like that; her tear-stained face looked her wonder at him still.

By this time she had told 'Manda Grier all about it; and he dared not think what their thoughts of him must be. It seemed to him that he ought to put such a monster as he was out of the world. But all the time there was a sweetness, a joy in his heart, that made him half frantic with fear of himself.

"Lemuel!"

He started up at the sound of Sibyl Vane's voice calling to him from the dining-room which opened into the L.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered tremulously, going to his door. Miss Vane had been obliged to instruct him to say ma'am to her niece, whom he had at first spoken of by her Christian name.

"Was that you came in a little while ago?"

"Yes, ma'am, I came in."

"Oh! And have you had your supper?"

"I — I guess I don't want any supper."

"Don't want any supper? You will be ill. Why don't you?"

"I don't know as I feel just like eating anything."

"Well, it won't do. Will you see, please, if Jane is in the kitchen?"

Lemuel came forward, full of his unfitness for the sight of men, but gathering a little courage when he found the dining-room so dark. He descended to the basement and opened the door of the kitchen, looked in, and shut it again. "Yes, ma'am, she's there."

"Oh!" Sibyl seemed to hesitate. Then she said: "Light the gas down there, hadn't you better?"

"I don't know but I had," Lemuel assented.

But before he could obey, "And Lemuel!" she called down again, "come and light it up here too, please."

"I will, as soon as I've lit it here," said Lemuel.

An imperious order came back. "You will light it here *now*, please."

"All right," assented Lemuel. When he appeared in the upper entry and flashed the gas up, he saw Sibyl standing at the reception-room door, with her finger closed into a book which she had been reading.

"You're not to say that you will do one thing when you're told to do another."

Lemuel whitened a little round the lips. "I'm not to do two things at once, either, I suppose."

Sibyl ignored this reply. "Please go and get your supper, and when you've had it come up here again. I've some things for you to do."

"I'll do them now," said Lemuel fiercely. "I don't want any supper, and I sha'n't eat any."

"Why, Lemuel, what is the matter with you?" asked the girl, in the sudden effect of motherly solicitude. "You look very strange, you seem so excited."

"I'm not hungry, that's all," said the boy doggedly. "What is it you want done?"

"Won't you please go up to the third floor," said Sibyl, in a phase of timorous dependence, "and see if everything is right there? I thought I heard a noise. See if the windows are fast, won't you?"

Lemuel turned, and she followed with her finger in her book, and her book pressed to her heart, talking. "It seemed to me that I heard steps and voices. It's very mysterious. I suppose any one could plant a ladder on the roof of the L part, and get into the windows if they were not fastened."

"Have to be a pretty long ladder," grumbled Lemuel.

"Yes," Sibyl assented, "it would. And it didn't sound exactly like burglars."

She followed him half-way up the second flight of stairs, and stood there while he explored the third story throughout.

"There ain't anything there," he reported without looking at her, and was about to pass her on the stairs in going down.

"Oh, thank you very much, Lemuel," she said, with fervent gratitude in her voice. She fetched a tremulous sigh. "I suppose it was nothing. Yes," she added hoarsely, "it must have been nothing. Oh, let *me* go down first!" she cried, putting out her hand to stop him from passing her. She resumed when they reached the ground floor again. "Aunty has gone out, and Jane was in the kitchen, and it began to grow dark while I sat reading in the drawing-room, and all at once I heard the strangest *noise*." Her voice dropped deeply on the last word. "Yes, it was very strange, indeed! Thank you, Lemuel," she concluded.

"Quite welcome," said Lemuel dryly, pushing on towards the basement stairs.

"Oh! And Lemuel! will you let Jane give you your supper in the dining-room, so that you could be here if I heard anything else?"

"I don't want any supper," said Lemuel.

The girl scrutinized him with an expression of misgiving. Then, with a little sigh, as of

one who will not explore a painful mystery, she asked: "Would you mind sitting in the dining-room, then, till aunty gets back?"

"I'd just as lives sit there," said Lemuel, walking into the dark dining-room and sitting down.

"Oh, thank you very much. Aunty will be back very soon, I suppose. She's just gone to the Sewells' to tea."

She followed him to the threshold. "You must — I must — light the gas in here, for you."

"Guess I can light the gas," said Lemuel, getting up to intercept her in this service. She had run into the reception-room for a match, and she would not suffer him to prevent her.

"No, no! I insist! And Lemuel," she said, turning upon him, "I must ask you to excuse my speaking harshly to you. I was — agitated."

"Perfectly excusable," said Lemuel.

"I am afraid," said the girl, fixing him with her eyes, "that you are not well."

"Oh, yes, I'm well. I'm — pretty tired; that's all."

"Have you been walking far?"

"Yes — not very."

"The walking ought to do you good," said Sibyl with serious thoughtfulness. "I think," she continued, "you had better have some bryonia. Don't you think you had?"

"No, no! I don't want anything," protested Lemuel.

She looked at him with a feeling of baffled anxiety painted on her face; and as she turned away, she beamed with a fresh inspiration. "I will get you a book." She flew into the reception-room and back again, but she only had the book that she had herself been reading.

"Perhaps you would like to read this? I've finished it. I was just looking back through it."

"Thank you; I guess I don't want to read any, just now."

She leaned against the side of the dining-table, beyond which Lemuel sat, and searched his fallen countenance with a glance contrived to be at once piercing and reproachful. "I see," she said, "you have not forgiven me."

"Forgiven you?" repeated Lemuel blankly.

"Yes — for giving way to my agitation in speaking to you."

"I don't know," said Lemuel, with a sigh of deep inward trouble, "as I noticed anything."

"I told you to light the gas in the basement," suggested Sibyl, "and then I told you to light it up here, and then — I scolded you."

"Oh, yes," admitted Lemuel: "that." He dropped his head again.

Sibyl sank upon the edge of a chair. "Lemuel! you have something on your mind!"

The boy looked up with a startled face.

"Yes! I can see that you have," pursued Sibyl. "What have you been doing?" she demanded sternly.

Lemuel was so full of the truth that it came first to his lips in all cases. He could scarcely force it aside now with the evasion that availed him nothing. "I don't know as I've been doing anything in particular."

"I see that you don't wish to tell me!" cried the girl. "But you might have trusted me. I would have defended you, no matter what you had done — the worse the better."

Lemuel hung his head without answering.

After a while she continued: "If I had been that girl who had you arrested, and I had been the cause of so much suffering to an innocent person, I should never have forgiven myself. I should have devoted my life to expiation. I should have spent my life in going about the prisons, and finding out persons who were unjustly accused. I should have done it as a penance. Yes! even if he had been guilty!"

Lemuel remained insensible to this extreme of self-sacrifice, and she went on: "This book — it is a story — is all one picture of such a nature. There is a girl who's been brought up as the ward of a young man. He educates her, and she expects to be his wife, and he turns out to be perfectly false and unworthy in every way; but she marries him all the same, although she likes some one else, because she feels that she ought to punish herself for thinking of another, and because she hopes that she will die soon, and when her guardian finds out what she's done for him, it will reform him. It's perfectly sublime. It's — ennobling! If every one could read this book, they would be very different."

"I don't see much sense in it," said Lemuel, goaded to this comment.

"You would if you read it. When she dies — she is killed by a fall from her horse in hunting, and has just time to join the hands of her husband and the man she liked first, and tell them everything — it is wrought up so that you hold your breath. I suppose it was reading that that made me think there were burglars getting in. But perhaps you're right not to read it now, if you're excited already. I'll get you something cheerful." She whirled out of the room and back in a series of those swift, nervous movements peculiar to her. "There! that will amuse you, I know." She put the book down on the table before Lemuel, who silently submitted to have it left there. "It will distract your thoughts, if anything will. And I shall ask you to let me sit just here in the reception-room, so that I can call you if I feel alarmed."

"All right," said Lemuel, lapsing absently to his own troubled thoughts.

"Thank you very much," said Sibyl. She went away, and came back directly. "Don't you think," she asked, "that it's very strange you should never have seen or heard anything of her?"

"Heard of who?" he asked, dragging himself painfully up from the depths of his thoughts.

"That heartless girl who had you arrested."

"She *wasn't* heartless!" retorted Lemuel indignantly.

"You think so because you are generous, and can't imagine such heartlessness. Perhaps," added Sibyl, with the air of being illumined by a happy thought, "she is dead. That would account for everything. She may have died of remorse. It probably preyed upon her till she couldn't bear it any longer, and then she killed herself."

Lemuel began to grow red at the first apprehension of her meaning. As she went on, he changed color more and more.

"She is alive!" cried Sibyl. "She's alive, and you have seen her! You needn't deny it! You've seen her to-day!"

Lemuel rose in clumsy indignation. "I don't know as anybody's got any right to say what I've done, or haven't done."

"Oh, Lemuel!" cried Sibyl. "Do you think any one in this house would intrude in your affairs? But if you need a friend — a sister ——"

"I don't need any sister. I want you should let me alone."

At these words, so little appreciative of her condescension, her romantic beneficence, her unselfish interest, Sibyl suddenly rebounded to her former level, which she was sensible was far above that of this unworthy object of her kindness. She rose from her chair, and pursued:

"If you need a friend — a sister — I'm sure that you can safely confide in — the cook." She looked at him a moment, and broke into a malicious laugh very unlike that of a social reformer, which rang shriller at the bovine fury which mounted to Lemuel's eyes. The rattle of a night-latch made itself heard in the outer door. Sibyl's voice began to break, as it rose: "I never expected to be treated in my own aunt's house with such perfect ingratitude and impudence — yes, impudence! — by one of her servants!"

She swept out of the room, and her aunt, who entered it, after calling to her in vain, stood with Lemuel, and heard her mount the stairs, sobbing, to her own room, and lock herself in.

"What is the matter, Lemuel?" asked Miss Vane, breathing quickly. She looked at him with the air of a judge who would not condemn him unheard, but would certainly do so after hearing him. Whether it was Lemuel's perception of this that kept him silent, or his confusion of spirit from all the late rapidly successive events, or a wish not to inculpate the girl who had insulted him, he remained silent.

"Answer me!" said Miss Vane sharply.

Lemuel cleared his throat. "I don't know as I've got anything to say," he answered finally.

"But I *insist* upon your saying something," said Miss Vane. "What is this *impudence?*"

"There hasn't been any impudence," replied Lemuel, hanging his head.

"Very well, then, you can tell me what Sibyl means," persisted Miss Vane.

Lemuel seemed to reflect upon it. "No, I can't tell you," he said at last, slowly and gently.

"You refuse to make any explanation whatever?"

"Yes."

Miss Vane rose from the chair which she had mechanically sunk into while waiting for him to speak, and ceased to be the kindly, generous soul she was, in asserting herself as a gentlewoman who had a contumacious servant to treat with. "You will wait here a moment, please."

"All right," said Lemuel. She had asked him not to receive instructions from her with that particular answer, but he could not always remember.

She went upstairs, and returned with some bank-notes that rustled in her trembling hand. "It is two months since you came, and I've paid you one month," she said, and she set her lips, and tried to govern her head, which nevertheless shook with the vehemence she was struggling to repress. She laid two ten-dollar notes upon the table, and then added a five, a little apart. "This second month was to be twenty instead of ten. I shall not want you any longer, and should be glad to have you go now — at once — to-night! But I had intended to offer you a little present at Christmas, and I will give it you now."

Lemuel took up the two ten-dollar notes without saying anything, and then after a moment laid one of them down. "It's only half a month," he said. "I don't want to be paid for any more than I've done."

"Lemuel!" cried Miss Vane. "I insist upon your taking it. I employed you by the month."

"It don't make any difference about that; I've only been here a month and a half."

He folded the notes, and turned to go out of the room. Miss Vane caught the five-dollar note from the table and intercepted him with it. "Well, then, you shall take it as a present."

"I don't want any present," said Lemuel, patiently waiting her pleasure to release him, but keeping his hands in his pockets.

"You would have taken it at Christmas," said Miss Vane. "You shall take it now."

"I shouldn't take a present any time," returned Lemuel steadily.

"You are a foolish boy!" cried Miss Vane. "You need it, and I tell you to take it."

He made no reply whatever.

"You are behaving very stubbornly — ungratefully," said Miss Vane.

Lemuel lifted his head; his lip quivered a little. "I don't think you've got any right to say I'm ungrateful."

"I don't mean ungrateful," said Miss Vane. "I mean unkind — very silly, indeed. And I wish you to take this money. You are behaving resentfully — wickedly. I am much older than you, and I tell you that you are not behaving rightly. Why don't you do what I wish?"

"I don't want any money I haven't earned."

"I don't mean the money. Why don't you tell me the meaning of what I heard? My niece said you had been impudent to her. Perhaps she didn't understand."

She looked wistfully into the boy's face.

After a long time he said, "I don't know as I've got anything to say about it."

"Very well, then, you may *go*," said Miss Vane, with all her hauteur.

"Well, good-evening," said Lemuel passively, but the eyes that he looked at her with were moist, and conveyed a pathetic reproach. To her unmeasured astonishment, he offered her his hand; her amaze was even greater — *more* infinite, as she afterwards told Sewell — when she found herself shaking it.

He went out of the room, and she heard him walking about in his room in the L, putting together his few belongings. Then she heard him go down and open the furnace-door, and she knew he was giving a final conscientious look at the fire. He closed it, and she heard him close the basement door behind him, and knew that he was gone.

She explored the L, and then she descended to the basement and mechanically looked it over. Everything that could be counted hers by the most fastidious sense of property had been left behind him in the utmost neatness. On their accustomed nail, just inside the furnace-room, hung the blue overalls. They looked like a suicidal Lemuel hanging there.

Miss Vane went upstairs slowly, with a heavy heart. Under the hall light stood Sibyl, picturesque in the deep shadow it flung upon her face.

"Aunt Hope," she began in a tragic voice.

"Don't *speak* to me, you wicked girl!" cried her aunt, venting her self-reproach upon this victim. "It is *your* doing."

Sibyl turned with the meekness of an ostentatious scape-goat unjustly bearing the sins of her tribe, and went upstairs into the wilderness of her own thoughts again.

XIII.

THE sense of outrage with which Lemuel was boiling when Miss Vane came in upon Sibyl and himself had wholly passed away, and he now saw his dismissal, unjust as between that girl and him, unimpeachably righteous as between him and the moral frame of things. If he had been punished for being ready to take advantage of that fellow's necessity, and charge him fifty cents for changing ten dollars, he must now be no less obviously suffering for having abused that young lady's trust and defenselessness; only he was not suffering one-tenth as much. When he recurred to that wrong, in fact, and tried to feel sorry for it and ashamed, his heart thrilled in a curious way; he found himself smiling and exulting, and Miss Vane and her niece went out of his mind, and he could not think of anything but of being with that girl, of hearing her talk and laugh, of touching her. He sighed; he did not know what his mother would say if she knew; he did not know where he was going; it seemed a hundred years since the beginning of the afternoon.

A horse-car came by, and Lemuel stopped it. He set his bag down on the platform, and stood there near the conductor, without trying to go inside, for the bag was pretty large, and he did not believe the conductor would let him take it in.

The conductor said politely after a while, "See, 'd I get your fare?"

"No," said Lemuel. He paid, and the conductor went inside and collected the other fares.

When he came back he took advantage of Lemuel's continued presence to have a little chat. He was a short, plump, stubby-mustached man, and he looked strong and well, but he said, with an introductory sigh, "Well, sir, I get sore all over at this business. There ain't a bone in me that hain't got an ache in it. Sometimes I can't tell but what it's the ache got a bone in it, ache seems the biggest."

"Why, what makes it?" asked Lemuel, absently.

"Oh, it's this standin'; it's the hours, and changin' the hours so much. You hain't got a chance to get used to one set o' hours before they get 'em all shifted round again. Last week I was on from eight to eight; this week it's from twelve to twelve. Lord knows what it's going to be next week. And this is one o' the best lines in town, too."

"I presume they pay you pretty well," said Lemuel, with awakening interest.

"Well, they pay a dollar 'n' half a day," said the conductor.

"Why, it's more than forty dollars a month," said Lemuel.

"Well, it is," said the conductor scornfully, "if you work every day in the week. But I can't stand it more than six days out o' seven; and if you miss a day, or if you miss a trip, they dock you. No, sir. It's about the meanest business *I* ever struck. If I wa'n't a married man, 'n' if I didn't like to be regular about my meals and get 'em at home 'th my wife, I wouldn't stand it a minute. But that's where it is. It's regular."

A lady from within signaled the conductor. He stopped the car, and the lady, who had risen with her escort, remained chatting with a friend before she got out. The conductor snapped his bell for starting, with a look of patient sarcasm. "See that?" he asked Lemuel. "Some these women act as if the cars was their private carriage; and *you* got to act so *too*, or the lady complains of you, and the company bounces you in a minute. Stock's owned along the line, and they think they own *you* too. You can't get 'em to set more than ten on a side; they'll leave the car first. I'd like to catch 'em on some the South End or Cambridge cars; I'd show 'em how to pack live stock once, anyway. Yes, sir, these ladies that ride on this line think they can keep the car standin' while they talk about the opera. But you'd ought to see how they all look if a *poor* woman tries their little game. Oh, I tell you, rich people are hard."

Lemuel reflected upon the generalization. He regarded Miss Vane as a rich person; but though she had blamed him unjustly, and had used him impatiently, even cruelly, in this last affair, he remembered other things, and he said:

"Well, I don't know as I should say all of them were hard."

"Well, maybe not," admitted the conductor. "But I don't envy 'em. The way I look at it, and the way I tell my wife, I wouldn't want their money 'f I had to have the rest of it. Ain't any of 'em happy. I saw that when I lived out. No, sir; what me and my wife want to do is to find us a nice little place in the country."

At the words a vision of Willoughby Pastures rose upon Lemuel, and a lump of homesickness came into his throat. He saw the old wood-colored house, crouching black within its walls under the cold November stars. If his mother had not gone to bed yet, she was sitting beside the cooking-stove in the kitchen, and perhaps his sister was brewing something on it, potion or lotion, for her husband's rheumatism. Miss Vane had talked to him about his mother; she had said he might have her down to visit him, if everything went on right; but of course he knew that Miss Vane did not understand that his mother wore bloomers, and he made up his mind that her invitation was never to be accepted. At the same time he had determined to ask Miss Vane to let him go up and see his mother some Sunday.

"'S fur's we go," said the conductor. "'F you're goin' on, you want to take another car here."

"I guess I'll go back with you a little ways," said Lemuel. "I want to ask you ——"

"Guess we'll have to take a back seat, then," said the conductor, leading the way through the car to the other platform; "or a standee," he added, snapping the bell. "What is it you want to ask?"

"Oh, nothing. How do you fellows learn to be conductors? How long does it take you?"

Till other passengers should come the conductor lounged against the guard of the platform in a conversational posture.

"Well, generally it takes you four or five days. You got to learn all the cross streets, and the principal places on all the lines."

"Yes?"

"It didn't take me more'n two. Boston boy."

"Yes," said Lemuel, with a fine discouragement. "I presume the conductors are mostly from Boston."

"They're from everywhere. And some of 'em are pretty streaked, I can tell you; and then the rest of us has got to suffer; throws suspicion on all of us. One fellow gets to stealin' fares, and then everybody's got to wear a bell-punch. I never hear mine go without thinkin' it says, 'Stop thief!' Makes me sick, I can tell you."

After a while Lemuel asked, "How do you get such a position?"

The conductor seemed to be thinking about something else. "It's a pretty queer kind of a world, anyway, the way everybody's mixed up with everybody else. What's the reason, if a man wants to steal, he can't steal and suffer for it himself, without throwin' the shame and the blame on a lot more people that never thought o' stealin'? I don't notice much when a fellow sets out to do right that folks think everybody else is on the square. No, sir, they don't seem to consider that kind of complaint so catching. Now, you take another thing: A woman goes round with the scarlet fever in her clothes, and a whole carful of people take it home to their children; but let a nice young girl get in, fresh as an apple, and a perfect daisy for wholesomeness every way, and she don't give it to a single soul on board. No, sir; it's a world I can't see through, nor begin to."

"I never thought of it that way," said Lemuel, darkened by this black pessimism of the conductor. He had not, practically, found the world so unjust as the conductor implied, but he could not controvert his argument. He only said, "Maybe the right thing makes us feel good in some way we don't know of."

"Well, I don't want to feel good in some way I don't know of, myself," said the conductor very scornfully.

"No, that's so," Lemuel admitted. He remained silent, with a vague wonder flitting through his mind whether Mr. Sewell could make anything better of the case, and then settled back to his thoughts of Statira, pierced and confused as they were now with his pain from that trouble with Miss Vane.

"What was that you asked me just now?" said the conductor.

"That I asked you?" Lemuel echoed. "Oh, yes! I asked you how you got your place on the cars."

"Well, sir, you have to have recommendations — they won't touch you without 'em; and then you have to have about seventy-five dollars capital to start with. You got to get your coat, and your cap, and your badge, and you got to have about twenty dollars of your own to make change with, first off; company don't start you with a cent."

Lemuel made no reply. After a while he asked, "Do you know any good hotel, around here, where I could go for the night?"

"Well, there's the Brunswick, and there's the Van-dome," said the conductor. "They're both pretty fair houses." Lemuel looked round at the mention of the aristocratic hostelries to see if the conductor was joking. He owned to something of the kind by adding, "There's a little hotel, if you want something quieter, that ain't a great ways from here." He gave the name of the hotel, and told Lemuel how to find it.

"Thank you," said Lemuel. "I guess I'll get off here, then. Well, good-evening."

"Guess I'll have to get another nickel from you," said the conductor, snapping his bell. "New trip," he explained.

"Oh," said Lemuel, paying. It seemed to him a short ride for five cents.

He got off, and as the conductor started up the car, he called forward through it to the driver, "Wanted to try for conductor, I guess. But I guess the seventy-five dollars capital settled that little point for him."

Lemuel heard the voice but not the words. He felt his bag heavy in his hand as he walked away in the direction the conductor had given him, and he did not set it down when he stood hesitating in front of the hotel; it looked like too expensive a place for him, with its stained-glass door, and its bulk hoisted high into the air. He walked by the hotel, and then he came back to it, and mustered courage to go in. His bag, if not superb, looked a great deal more like baggage than the lank sack which he had come to Boston with; he had bought it only a few days before, in hopes of going home before long; he set it down with some confidence on the tessellated floor of cheap marble, and when a shirt-sleeved, drowsy-eyed, young man came out of a little room or booth near the door, where there was a desk, and a row of bells, and a board with keys, hanging from the wall above it, Lemuel said quite boldly that he would like a room. The man said, well, they did not much expect transients; it was more of a family-hotel, like; but he guessed they had a vacancy, and they could put him up. He brushed his shirt-sleeves down with his hands, and looked apologetically at some ashes on his trousers, and said, well, it was not much use trying to put on style, anyway, when you were taking care of a furnace and had to run the elevator yourself, and look after the whole concern. His said his aunt mostly looked after letting the rooms, but she was at church, and he guessed he should have to see about it himself. He bade Lemuel just get right into the elevator, and he put his bag into a cage that hung in one corner of the hallway, and pulled at the wire rope, and they mounted together. On the way up he had time to explain that the clerk, who usually ran the elevator when they had no elevator-boy, had kicked, and they were just between hay and grass, as you might say. He showed Lemuel into a grandiose parlor or drawing-room, enormously draped and upholstered, and furnished in a composite application of yellow jute and red plush to the ashen easy-chairs and sofa. A folding-bed in the figure of a chiffonier attempted to occupy the whole side of the wall and failed.

"I'm afraid it's more than I can pay," said Lemuel. "I guess I better see some other room." But the man said the room belonged to a boarder that had just gone, and he guessed they would not charge him very much for it; he guessed Lemuel had better stay. He pulled the bed down, and showed him how it worked, and he lighted two bulbous gas-burners, contrived to burn the gas at such a low pressure that they were like two unsnuffed candles for brilliancy. He backed round over the spacious floor and looked about him with an unfamiliar, marauding air, which had a certain boldness, but failed to impart courage to Lemuel, who trembled for fear of the unknown expense. But he was ashamed to go away, and when the man left him he went to bed, after some

suspicious investigation of the machine he was to sleep in. He found its comfort unmistakable. He was tired out with what had been happening, and the events of the day recurred in a turmoil that helped rather than hindered slumber; none evolved itself distinctly enough from the mass to pursue him; what he was mainly aware of was the daring question whether he could not get the place of that clerk who had kicked.

In the morning he saw the landlady, who was called Mrs. Harmon, and who took the pay for his lodging, and said he might leave his bag awhile there in the office. She was a large, smooth, tranquil person, who seemed ready for any sort of consent; she entered into an easy conversation with Lemuel, and was so sympathetic in regard to the difficulties of getting along in the city, that he had proposed himself as clerk and been accepted almost before he believed the thing had happened. He was getting a little used to the rapidity of urban transactions, but his mind had still a rustic difficulty in keeping up with his experiences.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Harmon, "it ain't very usual to take anybody without a reference; I never do it; but so long as you haven't been a great while in the city—You ever had a place in Boston before?"

"Well, not exactly what you may call a place," said Lemuel, with a conscience against describing in that way his position at Miss Vane's. "It was only part work." He added, "I wasn't there but a little while."

"Know anybody in the city?"

"Yes," said Lemuel, reluctantly; "I know Rev. David L. Sewell, some."

"Oh, all right," said Mrs. Harmon, with eager satisfaction. "I have to be pretty particular who I have in the house. The boarders are all high-class, and I have to have all the departments accordingly. I'll see Mr. Sewell about you as soon as I get time, and I guess you can take hold right now, if you want to."

Mrs. Harmon showed him in half a minute how to manage the elevator, and then left him with general instructions to tell everybody who came upon any errand he did not understand, that she would be back in a very short time. He found pen and paper in the office, and she said he might write the letter that he asked leave to send his mother; when he mentioned his mother, she said, yes, indeed, with a burst of maternal sympathy which was imagined in her case, for she had already told Lemuel that if she had ever had any children she would not have gone into the hotel business, which she believed unfriendly to their right nurture; she said she never liked to take ladies with children.

He inclosed some money to his mother which he had intended to send, but which, before the occurrence of the good fortune that now seemed opening upon him, he thought he must withhold. He made as little as he could of his parting with Miss Vane, whom he had celebrated in earlier letters to his mother; he did not wish to afflict her on his own account, or incense her against Miss Vane, who, he felt, could not help her part in it; but his heart burned anew against Miss Sibyl while he wrote. He dwelt upon his good luck in getting this new position at once, and he let his mother see that he considered it a rise in life. He said he was going to try to get Mrs. Harmon to let him go home for Thanksgiving, though he presumed he might have to come back the same night.

His letter was short, but he was several times interrupted by the lady boarders, many of whom stopped to ask Mrs. Harmon something on their way to their rooms from breakfast. They did not really want anything, in most cases; but they were strict with Lemuel in wanting to know just when they could see Mrs. Harmon; and they delayed somewhat to satisfy a natural curiosity in regard to him. They made talk with him as he took them up in the elevator, and did what they could to find out about him. Most of them had their door-keys in their hands, and dangled them by the triangular pieces of brass which the keys were chained to; they affected some sort of *négligée* breakfast costume, and Lemuel thought them very fashionable. They nearly all snuffled and whined as they spoke; some had a soft, lazy nasal; others broke abruptly from silence to silence in voices of nervous sharpness, like the cry or the bleat of an animal; one young girl, who was quite pretty, had a high, hoarse voice, like a gander.

Lemuel did not mind all this; he talked through his nose too; and he accepted Mrs. Harmon's smooth characterization of her guests, as she called them, which she delivered in a slow, unimpassioned voice. "I never have any but the highest class people in my house—the very nicest; and I never have any jangling going on. In the first place, I never allow anybody to have anything to complain of, and then if they do complain, I'm right up and down with them; I tell them their rooms are wanted, and they understand what I mean. And I never allow any trouble among the servants; I tell them, if they are not suited, that I don't want them to stay; and if they get to quarreling among themselves, I send them all away, and get a new lot; I pay the highest wages, and I can always do it. If you want to keep up with the times at all, you have got to set a good table, and I mean to set just as good a table as any in Boston; I don't intend to let any one com-

plain of my house on that score. Well, it's as broad as it's long: if you set a good table, you can ask a good price; and if you don't, you can't, that's all. Pay as you go, is my motto."

Mrs. Harmon sat talking in the little den beside the door which she called the office, when she returned from that absence which she had asked him to say would not be more than fifteen minutes at the outside. It had been something more than two hours, and it had ended almost clandestinely; but knowledge of her return had somehow spread through the house, and several ladies came in while she was talking, to ask when their window-shades were to be put up, or to say that they knew their gas-fixtures must be out of order; or that there were mice in their closets, for they had heard them gnawing; or that they were sure their set-bowls smelt, and that the traps were not working. Mrs. Harmon was prompt in every exigency. She showed the greatest surprise that those shades had not gone up yet; she said she was going to send round for the gas-fitter to look at the fixtures all over the house; and that she would get some potash to pour down the bowls, for she knew the drainage was perfect—it was just the pipes down *to* the traps that smelt; she advised a cat for the mice, and said she would get one. She used the greatest sympathy with the ladies, recognizing a real sufferer in each, and not attempting to deny anything. From the dining-room came at times the sound of voices, which blended in a discord loud above the clatter of crockery, but Mrs. Harmon seemed not to hear them. An excited foreigner of some sort finally rushed from this quarter, and thrust his head into the booth where Lemuel and Mrs. Harmon sat, long enough to explode some formula of renunciation upon her, which left her serenity unruffled. She received with the same patience the sarcasm of a boarder who appeared at the office-door with a bag in his hand, and said he would send an expressman for his trunk. He threw down the money for his receipted bill; and when she said she was sorry he was going, he replied that he could not stand the table any longer, and that he believed that French cook of hers had died on the way over; he was tired of the Nova Scotia temporary, who had become permanent.

A gentleman waited for the parting guest to be gone, and then said to the tranquil Mrs. Harmon: "So Mellen has kicked, has he?"

"Yes, Mr. Evans," said Mrs. Harmon; "Mr. Mellen has kicked."

"And don't you want to abuse him a little? You can to me, you know," suggested the gentleman.

He had a full beard, parted at the chin; it was almost white, and looked older than the rest of his face; his eyes were at once sad and whimsical. Lemuel tried to think where he had seen him before.

"Thank you; I don't know as it would do any good, Mr. Evans. But if he could have waited one week longer, I should have had that cook."

"Yes, that is what I firmly believe. Do you feel too much broken up to accept a ticket to the Wednesday matinée at the Museum?"

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Harmon. "But I shouldn't want to deprive Mrs. Evans of it."

"Oh, she wouldn't go," said Mr. Evans, with a slight sigh. "You had better take it. Jefferson's going to do *Bob Acres*."

"Is that so?" asked Mrs. Harmon placidly, taking the ticket. "Well, I'm ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Evans. Mr. Evans, Mr. Barker—our new clerk," she said, introducing them.

Lemuel rose with rustic awkwardness, and shook hands with Mr. Evans, who looked at him with a friendly smile, but said nothing.

"Now Mr. Barker is here, I guess I can get the time." Mr. Evans said, well, he was glad she could, and went out of the street-door. "He's just one of the nicest gentlemen I've got," continued Mrs. Harmon, following him with her eye as far as she conveniently could without turning her head, "him and his wife both. Ever heard of the 'Saturday Afternoon'?"

"I don't know as I have," said Lemuel.

"Well, he's one of the editors. It's a kind of a Sunday paper, I guess, for all it don't come out that day. I presume he could go every night in the week to every theater in town, if he wanted to. I don't know how many tickets he's give me. Some of the ladies seem to think he's alway's makin' fun of them; but I can't ever feel that way. He used to board with a great friend of mine, him and his wife. They've been with me now ever since Mrs. Hewitt died; she was the one they boarded with before. They say he used to be dreadful easy-going, 'n' 't his wife was all't saved him. But I guess he's different now. Well, I must go out and see after the lunch. You watch the office and say just what I told you before."

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

THE FLOUR-MILLS OF MINNEAPOLIS.

IN this age of shams, adulterations, and frauds, it is a pleasure to become acquainted with a city that owes its growth and prosperity to the manufacture of a good, honest article, and to earnest efforts to improve the quality of that article so as to make it the best of its kind to be found in the markets of the world. Such a city is Minneapolis, in the State of Minnesota. Its remarkable development in recent years from an obscure village to a handsome, busy, energetic town of one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants is due partly to its saw-mills but chiefly to its flour-mills. The latter have multiplied in number and grown in dimensions and spread their names wherever commerce carries the breadstuffs of the West, because they make a grade of flour nowhere surpassed. The word Minneapolis on the head of a flour-barrel has become a guaranty of the excellence of its contents. The millers of Minneapolis have sought out the best inventions, avoided cheap processes, stopped at no expense to get the best results, and trusted consumers to know a good thing and to buy it at a fair price. They have made a great deal of money; other industries have gathered around their own, and in a remarkably short space of time a great community has assembled at the Falls of St. Anthony, exemplifying to a high degree the best characteristics of Western urban life—indomitable enterprise in business, joined to a love for the refinements and graces of a high civilization. Rapid as has been the growth of the place, there is nothing crude in its appearance. The business thoroughfares are better built than those of many Eastern towns of double its population; the residence-streets are broad shady avenues, bordered by pretty houses, each standing alone in the midst of flowers and foliage, and each having an agreeable individuality; the public schools take rank with those of the New England cities; the numerous church edifices bespeak liberality and taste, and exhibit the large assortment of sects which seem to be essential, in new as well as old regions, to the expression

MARKET-HOUSE AND BRIDGE PLACE.

THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY, 1842. (FROM A PAINTING OWNED BY COLONEL WILLIAM S. KING, MINNEAPOLIS.)

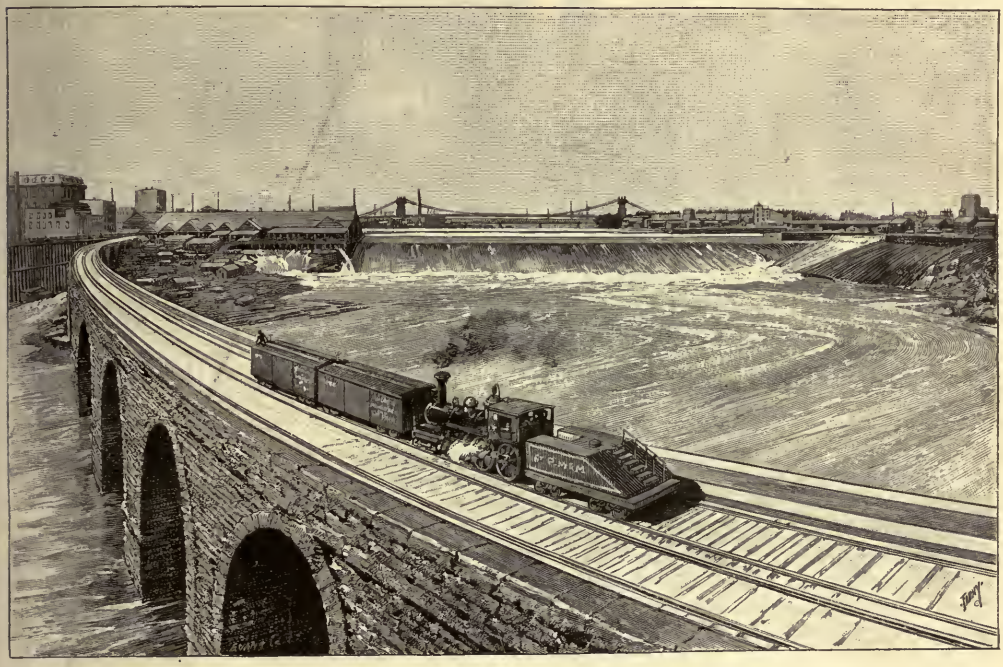
OLD SAW-MILL AT THE FALLS.

of the religious life of the United States; there is a good street-car system, a steam rapid-transit line, and, what is of more importance, the beginnings of a good sewerage system; and the shops are spacious and full of attractive wares. Indeed, one can live on as easy terms with modern culture and comfort in this new town on the Upper Mississippi as in Hartford, or Providence, or Albany, or any other of the second-rate cities of the Eastern States, and enjoy besides all the peculiar movement and stimulus of Western life.

All this has been achieved in the face of an obstacle such as no other among the new cities of the West has been compelled to encounter — the existence, close at hand, of an older town of considerable prestige, possessed of rail and water communications and of an established trade. The business center of St. Paul is only seven miles distant from that of Minneapolis, and the corporate bounds of the two municipalities touch. St. Paul is the capital of the State, and stands at the head of navigation on the Mississippi. Where the steamboat stopped, the town naturally grew up. The trade of the surrounding newly settled country centered there, and it became the terminal point for the railroads building into the North-west from Chicago and Milwaukee, and the starting-point of the railroads leading to still newer regions in northern and western Minnesota and Dakota. Any plan for developing a second city on a site just around the bend of the river and almost within view from St. Paul might well have seemed chimerical forty years ago. The census of June, 1860, gave St. Paul 10,600 inhabitants, and Minneapolis 5809; that of 1870 showed St. Paul to have 20,300, and Minneapolis 13,066. By 1880 Minneapolis had passed its rival in the race, having 46,867 inhabitants to St. Paul's 41,498. According to the State census of 1885, Minneapolis had 129,200 people, and St. Paul 111,397.

The first and enduring impetus to the growth of Minneapolis was the superb water-power furnished by the Mississippi River at the Falls of St. Anthony. The great river leaps over the soft limestone rocks in a sheer plunge of about twenty-five feet, which with the descent of the rapids above makes eighty-two feet fall within the limits of the city. Level banks on each side of the stream afforded ample opportunities for mill-sites, and the volume of water was so great that there was no fear of its failing in summer droughts. The pictures of the Falls of St.

Anthony which most of us remember to have admired in the school geographies bear no sort of resemblance to the real falls of to-day. There are no forests now, no island, and no rocks, and in place of the wild fall there is only a planked water-slide that looks like a mill-dam — an enormous and magnificent mill-dam, truly, but nevertheless a mill-dam. The whole sweep of the fall has been covered with an "apron" of planks to prevent the rocks from being worn away, and to save the cataract from being converted into a rapid. The real dam, a short distance above the falls, affords power to numerous saw-mills, and



THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY, 1885.

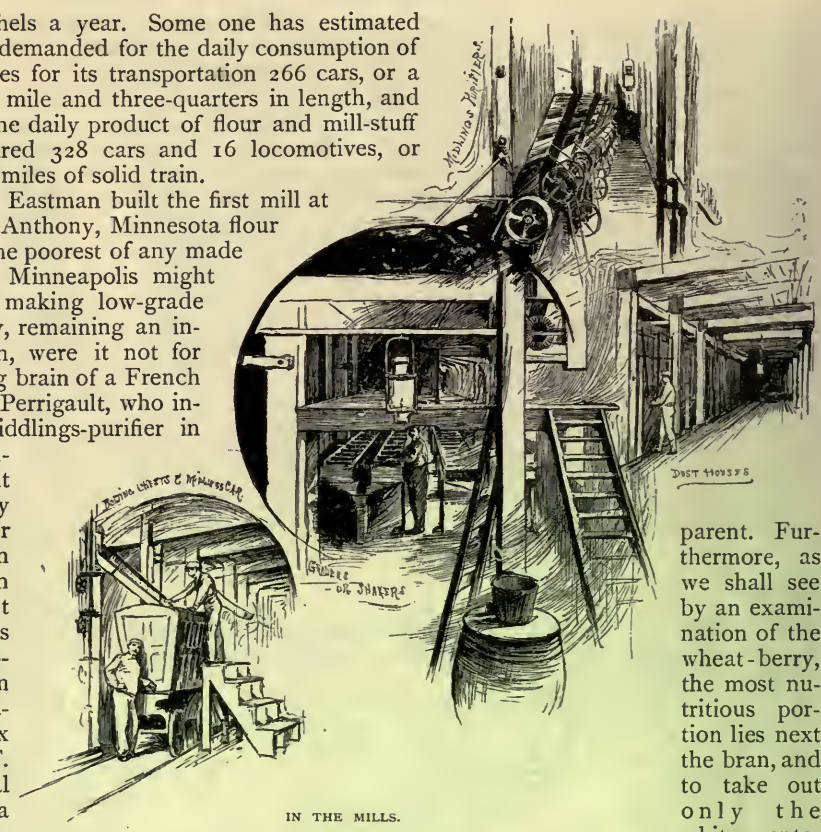
within it there is a boom to catch logs. In the winter and spring the falls, thus tamed and fettered, are still very beautiful, the rush of waters over the symmetrical curve of the dam affording a striking spectacle; but in summer, when most of the volume of the current is taken out to feed the mill-races, there is little to be seen but an imposing structure of dry planks.

The United States Government built the plank covering to the falls and the dam above, and maintains them. This statement struck me as a joke when I first heard it. The functions of government as construed by Congress in appropriation bills are very elastic, but I had never imagined that they could be stretched to apply to the building of mill-dams. Congress did not ostensibly build the Minneapolis dam as a dam, however, but as a work to preserve the navigation of the Mississippi above the falls. If the falls should give way, the water in the upper river would be lowered to such an extent that navigation would be impossible. True, there are no boats running above the falls, and there have been none since the railroads were built, but this fact made no difference in the argument. Somebody might want to run a steamboat at some time in the future. So Congress preserved the falls from destruction by preventing the wearing away of the rock, and in doing so the government engineers incidentally built a fine mill-dam. The dam is not for the public benefit, however, for the companies owning the water-power rights collect the tolls for the use of the water, and none of the revenue goes either to the government or the city treasury.

The twenty-six great flouring-mills stand in single and double rows on both sides of the river below the falls. They consumed last year about 24,000,000 bushels of wheat and made 5,450,163 barrels of flour — an amount more than sufficient to supply with bread the entire population of the city of New York. The aggregate daily capacity of the Minneapolis flour-manufacturing concerns is 33,973 barrels, and their wheat-consuming capacity is

35,000,000 bushels a year. Some one has estimated that the wheat demanded for the daily consumption of the mills requires for its transportation 266 cars, or a solid train of a mile and three-quarters in length, and that to move the daily product of flour and mill-stuff there are required 328 cars and 16 locomotives, or more than two miles of solid train.

When W. W. Eastman built the first mill at the Falls of St. Anthony, Minnesota flour was ranked as the poorest of any made in the West. Minneapolis might have kept on making low-grade flour to this day, remaining an insignificant town, were it not for the investigating brain of a French *savant*, Joseph Perrigault, who invented the middlings-purifier in 1860. The invention was brought to this country by ex-Governor C. C. Washburn of Wisconsin in 1871, and put into one of his mills at Minneapolis. It was soon improved by Nathan La Croix and George T. Smith, practical millers, and in a little while surprising results were developed. The middlings-purifying machine, and the process of gradual-reduction milling of which it forms a part, have built up the beautiful city of Minneapolis, and sent a million of people out on the prairies of Minnesota and Dakota. What a wonderful result from a Frenchman's studies of dust particles floating in the atmosphere and settling in the pigeon-holes of a writing-desk! The statement sounds extravagant, but it is within the bounds of fact. Before Perrigault's invention was adopted at Minneapolis, the spring wheat of the North-west was worth on an average thirty cents a bushel less than the winter wheat of Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas. Why? Because the berry of the spring wheat is small, dark-colored, and hard, and its husk clings tightly. The old process of milling, while it answered well enough for the white, soft-berried winter wheat, did not thoroughly remove the bran from the spring wheat, and left the flour dark in color and of inferior quality. Besides, the relative percentage of flour obtained was small. It did not matter much if a little of the light-colored bran on the winter wheat was left in the flour, but any mixture of the dark bran of the spring wheat was at once apparent. Furthermore, as we shall see by an examination of the wheat-berry, the most nutritious portion lies next the bran, and to take out only the white center of the kernel was to produce necessarily an inferior flour.



IN THE MILLS.

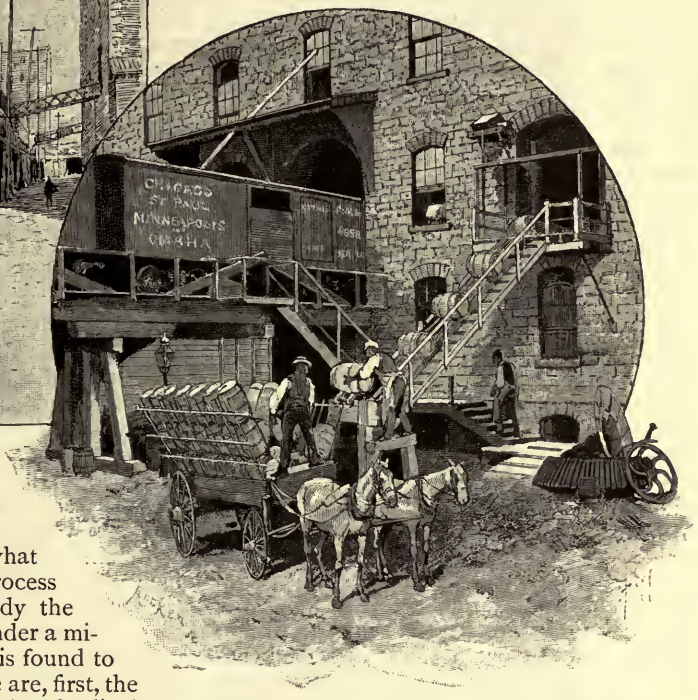
With the enormous difference of thirty cents a bushel against them, farmers in Minnesota were at a serious disadvantage in comparison with those of the winter-wheat belt. The settlement of the fertile prairies of northern and western Minnesota progressed very slowly. Nobody tried to raise wheat in the rich valley of the Red River of the North. Immigration poured into Kansas, but could not be coaxed into Dakota. All this was changed by the middlings-purifier and the new process of gradual-reduction milling. The spring wheat known as "number one hard" became the most valuable of any for the making of flour. The conditions of farming in the North-west were immediately changed. The great natural product of the region came into brisk demand. From the hard wheat of the north-western prairies a flour was made by the mills of Minneapolis which commanded a higher price in New York than St. Louis winter-wheat flour, until then the favorite among Western brands. Population poured into Minnesota and Dakota, railroads were built, towns sprang up as if by magic, and the

BETWEEN THE MILLS.

bare plains were turned into wheat-fields.

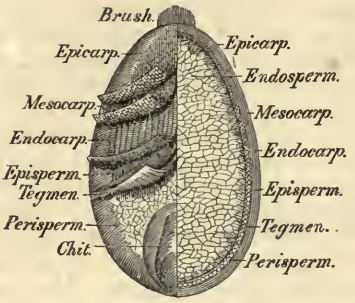
In order to understand what is accomplished by new-process milling, one must first study the wheat-berry. Examined under a microscope, the husk or bran is found to consist of five coats. These are, first, the epicarp, or outer coat of longitudinal cells; second, the mesocarp, or inner coat of longitudinal cells; third, the endocarp, of transverse cells which look like cigars placed side by side, an appearance which has given to this envelope the name of the cigar-coat; fourth, the episperm, or outer seed-coat; and fifth, the tegmen, or inner seed-coat. All these coverings are of woody fiber. The three outer ones have no value whatever as nutriment. The two inner coverings contain a substance called cerealine, for which some nutritious quality is claimed, but not admitted by all millers. Next we come to the perisperm, a layer of gluten-cells containing chiefly albuminoids or nitrogenous matter, and finally to the endosperm, which forms much the greater part of the bulk of the berry, and is composed of starch-grains mingled with minute albuminoid cells. At one end of the berry is a tuft of fine vegetable hairs, called the brush, and at the other is the chit, or germ, which contains the germinal principle.

The Connecticut vegetarian Sylvester Graham, whose name is everywhere in the United States applied to bread made from unbolted flour, was right in his day in saying that much of the most valuable nutritious property of the wheat was taken out with the bran and never got into the white bread-loaf. The perisperm, which contains a large proportion of nitrogenous or muscle-building material, is closely attached to the inner husk, and was in great part carried off with the



BARREL-HOIST AND TUNNEL THROUGH THE WASHBURN MILL.

bran in the old process of milling, leaving the bolted flour somewhat impoverished by its loss. The new or gradual-reduction process, however, saves nearly all of this layer of the wheat-berry. It is a mistake to suppose that the bran itself is of any value as nourishment. The fibers of wood which compose it are of no more use as food than chips or shavings. They produce a mechanical, irritating effect on the digestive apparatus, but that is all. The devotees of Graham bread, who imagine that they are benefiting their stomachs and bracing up their bodies by eating a quantity of bran every day, are radically wrong. Perhaps they get some gain from taking less fine concentrated food, but vegetables or fruit would serve



THE WHEAT BERRY.

the purpose better than the husks of wheat. The white loaf made from new-process flour contains a much larger proportion of food-substance than the Graham loaf of unbolted flour, the percentage of phosphates and gluten being greater in the white flour than in the wheat itself.

Credit is universally given in Minneapolis to the late Ex-Governor Cadwalader C. Washburn of Wisconsin for the introduction of new-process milling, both as concerns the French middlings-purifier and the Hungarian roller system. This honor is freely awarded by millers who were Washburn's rivals in his lifetime, as well as by those who were his business associates, and by the citizens of the town generally. He is always spoken of as the father of modern milling in America. A man of strong will, sturdy integrity, kind heart, and great enterprise and courage in business affairs, he impressed himself strongly on his time, in the North-west, and has left a record which two States cherish with equal pride. His home was at Madison, Wisconsin, and his public career as a general officer in the Union army during the rebellion, as a member of Congress both before and after the war, and as Governor, was identified with that State; but his business interests lay in his later years chiefly in Minnesota. He belonged to the famous Maine family of Washburns, and was one of seven brothers, five of whom distinguished themselves in public life. Four occupied seats in Congress from four different States — Israel from Maine, Elihu B. from Illinois, Cadwalader C. from Wisconsin, and William D. from Minnesota. Israel and Cadwalader C. became Governors of their respective States, and Elihu B. and Charles A. represented the nation at foreign courts. Cadwalader C. was also a Major-General of Volunteers. He was born at Livermore, Maine, in 1818, and died at the Hot Springs of Arkansas in 1882. During the later years of his life he built the great mills at Minneapolis which bear his name and which were his special pride.

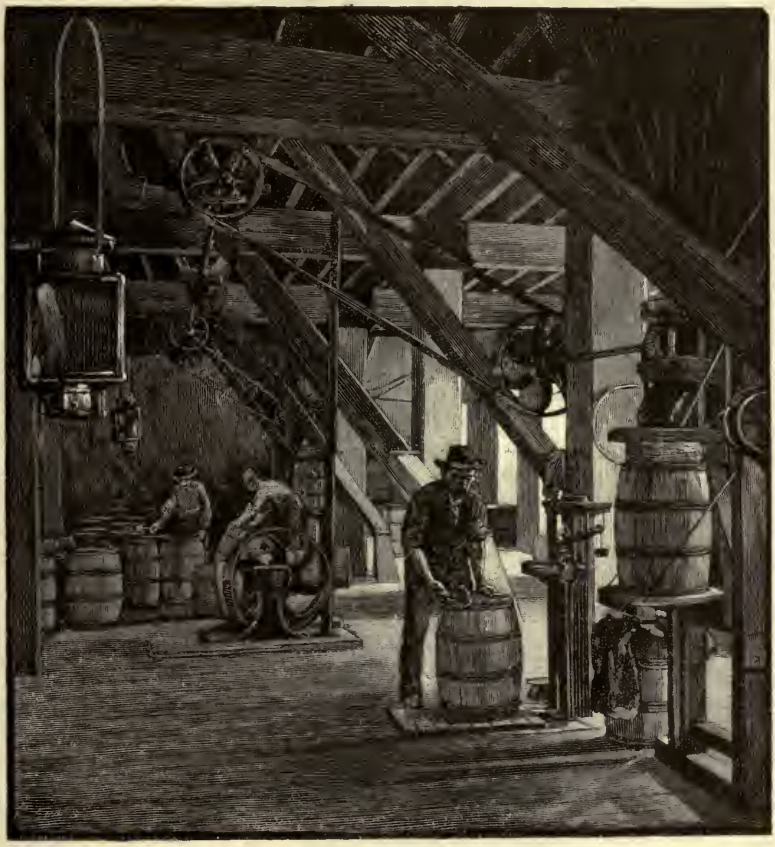
The strength of Governor Washburn's character was strikingly shown by his behavior in the face of the terrible calamity which destroyed his mills in 1878. One evening in May of that year, just after the day force had left the big Washburn Mill and before the night force had all come, the flour-dust that filled the air and covered the walls, floors, and machinery took fire and exploded with a destructive force as tremendous as that of dynamite. In an instant the towering structure of solid stone was changed to a heap of ruins. The fire was blown into four other mills near by, and one after another blew up and crumbled into confused heaps of stones and machinery. The explosions succeeded each other at intervals as regular as if a battery of siege-guns had been fired in order. Eighteen men were killed. Half the milling industry of Minneapolis was obliterated, and the whole city was appalled at the terrific effects of a destroying agency the existence of which had hardly been suspected. News of the tragedy came to Governor Washburn at his home in Madison. He had an appointment for the next morning with the Regents of the University of Wisconsin to determine upon a site for an astronomical observatory, the money for building which he had presented to the institution. The Regents met, supposing that the Governor had left for Minneapolis as soon as the news of the destruction of his mills had reached him. To their surprise he walked into the room promptly at nine o'clock, as calm as though nothing had happened, and insisted on dispatching the business before the Board instead of talking about the disaster. Next day he stood by the smoking ruins of his great mills. Friends gathered around to condole with him on the destruction of a million of dollars' worth of property. To them he said, "The money loss is not to be considered; I think only of the poor victims and of their families. The mills shall be rebuilt at once." And they were rebuilt as rapidly as the courageous and energetic old Governor could push on their construction.

There have been no more mill explosions at Minneapolis. Science and invention went to work upon the problem of their cause and cure. The deadly dust is now drawn from millstones and purifying machines by air-currents; it is thus captured and confined, and made to yield a tribute of good flour. "The spirit of murder," which, to borrow a line from Tennyson, "lurked in the very means of life," has been exorcised.

A great flouring-mill is a wonderful aggregation of delicate and ingenious mechanical processes. The manner in which the wheat, middlings, and flour circulate through the eight or nine stories, from side to side, from

floor to floor, from machine to machine, nowhere needing the help of human hands, makes it seem like one vast living organism. A comparison with the circulation of the blood in a vital frame readily comes to mind. From the time the grain comes into the mill in cars to the packing up of the fine flour in barrels, through all the processes of sifting, cleaning, grinding, purifying, separating, etc., everything is automatic. No workman touches the product save in the way of supervision. Indeed, the night. There is no racket or clatter amid these serried rows of apparatus. The whole great building hums and pulsates with a dull, buzzing noise, but no particular piece of enginery seems to give out a special note. As the sounds of a great city mingle in a subdued roar, so do the thousand voices of the mill unite to produce a single continuous effect upon the ear.

Let us follow the wheat in its journeys through the mill. Descriptions of machinery



PACKING.

laborers stand related to the machines about as the policemen do to the moving crowd in Broadway. They see that order is preserved and the movement is not clogged. The wide apartments of the mill, crowded with machines ranged in regular lines, seem deserted as the visitor roams through them. Perhaps in a distant corner a man may be perceived, slowly moving about, looking phantom-like in his white garments, seen through a mist of flour-dust. He is an assistant miller, who perhaps has a hundred roller mills in his charge, all briskly grinding away from morning to

are dull reading at best, and we may agree at the start to look at the various processes only long enough to get a reasonably clear notion of their nature and effects. Our description applies to the Washburn A Mill. The wheat is first received in a hopper holding eight hundred bushels, for weighing; then it goes into a bin and is elevated by buckets on endless bands to another bin in the fifth story. From this bin "conveyers" — long wooden boxes in which revolve large iron screws — carry it along to the cleaning-house, where it goes through machines that take out the sticks,

SLUICE-GATE.

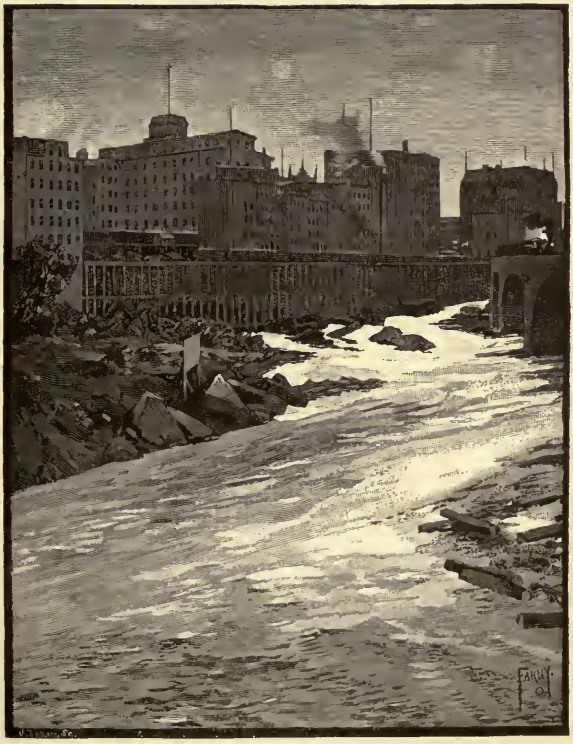
straws, and other coarse impurities. This is only a sort of rudimentary cleansing. The grain is now elevated to the top of the cleaning-house attached to the mill, and deposited in large bins. There are eight of these bins, and their aggregate capacity is eighty thousand bushels. Next it is drawn to the "mill-separators" — machines which by a series of sieves, combined with a powerful suction of air, take out the oats, corn, pieces of earth, and other small impurities. All the refuse is sold for chicken-feed. There still remains an objectionable element in the grain which must be gotten rid of — the seeds of cockle and other weeds, which from their resemblance in weight and size to the wheat-berries have escaped the sifting and blowing process. A long cylinder covered with indentations and called the "cockle-separator" captures these seeds as they roll along, leaving the good grain to pass by. There is still another process before the wheat is ready for milling. Into a big circular iron box, within which are a multitude of revolving brushes, it goes, and every individual grain gets thoroughly dusted before it leaves.

Thus cleaned and brushed and separated from bad company, the wheat is carried into subterranean bins below the mill, which, like those in the elevator, hold the enormous quantity of eighty thousand bushels. These vast reservoirs of good, clean grain are drawn upon for the grinding machinery. The grain on leaving them is carried to the top of the mill, where it descends to the rolls. Crushing the kernels between chilled-iron rollers, instead of by millstones in the old way, is a part of what is called new-process milling. This system was first introduced in Hungary, and when brought to this country in 1876 was speedily taken up by American inventors and improved upon by many devices concerning the number, size, and speed of the chilled-iron cylinders, the shape and position of the grooves cut in them, and other matters. The principle remains the same, however, and we must give foreigners the credit for it. This principle is the gradual reduction of the berries by successive grindings between grooved rollers revolving at unequal rates of speed, which exercise the double effect of crushing and cutting. The roller-mills are small, compact little machines, not as large as a farmer's fanning-mill, and the grain at its first reduction process passes through six of them. After each grinding, or reduction, as it is called, the product goes up several floors above to the separating-reels — long round or octagonal cylinders, covered with bolting cloth. The scalping-reel with its coarse wire cloth lets the middlings and flour through and throws off the broken wheat for the next reduction. The product which passes through the cloth goes to other reels covered with silk cloth of different grades of fineness, which evolve from fifteen to twenty per cent. of a medium-grade flour, separate the loose bran,

and send the middlings along for the next process. In some mills a machine called a "dismembrator" is used, and comes next in order. It has two steel disks, one stationary and one revolving, each carrying a multitude of needles, which work like the pins on a threshing-machine. The effect is to knock off pieces of flour and middlings attached to bran. Next come the sorting-reels, acting on the same principle as the separating-reels, and dividing the middlings, now clean pieces of wheat nearly free from loose bran and flour, into several different grades of fineness.

The middlings-purifiers now receive the sorted products of the reels. In spite of all the sifting and shifting which the crushed grains have been subjected to, there are still specks of bran and considerable dust adhering to the middlings, which if not taken out would make the flour dark in color and otherwise inferior in quality. The purifier was the great invention which revolutionized milling, by making the prime purpose of the grading processes to get as little flour and as much middlings as possible, instead of as much flour and as little middlings, and further, in its results, by adding eight per cent. to the yield of flour per bushel, and by making spring wheat, once despised by millers, yield the best quality of flour. Described in the simplest terms, it is a big box containing sloping frames covered with silk cloth and shaken by an eccentric. Underneath the frames brushes work back and forth to keep the meshes of the cloth from getting clogged by the flour passing through. On the top of the box is a fan-exhaust which keeps up a suction of air through the cloth screens. The essential feature of the operation is a nice adjustment between the pneumatic lifting force of the air-current taking up the fine bran and dust, and the force of gravity carrying the cleansed middlings through the cloth. In this and in the dust-collecting apparatus lies the great value of the invention.

Perrigault, the French *savant*, who died in 1881 at the age of seventy-one, some twenty years ago began investigating the movements of atoms floating in the air of a room. He observed that these molecules described light curves of a nearly horizontal figure; that when they came within one or two centimeters of a table they appeared to be attracted little by little. To quote his own language, "They slowly sank, but they sank; and when they arrived at one or two millimeters only, I saw them throw themselves on the surface of the table, obeying, evidently, a law of attraction, the causes of which have never been explained." Here was the reason why all the shelves of the library or the pigeon-holes of a secretary are found to be charged with an equal cloud of dust. The atoms, moving horizontally, do not fall until they are close to the surface of a solid body. It makes no difference how high the shelf is, or how small the pigeon-hole, the exposed surface collects a quantity of dust proportionate to the quantity of atoms which come within the sphere of its attraction. From this M. Perrigault concluded that by causing the dust-laden air from the middlings-purifier to circulate in passages of great horizontal dimensions and small vertical elevation, he would succeed in securing the deposit of nearly all the dust. He soon invented an apparatus which was successful beyond his hopes. This apparatus, a good deal modified and improved by American inventors, is called the "dust-collector," and is a big wooden box divided into many compartments, in each of which is a blanket-covered frame of zigzag shape. The dust-laden air is drawn successively into these compartments. When the blanket is loaded a valve is closed, and another opened into the next compart-



A GROUP OF MILLS AS SEEN FROM THE RIVER.

ment; the dust is shaken down into a conveyor which takes it to a bolting-reel, and from it is obtained considerable low-grade flour.

The middlings are not yet ready for the final reduction into flour. There still remains an element to be extracted and cast out — the germ, which, being of about the same size and shape as the middlings themselves, has accompanied them in all their progress. The germ is of a yellow color and a rather oily nature. If retained it makes the flour yellow and sticky. It is nutritious, however, and in England a food for infants is prepared from it. To get rid of this element, the middlings are put through roller-mills having smooth rolls of iron or porcelain, which flatten the germs so they can be sifted out by bolting-reels. The extracted germs are added to bran to make feed for animals. Now, at last, thoroughly purified, the middlings are raised to the eighth floor of the building and deposited in seven large bins according to fineness.

The purified middlings freed from germs go through from one to six additional reduction processes by rollers before the final grinding, in each of which some flour is taken away. In the Washburn Mills the last grinding of the middlings is done by stones. Some mills use no stones at all. There is a difference of opinion as to whether stones can wisely be abandoned altogether. The gradual-reduction process in connection with the middlings-purifier can be wholly performed by stones, and was thus carried on at Minneapolis until the introduction of rolls. Of late the tendency in all mills in this country and in Europe is towards the entire abandonment of stones, but many of the best millers claim that this tendency has gone too far, and that the old-fashioned upper and nether millstones, which date back to prehistoric times, will in future have a place in all large mills which seek to produce the highest grades of flour.

We have not yet followed the flour to the last process — that of packing into barrels. This is performed by a rising platform pushing the barrel up around a sheet-iron cylinder communicating with the flour-bins on an upper floor, and covering it as it is filled. In the mouth of the cylinder is a revolving wheel with blades which cut the flour out of the cylinder and pack it in the barrel. A scale contrivance stops the machine when the exact number of pounds have been packed. The barrel is then headed by hand — the only manual-labor process from first to last in the whole progress of the wheat-berry to the flour-barrel.

The best grade of flour is that ground from the purified middlings, because it contains the largest percentage of gluten; the second best is obtained from the wheat during the processes of crushing; the lowest grade comes from the tailings of the middlings-purifying machines. The product no longer valuable for flour reductions is called shorts, and is sold for feed. If this contained only pure bran, it would be of no value as food for animals, for the husk of the wheat-berry, as we have seen, is not at all nutritious; but in spite of all the crushing and grinding and sifting, some starch and gluten adheres to the particles of bran.

The two chief milling firms of Minneapolis are Washburn, Crosby & Co., at the head of which is John Crosby, an associate of the late Governor, and Pillsbury & Co. The Pillsburys have also an ex-governor in their firm, John S., who was Governor of Minnesota between 1876 and 1882. There are four of them, two brothers and the two sons of one of the brothers — New Hampshire men by birth. Their A Mill is said to be the largest in the world, its capacity being 5200 barrels a day. Their two other mills can turn out 2500 barrels. Their total investment in mills and elevators is two million dollars, and is believed to be the heaviest single investment in the world in a milling-plant. The manager of the firm's affairs is one of the younger members, Charles A. Pillsbury. When he began milling in a small way at the Falls of St. Anthony, Minneapolis flour rated very low, and the peculiar notion concerning it was that the wheat of the neighborhood from which it was ground was of a poor quality. At Hastings, Minnesota, was a mill of pretty good reputation supposed to be grinding a better wheat. Mr. Pillsbury went to see it, and as he walked through the mills he took some wheat from the hoppers to chew, as millers are in the habit of doing, and managed to put a few handfuls in his pockets. When he got home he compared the kernels carefully with those his own mill was grinding, and found there was no difference. He then made up his mind that it was better milling and not better wheat he needed, and for years he bent his energies and resources to improving his machinery and processes. Next to Governor Washburn, he was the first to adopt the middlings-purifier.

While special honor is due to the Pillsburys and the Washburns for the development of milling at Minneapolis, the smaller millers should come in for a fair share of praise. They have participated in the spirit of the great firms, and like them have labored to produce the best results. The ambition of all has been to produce the best flour that could possibly be made. How profitable their business has been may be gathered from two facts. For three years the patent flour, as it was called, sold at the uniform price of ten

dollars a barrel at the mill, although the price of wheat fluctuated between sixty cents and a dollar and a quarter a bushel. A member of one of the great firms drew out in the course of a few years a million of dollars on an original investment of one thousand. Competition has of late so reduced the profit on Minneapolis flour that the saving effected by putting ten hoops on a barrel instead of twelve is thought important at some of the mills. The palmy days when the margin between cost of production and market price at the mills was two dollars a barrel are gone forever.

For the twenty-four millions of bushels of wheat ground at her mills last year Minneapolis drew upon Minnesota and Dakota, and to some extent upon Iowa, Wisconsin, and Nebraska. Next year she may want thirty millions of bushels, but so rapidly are the prairies of Dakota turned into wheat farms that she will soon not be obliged to seek new sources of supply. During the crop year ending September 1, 1885, she received 32,112,840 bushels, a larger aggregate than even Chicago could show.

With the great Dakota and Manitoba wheat-fields, adding from ten to twenty per cent. to their average with every successive year's immigration, lying close at hand, and with the remarkably productive new grain-belt of the Pacific slope as a reserve accessible by a direct line of railroad, the Minneapolis millers need fear no check to their vast industry for want of an adequate supply of the raw material to manufacture into flour. Indeed, there seems to be nothing to prevent the further growth of the industry. True, it may be argued that the wheat-belt has constantly shifted its location in the past, moving in this century from central New York to Ohio; then to Indiana and Michigan; then to northern Illinois, southern Wisconsin, and Iowa; and later to Minnesota, Dakota, Kansas, and Nebraska. The answer is that it can go no farther west; that somewhere on the continent there must be an ultimate wheat-growing region or regions, just as in Europe there are found such regions in southern Russia and in the plains of Hungary, where wheat has been the staple crop since the days when they were the granaries of the Roman legions; and, further, that experience shows that the prairies of Dakota and Manitoba, and the hilly bunch-grass plains of eastern Washington and Oregon, are peculiarly adapted for the constant production of the king of cereals. And for favorable conditions for grinding wheat no place in the world can compare with Minneapolis, if success is the measure of natural advantages. It is on the highways of rail transportation which lead from the grain-fields of the North-west to the great cities and sea-ports of the East. Nature turns its hundreds of wheels with an unfailing water-power, the climate is healthful and invigorating, and finally, it possesses an enterprising, intelligent, inventive population, made up of excellent elements drawn from the Eastern States, and broadened and energized by the opportunities and the liberalism of Western business life. Its people believe enthusiastically in their city, and work together heartily to further its interests.

Eugene V. Smalley.

TO THE MEMORY OF H. H.

O SOUL of fire within a woman's clay!
Lifting with slender hands a race's wrong,
Whose mute appeal hushed all thine early song,
And taught thy passionate heart the loftier way;
What shall thy place be, in the realms of day?
What disembodied world can hold thee long,
Binding that turbulent pulse with spell more strong?
Dwell'st thou, with wit and jest, where poets may?
Or with ethereal women (born of air
And poets' dreams) dost live in ecstasy,
Teach new love-thoughts to Shakspere's Juliet fair,
New moods to Cleopatra? Then, may be,
The woes of Shelley's Helen thou dost share,
Or weep with poor Rossetti's Rose Mary.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

IDUNA.

IDUNA.

I HAD just passed through that first really passionate part of a man's life which generally comes somewhere in his third decade, and had entered upon the brief period which invariably follows, when, in our comparative inexperience, we think that we have so felt all that the world gives of enjoyment or sorrow, that, if not incapable of new or strong emotion, we are at least quite beyond the possibility of surprise. I was more than startled, however, when, in the first complacency of this latter time, I received a request which I could not, and which indeed I had no desire to disregard. In his will my father had enjoined upon me that whenever and whithersoever a lifelong friend should summon me, I should immediately and literally obey the call. I was then to learn something of great importance to myself. As may well be imagined, I had at one time and another thought much of the probable nature of the communication thus to be made; but as the years passed and the summons did not come, I had gradually ceased to think of the matter. But now I had received it, and without an hour's delay I started in obedience to it.

Mr. Dacre — I will so call him, for if it so happens that you have never heard of him it will be as well as if I used his real name, and if, as is more than probable, you have known him by reputation, I can thus present him to you without encountering the impediment of a preconception or any possible prejudice arising from association — Mr. Dacre, my father's friend, was hardly known to me. I did not remember that I had seen him even when a child, and I had only heard of him in later years in the vague, fitful way in which travelers hear so much from home. I knew that he had once been very prominent politically, and that he had held high office. I had always understood that he was a man of great wealth, and lately I had heard him described as a man of strange character — a misanthrope, a pagan. At the most successful moment of his career he had been stricken down by the death of his young wife. He had never fully recovered from the blow. Renouncing power and ambition, he had withdrawn wholly from the world, of which he had been so important a part, and had retired to a great estate in a secluded and beautiful part of a country distant from the scene of his former life. There he lived in splendid solitude.

It was near sunset when I arrived, after a long journey, at my destination. Looking about me in some perplexity as to what was to become of me, I saw a servant in quiet livery, who immediately approached me and informed me that the carriage was waiting. I entered it at once and was driven rapidly away. I had not gone far when I felt a cool breeze, and soon I caught glimpses of the sea, which in the low light of the hour seemed, in the distance, but a dull, slaty expanse. It was a beautiful evening, and as the carriage rolled along the smooth, hard road I fell into a revery in which memories and expectations strangely mingled. I felt that my life had indeed held its way only over the barrens of existence, when such a scene of peaceful beauty brought to me no blossom or blade of tender memory; I wondered if aught awaited me in these new surroundings that could give me the full, healthy interest I so lately had known. I wondered in a vague, listless fashion if it might be so. That was all. I could not believe such a thing probable or possible.

The lights shone in the windows of a cottage by the roadside as I passed, and when I reached the stately pile which was Mr. Dacre's home, it was too dark to distinguish anything in detail. I could only see the heavy mass of a huge building against a dusky sky. Evidently I was not taken to the great entrance, but to a private doorway. A curiously shaped sconce, which seemed almost heavy with a crushed-down throng of lights striving towards uprising, gave forth a subdued glow in the hall through which I was conducted by a servant who, it was plain, had awaited my arrival; but even by this slight illumination I saw something of the internal splendor of the house. The man led me up a flight of stairs, and, after conducting me through a long corridor, ushered me into a suite of spacious rooms looking on the sea. He informed me that dinner would be served in an hour, but that Mr. Dacre desired to see me in the library as soon as I should be ready.

I dressed hastily, for I was very eager to meet my host — very anxious to learn as soon as possible what I could not doubt was very important to myself.

I passed down the main stairway into the central hall and was shown the way to the library. The serried volumes, almost murmurous with accumulated meaning, thronged along the high walls. As I entered, the only occupant of the immense room came forward to

meet me. I knew at once this was Mr. Dacre. I had seen many a man who might well awaken reverence or awe, many who held by inheritance or who had won proud position or wide authority, many surrounded by the aureola of rank or crowned by the nimbus of fame, but I had never seen any more striking personage than my father's friend. I had never seen any man of such personal significance, of such grand physical aspect, of such apparent power and knowledge blended in such harmonious air, and all borne with the habitual grace of one long accustomed to life's best associations.

"You are my friend's son," he said in strong, resonant voice, adding, as he grasped my hand with the assuring warmth of welcome, "You have lost no time in coming. I like that."

I told him I could but obey my father's command so solemnly expressed.

"Many would have found cause for delay," he said, half to himself.

The announcement of dinner interrupted our conversation, but Mr. Dacre lingered as if expecting some one.

"My daughter Alda is late," he said. "She is with her sister."

I heard this announcement with great surprise, for I did not know that Mr. Dacre had any children. In a moment the door was opened and a young girl entered. Light and frail was the form that met my sight — so slight, so fine, that it seemed, in her, human clay had found a hitherto unknown purity. As light through delicate porcelain, so some unearthly radiance shone through the diaphanous face. She moved as if imponderable, and as she came towards us I saw in her cheek the fair, false glow that tells so surely of approaching death.

At dinner we talked only of indifferent things. I never would have imagined that Mr. Dacre's life was one of isolation and monotony. He might still have been the active director of great affairs. Every subject upon which we touched, even such as had only recently caught the attention of the world, seemed entirely familiar to him.

Alda spoke little, but in all she said she showed wide knowledge and infinite refinement. After she had mentioned her sister, whose name I now first heard was Iduna, I became more than curious to know why she too did not dine with us, but was held from inquiry by some inexplicable feeling. There was no need, however, for inquiry, as Alda almost immediately said:

"My sister is very young, and has seen hardly any one. She has lived so quiet a life that any change might excite her too much."

Instead of producing the calming effect of an explanation, what she said only excited my interest the more. I was not satisfied. I could not understand why I felt as I did, but I was sure something was held from me, that some mystery was here.

Dinner came to an end, and Alda rose and left me alone with Mr. Dacre.

Though my life had been such as to give me a certain amount of self-confidence, and though contact with the world had long ago brushed away the delicate bloom of youthful shyness, I felt an unaccountable restraint in his presence.

"It was hardly light enough when I came," I said, at last freeing myself from the momentary constraint, "to see the beauty of your place."

"You will like it," he said, and he spoke with an overmastering sadness that now, since I had seen Alda, I thought I could understand, but which I was yet to learn I had little fathomed. "It is a fine place, and I would be glad if people of my race had always lived in it. If it takes three generations to make a gentleman, it takes certainly as many to make a home."

"It has not always been yours?"

"No. It came to me as you see it, rich in so much that arises from the picturesquely blent life of other days."

"The present," I said, hardly understanding exactly what I meant, "often has unworn attractions for me, sometimes more subtle and even more striking than those of the past."

"It is true," he answered quickly. "Our time has its own charm. The humblest life has a meaning that formerly could hardly have belonged to the highest. When our knowledge is so great, when our interests are so complex, when our relations are so broad, when all the world is our home and every man our neighbor, who would wish for the narrow circumstances of an earlier age?"

He had forgotten himself, and the sentences came with a vigor I had not expected.

He continued for some time to talk with the same animation and directness. I hoped that he might make some allusion to the cause of my summons, but he did not. Before I was aware of it I found that without questioning me he had led me to speak of my life, to disclose almost my inner self. Startled into sudden consciousness, I felt very much as might an intelligent animalcule aware that he was in the focus of a solar microscope. I knew that my moral and mental fabric was as evident to him as might be the structure of the creature beneath the lenses, and I felt myself powerless to escape. Why he wished so closely to learn the strength, the weakness, the very texture of my character — all, in short, that I was — I did not discover.

"You have," he said finally, "led the life of many rich and fairly educated young men of the day — not doing anything particularly foolish or singularly wise. However, it is more important not to do foolish things in this world than to do wise ones."

I replied that although I had no particular ambition, still I did not despair of leading a life which would prove satisfactory to myself, even if it might not be one which would be generally called successful.

"The truly successful man," he replied, "as has already been said of the greatest rogue, is never found out. Success is a bitterness, something depending on the power to use men and amuse women. Success," he spoke with a strange intensity, "success,— a moment of satiety after years of want; for success is always intrenched behind a failure, won through and beyond the fosse of defeat. Success," he continued bitterly, "when a man must so often be a charlatan to succeed in the world, a fool to enjoy it, and yet — strange paradox — a hypocrite to seem satisfied to leave it."

We sat at the table a short time, and then went out on the terrace, from which we could look on the sea, now lit by the rising moon. Mr. Dacre told me that Alda could not bear the night air, and added that she always spent the evening with her sister. But little more was said, as he soon left me, telling me that he should not see me at breakfast, but that he hoped to meet me in the library at eleven o'clock in the morning.

As I sat smoking late into the night, I pondered deeply on what I had heard and seen, seeking a solution of the multiplying questions which arose. I thought of the probable nature of the communication which I could not doubt was to be made to me in the morning; but gradually — perhaps because I had long ago exhausted all power of conjecture in that direction — my thoughts wandered. Why had I not seen Iduna? What could be the reason for her seclusion? I hoped that the morrow might bring also an answer to these questions.

I arose early, after a night of fitful sleep, and, breakfasting alone, I spent the time before the appointed hour in exploring some part of the extensive grounds. The place was more splendid even than I had thought it.

It was exactly eleven when I entered the library and found Mr. Dacre seated where I had first seen him. He seemed wearied, or he was really more worn and older than I had thought him. He did not rise, but, glancing at me, pointed to a chair near his own.

"I suppose," he began, "that you have no idea why I have sent for you?"

I said that I had not.

"You have never thought of marriage?" he asked abruptly.

I replied, in great amazement, that I never had in any personal sense.

"Your father and I," he continued, with the same directness and gazing steadfastly at me, "as you well know, were dear friends,— friends in that rare, long friendship which no doubt dare ever assail,— a friendship stronger than life. When my daughter Iduna was born, ten years after yourself, your father and I agreed — we but ratified an agreement our life-long friendship seemed to have made for us — that you should marry."

I was utterly astounded. Although my conjectures had taken, as I supposed, all possible and impossible directions, I had never thought of anything of the nature of this announcement. I did not, or rather I could not reply.

"It was the wish of your father's latter life — of his death-bed. I sat by that death-bed; I saw the gathering darkness of the great calamity close around him." He was for the moment too much moved for further speech, but he soon controlled himself and went on. "I had before seen those I loved pass away, and from my earliest years I had been awed by the consciousness of death's fearful presence, but not till then did I fully learn life's lesson."

I did not understand him, but I did not even think of asking what he meant.

"His wish has long been mine, and now, when we first meet in your maturer years, I find it stronger than ever before."

He paused for a moment.

"I promised your father when he died that when Iduna grew older I would inform you of our agreement. In the mean time you were to know nothing of this, you were to be free; for I would have no inexperienced, domesticated, home-taught being, led only by the lines of our compact. I wanted a man, vivid, schooled by events, strong in complete manhood, to win my child, appreciating how much he won."

I was so busied with my crowding thoughts that I still sat silent.

"And now," he continued somewhat hesitatingly, "I have to disclose something,— something which may make all impossible, —something which places my child apart from all the world,—something which makes her higher than any living being,— something so strange, so exceptional, that you will not at first fully realize the meaning of what I say."

I looked at him in wonder.

"What I am about to reveal to you," he went on, "has arisen from the conditions of

my own life. I have never known that full, whole happiness which some contend is possible. I have never even known the light heedlessness which passes with the world for happiness. I have never been happy either in the true or the accepted meaning of the word. One by one I have seen those die to whom my heart was bound by every ligament of love. From my young years the world has seemed to me but an endless vault, where the footsteps brought no progress, the voice awoke no echo, where the eye dwelt on no color, and the ear listened to tidings from no real land, through which life struggled to its end, borne down with its one whole truth, the dread truth that all is nothing. Why are the words of the wise man all that there is of wisdom — 'all is vanity?' At the time when men should be exultant in their life, their strength, my friend, my true friend, was hurried from me." He hesitated, but almost immediately continued. "What I then thought a culmination was after all only a degree of grief. I loved her mother," the strong voice shook. "I was doomed to watch her slowly failing strength, to see the beginning, the progress of that insidious disease by which death most stealthily approaches its victims. The children lived,— Alda, who I feared might soon follow her mother; Iduna, younger, and strong with the principle of life. I had suffered, and I wished to spare them. Could I not, throughout this life, cheat death himself — death, the true source of all our woe, the destroyer of every hope? All life must end, and the bitter knowledge taints its every moment. Faiths to me — remember, I speak only of myself — seem but the inventions of men, subterfuges, evasions of the truth that there is nothing beyond the grave, evasions that promise much but allay nothing. I would give all I possess for the faith of the humblest, the faith that beyond this life we may be what this magnificent human nature, freed from hindering passion, stripped of encumbering flesh, immeasurable in all it is, should be,— I would give all for the sweet, the abiding, the all-sustaining faith of the humblest who believes. I was determined that Iduna — for Alda already knew the truth — should live a life happier than any ever before led by human being. She should know nothing of the taint, the terror of existence. She does not. She does not know that there is such a thing as death."

He fell back in his chair exhausted.

"Through her whole life," he soon continued more calmly, "Iduna has been guarded, kept from the terrible knowledge. She was too young to know of her mother's death. Alda believed that she had inherited the fatal disease, but has always kept such knowledge from her sister. Only thus could Iduna have led the happy life she has. In almost entire renunciation of individual existence, Alda has lived for her sister — has given her life, that must at best be short, to make her sister happy. And Iduna has lived as no one has ever lived before,— happier than any human being,— for of all animate things, boasted, boastful man is the poorest. Look at the lowlier dwellers on the earth — the denizens of the air and of the sea. Through their lives they seem filled with the gladness of immortality. The meanest thing that crawls basks in the sunlight of its existence, unchilled by the thought of death.

"But," he continued, "the time has now come for her to learn the truth,— for learn it some day, sooner or later, she must. Alda will follow her mother,— not soon, I think, for I have done what I could,— and then Iduna must know. I have sent for you that you may tell her all. I have sent for you in fulfillment of my agreement with your father. My hope, my whole hope, is now in you. Win her, and under the dominion of strong and revealing love she can best hear the truth."

"But," I said, "I ——"

"You will find her young and fair," he interrupted. "Win her, and you will be the happiest among men."

"But," I continued, "I have not the vanity to think I might succeed."

"She is hardly more than a child. She has seen no one, and if she had, you are not one to fail in finding favor in a young girl's eyes."

He placed his hand on my shoulder as he spoke, with the greatest kindliness he had yet shown me, and, seeming to loose the tension in which he had held himself, he almost smiled.

"You shall see Iduna at luncheon," he continued. "But remember, what you undertake will not be easy. You must not let fall a word which could awaken even an inquiry as to what she does not know."

Mr. Dacre arose and silently left me.

I did not stir. The wonderful, and even the strange, had always held a charm for me. It seemed that through them I could often best catch glimpses of that underlying principle, that intellectual picturesqueness, that essential of clear, high pleasure, which we, half sneeringly, call romance,— that romance which, often hidden, lies in the life of every one, and which, once discovered, explains much and glorifies all. Already, and with strange forerunning feeling, I was half in love with this young girl, so singularly blessed — or cursed.

I was so busy with my thoughts that the time passed quickly, and the hour for my presentation to Iduna came before I realized it.

Mr. Dacre met me, and led me through a

long gallery, where, in the pictures on the wall, I recognized the color or the manner of many a great painter, to a part of the house where I had not yet been. He paused before a heavily curtained door, and said to me in a low tone :

" Be on your guard."

The room into which he led me was singularly different from the others I had seen. I felt as if I had passed out of some dark cavern into the clear noontide. Here all was graceful, fanciful, bright. The broad day fell on light tones and delicate textures. Flowers were everywhere, and through the large, low windows I could see what I can best call a garden,—a garden in the meaning of the word in the time of Cowley and Evelyn,—with carefully kept walks and trim beds, gay with the blooms of midsummer.

Alda was seated at a piano, on which, I noticed, lay a violin, but she rose as we entered. I gazed upon her delicate face, where still deepened the expression of calm resignation, with a new interest now that I had been told about her life.

" Iduna will be here in a moment," she said.

Almost as she spoke, a *portière* was lifted and a young girl entered the room.

She was not only the most beautiful creature I had ever seen, she seemed a being such as vagrant fancy or imagination's self may only show for a moment—a realization of the vision of some rapt, rare hour, lovelier than I might ever hope to see in life. I would not attempt to describe her had I never seen her again, for I was more than dazzled. Even now I can say little more than that her hair was dark, and that she had dark eyes,—eyes that looked steadily at you, trusting, unhesitating, questioning, as the grave eyes of children, appealing to you for revelation of strange things, wonderful, but by no possibility untrue. She seemed the embodiment of youth ; of air from out some fresh break in the sky ; of sunlight, the only thing in all this material world ever unquestionably new ; of all that is healthful and joyous in nature.

" Good-morning, papa ; you are late," she said. " I thought you were not coming."

I can hear her voice now, so clear and yet so full of meaning—vibrant, it almost seemed, with harmonies of far association.

" Yes," answered Mr. Dacre, " but I have brought one who will help me bear any reproach."

" I am very glad you have come," she said, looking at me gravely. " Papa, I fear sometimes, is very lonely."

I had been greatly perplexed when I thought what might be the difficulty of avoiding allusion to all that I had been told to avoid. But now, when I was in her presence, I felt at once that this would be more than easy. Had I not been told all that I had, I would not have thought that her life had been in any way unusual ; she appeared so perfectly natural, and so like any other very intelligent and well-brought-up young girl.

" He hardly need be so," I said thoughtlessly, in my new confidence. " One might be utterly happy here without seeing a soul."

She looked up at me quickly in a startled way.

" A soul," she said, and then, pausing a moment, added, " I wonder what you mean."

" Anybody," I replied confusedly, as Alda glanced at me warningly.

" A soul," she repeated musingly. " It must be some new word."

" We will go to luncheon," said Mr. Dacre, almost sternly.

I saw Iduna look at him in surprise as if such tone were new to her, and then follow Alda into the next room.

A maid served the dainty luncheon, for Iduna had an independent establishment, and none of the servants were men.

" I have not seen this part of the grounds," I said, looking out of the window.

" It is my own garden. Not even Alda touches a leaf in it. There I gather my own roses," she said, " and am wounded by my own thorns."

" It must give you a charming occupation," I replied, resolved to be as safely commonplace as possible ; and then, remembering the piano and violin I had seen, I added, " But you have others ; you are fond of music."

" Above all else," she answered enthusiastically, " but I like my violin better than my piano,— it is a very wonderful one. I will show it to you after luncheon,— no,— I will get it now," and she impulsively rose.

" Music is the only thing that is quite safe," said Mr. Dacre after she had left the room.

" See," she said as she returned with the violin, " it was made more than two hundred years ago by a man of the name of Stradivarius. I am going to ask papa to have him make another for me."

She spoke with such simple belief, such confidence in what she said, that I did not for the moment appreciate its remarkable nature. It seemed for the instant that the master still lived—still wrought at Cremona.

Alda seldom spoke, and I could see that her eyes followed every motion of her sister with tender interest. She seemed utterly lost in Iduna and to have no thought for herself. It was startling in its strangeness and pathos, the relation existing between these two young girls, so far apart in thought, so close in love,—

so different, and yet made so alike by the serenity and isolation of their lives.

Iduna spoke of herself with the utter unreserve of a child.

"I am a little sad sometimes," she said, "but papa tells me I live very much as other girls do, only that I am happier than they, and of course he knows. Alda knows much more than I do, and she says as he does; but if I knew as much, I am sure I would not be satisfied to live as she does. Sometimes I think I would like something else,—what, I do not know. Alda tells me that the world is very large, and I know there is much in it I would like to see. I go to the big globe, and I find a little dot called London, which Alda tells me is a great city where there are millions of people, and then I find another little dot called Paris, which is another great place, where she says that they would understand me if I spoke French; but when I ask papa about them he says they are wicked and ugly. But still I should like to see them—once."

"I have seen them," I answered, "and I am sure that they would only make you unhappy."

"But," continued Iduna, "there are other things. I know about the opera,—for Alda has told me,—where there is a crowd of people and wonderful music; and then there are balls where everything is beautiful and you dance. Oh, I sometimes want it all to begin."

She paused, and as she gazed afar off, her eyes caught luster from the lights of the vague and brilliant scenes that arose before her.

After luncheon, while Mr. Dacre and Alda sat under the shadow of a huge awning, for the noonday heat was great, I walked with Iduna in her garden,—

> "The fairest garden in her looks,
> "And in her mind" *

something infinitely beyond the wisdom of

> "The wisest books."

"But does this really interest you?" she asked.

"Why should it not?" I replied.

"I should think," she said, "that a man who can go everywhere would not care for such things. I am sure I should not. But"—and she stopped suddenly—"I must not say this. You saw how grieved papa looked at luncheon."

Soon we reached a weather-stained stone seat that had been placed at a commanding point, and sat down.

"How beautiful!" I exclaimed involuntarily, looking out on a wonderful expanse of verdant land and glistening sea.

"Is it?" asked Iduna. "I have never seen anything else."

We looked for a moment in silence on the scene.

"Tell me about it," she said with a pretty air of command.

"What?" I asked.

"The great, big world. I am never tired of hearing about it. There must be other beautiful places, and it must be full of lovely things and charming people."

"And of great wrongs and forbidding sights," I added.

"That is what papa says," she replied sorrowfully.

"What a fine dog," I exclaimed, wishing to turn her thoughts in another direction, as a large mastiff took his slow, lounging way down the walk.

"Is he not handsome?" she said. "And I have others, and I have birds. Do you know," she continued after an instant's hesitation, "something so strange happened to one of my birds."

"What?" I asked.

"About a week ago," she said, speaking with an air of mystery, "I found it lying in its cage quite cold and stiff. They said that it was not well, as they say I am ill when my head aches after I have been in the sun, but this was not like that. It lay very still. I do not think that it could move at all." She looked up at me inquiringly. "They took it away, and it only came back yesterday."

"And is that strange?"

"No," and her pure, clear eyes met mine in actual demand. "But I do not believe that it is the same bird."

"Are you not mistaken?"

"No; I am quite sure," she replied. "But why did they not bring back my bird?"

I could make no answer.

Mr. Dacre and Alda soon joined us. I saw that he thought I had remained long enough, and therefore, though I would have given much to have seen Iduna longer, I accompanied him on his almost immediate return to the house.

Alda did not leave her sister.

"The coming of a stranger is a great event in her life," said Mr. Dacre as we walked along, "and her excitement, I feared, would be great."

He looked at me with his peculiarly piercing glance, evidently striving to see what impression Iduna's beauty and grace had made. It was plain that he was satisfied with what he saw, though I doubt if he recognized the full extent of my feeling. Beside all else I felt as if I had stood in some place hallowed by heaven's highest attributes, peace and eternal duration. Iduna almost seemed to me the immortal being she thought herself, whose only world could be the world in which she thought she lived.

"Tell me," I said, "how has she been kept in ignorance so long?"

"Love can do much," he answered, "and she has always had her sister's care. When her mother died I withdrew from the world. I, who had hitherto known only a fevered and intense existence, desired to live in complete seclusion. My disappearance caused at the time much surprise, but as the years have passed I have been forgotten, and now at last am left in peace. I came here in the hope that my children might escape the disease that I knew threatened them. Here I have ever since remained, with what content memory and prescience allow me. Alda and Iduna have been as you see them, always alone,— Alda learning much, that she might teach her sister. And thus Iduna has been able to know all usually known by young girls, except those fictions called histories, and those histories called fictions. And why should she know these? — the first so often false records of actual existences, which, having received the sanction of time, serve the world as well as truths; the second true records of unreal existences, called false because they are but the creatures of imagination, and which in the comparative simplicity of their incompleteness can only be fully understood, and are therefore more truthful than the real; existences, however, in that very incompleteness so different from multiform humanity that they are as delusive to the inexperience of youth as they are unsatisfactory to the wisdom of age."

It amazed me, and I dwelt upon it after Mr. Dacre had left me, that he should fail to recognize that Iduna could not learn without danger the truth incompatible with every thought of her life — that truth which none of us could bear save through its habitual and familiar but almost unrecognized presence. I saw that a great danger threatened her, and I determined that I would, if it were possible, avert it.

A few days passed, and already the time when I was away from Iduna seemed a sum of hateful seconds, minutes, hours, to be borne as best it might. I regarded it only as so much superfluous existence. I was torn, worn, perplexed by all that at its best is pain and at its worst is pleasure. In short, I was in love. I sought the sea, as have the lovers of all ages, and in the ceaseless beat and regular pulse of the changing, changeless waves I seemed to find a certain peace.

I sometimes almost brought myself to believe that Iduna was touched with something which, even if recognized, would be inexplicable to herself — something trembling towards love for me. I could hardly believe it possible that such happiness could be mine, and yet it seemed I sometimes saw it — saw the unrecognized truth that only the wordless eyes express.

Those were very happy days, little preparing us for what was to come.

One night Alda, who usually dined with Mr. Dacre and myself, sat with me, as the breeze was soft and warm, on the terrace, in the strong, white moonlight.

"Iduna," she said, "has lately passed the most eventful days of her life."

"Your own life," I answered, "has scarcely been one of greater variety."

"Not in incident, but in thought; for I have always known of the last great change."

"You must have found your task sometimes a hard one."

"No," she replied, "for it has been no task; it has been a duty which I have loved to fulfill. You know that my belief is the same as my father's,— that our acts only are immortal; that every action of our lives starts a series of events that continues always, increasing and widening forever. When I was a little girl he explained it all to me. I have always known I must die, as it is called, very soon." She spoke with a calmness pathetic in its deep despair. "And in all I have done I have only gone on living a life that is to live."

I listened, profoundly moved.

"The dread of death," she continued, "robs us of all real happiness. Could my sister have led the glad life she has, had she known the truth? Would not every hour have been darkened by the coming doom? Could I bring sorrow on one I loved as I loved her, and would I not have done this if she had known all? And now ——"

She looked at me in an agony of supplication.

"Will you, can you help me?" she said, in a low, thrilling tone.

"I will do anything," I answered, "anything."

"I have no one to whom I can go for help but you."

"Your father," I suggested.

"He least of any one," she said, and I saw that she slightly shuddered. "I dare not tell him."

"Can you not tell me?" I asked.

"I do not know. Wait,— I was weak,— it was an impulse. I must see what is right."

She sat silent for a long time, almost rigid in the intensity of thought.

"I must go," she said, suddenly rising.

Later in the evening when alone I tried to read, to write, but could do neither. My life was strange and difficult. When with Iduna I was forced to assume a gayety I might not feel. I must be no spot in her sunshine, no blot on the face of her fair world. With

Alda I felt all the suffering of a life without joy in the present, without hope for the future; I shared her sorrow as I seemed to share Iduna's happiness.

They were both excellent musicians, playing with great skill and feeling, and Iduna — Alda did not sing — often sang for me without the slightest embarrassment, and with the free, natural impulse of a bird. Her voice was pure and rare, and moved me deeply. Then I first noticed a slight shade of care in anything she did, and I wondered what could have taught her the low, wild sadness that throbbed in those glorious tones. Her songs were, of course, such as could awaken no suspicion of the truth kept from her.

One day I came upon some sketches made by the sisters, which showed great artistic feeling and much technical excellence.

"How did you learn to do this?" I asked Iduna.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "Alda taught me. She has taught me everything."

As Iduna always had been, so was she now, deeply interested in the outer world. She regarded me, as a new-comer from that wonderful place, with the same feeling of awe and admiration with which people of old must have looked upon some one who had just returned from a long and perilous journey through distant and unknown countries. She could not have viewed me with more curiosity had I been an inhabitant of another world, and indeed I could not have come from one any stranger than the one she pictured to herself. As I realized more and more what she thought, I was more and more amazed. To her Velasquez still wielded his heroic brush, Titian yet created his wondrous tones, and Rembrandt held sway over light and shadow. To her Handel still wrote oratorios, Mozart operas, and Schubert songs. To her many a great writer of the past, known through verses untouched with mortality, still lived. I wondered how much she had really learned of the great names of history, and I once incautiously spoke of Napoleon.

"Napoleon," she said; "who is he?"

"A very great man."

"Does he make music or pictures or poetry?"

"None of these," I answered.

"But you say he is a very great man."

I could not tell her that he was a great soldier, something she could not understand.

"But what does he make?" she insisted.

"Nothing."

"Then how is he great? Oh, I know," she exclaimed suddenly; "he does a great deal of good."

"No."

"Then how is he great?"

"The ruler of a people is always great," I answered evasively.

"But he is only great because he can do so much good," she replied triumphantly. "So you see I was right."

I tried to learn her simple ideas of the conditions of life. I found that she had not hitherto sought to explain much; indeed, she had not been allowed to see much that she would think should be explained. She lived absolutely secluded, and never talked with any one except her father, Alda, and myself.

"I like," she said, "to think of the crowded world, to imagine myself in cities, to fancy that I wander through their streets, to listen to the sound of many voices. I wonder if what I think is at all like what they really are."

I could not tell her how much her radiant visions differed from reality.

Within a few days I again found myself alone with Alda on the terrace.

"I want," she said hurriedly, "to finish what I began to tell you."

"Yes," I answered, and I felt that what she was about to say was of such a nature as to preclude formal speech.

"I have not dared to tell my father. I do not know how he could bear it. I have struggled alone with my sorrow." She paused, looking wistfully out over the sea. "I shall not live much longer."

I uttered an abrupt exclamation of dissent.

"I am not as strong as you all think I am. Day by day I have striven to appear well, but I am afraid I cannot much longer maintain the deception. At any moment I may be too weak to act my part, and I tremble to think of what will happen to him — to Iduna."

I saw in an instant of fearful recognition the terrors of the impending catastrophe. If Mr. Dacre were called upon again to bear the visitation of his dread enemy,— if Iduna were suddenly to learn that she must thus part from her sister, and that every thought of her life was mistaken,— I could but fear the worst.

"I ask you for help," she said. "I have, as I told you, no one else to whom I can go."

"What can I do?" I asked eagerly. "Whatever you want me to do I will do."

"My father must know the truth."

"And you wish me to tell him," I exclaimed, almost in terror.

"Yes. I cannot do it."

I stood appalled at the difficulty, the painfulness of what she proposed, but never for an instant did I think of refusing to do as she wished.

"I will tell him," I answered quickly, "that you say you are not as strong as he thinks you are — not that you fear the worst. Indeed," I added, "I cannot believe that I need say that."

"Even what you tell him will shock him greatly," she said, entirely disregarding the latter part of what I had said.

"But he must be told."

"Wait — wait," she said suddenly. "Wait at least another day. I may be better. I will find an opportunity to tell you what to do. I must think."

I passed a night of agonizing thought. I could only hope that Alda, overcome by morbid fancies, imagined herself worse than she really was. I could only await, with what courage and confidence I might, the course of events.

I was more impressed than ever with the strangeness of my position when I met Iduna on the following morning. She was standing with the bright sunlight falling on her, and the scarlet, yellow and purple glories of the summer about her. In her hand she held a dead butterfly. It was a wondrous allegory, this fair young creature looking with such gentle interest at this emblem of the soul. I thought she gazed upon it as some angel might upon some newly disembodied spirit.

"See," she said, glancing up perplexedly from the gorgeously colored thing, "something is the matter with it. I think it must be broken."

She spoke as she might of a watch that had stopped running.

"Yes," I answered, as if in inquiry, and anxiously awaiting what she might say.

"Will it never fly again?" she asked.

I affected to examine it with great care.

"It is very strange," she went on, "but what becomes of them when they are broken? Are they not mended?"

"No," I replied.

"Why?"

"I suppose," I answered, "no one cares enough for them."

"But I do — the beautiful thing. Take it," she said, with an air of authority, placing the dead insect in my hand, "and have it mended."

She was for a moment lost in deep thought, and then asked:

"But are people never broken?"

I dared not answer.

"If I should fall from the top of the cliff, I should be broken?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And then I should be mended," she continued meditatively. "It is all very strange. I never thought of it before. I once saw a man who had but one arm. He looked very poor. I suppose he was mended badly."

My presence in her father's house had awakened her to many an inquiry, and she seemed now on the very verge of the great discovery. Mr. Dacre told me that she had changed greatly in a short time. Heretofore she had heard everything with the simple confidence of childhood, and indeed, in much, she was but a child. But now she seemed to have grown suddenly older, and there appeared a vague doubt in her voice, and a certain misgiving in her eyes. Still her world seemed really untouched; still she lived among her own fair visions, thinking

> "Unthought-like thoughts that are the souls of thought."

But in her mind there was unaccustomed activity, intermittent, but evidently increasing.

I remember that very day we saw a bird soaring in the air, and that she murmured the first half-dozen stanzas of Shelley's "Skylark."

"Spirit?" I interrupted.

"Oh," she answered, "do you not understand? — a fairy."

"Do you believe in fairies?" I asked.

"Of course," she answered, looking at me in surprise. "Do not you?"

"Some do not," I said.

"How very strange," she replied wonderingly. "But everything is very strange now. I feel as I never have felt before. I feel as if I were far away somewhere — in a place I had never seen before. I feel as if I were lost."

She seemed indeed lost in vague wonderment, and to distract her attention I asked her if she knew the rest.

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a quick return to her own glad self.

She repeated the last four stanzas. The others had evidently not been taught to her.

I awaited all day, with great anxiety, the promised message from Alda, but none came. I tried to hope that all might still be well. But in the evening what little confidence I had was in a moment destroyed.

"You must tell him," she whispered hurriedly, as I held back a curtain for her to pass. "Tell him the most that you think is right."

After she had taken a step or two she turned back.

"Tell him soon," she said; "tell him tomorrow."

I felt that we were on the verge of some terrible experience. I could not but believe that what she feared must soon come to pass. Her accents of anguish carried conviction, and I shuddered at the thought of what might be immediately before us.

Early the next morning I received a hurried note from Mr. Dacre begging me to come to him with all speed.

Before he spoke I saw that his anguish was terrible.

"Alda," he said, shudderingly, "is very ill."

With a quick prescience of impending evil that only long suffering could give, he foresaw all.

I had not expected so rude an awakening. I asked him what he had done, and learned that he had sent to the metropolis for a famous physician who was to come with all the speed unlimited expenditure could make possible.

Iduna had often been left alone while Alda was with Mr. Dacre, and it was therefore easy to keep her from suspecting anything. I would be able satisfactorily to answer any inquiry about her sister by saying that she was busy with her father.

As I entered the room I paused for an instant at the door. Iduna was singing, and I caught the refrain of a song I had written for her:

"A grief that comes
Is a joy when sped;
And a joy, after all,
Is a grief when fled."

"What do you know," I asked, trying to speak cheerfully, "of griefs and joys?"

"Oh, very much."

"What is a grief?" I asked, and I thought that she might soon know grief greater than she could bear.

"A grief,—it is when the winter comes, when the night draws on, when the day is dark with clouds."

Her deep sympathy with nature was heightened by her utter ignorance of anything really like human experience, and she there found a source for grief which is common to us all. I thought that indeed sorrow must be equal in all lives. Her sensitive nature felt the mournful aspects of the outer world with singular intensity, and she was as much affected by such subtle and generally disregarded influences as is an ordinary mortal by the harrowing occurrences of life.

"And joy?" I continued.

"It is when you hear gay music, when the flowers come, and when the sun shines."

Music for her but expressed the changing phases of nature. To her it had never sobbed a dirge or pealed a requiem.

During the afternoon the physician arrived. We awaited what he might say in agonizing suspense.

I was with Mr. Dacre when the opinion was given, and I could see that he tried to prepare himself to hear the worst. The great physician, with that gentle, scarcely broken impassibility, which, as a frequent bearer of the tidings of death, he had insensibly acquired, spoke hesitatingly, but positively. He tried to break all to us as gently as possible, but did not attempt to conceal the truth. There was no room for hope.

"The disease has made such inroads," he said finally, "that I must warn you that the end may be very near."

Mr. Dacre did not even raise his head. He said nothing until we were alone, and then he burst wildly forth:

"Again the curse has come upon me. Again must I endure the unutterable agony of a last parting. Death, Death, my enemy and my conqueror, when will you complete your work and make me your grateful victim?"

He paused in sudden thought.

"But Iduna," he exclaimed.

"She cannot be told," I said decisively; "it might kill her."

"It might kill her!" he repeated slowly as if at first he did not apprehend what I said; and then he added, as if its full meaning had suddenly flooded in upon him with all the anguish and dismay it could bring, "I had thought she might live on happily, and that when she learned the truth her happy years would help her to bear it. It might kill her! Outraged death fills me with a new terror."

His grief and horror overcame him.

"What can be done?" he asked at length helplessly.

"We must tell her that Alda is going away," I answered, feeling that something must indeed be done, and being unable in my consternation to think of anything better.

"Yes," he replied obediently.

"We will gain time,—Alda may recover,—all may be well yet."

I went immediately to Iduna, whom I now felt it my duty to protect. She again asked for Alda, and I told her that she was busy with her father, thinking it wise to delay as much as possible the announcement that her sister was going away. She was painting, and she showed me her work.

"Is it like a city?" she asked.

It was the city of a dream. Tall palaces rose one above another, fountains plashed in the great squares, and through the marble ways poured throngs of people, clad in gold and purple. On the broad, dark waters of the harbor rode stately ships, while a sky of perfect blue bent down to meet the dim and distant mountains. Faulty though the work might be, and inspired as it was by the pictures of Turner, the effect was indescribable. It was a vision dazzling, bewildering, beautiful, that she alone could have seen.

As the day passed, Alda became stronger and asked to see her sister. Though no real farewell was possible, she wished to speak once more to Iduna. Unnatural, horrible even as such an interview must be, who could deny her this last request? She insisted, I was afterwards told, on rising, and leaning on her

father,—almost carried by him,—she reached Iduna's apartments.

I would have withdrawn, but Mr. Dacre motioned me to remain.

"You have not come all day," said Iduna reproachfully. Alda, as soon as she was in the presence of her sister, seemed to regain her strength in a marvelous manner.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I am going away."

"Going away!" repeated Iduna in wonder.

"Yes."

"Oh, I am so glad!"

I involuntarily put out my hand, seeking support.

"Glad — glad, Iduna!" said Alda slowly.

"Yes. Glad, so very glad! You will see so much, and when you come back you will tell it all to me."

"But," said Alda, and to me who knew her infinite anguish it seemed she spoke with a calmness not of the earth, "I may be gone a long time."

"A long time," answered Iduna in amazement. "There is no long time. We have all time. What can it matter?"

"Nothing."

"And you will see the world,— you will see all of which we have talked and dreamed. How happy you will be."

"If you are happy, then I am happy."

"I am happy, only ——" and she paused. "I should be so glad to go with you."

"It is a journey upon which I must go alone."

"Where?"

"I do not know."

"And why?"

"I cannot tell."

"Will papa go with you?"

"No."

Already Alda's strength was failing; indeed, I do not think she could have borne longer the agony of that last, strange parting.

"Shall I see you again before you go?" Iduna asked.

"No," replied Alda, for the first time losing her marvelous self-control. "I am going now."

"I shall think of you every moment," said Iduna gently. Parting had, in her belief that life was endless, no meaning such as embitters the slightest separation from those we love.

Mr. Dacre had stood as if stupefied by benumbing woe. His eyes were fixed and meaningless and his lips painfully rigid. He looked like one in a trance.

As the sisters drew close in an embrace which I knew would be the last, I turned away.

Once out of Iduna's sight, Alda's will sustained her no longer, and she sank unconscious. I feared that the end might come even then, and waited for some time before I returned to Iduna. I expected that she would immediately ask me if her sister had gone, but the thought that Alda would have remained after parting with her would have been impossible to her.

The sky, which for days had been the perfection of calm, clear blue, now seemed hazy and hot, and in the distance could be heard the low rumble of thunder. I saw Iduna start, and that a slight tremor passed over her.

"You are afraid," I said.

"It is terrible," she exclaimed. "If it comes while Alda is away, I do not know what I shall do."

The hours dragged slowly by, and leaving Iduna, I sought news of Alda. Mr. Dacre was with her, and the attendants said that she was sinking fast.

I returned to Iduna.

She was gazing pensively upon the landscape, which now lay under the lessening light of a fair sunset sky; for, as sometimes happens towards evening, the threatening heavens had cleared and all was soft and golden.

"I have been thinking of Alda," she said.

"Yes."

"I feel a sadness that I never knew before. I wonder why she went."

"She told you that she must."

"She told me she could not tell me why she went, but she will tell me some time."

I had often been struck with Iduna's simple faith, and was not now surprised at her content with our inadequate explanation. Nothing seemed unnatural to her, for the reason that all her life was so unnatural. The wildest fancy of the most marvelous fairy tale would have seemed, in her ample trust, possible and usual.

"I do not feel as if I were myself," she continued, rising and walking rapidly up and down. "Something is coming — something I cannot understand."

"What?" I asked.

"I feel as if a darkness had fallen over everything."

Indeed, she seemed strangely changed. A fear lay in her eyes that I had never seen before.

"But I will think of Alda," she continued. "I will try and imagine where she is. I will think of her in the world so new to her. I will think of her looking with wondering eyes on so many strange things. I will think of her away off in that great wide place."

Her words were hideous to me in their terrible significance. Alda might indeed be in a new, strange world, stranger even than Iduna

could imagine,— so strange that philosopher or visionary in all earth's generations has never been able even to approach conception of it.

That night Alda died.

She was conscious until the last, and even at that supreme moment thought, as she had done all her life long, of others rather than herself. She spoke cheeringly to her father, trying to comfort him in his unutterable agony. She did not speak of Iduna, except to repeat her name again and again in tones of longing tenderness. When I heard some time after midnight that the end had come, I went out into the darkness,— in my grief I could not endure the confining walls,— and paced the echoing terrace until the sun rose. I did not see Mr. Dacre. He had not left the room where Alda died, and now sat, the physician told me, speechless by her side.

I found Iduna as she had been the day before, disturbed, restless, almost wild.

"Tell me," she said, coming eagerly towards me, "has Alda really gone?"

"Yes," I answered. She could not know in what sense her sister had gone from her.

"I did not know.— I have been thinking all night; — it seemed that you were all keeping something from me."

Evidently she did not expect an answer; I did not make any.

"I remember," she continued, "that a long time ago, a very long time ago, I once saw a book that had a strange word in it. I do not know why I remember it now, unless for the reason that it is the only thing that has ever really troubled me, and that now when I am so sad I think of it."

"You must not trouble yourself about a word," I said, but she did not hear me. The accumulated questionings of years of vague uncertainty seemed to be taking form. As steam, at first invisible, becomes perceptible vapor as it rises, and finally falls in drops, so were the dim exhalations of her doubts resolving themselves into questions.

"It was a little word," she went on, "and I asked Alda what it meant, but she said it was something I must not know. How could a word mean something I must not know?"

Remember that I loved her passionately, wholly, unquestioningly, and you will perhaps understand with what torture I heard her speak as she did. I could do nothing to help her. I could only try and keep her from learning that ghastly truth which, suddenly heard in all its awful entirety, none could bear.

"She said I must not know what it meant, and so I cannot ask you about it. There are things, then, we should not know?"

"Yes," I answered.

"How strange! The world seems stranger every day. And must we not know, too, why we must not know?"

"Often."

The day was intensely hot, and I told Iduna that the heavy, stifling atmosphere had affected her.

"No," she replied, "but I feel as if something was to happen. I feel as I do before the thunder and the lightning come. I feel what Alda told me is called terror."

About noon a servant informed me that Mr. Dacre desired to see me.

I was to meet him in the library. When I entered no one was there, and as I stood waiting all the incidents of my stay in the house passed in rapid review. I thought of the happy, peaceful hours that at first flew so swiftly by, hours in which my love for Iduna had grown to an overmastering passion. I thought of Alda's first appeal to me that night on the moonlit terrace, a night that seemed so very far away and yet was in reality so near. I thought of that last interview between the sisters.

Mr. Dacre entered.

I could not believe it possible that such a change could have taken place in so short a time. He came towards me with the bent form and hesitating step of great age. As he slowly approached, I could see how his cheeks had fallen, how sunken were his eyes. His very voice was different— no longer of rich, vigorous tone, but weak and quavering.

"Iduna," he said, "is she well?"

"Yes," I replied.

"She does not know?" he continued.

"No."

"But she must."

"In time she must. It might kill her now."

"I have dared too much," he said wildly. "This is my punishment. My faith in faithlessness is gone. That indefinable power that men in all ages have held in awe — in the fair deities of the ancient world, in the harsh tyrants of untutored savages, in the more perfect conceptions of a later time — that power I have outraged. This — this is my retribution."

I caught him as he fell, and, placing him in a chair, I dispatched a servant for the physician. Mr. Dacre had fainted. As the restoratives were applied I happened to glance through the window. The oppressive heat of the day was not lessened by a breeze, and I saw that dark, heavy clouds, glowing with a yellowish purple, were rising over the sea. It was the storm that had threatened through the day. The clouds came on with the swiftness, the apparent intensity of purpose peculiar to the summer, and low, but deep, I could

hear the mutter of the thunder. I thought of Iduna, but at that moment the physician called upon me to assist him. I felt the first hot, sickening gust of a newly awakened wind, and saw a blinding, brilliant flash of lightning. I could hear the stroke of the rising waves on the beach. A deep gloom overspread earth and sea. The big drops of the hastening rain began to fall, and the lightning was almost incessant, the roar of the storm continuous. The wind blew a hurricane. The rain fell, it almost seemed, in a solid, steely mass, and in the wind and darkness the tumult was indescribable. Remembering Iduna's fear of the thunder, I longed to return to her, but stood for a moment irresolute, doubting if I should leave her father.

Suddenly, together, there came a crash as if the world itself were shattered,—a flash,—a starting sinew on the arm of God.

The bolt had struck the house.

I stood appalled. I could hear the rush of the frightened servants through the halls, and then there was comparative stillness.

What a shriek!

My heart seemed to stop beating. I started in the direction of the sound. Hastening on, I came to the room from which the cry proceeded. I paused upon the threshold, stunned by what I saw. Iduna lay upon the dead body of her sister. In the excitement of the moment, and abandoned by her attendants, in her terror of the storm, she had fled to seek her father, and—she was alone with death. Hearing me approach, she looked quickly up.

"Help me—help me!" she cried agonizingly. "What can have happened? I cannot awaken her; she is so white and cold and still. I am afraid of my sister. Alda! Alda!"

Even in her terror it seemed she sought with multiplied kisses to give warmth, motion to the inanimate body.

I stood in speechless horror. I could not tell her that her sister would never awake again. I could not then reveal this terror and mystery of the world. I could not tell her what it was. I could not tell her that this was death—awful in any form even to those who through life have anticipated its coming.

"Can you do nothing?" she cried in pitiful anguish, as she looked up at me.

"Nothing."

"Is it true?" she exclaimed, while a strange, tremulous look as if reason itself were shaken came into her eyes. "Is this the thing I feared?" She grasped my arm and spoke almost in a whisper. "Is this what I once dreamed—something that must come when we can neither move nor breathe nor speak? I thought," she continued, her voice becoming hoarse, almost raspingly hoarse in horror, "it was not true, and yet I dared not ask. Tell me," she spoke so low that I could hardly hear her as she pointed to her sister, "is this that word—death?"

I did not speak.

"It is true," she shrieked, and starting back from me she fell to the floor.

THIS strange story was told to me by an old friend whom I had not seen for a long time. He told it to me as we sat before the sinking fire in the last hours of a winter night. We had been at the great ball of the year, and he had come home with me. As he finished the flame flickered low, and I noticed that the gray light of morning was beginning to steal through the curtains. A white rose dropped from his button-hole and fell among the ashes of many cigars.

"Did she die?"

"No," he answered slowly and gently. "Within eventless walls where even the present time seems measureless, Iduna lives. She is one of a religious sisterhood. She seeks the immortality she once thought was hers."

George A. Hibbard.

A BETROTHAL.

"I LOVE you," he whispered low
In joy, for a moment bold;
And suddenly, white as snow,
The warm little hand grew cold.

"I love you," again he said,
And touched the soft finger-tips;
But shyly she bent her head
To hide the two trembling lips.

"I love you":—she turned her face.
His heart overfilled with fear;
When lo, on her cheek the trace
Of one tiny passion-tear!

"I love you," he gently spoke
And kissed her, sweet, tearful-eyed;
The rose-blossom fetters broke:
"I love you, too," they replied.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

CONTROL.

O HUNGER, Hunger, I will harness thee
And make thee harrow all my spirit's glebe.
Of old the blind bard Herve sang so sweet
He made a wolf to plow his land.

Sidney Lanier.

PARALLEL with the eastern and western shores of the bay of San Francisco, and flanking the beautiful and fertile Santa Clara valley south of that inland sea, stretch the inner and outer Coast Ranges of California. The inner range is the more commanding of the two, owing to its higher elevation and bolder front. It rises abruptly from a narrow plain bordering the eastern side of the bay; and, in one unbroken line drawn across the eastern horizon, it stretches southward until lost in the hazy distance. A person standing at the south end of San Francisco Bay and running the eye along the ridge of this range, after the sun has passed the meridian, will observe, almost due east, a point of light of dazzling brilliancy on the top of what appears to be a small flat-topped knob, no larger apparently than a half-section of a billiard-ball. The little knob is the summit of Mount Hamilton, the highest peak in the range, and named after the late Rev. Laurentine Hamilton; and the bright point of light is the reflection of the sun from the north dome of the Lick Observatory, from fifteen to twenty miles off as the crow flies.

The donor, James Lick, was born at Fredericksburg, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, August 25, 1796. He began life as an organ and piano maker, first at Hanover, Pennsylvania, then at Baltimore, Maryland. In 1820 he started in business on his own account in Philadelphia, but soon after emigrated to Buenos Ayres, where for ten years he successfully prosecuted his trade. He subsequently moved to Valparaiso and later to California, where he arrived with a moderate fortune in the latter part of 1847. He spent the remainder of his days in California, dying in San Francisco October 1, 1876, leaving an estate worth nearly $4,000,000. He was such an unlovable, eccentric, solitary, selfish, and avaricious character that, it may be fairly said, had it not been for one of the last acts of his life, he would have died "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." This one act was a contradiction of his whole life. A little more than two years before his death Mr. Lick conveyed all of his great fortune by trust-deed to a board of trustees, to be divided mainly among public charities, and for the erection of important public, industrial, scientific, and hygienic institutions. For reasons never publicly explained, the instrument was twice revoked before his death, and a new board of trustees appointed each time, the last having been appointed only a month before he died.

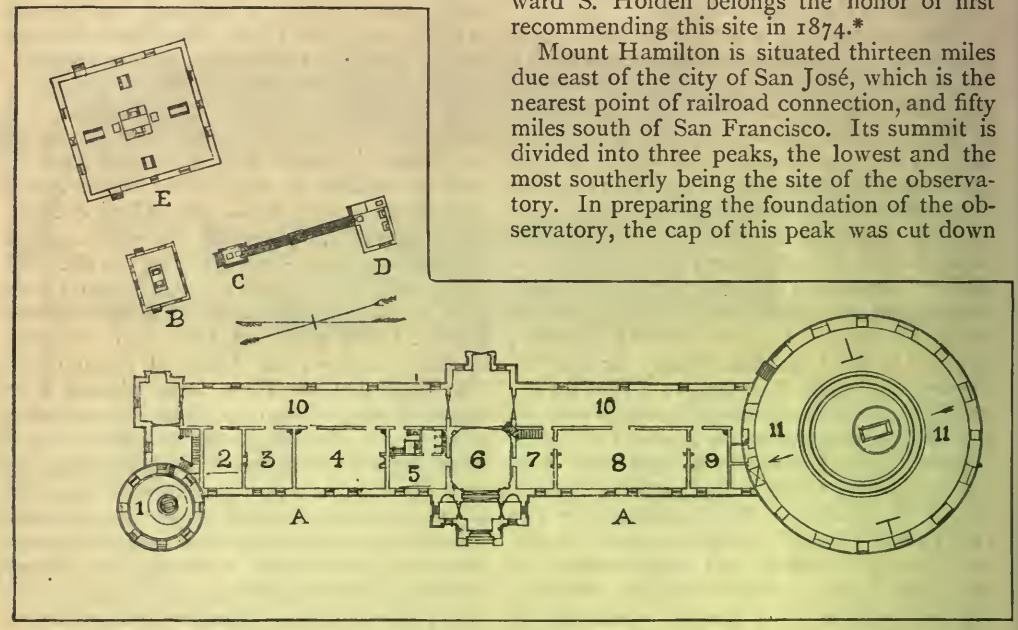
The Lick estate, at the time of James Lick's death, consisted largely of unimproved real estate in San Francisco and elsewhere in the State. The most important improved property was the hotel in San Francisco bearing Lick's name and the Lick mill near San José. In connection with the latter there is an interesting romantic story. It is said that in Lick's younger days he courted a well-to-do Pennsylvania miller's daughter, but his suit was successfully opposed by the old miller on

the ground of Lick's poverty. The erection of the mill near San José is said to have been the fulfillment of a vow, made at the time of his rejected suit, to build a mill which should be far superior to that of the Pennsylvania miller. He is reputed to have spent $200,000 in its construction. The interior was finished in costly California woods, highly polished. It is safe to say there never was built in the world a mill like it in this respect, and before it was burned it was regarded as one of the curiosities of the neighborhood.

After bequeathing a number of small legacies, ranging from $2000 to $5000 each, to a number of James Lick's friends and relatives, the trust-deed provided for the expenditure of $700,000 for the construction and equipment of an astronomical observatory for the University of California. Then $25,000 was bequeathed to the San Francisco Protestant Asylum; the same amount to the city of San José, for the construction and support of a similar institution; $10,000 for the purchase of scientific and mechanical works for the use of the Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco; $10,000 to the California Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; $5000 for the erection at Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania, of a granite monument to the memory of Lick's mother; similar amounts for the same purpose in respect to his father, grandfather, and sister; $100,000 for the founding of "The Old Ladies' Home" at San Francisco; $150,000 for the erection and maintenance of free public baths in San Francisco; $60,000 for the erection of a bronze monument in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, "to the memory of Francis Scott Key, author of the song, 'The Star-Spangled Banner'"; $100,000 for a group of bronze statuary representing the history of California, to be erected at the City Hall of San Francisco; $540,000 for the founding and erection of a California School of Mechanical Arts; and $150,000 to John H. Lick. To avoid what threatened to be a long, costly, and uncertain lawsuit, involving the sanity of James Lick and the validity of the trust-deed, the trustees increased the amount assigned to John H. Lick to $535,000. After all these bequests shall have been paid, the residue of the estate, if any there be, is to be divided equally between the California Academy of Sciences and the Society of California Pioneers, both of which organizations had previously received donations of valuable pieces of real estate from Mr. Lick.

From the foregoing it will be seen that an observatory for the University of California was the most cherished of all of Mr. Lick's pet schemes of public benefaction. There is good reason to believe that he had nursed the idea for a great many years before he began to put it into practical shape. His ambition concerning it knew no bounds. He imposed the obligation in the trust-deed of erecting "a powerful telescope, superior to and more powerful than any telescope yet made." At the time the trust-deed was made the largest telescopes in existence were the twenty-six-inch refractor in the Naval Observatory at Washington, D. C., and Lord Rosse's six-foot reflector at Parsontown, Ireland. The Washington telescope was erected in 1873, and it was then considered that the limit of possibility in the size of an achromatic objective had been reached. Since then, however, Grubb, the English manufacturer, has constructed a twenty-seven-inch refractor for the Imperial Observatory at Vienna, Austria; and the makers of the United States Naval Observatory telescope — Alvan Clark & Sons, Cambridgeport, Massachusetts — have made another twenty-six-inch refractor for the University of Virginia, and a splendid thirty-inch glass for the Imperial Observatory at Pulkowa, Russia, which was not long ago accepted by Baron Struve, the Imperial Astronomer. The contracts for these large glasses were made while the board of Lick trustees were engaged in removing the obstacles which stood for a time in the way of executing the trust-deed. When they were, therefore, ready to let a contract for a telescope "superior and more powerful than any telescope yet made," they found themselves compelled to choose between a refractor with an aperture of more than thirty inches in diameter and a reflector exceeding seventy-two inches in diameter. Their choice was in favor of attempting the former. In January, 1881, they contracted with Alvan Clark & Sons for the manufacture of "an achromatic astronomical object-glass of thirty-six inches clear aperture" (this being the largest the Clarks would venture to contract for), to be delivered November 1, 1883. The price was fifty thousand dollars, of which amount twelve thousand dollars was paid when the contract was signed. The flint-glass disk was successfully cast by Feil & Sons, Paris, France, early in 1882, and has since then been in the hands of Alvan Clark & Sons. Its companion, the crown-glass disk, was cast and ready for shipment at the close of 1882, but the material was so brittle that it unfortunately cracked in packing. The difficulties attending the casting of the crown disk have been extraordinary. No glass of the dimensions required had ever been cast or attempted before the Lick Observatory contract was awarded to the Clarks. Thirty or more blocks were cast by the Feils before one was obtained that would be acceptable.

The wrecks are arrayed along the walls of their factory as curiosities. The first block, as has been already stated, was broken in packing for shipment. Many contained irremediable flaws. Others were destroyed in annealing, and others again were damaged beyond repair in cooling. At one time the prospects of the great telescope appeared hopeless. The elder Feil had retired from business, leaving his glass-works in charge of his sons.



GROUND-PLAN OF LICK OBSERVATORY.

A. Main building; B. Transit house; C. Heliostat; D. Photograph house; E. Meridian circle house.
1. North dome; 2. Clock-room; 3. Shop; 4. Dormitory; 5. Visitors' room; 6. West hall;
7. Secretary's room; 8. Library; 9. Director's office; 10. Long hall; 11. South dome.

They made a great many castings and experiments in annealing, but without success. To make matters worse, they went into bankruptcy. Alvan Clark then expressed his doubts of such a large glass ever being successfully made, deeming it among the impossibilities. At this stage in the history of the telescope, the elder Feil took charge of the establishment, and after several more failures succeeded in casting and annealing a satisfactory glass. The cheerful intelligence was communicated in the early part of September, 1885, that the glass was then being prepared by Feil for shipment to Alvan Clark & Sons. It will take the Clarks a year to grind and polish the glass, after it reaches their manufactory.

James Lick reserved for himself the selection of a suitable site for the observatory destined to bear his name. A spur of the Sierra Nevada near Lake Tahoe, Mount St. Helena, Mount Diablo, and Mount Hamilton in the Coast Range, were brought forward as candidates for the honor. After considerable deliberation and frequent consultation with good authorities, Mr. Lick decided in favor of Mount Hamilton, the little knob in the inner Coast Range already referred to. The wisdom of his selection has since been abundantly demonstrated. To Professor Edward S. Holden belongs the honor of first recommending this site in 1874.*

Mount Hamilton is situated thirteen miles due east of the city of San José, which is the nearest point of railroad connection, and fifty miles south of San Francisco. Its summit is divided into three peaks, the lowest and the most southerly being the site of the observatory. In preparing the foundation of the observatory, the cap of this peak was cut down thirty-one feet. Viewed from the Santa Clara valley, Observatory Peak presents a horizontal line against the blue sky in the background, four thousand two hundred and eighty-five feet above the level of the sea.

Before the selection of Mount Hamilton was made, the land was fortunately in the hands of the Federal Government. Through the agency of Aaron A. Sargent, then United States Senator from California, Congress made a grant of sixteen hundred acres, embracing a circle of over one mile below the summit of the mountain, for the uses of the observatory. An additional tract of one hundred and ninety acres of timber-land — principally black oak — was secured with University of California land scrip. The total domain of the observatory is consequently seventeen hundred and ninety acres.

* Professor Holden has since accepted the Presidency of the University of California.

SUMMIT OF MOUNT HAMILTON, LOOKING SOUTH FROM RESERVOIR PEAK. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LORYEA & MACAULAY.)

Inasmuch as the site was practically inaccessible, Mr. Lick made the selection of Mount Hamilton conditional on the construction of a suitable wagon-road to the summit by the county of Santa Clara. The condition was accepted, and in due season a road was built, at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars. This thoroughfare, which is known as Lick Avenue, is twenty miles and a half in length, and is one of the best roads west of the Rocky Mountains. The grade in no place exceeds six feet and three-quarters in one hundred feet. There is no part of it where a carriage team cannot trot comfortably up the grade. Before reaching Lick Avenue from San José, there is a delightful drive of five miles and a half along a splendidly macadamized and level road called Santa Clara Avenue, which passes by some of the most noted vineyards and orchards in the State, and is lined on each side with a double row of Monterey pine and cypress, the vigorous, sturdy growth of the former contrasting strongly with the delicate foliage and shapely branches of the latter. The twenty-six miles from San José to the top of Mount Hamilton can be made with a reasonably good team in four hours, the return trip in three hours; and there are few pleasanter or more picturesque drives in California. The road in ascending the range for many miles overlooks the beautiful valley, whose strawberry patches, onion gardens, vineyards, orchards, and wheat-fields make a charming piece of natural patchwork, extending twenty miles or more to the south. Two small valleys within the inner Coast Range are crossed before the foot of Mount Hamilton is reached. One of them, Hall's Valley, is largely under cultivation. But the "greaser" or native Californian element predominates among its inhabitants. One of the "ranch" houses, which nestles close to the roadside under the broad branches of an old live-oak tree, will suggest to the wayfarer a Pike County home, and a glimpse of the lank, unkempt tenants will make the suggestion all the stronger. The farm stock have their home under the broad veranda of the one-story cottage, and the poultry find a roost under its roof. But the larger portion of the valley is carefully cultivated, and the vine and the fig-tree are conspicuous among its products. Smith Creek, at the base of Mount Hamilton, is a favorite rendezvous for camping parties from the cities. The gurgling stream abounds in trout, and the mountain slopes and gorges in the neighborhood are full of game. Smith Creek is seven miles by the road from the observatory, but it is only two miles in an air-line. Looking up the almost vertical flank of the mountain, a glimpse of the glistening dome, apparently close by, is to be had. In these two miles the road has to overcome a vertical rise of nearly two thou-

LICK OBSERVATORY, WEST VIEW, SHOWING MAIN ENTRANCE AND NORTH DOME. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. E. MATHEWS.)

sand feet, and ascends in a zigzag course. At some points a dozen laps of its windings can be seen at one glance within a distance of half a mile. Near the summit it winds twice around the peak.

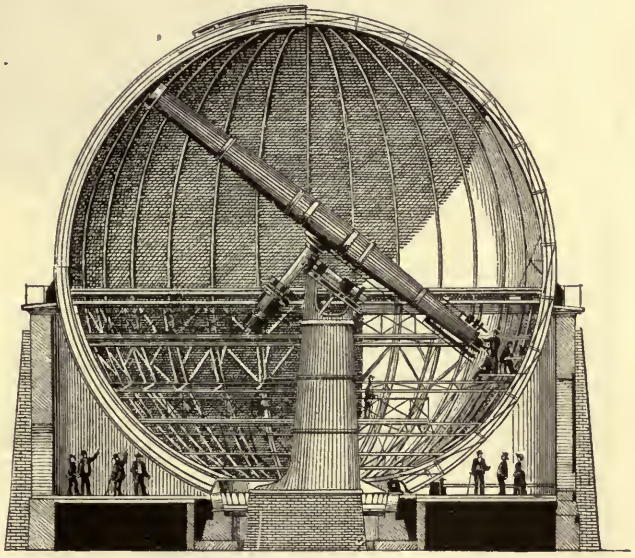
On the saddle of the ridge uniting the three peaks of the mountain, a cozy cluster of white frame buildings nestles in the shadow of Observatory Peak, which protects it from the keen west wind. The village consists of the superintendent's residence and office, the cabins used by the men employed at the observatory, a blacksmith shop, outhouses for live stock, etc. The ridge is so narrow that the rear half of the superintendent's residence hangs on a slope steeper than the roof of a house, and a few feet from the front is the other slope of the mountain, which is quite as abrupt; and there is no change in the grade on either side for at least a thousand feet.

Work was begun on Lick Observatory July 23, 1880. Few people have any conception of the difficulties which had to be overcome before the enterprise could have hoped of success. Everything — food, tools, building materials, and water — had apparently to be carried to the top of the mountain from the valley. For a long time after work began it was so in fact. Water used for all purposes had to be hauled from Smith Creek. Subsequently a small spring was discovered three hundred and ten feet below the summit of Observatory Peak, and a road seven-eighths of a mile in length had to be constructed to reach it. The highest of the three peaks, which is one mile north-east of the site of the observatory, was selected for reservoir purposes, and on it tanks having a capacity of eighty-seven thousand gallons were erected. Subsequently a large reservoir, capable of holding at least three hundred thousand gallons of water, was excavated in the solid rock, and carefully cemented, as a substitute for these tanks. A small reservoir of similar construction has also been established on the smaller of the three peaks of the mountain. By the use of steam force-pumps and a long line of pipes the water is now raised from the spring into the reservoirs, and by another system of pipes it is conveyed by gravitation through the settlement and to the observatory. The daily capacity of this spring is never under ten thousand gallons in the driest season.

Lumber, cement, lime, stone, and all other building materials had to be hauled from the valley below. Fortunately a bed of excellent brick clay was discovered on a small bench on the west slope of the mountain, eight hundred feet below the summit, but two and one-half miles by the road, and adjacent to it was a spring of water heavily charged with sulphur. All the bricks used in the erection of the massive walls of the observatory were made on that spot, effecting thereby an enormous saving in labor and money. The sandstone caps for telescopic piers, window lintels and sills, etc., were quarried in the outer Coast Range near Gilroy, at the south end of Santa

Clara valley. There was not an ounce of anything suitable for the work where it was needed — on the summit. Even the trap-rock excavated in preparing the foundation, although hard as flint, rapidly decomposed when exposed to the weather. Thus for five years the work has been pushed ahead; but it will be at least two years more before the observatory will be ready to be transferred to the regents of the University of California, in accordance with the provisions of the trust-deed.

The plan of Lick Observatory provides for a structure two hundred and eighty-seven feet in length, a transit house, meridian circle, a photo-heliograph and heliostat, and a photograph house. The main building stands nearly due north and south and fronts the west. The domes are at each extremity. The south dome will contain the great telescope. Its foundations have been laid in the solid rock, deep enough to be below the reach of frost; but it cannot be finished until the focal length of the telescope shall have been determined, and that cannot be done until the objective glass shall have been made. This dome will be the largest of any observatory in existence. Its great size presents many difficult problems for solution. Correspondence has been carried on by Captain Floyd, the president of the board of trustees, with the best-known astronomers of all countries, touching the various details of the work. An immense volume of this correspondence has accumulated. The outcome of it all has been the devising by Captain Thomas E. Fraser, a very clever young engineer, who has been in the employ of the trustees as superintendent of construction since work began, of a dome which shall be a seven-eighths sphere, resting and revolving on a tower seventy-five feet in circumference. The object of the seven-eighths sphere dome is manifold. In the first place, the friction in moving it will be a minimum. A hemisphere dome of the same diameter would rest on a tower having a circumference of two hundred and seventeen feet. The tower would need be of enormous strength to carry the weight, and the friction in revolving the dome would offer a resistance over one hundred per cent. greater than the seven-eighths sphere. For the seven-eighths sphere, which is likely to be adopted, unless some fatal defect not yet revealed shall in the mean time be detected, the external tower will be raised level with the greatest diameter of the dome. The frame of the dome will be of steel. The inside of the envelope of the upper hemisphere will be of paper, and the outside of steel plates. The lower half of the sphere will be a mere skeleton of the framework. Around it there will be two fixed galleries for observers, assistants, and students. The observer's chair will be hung opposite the shutter, sliding on an arc nearly corresponding with the arc of the eye-piece of the telescope. This chair will be twenty-two feet in length and five feet in breadth. Shutter and chair will be of nearly corresponding weight, and under the personal control of the observer. As the chair ascends, the shutter will slide down into the lower hemisphere, ascending again as the chair descends. By this arrangement, and with the aid of a supplementary shutter overlapping the opening above, there will be only so much of an opening in the slit of the dome as will be absolutely necessary to expose the objective of the telescope. With the galleries and chair so arranged and adjusted, and the broad aisle under the framework, which has a floor surface of two thousand square feet, the seven-eighths dome will contain much more spare room than a dome on the ordinary plan furnished with a movable ladder-chair. The aisle will afford room for an astronomical library, for visitors and other purposes, without interfering with the working of dome, chair, or shutter, as would be the case in other systems. The observer in the Lick dome will be able to perform all his work at the eye-piece.



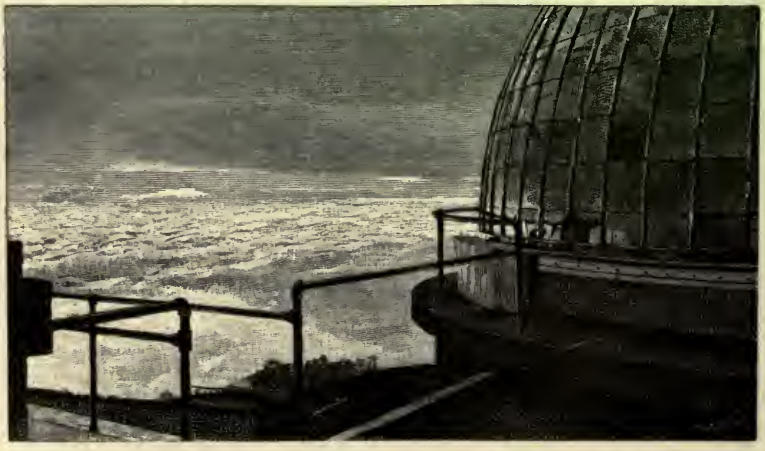
THE GREAT DOME AND TELESCOPE.
(FROM A DESIGN DRAWN BY CAPTAIN THOMAS E. FRASER.)

NORTH DOME, FROM THE ROOF OF THE OBSERVATORY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. E. MATHEWS.)

of the great telescope free from intrusion or interruption, and he will be saved the fatigue and loss of time incurred in ascending and descending a ladder-chair thirty feet or more in height. The dome will weigh fifty tons. It will roll on an endless harnessed carriage. The sole and bed plates will be perfectly protected from any variations of temperature, so that there will be no trouble from expansion and contraction. The following table shows approximately the ratio of quantity of material, cost, and resistance to motion of a hemispherical dome compared with a seven-eighths sphere, both being sixty-five feet inside diameter:

	½ sphere.	*⅞ sphere.*
Quantity of metal	1	1.1
Quantity of masonry	1	.59
Cost of metal	1	1.26
Cost of masonry	1	.61
Total cost of dome	1	.915
Total weight above rollers	1	1.35
Length of track in one revolution	217 feet	75 feet
Resistance to motion	1	.46

Shutter, chair, and dome will be moved by hydraulic power, controlled by the observer in his chair, after a plan devised by Captain Floyd.

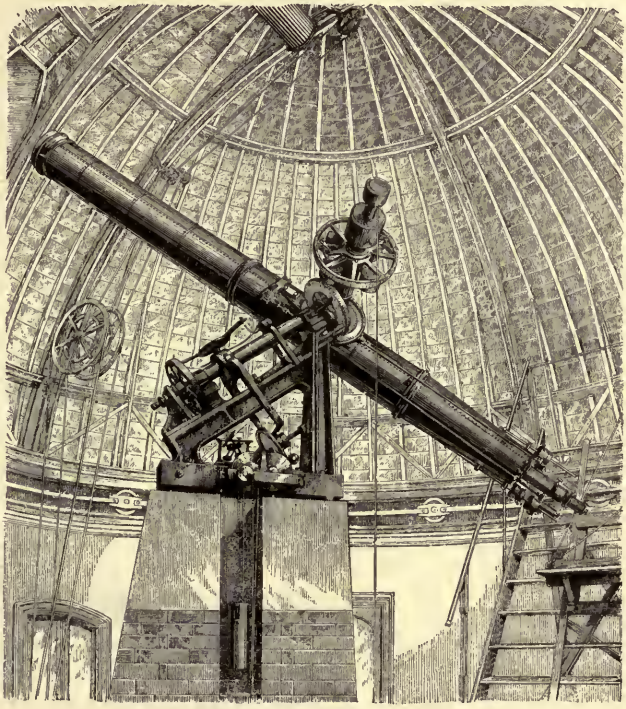


A SEA OF FOG, LOOKING WEST FROM OBSERVATORY PEAK. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LORYEA & MACAULAY.)

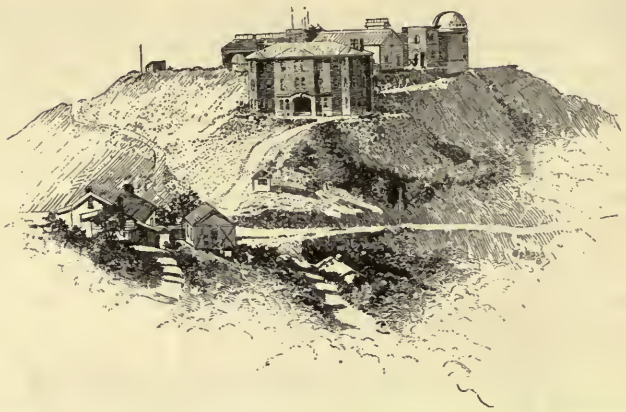
Pending the completion of the thirty-six-inch objective by the Clarks, Captain Fraser's plans have been submitted to the criticism of American and foreign astronomers, photographs of the drawings and copies of the specifications having been sent to them. Interesting criticisms — some favorable and some unfavorable, but none affecting the feasibility of the plans — have been received from accomplished astronomers. A working model six feet in diameter, made by Captain Fraser with his own hands, gives perfect satisfaction.

The north dome, which has been finished for some time, contains a splendid twelve-inch equatorial made by the Clarks, which has been mounted for more than three years. This dome is twenty-nine feet six inches in diameter. It is twenty-four feet in height, and thirteen feet five inches in diameter at the base and eight feet at the top, which is capped with a block of Gilroy sandstone, on which the telescope is mounted. In the base of the pier is a large vault for the storage of valuables. It is considered one of the finest structures ever built to sustain a twelve-inch equatorial. Midway between the two domes is a broad central hall, opening on the west and the east sides, to the right of which, looking westward, are the visitors' room, dormitory for observers, and clock room; to the left, the secretary's room, library, and computors' room.

The framework of the north dome is made of steamed bent oak. The covering is thin copper sheeting, plated inside with tin and outside with nickel. It is this bright nickel covering reflecting the sun's rays which makes the dome visible afar off. Through the employment of these light materials, the weight of the dome has been reduced to a minimum. It consequently requires less effort to revolve it, and there is less strain on the walls of the tower. The shutter covering the opening through which the telescope is pointed is a rolling sheet of corrugated steel, attached to wire ropes sliding on friction-pulleys. The sides work in grooves discharging into the drain-channel of the dome, so that when the shutter is down no moisture can get inside. This shutter when rolled up is only one foot in diameter, and is far enough back to give the observer at least six inches clear in the zenith. It is worked by endless wire ropes conducted to pulleys attached to the lower side of the dome opposite the slit, which are set in motion by hand-ropes. The dome revolves on a harnessed endless triple-wheeled carriage and double track. The outer and inner wheels run on these tracks. The middle wheel receives the friction of the iron girder forming the base of the dome. Guide-wheels run on an inside plate, and a clutch grips a rim on the upper edge of this plate, anchoring the dome securely to the tower. An endless wire rope running in a groove around the outer rim of the tower, over a couple of large pulleys, and then through the wall to a drum set in a recess inside, is the simple machinery used for revolving the dome. It is now worked by hand, and can be operated easily by a child. It is intended ultimately to work this and all other machinery in the observatory by hydraulic power. Suitable piping has been laid under-ground throughout the building to carry water for domestic use and hydraulic power and for gas, with which the structure may be illuminated hereafter. Hydrants have been placed at convenient intervals along the pipe line, from the spring to the reservoir, and from the latter to the observatory, for use in case of fire in the buildings or in the chaparral on the mountain slopes.



INTERIOR OF NORTH DOME — THE TWELVE-INCH TELESCOPE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LORYEA & MACAULAY.)



RESIDENCE OF OBSERVATORY ASTRONOMERS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. E. MATHEWS.)

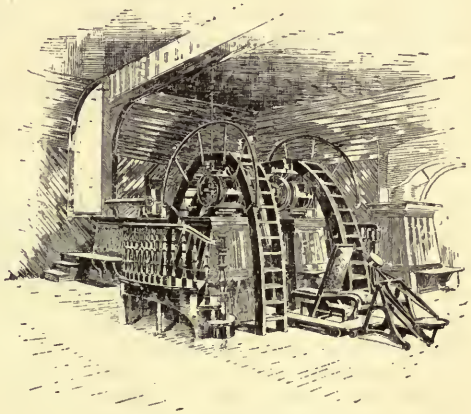
The transit house is east of the north dome, and is made of corrugated galvanized sheet iron, standing on a foundation of brick set in the solid rock. It contains, besides a four-inch transit instrument, a sidereal clock — a splendid timepiece — of Amsterdam make, two chronometers made by Negus of New York, a chronograph, and a portable four-inch comet-seeker. The wooden shutter is worked by means of a lever, and is so nicely balanced that, although weighing five hundred pounds, a pull of ten pounds is sufficient to raise it.

The photo-heliograph and heliostat, photograph house, meridian-circle house, a large brick residence for the astronomers employed at the observatory, and all of the main building, excepting the south or great dome, have been completed. The meridian-circle house has double walls, the outer one being of iron and the inner of wood. An equable temperature is thus secured in the interior. It contains a six-inch meridian-circle of the best quality, constructed by A. Repsold & Sons, of Hamburg, which is the pride of the observatory. Adjoining the meridian-circle house, but lower down the eastern slope of Observatory Peak, is the astronomers' residence, a large double brick structure. A covered passage joins the upper story to the meridian-circle house, which will enable the astronomers to pass to and fro without exposure to the weather. No part of the main building of the observatory, excepting the north dome and the library, has been furnished. The library contains already about fifteen hundred bound volumes, all carefully selected, and also a large number of unbound pamphlets and magazines pertaining specially to astronomical matters. A telegraph and telephone line connects the observatory with the system of the Western Union Telegraph Company at the city of San José.

The view from Observatory Peak is magnificent in its range and varied beauty. Excepting a small patch in the north-east, which is shut out by the other peaks of the mountain, the horizon in every direction is unobstructed. Half a dozen towns and cities may be seen or located within a radius of fifty miles. Through the depressions in the outer Coast Range, lying west of Santa Clara valley and twenty miles off, may be seen at sunset the waters of the Pacific Ocean. The Sierra Nevada, one hundred and thirty miles to the east, come out sharp and distinct at sunrise. A snow-capped peak, supposed to be Lassen Butte, one hundred and seventy-five miles distant, is occasionally visible in the north. On an exceptionally clear day a full-rigged ship with all sail set has been observed through a glass emerging from the Golden Gate and entering San Francisco Bay, fifty miles off. The country lying to the north, east, and south-east is very rugged. The valleys are deep and narrow. One of the gorges in the vicinity of Mount Hamilton is reputed to have been a favorite retreat of Joaquin Murietta, the famous bandit whose name was a terror to the early settlers of the State. A spring, situated a mile and a half east of Observatory Peak, at which he is said to have drawn water, now bears the name of "Joaquin's Spring." The outlaw could have selected, in those days, no securer retreat. He was perfectly safe in it from pursuit, as it was then practically inaccessible. The gap in the outer Coast Range caused by Monterey Bay, now one of the most popular watering-resorts in California, is visible in the south, and the outline of Salinas valley is traceable in the hazy distance beyond.

Dense fogs are among the atmospheric phenomena common to the California coast. The west wind, which blows almost every afternoon through the summer season, brings up a great bank of fog from the ocean as the sun sets. This rolls inshore in the evening, filling the coast valleys, and enveloping the outer Coast Range. It pours into Santa Clara valley from the Golden Gate on the north, and from Monterey Bay to the south, and climbs the flanks of the inner Coast Range during the night. This sea of fog, from the summit of Mount Hamilton, is a weird and beautiful sight in early morning before the sun has had time to dissipate it. It resembles nothing so much as the heaving, wavy ocean whence it came, excepting that it differs from it in color. Its fleecy surface glistens like burnished silver. On no occasion has this great fog-bank ever been known to overtop Observatory Peak. In November, 1882, during a strong gale, the fog was driven higher up the mountain than ever before, so far as is known, reaching the four-thousand-foot line. The phenomenon was so interesting that a photograph of the scene was taken from the roof of the observatory. It is rarely that these coast fogs reach an elevation of two thousand feet, as determined by observations made by Professor George Davidson, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, and their average height is fifteen hundred feet. This freedom from the coast fogs greatly enhances the value of Mount Hamilton as a site for an astronomical observatory. The trade-winds, which drive the fog inshore, blow strong and steady all night long on the summit through the summer season, frequently attaining a velocity of thirty miles an hour, and humming a cheerful melody in the ears of the observer in the dome.

The approximate geographical position of Observatory Peak has been determined by Professor S. W. Burnham, of Chicago, at longitude 121° 21′ 40″ west and latitude 37° 21′ 3″ north. The great altitude and southerly position of Lick Observatory give it a zone of fifteen or twenty degrees farther south to sweep with its telescopes than any other American or any European observatory. It was this fact, and the purity and steadiness of the atmosphere on the mountain, that enabled Professor Burnham, during a sojourn extending from August 17, 1879, to the 16th of the following October, to catalogue forty-two new double stars with the aid of a six-inch refractor temporarily mounted in a small canvas dome. One of these double stars was 47° 18′ south declination. "Close pairs," he says, "can be observed at least down to 43° south declination." Of the sixty nights then spent by Professor Burnham on the mountain, he found forty-two nights to be first-class for astronomical purposes, seven were medium nights, and eleven were cloudy and foggy. On the first-class nights he was able to use the highest powers advantageously, getting "sharp, well-defined images," and he was able to measure satisfactorily "the closest and most difficult double stars within the grasp of the instrument." On medium nights "only moderate powers, say up to 200," were profitably used. It is claimed that the astronomer may be sure of at least 250 good nights in every year on Mount Hamilton, 150 of which will be such as are rarely enjoyed at any of the Eastern observatories.

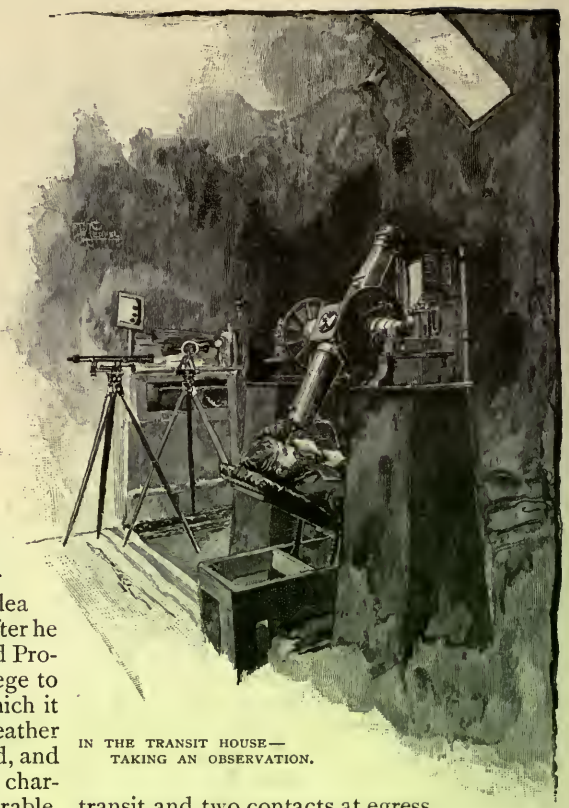


INTERIOR OF MERIDIAN-CIRCLE HOUSE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. E. MATHEWS.)

The atmosphere on Mount Hamilton is remarkably dry. It is a condition which has charmed the professional soul of every astronomer that has visited it. "The average difference between the wet and dry bulb thermometers" Professor Burnham found for the first five weeks of his stay to be 18° 4′, "giving, by Blanford's tables calculated for a mean barometer, 25.8 inches, a relative humidity of about .27. . . . The lowest relative humidity was .06. . . . The average daily maximum temperature in the shade, for the first five weeks, was 88°, and the minimum 64°. The thermometer at 9 P. M. would ordinarily be 12° or 15° lower than at 3 P. M. . . . During the last two weeks a much lower temperature was reached, on one occasion the minimum thermometer indicating 30°." As the summer and fall weather of one year in California is like that of every other year, the results noted by Professor Burnham may be accepted as fairly applicable to the summer and fall weather of any year at Lick

Observatory. In the winter the snow accumulates to the depth of about four feet, and gales are not unusual, although the greatest velocity recorded is under fifty miles an hour. The snowfall sometimes temporarily cuts off communication with the valley, reaching two thousand feet down the mountain's sides.

The transit of Mercury in 1881 was successfully observed at Lick Observatory by Professor Edward S. Holden; and Professor Simon Newcomb at one time thought of adopting it as his station for observing the transit of Venus, December 7, 1882. An examination of the meteorological record of the mountain and of the State generally, as far back as such had been kept, showed, however, an unfavorable condition of weather prevailing on or about that date. Professor Newcomb therefore abandoned the idea and went to the Cape of Good Hope. After he had thus decided, President Floyd invited Professor David P. Todd of Amherst College to direct the observations of the transit which it had been fully resolved should be made, weather permitting. The invitation was accepted, and the results were of the most satisfactory character. The weather was remarkably favorable. The air was absolutely tranquil, the sky cloudless, the temperature never falling to sixty degrees, and rising nearly to seventy degrees in the shade at noon. Observations of the transit and two contacts at egress were made by Captain Floyd with the twelve-inch equatorial, and of the contacts by Professor Todd with the four-inch transit instrument, mounted on its reversing carriage. But the most important work of the day was photographic. One hundred and forty-seven plates were exposed, of which one hundred and twenty-five were available for micrometric measurement. The Mount Hamilton photographic record of the transit of Venus has since been treated, in computing the general results, as among the most valuable of the observations of that rare and interesting celestial phenomenon. A triplicate of these photographic records and certain materials used in making them, which may have to be referred to in computing the results, form the first batch of strictly original scientific data stored in the vaults of Lick Observatory.



IN THE TRANSIT HOUSE—TAKING AN OBSERVATION.

INTERIOR OF THE PHOTOGRAPH HOUSE.

Of the larger public institutions provided for in James Lick's trust-deed, the observatory is the only one which the resources of the estate have as yet enabled the trustees to do anything with. The property constituting the estate might have been disposed of years ago, but it would have been at ruinous prices, and some of Mr. Lick's benefactions would never have been consummated. Only such property has been sold as commanded a fair

price and as was necessary to dispose of to pay the expenses of the observatory and the personal legacies and private monuments named in the trust-deed. To the trustees the administration of the estate has in a great measure been one of love. The compensation allowed each one in the trust-deed is only one thousand dollars per annum. Up to the 31st of August, 1885, there had been spent on the observatory three hundred thousand dollars. What it will cost by the time it is completed cannot be stated. But the trustees believe that of the seven hundred thousand dollars assigned to the observatory in the trust-deed, there will be enough left, after the structure is finished and the great telescope mounted, to constitute a fund for the perpetual maintenance of the institution (including the regular employment of an efficient corps of astronomers) by the regents of the University of California. There remains, however, only the south dome, for the reception of the great telescope, to build. Its dimensions will depend upon the focal length of the telescope. As soon as that shall have been determined, work on the dome will begin. Its foundations have already been laid, and the bricks for its walls are on the ground. It is the belief of the trustees that they will be able to transfer the observatory to the University regents in 1887.

Strange to say, James Lick made no provision in the trust-deed or any other written instrument for the disposition of his remains; but some time during the last year of his life he expressed a wish to a friend that his body be buried on Mount Hamilton, within or adjacent to the observatory. In the base of the pier sustaining the great equatorial telescope, it is intended to construct a vault thirty feet in diameter and the same in height. In this vault the body of James Lick will probably find its last resting-place. He was a solitary in life, and in death he will also be isolated. But the observatory, from which there are hopes of great accomplishments in the future, will be his magnificent tomb and monument, as well as a precious instrument for the advancement of the most sublime of the sciences.

Taliesin Evans.

TO WILL H. LOW:

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE DEDICATION OF HIS DRAWINGS FOR KEATS'S "LAMIA."

YOUTH now flees on feathered foot.
Faint and fainter sounds the flute,
Rarer songs of gods,—

And still
Somewhere on the sunny hill,
Or along the winding stream,
Through the willows, flits a dream;
Flits, but shows a smiling face,
Flees, but with so quaint a grace,
None can choose to stay at home,—
All must follow—all must roam.

This is unborn beauty: she
Now in air floats high and free,
Takes the sun, and breaks the blue;—
Late, with stooping pinion flew
Raking hedgerow trees and wet
Her wing in silver streams, and set
Shining foot on temple roof.
Now again she flies aloof,
Coasting mountain clouds, and kissed
By the evening's amethyst.

In wet wood and miry lane
Still we pound and pant in vain;
Still with earthy foot we chase
Waning pinion, fainting face;
Still, with gray hair, we stumble on,
Till—behold!—the vision gone.

Where has fleeting beauty led?
To the doorway of the dead:

Life is gone, but life was gay:
We have come the primrose way!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

The above verses and the following words from his letter to his friend are here printed by permission of the author:

"I have copied out on the other sheet some verses, which somehow your pictures suggested: as a kind of image of things that I pursue and cannot reach, and that you seem—no, not to have reached, but to have come a thought nearer to than I. This is the life we have chosen; well, the choice was mad, but I should make it again."

PERTURBED SPIRITS.

I.

WHEN it was announced that Mr. Francis Meredith had been appointed secretary to the council of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society, the friends of the other candidates for that office were violently indignant, and declared that the appointment was one conspicuously unfit to be made. The friends of Mr. Francis Meredith smiled pleasantly as they protested mildly in his behalf; they said that he would do very well after he mastered the duties of the post, and that the work was not onerous, even for a man wholly unused to any regular occupation; but while they were saying with their tongues that Fanny Meredith was a good fellow, in their hearts they were wondering how a round young man would manage in a square hole. From this it may be inferred that the opponents of the appointment were altogether in the right, and that one fortunate man owed the place to a freak of favoritism.

It may serve to indicate the character of Mr. Francis Meredith to record that to his intimates he was known, not as Frank, but as Fanny. He was a charming and most ladylike young man, who toiled not neither did he spin. He owed his exemption from labor and his social standing to the fact that he was the only son of his mother, and she a widow of large wealth. He had managed, somehow or other, to creep through college in the course of five years. He was a kindly youth, but heedless, careless, scatterbrained, and fixing his mind with ease only on the one object of his existence — the conducting of a cotillion. To conduct the cotillion decently and in order seemed to Fanny Meredith to be the crowning glory of a young gentleman's career. Unfortunately his mother's trustee made unwise investments and died, leaving his affairs curiously entangled, and it became necessary for Meredith to do something for himself. He scorned a place under government; besides, he could not pass the examination with any hope of appointment. As it happened, Mrs. Meredith's trustee had been the secretary of the council of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society, and his death made it possible to work out a sort of poetic justice by giving the post to Fanny Meredith.

It is difficult to speak without awe of that august conclave, the council of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society. During the original Dutch ownership of Manhattan Island, and before New Amsterdam experienced a change of heart and became New York, certain worthy burghers of the city had combined in a benevolent association which continued its labors even after the English capture of the colony and through the long struggle of the Revolution. When at last New York was firmly established as the Empire City, no one of its institutions was more deeply rooted or more abundantly flourishing than the Saint Nicholas Relief Society. It was rich, for it had received lands and tenements and hereditaments which had multiplied in value and increased in income with the growth of the city. It did much good. It was admirably managed. It had a delightful aroma of antiquity, denied to most American institutions. It was fashionable. It was exclusive. To be a member of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society was the New York equivalent to the New England ownership of a portrait by Copley,—it was a certificate of gentle birth. To be elected to the council of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society was indisputable evidence that a man's family had been held in honor here in New York for two centuries. Just as the court circles of Austria are closed to any one who cannot show sixteen quarterings, so the unwritten law of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society forbade the election to the council of any one whose ancestors had not settled in Manhattan Island before it surrendered to Colonel Nicolls in 1664.

Among the descendants of the scant fifteen hundred inhabitants of New Amsterdam were not a few shrewd men of business. The affairs of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society were always ably and adroitly managed, and the property of the society was well administered. Its annual revenues were greatly increased by a yearly ball given just before Lent allowed the ladies of fashion time to repent of their sins. This public ball — for it was public practically, as any man might enter who could pay the high price asked for a ticket — being patronized by the most fashionable ladies of New York, was always crushingly attended, to the replenishment of the coffers of the charity. To this public ball there succeeded, after the interval of Lent, a private dinner of the council, invariably given on the Tuesday in Easter week, the Tuesday after Paas. The Dutch word still lingers, and perhaps the Paas dinner of the council of the

Saint Nicholas Relief Society may have helped to keep it alive and in the mouths of men.

To attend to the annual ball and to the Paas dinner were the chief duties of the secretary of the council; it is possible even to assert that these were his sole duties. He had nothing whatever to do with the management of the society; he was the secretary of the council only; and it was precisely because the obligations of the office were little more than ornamental that the friends of Mr. Francis Meredith maintained his perfect ability to fulfill them satisfactorily. He had been elected at the January meeting of the council, and he was told to exercise a general supervision over the arrangements of the ball, which was to take place just in the middle of February — on Saint Valentine's day, in fact.

"I wonder how Fanny Meredith will make out," said Mr. Delancey Jones, when he heard of the appointment. "Fanny Meredith is a good-looking fellow, and a good fellow too, and the girls all say he dances divinely; but he is more different kinds of a fool than any other man I know!"

As it happened, Fanny Meredith had very little to do with the ball, but he did that little wrong. He blundered in every inconceivable manner and with the most imperturbable good humor. He altered the advertisements, for one thing, just as they were going to the newspapers and without consultation with any one; and the next morning the members of the council were shocked to see that tickets would be for sale at the door until midnight — there having been hitherto a pleasing convention that tickets could be had only by those vouched for by members of the society. Then, at the February meeting of the council, he arose with the smile of a man about to impart wisdom and suggested that as the clergymen of New York were always willing to lend a helping hand to charity, it would be a very clever device if they were to request the rectors of the fashionable churches to make from the altar formal announcement of the ball, with full particulars as to the price of tickets and the persons from whom these might be purchased. And when the night of the ball arrived at last, and Fanny Meredith was requested to welcome the journalists who came to "write it up" and to provide for their comfort, internal and external, he said something to Harry Brackett, who had been sent up from the "Gotham Gazette" to provide a picturesque description of the ball, to be supplemented by the more personal notes of the "society reporter." Just what it was that Fanny Meredith said to Harry Brackett no one has ever been able to ascertain exactly, but, whatever it was, it took the journalist completely by surprise; he looked at the secretary of the council for a minute in dazed astonishment, and then, his sense of humor overcoming his indignation, he said slowly, "Somebody must have left a door open somewhere, and this thing blew in!"

But the petty errors the new secretary committed at the ball were as nothing to the mighty blunder he made at the Paas dinner of the council. The Saint Nicholas Relief Society may have any number of annual subscribers, but it has only two hundred members elected for life. From these two hundred members is chosen a council of twenty-one. Among the members are many ladies, and at least a third of the council are of the sex which wears ear-rings. It is this mingling of sharp men and clever women in the council which gives its strength to the Saint Nicholas Relief Society. In nothing is the skill of the management shown to more advantage than in the choice of members of the council. There are young ladies, there are old bachelors, there are substantial matrons, and there are fathers of families; and they dwell together in unity, so far, at least, as the Saint Nicholas Relief Society is concerned. A meeting of the council presents a sight at once heterogeneous and characteristic. Possibly it is this variety of persons and of points of view that makes the council of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society so successful as it has been in its task of administering wealth and of ministering to the needy. Certainly the dissimilarity of character and the unity of object help to make the annual Paas dinner a season of refreshment. Most of the members of the council are busy, but it is very rare indeed for one of them to be absent from his seat or from her seat, as the case may be, at the Paas dinner.

The number of the council is twenty-one, and has always been twenty-one. Fanny Meredith forgot all about the Paas dinner until reminded of it less than a week before Easter. Then he rushed off to the old-fashioned restaurant where the dinner was always given, and he spent four hours there in the ordering of a proper series of courses for twenty-one people. He had seized the nearest annual report of the society, and he gave it to a copyist with a score of blank invitation cards, telling her to send them out to the members of the council, in accordance with a list printed at the end of the report. The copyist did as she was bidden, and the invitations went forth by the post.

But when the members of the council assembled on the evening of the Tuesday after Easter they were only thirteen in number. They waited nearly an hour for the other

eight, and then they sat down ill at ease. While they were yet eating their oysters Mr. Francis Meredith came in to gaze on his handiwork. Mr. Jacob Leisler, Jr., asked him if he had sent all the invitations.

"Of course I did," he answered; "you don't think I could make a mistake about a little thing like that, do you?"

To this leading question there was no answer; so Meredith continued, taking a report from his pocket:

"I wouldn't trust myself to write them, so I gave this list to a copyist, and I put all the envelopes in the post myself."

"Let me see that report," said Mr. Leisler, holding out his hand. Mr. Jacob Leisler, Jr., was the chairman of the finance committee, and a man speaking with authority. On the present occasion he was presiding.

The unsuspecting Fanny gave him the pamphlet. Mr. Leisler glanced at it, read the list of the council, turned to the date on the title-page, and then inquired calmly:

"Mr. Meredith, do you know when this report was printed?"

"Last fall, of course," answered the secretary.

"Just twenty-two years ago last fall," Mr. Leisler returned; "so if you have invited to this dinner here to-night the council whose names appear in this report, you have not asked the eight absent members who are alive, and you have asked eight members who are dead! And that accounts for the empty chairs here."

Fanny Meredith laughed feebly, and then he laughed again faintly. At last he murmured, "I seem to have made a mistake."

As he shrank away toward the door, amid an embarrassed silence, Mr. Leisler whispered harshly to a mature and sharp-featured lady who sat at his right:

"And we seem to have made a mistake when we elected him to be secretary to the council."

There was a gentle murmur of assent from the members of the council, in which nearly all joined, excepting a young old maid with frank eyes and cheerful countenance, who was sitting about half-way down the dinner-table, with a vacant seat by her side. She looked at the abashed Fanny Meredith with a compassionate smile of encouragement.

"Since you have not attended to your duty," said Mr. Leisler severely, checking the helpless secretary on the threshold, "since you have not seen that the other members of the council received invitations, of course they will not come — we cannot expect them. We must dine by ourselves — thirteen at table. I cannot speak for the others, but to me it is most unpleasant to see those eight empty chairs!"

As the crestfallen Fanny Meredith retreated hastily from the dining-room, he could not help hearing this rebuke heartily approved by the council.

II.

Although Mr. Jacob Leisler, Jr., and Mrs. Vedder, the energetic lady on his right, and Miss Mary Van Dyne, the pleasant-faced old maid farther down on his left, and Mr. Joshua Hoffman, who sat beside her, and the rest of the thirteen members of the council who were present, saw eight empty chairs, which made awkward gaps in the company about the board — although they could count only thirteen at table, it is to be recorded that in reality these eight chairs were not empty. They were filled by those to whom the cards of invitation had been sent — the former members of the council, dead and gone in the score of years and more since the printing of the report which the new secretary had used. To the eyes of the living the eight seats were vacant. To the eyes of one who had power to see the spiritual and intangible they were occupied by those who had been bidden to the feast. How the invitations had reached their addresses no one might know, but they had been received, and they had been accepted; and the invited guests sat at the council as they had been wont to sit there twenty-two years before. Perhaps the invitations had gone to the Dead Letter Office, and so had been forwarded to the dead whose names they bore; perhaps they had been taken — but speculation is idle. It matters not how or by whom the invitations had been delivered, there sat the ghostly guests, in their places around the dinner-table of the council. There they sat in the eight chairs, which to the eye of man were empty.

It was the first time that the dead had been bidden to this feast of the living. It was the first time since they had laid down the burdens of this world that they had been allowed to mingle with their friends on earth. It was the first time — and they feared it might be the last, and they were eager to make the most of their good fortune. For a long while they sat silently listening with avidity to all stray fragments of news about those whom they had left behind them in the land of the living. Some of these spectral visitors had only recently quitted this life, and perhaps they were the most anxious to learn the sayings and doings of those they had loved and left. Some of them had been dead for years, and their placid faces wore a pleasant expression of restful and comforting tranquillity. One of

them, a handsome young fellow in a dark blue uniform with faded shoulder-straps, had fallen twenty-two years before in the repulse of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. Another had gone down in the *Ville de Nice*, in the Bay of Biscay, in 1872. A third, a venerable man with silvery hair and a gentle look in his soft gray eyes, had died of old age only a few months before.

Mr. Jacob Leisler, Jr., sat at the head of the table, and at his right hand was Mrs. Vedder, a square-faced lady of an uncertain age, with grizzled hair and a masterful mouth. The chair on her right was apparently empty, to her evident dissatisfaction. Probably her annoyance would have been acutely increased had she been aware that the invisible occupant of this place by her side was Jesse Van Twiller, her first husband, dead these ten years or more, during eight of which she had been another man's wife.

Jesse Van Twiller had been among the earliest to arrive; and when he found that his wife was to sit next to him he was delighted. No spook ever wore a broader smile than that which graced his features as Mrs. Vedder took her place at table by his side. But his joy was commingled with a portion of apprehension, as though he feared his wife as much as he loved her. He was a little man, of a nervous temperament, with a timid look and an expression of subdued meekness, as though he was used to be overridden by an overbearing woman. He glanced up as his former wife sat down. He seemed disconcerted when her eyes fell on him with no look of welcome recognition. For a moment he wondered if he had offended her in any way since they had parted. Then, all at once, he knew that she had not seen him: he was invisible to mortal eyes. He chafed against this condition; he wanted her to see him and to know how glad he was to see her. To be there by her side, to be able to stretch his arm about her waist as he had done in the days of yore, to long to fold her to his heart which beat for her alone, and to be powerless as he was even to communicate to her the fact of his presence—this was most painful. The poor ghost felt that fate was hard on him. He would have given years of his spectral existence for two or three hours of human life.

These were his feelings at first. Then he wondered how she would receive him if she knew he were in her presence. He gazed at her intently as though to read her thoughts. She was older than she was when he had died—there was no doubt about that. She had the same commanding mien, the same superb port, the same majestic sweep of the arm. Yet it seemed to the man who had left her a widow that the air of domineering determination he recalled so well was not a little softened, as though from want of use. "She has missed me!" he said to himself. "How gladly would I have her scold me now as she used to scold me so often, if only she could see me! She could not rebuke me for being late this time, but she could easily find something else to find fault about. I shouldn't care how much she bullied me, so long as I could tell her I was here. And then," he concluded cautiously, "if she made it too hot for me, I could be a ghost again, and she would be so surprised!"

Just then Mr. Leisler spoke to the spouse of the spook.

"I was beginning to fear that we might be deprived of your presence too, Mrs. Vedder," he said. "Were you not a little late?"

Jesse Van Twiller looked at his old friend Leisler in the greatest surprise. Why had he addressed Mrs. Van Twiller as Mrs. Vedder? The first husband even turned and looked at the chair next to his, on the chance that that was occupied by the lady addressed; but Mr. Leisler's own wife sat there. His astonishment increased as he heard his wife's answer.

"Yes," she said, "we were late. But it was not my fault. The doctor is a most unpunctual man."

"The doctor?" thought Van Twiller. "What doctor? and what had she to do with any doctor? Had she been ill? She seemed to be in robust health."

"Dr. Vedder is a busy man," rejoined Mr. Leisler, "and perhaps he cannot control his time."

So it was Dr. Vedder his wife had been waiting for. Van Twiller looked across the table at Dr. Vedder, whom he knew very well and had never liked. Dr. Vedder was a sarcastic man, with a sharp tongue, and a knack of saying disagreeable things. It was Dr. Vedder who had once asserted that Van Twiller had no more sense of humor than a hand-organ. Suddenly, with a sharp pang of jealousy, Van Twiller recalled a vague, fleeting, and half-forgotten memory of Dr. Vedder's admiration for Mrs. Van Twiller. He remembered that the doctor had once declared that he liked a masterful woman, and that Mrs. Van Twiller was a Katharine with a poor Petruchio quite incapable of taming her.

"That's no reason he should keep his wife waiting," said the former Mrs. Van Twiller plaintively.

"His wife!" repeated Van Twiller to himself. "Who is his wife?"

"I was never treated in that way by my first husband," continued the lady.

"Her first husband!" The poor ghost shrank back. At last he saw the change in the situation. His wife was not his wife any more. She was the wife of Dr. Vedder, a man whom he had disliked always, and whom now he hated. He was seized by a burning rage of jealousy, but he was powerless to express his feelings. His condition was hard to bear, for he could see, he could hear, he could suffer, and he could do nothing.

As Van Twiller was thinking this out hotly, the sharp voice of Dr. Vedder stabbed him suddenly.

"I have noticed," remarked the doctor, who was seated exactly opposite his wife's first husband, "that a woman always thinks more highly of a man after he is dead and gone. She is ready enough to praise him when it is too late for the commendation to comfort him. I believe a widow doubly cherishes the memory of a hen-pecked husband."

With the suave smile of a conscious peace-maker, who sees possible offense in a speech, Mr. Leisler said, "You are hard on the widows, Doctor."

"Not at all," the doctor answered, with a dry little wrinkle at the corners of his mouth, "not at all. I am a scientific observer, making logical deductions from a multitude of facts. To the man who lives out West, the only good Indian is a dead Indian; so to the widow, the only good husband is the dead husband!"

"I'm sure," cried Mrs. Vedder indignantly, "that Mr. Van Twiller would never have said anything like that."

"Certainly not," her husband replied. "Van Twiller couldn't, for Van Twiller wasn't a scientific observer."

A covert sneer in Dr. Vedder's tone as he said this cut little Van Twiller to the soul, and again he longed for material hands that he might clutch his rival by the throat. At the thought of his absolute inability to do aught for himself, he shivered with despair.

It was perhaps some frigid emanation from Van Twiller which affected Mrs. Vedder's nerves, for she shuddered slightly before replying to her husband.

"It is not for us to bandy words now about Mr. Van Twiller's attainments," she remarked deliberately. "He was truly a gentleman, with all the mildness of a gentleman, quite incapable of giving any one a harsh word or a cross look."

"In fact, he had absolutely no faults at all," said Dr. Vedder sarcastically. But if he could then have seen the expression on the pallid face of his predecessor, he would have been in a position to contradict his wife's last assertion.

"He had very few indeed!" replied his wife; "in my eyes he was perfect!"

She paused for a second, and Van Twiller wished that she had believed in his perfection while he was alive. Then she added bitterly, "To know him was to love him!"

The dry little wrinkle returned to the corners of Dr. Vedder's mouth as he answered quietly. "Perhaps so — I didn't know him well!"

And again the poor ghost writhed in invisible anguish, utterly helpless to resent the insult.

"I remember Mr. Van Twiller distinctly," remarked Mr. Leisler blandly; "he was an easy-going and good-natured man, with a kind word for everybody."

"In fact, he was everybody's friend," Dr. Vedder returned, "and nobody's enemy but his own. His best quality in my eyes is that he is not here to-night."

The doctor could not know that the little man at whom he was girding was separated from him by the breadth of the table only, and was suffering with his whole being as every sneer reached its mark far more surely than he who shot the chance arrow could guess.

"You are bitter," said Mr. Leisler easily; "I fear you are a misanthrope."

The doctor laughed a little, and answered, "No, I'm not exactly a misanthrope or even a misogynist, but I have ceased to be philanthropic since I discovered that man is descended from a monkey."

Mrs. Vedder was about to make a hasty reply to this, when she caught the doctor's eye. To the surprise of Van Twiller, she hesitated, checked herself suddenly, and said nothing. He wondered how it was that his wife had changed; he knew that she had never quailed before his eye; and he found himself doubting whether he would not have preferred to see her show her old spirit. He saw that she was sadly tamed now; and he marveled why he should regret the quenching of her fiery spirit. She did not seem the same to him, and he missed the old mastery to which he was accustomed. This blunted the joy of the meeting he had anticipated hopefully ever since he had received the invitation. His wife was no longer his. She was not even the woman he had loved, honored, and obeyed for years. The poor ghost felt lonelier than he had ever felt before. He began to regret that he had been permitted again to come on earth.

A waiter had filled Dr. Vedder's glass. He took it in his hand. "No," he said, "I'm not a philanthropist; I take no stock in the aggressive optimism of the sentimentalists. In fact, I suppose I'm a persistent pessimist. What is my fellow-man to me — or my fellow-woman either?"

Mr. Jacob Leisler, Jr., was not a man whose perceptions were fine or quick, but he was moved to resent clumsily the offensiveness of these words.

"But your wife ——" he began.

"Oh, my wife!" interrupted Dr. Vedder; "my wife and I are one, you know."

Van Twiller looked at Mrs. Vedder to see how she would take this. She said nothing. She smiled acidly. It was not doubtful that she was greatly changed.

"I try to shape my course by the doctrine of enlightened selfishness," continued the doctor. "Let us enjoy life while we may. Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die. In the struggle for existence the fittest survive and the weakest are weeded out — and so much the better!"

Both Mrs. Vedder and Mr. Leisler made ready to reply, when the doctor suddenly went on, sharpening his voice to its keenest edge:

"So much the better for him! Your dead man is your happy man. He has no enemies, and even his widow praises him — especially if she has remarried. In fact, he has all the virtues, now he has no use for any of them." Then the doctor raised his glass. "The toast of the English in India suggests true wisdom, after all:

> "Ho! stand to your glasses steady!
> The world is a world of lies;
> A cup to the dead already,
> And hurrah for the next man that dies!"

Mr. Leisler drew himself up with dignity and addressed the doctor with a stiff severity of manner:

"I am surprised, Dr. Vedder, that you should express such views of life on such an occasion as this. I confess I do not hold with you at all. I ——"

"You cannot lure me into a debate at dinner," the doctor answered, as Mr. Leisler paused for fit words to express his complicated feelings. "I never get into a discussion at table, for the man who isn't hungry always has the best of the argument."

The unfortunate spook, forced to listen to this unmannerly talk of the man who had married his widow, sat silent and abashed. He knew not what to think. He did not recognize his wife. When he was alive she had been full of fiery vigor and of undaunted spirit. He would never have dared to address her thus boldly and to brave the wrath which was wont to flame out, at odd moments, like forked lightning. In dumb wonder he waited for her swift protest; but she said nothing; whereat he marveled not a little.

Mr. Leisler asked himself why Dr. Vedder was unusually disagreeable this evening, for the doctor was a clever man and could make a pleasant impression when he chose. With the hope of turning the talk into a more cheerful channel Mr. Leisler addressed Mrs. Vedder.

"Isn't Miss Van Dyne looking very well to-night?" he asked.

Mrs. Vedder looked down the table at the cheery and young-looking old maid.

"Yes," she answered, after a moment's hesitation, "she seems almost happy; but then, she is not married."

"She has been faithful to the memory of her lost love," said Mr. Leisler. "Let me see — how many years is it now since Captain De Ruyter was killed at Gettysburg?"

"You don't mean to tell me that you believe that a woman has been in love with a dead man for twenty-two years, do you?" Dr. Vedder asked with an incredulous smile.

"Why not?" returned his wife.

The doctor evaded an answer to this direct question. "If your diagnosis is right, she has had a dull enough time of it," he said. "And she has nothing to show for her devotion."

"Virtue is its own reward," Mr. Leisler remarked judicially.

"But love isn't," the doctor replied. "Love is like this champagne," and he raised his glass; "it is very sparkling when it is young, but as it gets older it loses its flavor." He emptied the glass and set it down. "And if one is all alone with it, there may be a headache the next morning."

"What has made you so sarcastic this evening?" asked Mr. Leisler.

"I don't know," Dr. Vedder answered. "I am in company with evil spirits, I think. If I were a believer in such things, I should say that I was subject to an adverse influence. And I was all right when I came. Perhaps it is this wretched dinner."

Perhaps it was the dinner, but little Van Twiller was conscious of a throb of ill-natured joy at the thought that it was possibly his presence, all unknown as it was, which had thus disturbed the equanimity of the doctor and revealed his lower nature. He looked at Mrs. Vedder, and he saw she was eating her dinner slowly and in silence, with a stiffening of the muscles of the face — a sign he had recognized readily enough.

"After all," continued the doctor, "these are the two great banes of man's existence — dyspepsia and matrimony."

"Come, come," Mr. Leisler said cheerfully, "you must not abuse marriage; it is the chief end of life."

"It was very nearly the end of mine," returned Dr. Vedder; "I caught such a cold

in the church that I have not been into one since."

Just then one of the waiters came to Mr. Leisler with a request that he should change his place for a little while, and take his seat at the other end of the table, where there was a vacant chair. Glad of an excuse to get away from a man in ill-humor, Mr. Leisler apologized to Mrs. Vedder and withdrew to join his other friends.

Van Twiller saw a red spot burning brightly on Mrs. Vedder's cheek, and he knew that this was another danger-signal.

She bent forward toward her husband, and in a low voice, trembling a little with suppressed ire, she hissed across the table, "I see what you are after! But you will not succeed. I can keep my temper though I bite my tongue out. It takes two to quarrel, remember!"

"It takes two to get married," retorted Dr. Vedder, "so that proves nothing."

For the first time the poor ghost saw his wife's eyes fill with tears.

"Mr. Van Twiller never treated me so," she said hurriedly. "I wish he were alive now!"

The dry little wrinkle came back to the corners of the doctor's mouth, but he made no reply.

Little Van Twiller looked from one to the other, as they stared at each other. Then he said to himself, sighing softly:

"Well, well, perhaps it is better as it is!"

III.

Miss Mary Van Dyne was sitting almost in the center of one side of the long dinner-table. At her right was Mr. Joshua Hoffman, a man whose heart was as large as his purse was long, and who kept both open to the call of the suffering. At her left was a vacant chair—or what seemed so to the eyes of the living men and women at the table. They did not know that it was occupied by Remsen de Ruyter, whose maiden widow Mary Van Dyne had held herself to be ever since a bullet had reached his heart on the heights of Gettysburg. For nearly twenty-two years now she had lived on, alone in the world, but never lonely, for she had given herself up to good works. Her presence was welcome in the children's ward of every hospital, and the love of these little ones nourished her soul and sustained her spirit. Between her and Joshua Hoffman there were bonds of sympathy, and they had many things in common. The good old man was very fond of the brave little woman who had tried to turn her private sorrow to the benefit of the helpless and the innocent.

They were glad to find themselves side by side at table, and they talked to each other with interest.

"You are not really old, Mr. Hoffman," she was saying; "you look very young yet. To-night I wouldn't give you fifty!"

"My dear young lady, you haven't fifty to give," he answered with a smile; "and if you had, why, I should then have a hundred and twenty-five—which is more than my share of years."

"You are not really seventy-five?" she asked.

"Really, I am seventy-five. I am a past-due coupon, as I heard one of the boys saying on the street the other day," returned Joshua Hoffman, with a smile as pleasant as hers.

"And how old am I?" she inquired.

"Whatever your age is," he answered, "to-night you do not look it!"

"Shall I arise and courtesy for that?" she asked, blushing with pleasure at his courtly compliment. "You see I like to be flattered still, although I am an old maid of two-score years."

"Really now, my child," said the old man, "you are not forty? Let me see—it does not seem so very long ago since he came and told me how happy he was because you had promised to marry him. Does it pain you to talk of him now?"

"I think of him always, day and night. Why should I not be glad to talk about him with you whom he loved, and to whom he owed so much?"

"He was a good boy," Joshua Hoffman continued in his kindly voice. "I can recall the day he told me about you; it was a fine, clear morning in early spring."

"It was the 16th of May, 1863," she said simply. "He had asked me to marry him the night before, and he said that you were the first he would tell."

"He was a good boy, and a brave boy, and he died like a man," said the old man gently. Then he relapsed into silence as his thoughts went back to the dark days of the war.

Miss Mary Van Dyne was also thinking of the past. Unconsciously she lived again in her youth when she first saw Remsen de Ruyter, a bright, handsome boy, scarcely older than she was: he was only twenty-one when he died. They had loved each other from the first, although it was a whole long winter before he had dared to tell her—a long winter of delicious doubt and fearful ecstasy. She recalled all the circumstances of his avowal of his love, and her cheeks burned as

she thought of the gush of unspeakable joy which had filled her heart as he folded her in his arms for the first time. She remembered how, two nights after, before they had told the news to any one but her mother and his benefactor Joshua Hoffman, she sat next to him at this annual dinner of the council of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society; they were the very youngest members, and it was the first time they had been asked. So strong was the rush of memory of the happy scene, that she gave a quick glance at the place on her left, as though half-expecting to see him seated there still. And there he was by her side, although she could not see him now.

He was there, but he could not speak to her; he could not tell her of his presence; he could not tell her how he loved her still, and more than ever. It was hard. Yet he was glad to be by her side, to see her, to look into her frank face, to gaze on her noble eyes.

And she felt comforted, she knew not why, as though by an invisible presence. Her heart was lifted up. Although the grass had woven a green blanket over his grave for now more than twenty years, he did not seem so far from her. She hoped she would not have so long to wait before she might join him, never again to be parted. Then her thoughts turned to the last time she had seen him, the morning his regiment had left New York for the front. It was a beautiful day early in June when he came to bid her farewell for the last time. They talked all the morning seriously and hopefully. Then the hour came at last, and all too soon. She bore herself bravely; without a tear she kissed him and held him in her arms for a minute, and bade him go. She watched him as he walked away. How well she could recall everything which her senses had noted unconsciously during the two minutes before he paused at the corner of the street to wave his hand before he vanished forever. There were roses beginning to blow in the little bit of green before the house; there was a hand-organ in the next street from which faint strains of "John Brown's Body" came over the house-tops; the noon whistle of a neighboring factory suddenly broke the silence as he blew her a kiss, and went out of her sight to his death. Then she had been able to get to her room somehow—she never knew how—and to throw herself on her bed before she broke down.

The memory was bitter and sweet, but never before had it been as sweet. She turned her eyes on the vacant chair by her side, and involuntarily she reached out her hand. It grasped nothing, it felt nothing, yet her fingers tingled as with a shock of joy. She gazed at the empty chair again in charmed wonder. She could not tell what subtle influence of peace and comfort enveloped her as she mused upon the past with her arm resting on the chair beside her. Then her glance fell on a card beside the plate, and with a sudden suffusion of the eyes she read his name. The new secretary of the council had used the list of twenty-two years before, and again his place had been set beside hers. The tears which veiled her sight hid the empty chair from her for a minute, and if she turned her head she might almost fancy that he was seated there. It was a fancy only, but it pleased her to indulge in it. It brought back the happy past. It brought him back, almost, for a fleeting minute.

And he, as he sat there, could make no sign. With the keen intuition of love, he read her thoughts in her face. He knew that she was thinking of him, and that in the thought of him she was happy again.

And thus the long dinner drew to an end at last.

When the president gave the signal for the withdrawal into another room that the usual business meeting of the council might take place, the members rose together. Joshua Hoffman was silent, as though he divined her mood and sympathetically respected it. He offered her his arm, and she took it, looking back regretfully, with a longing and lingering gaze, at the place where they had sat side by side.

IV.

As the living members of the council left the dining-room, the ghostly guests gathered together to talk over what they had seen and heard. Only Remsen de Ruyter was silent; his feelings were too sacred to find vent in words. He alone wore a smile of consolation and comfort. The rest chattered along in tumultuous conversation.

"It has been a strange experience," said the very old gentleman, "a very strange experience."

"More painful than pleasant, I think," little Van Twiller remarked.

"I thought we had been invited as a compliment," said another of the ghosts discontentedly, "but it seems it was all a mistake of the new secretary—Fanny Meredith, they call him."

"Excellent young man!" the old gentleman declared with emphasis—"an excellent young man; so thoughtful of him; so considerate of the feelings of his elders. I shall accept his invitation next year."

"So shall I!" added several voices.

"Oh, I'll come too," said Jesse Van Twiller. "I want to see what will happen next."

Only Remsen de Ruyter said nothing.

V.

But long before the next annual dinner of the council of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society, the resignation of Mr. Francis Meredith had been requested, and in his stead there had been elected a secretary of more trustworthy habits; and the new secretary was very particular in sending out the invitations to the next annual dinner.

So the poor ghosts never had another chance. If they had been asked again, there would have been one more of them, for ten days after the dinner which Fanny Meredith had so miserably mismanaged Dr. Vedder died suddenly.

The new secretary took great pains also in the ordering of the dinner, and in the arranging of the guests. His efforts were rewarded; there was general satisfaction expressed by the members of the council; and he was congratulated on the most successful dinner ever given. Amid the pervading gayety of the occasion there was only one guest who regretted the dinner of the year before. This was Miss Mary Van Dyne. She said nothing about it to any one; indeed, she was accustomed to keep her feelings to herself. But she missed an inexplicable something which had made the other dinner the most delightful memory of her later life.

Brander Matthews.

REUNION.

REGIMENTAL OFFICERS, 1885.

IT is twenty years, my comrades, twenty solid years to date,
Since we were stripling captains, dapper youngsters slim and straight;
And now in portly manhood, wise and serious, we are met,
To gossip of the stirring times of sword and bayonet.

Our portly manhood, as above, our silvered heads and all,
May be respected, more or less, by circles large or small;
But, my comrades, all the honors of our civil walks and ways
Seem but empty to the glory of the old heroic days.

Yet the martial pomp and grandeur, failing somehow to connect,
Were not always clearly present at the time, I recollect.
There were dusty, weary marches, not romantic in the least,
More especially if rations chanced to fail for man or beast.

There were times when human nature had to murmur just a bit;
There were seasons of bad language, yes, the truth I must admit;
There were bivouacs in the rain or snow, black darkness overhead,
The sodden ground beneath us, with a fence-rail for a bed.

But what appetites for lobscouse, and what dinners large and free,
Supplemented by a canteen full of "Commissary B";
With the haughty Sothron's hoe-cake, and the colored aunty's pie,
And a streamlet for a finger-bowl, if one meandered by.

Do you remember, comrades, how we fought and overcame
Those guerilla ducks and turkeys, war-like pigs and other game?
And those savage rebel chickens, who would die, but never yield,
Whom we faced with deathless valor on so many a Southern field?

Though we murmured, though our language was at times a trifle queer,
Though we had but little reverence even for a brigadier,
Though we grumbled at the Government with almost every breath,
Yet we faced the gray battalions, all undaunted, to the death.

We fought them and we killed them, and they killed us in return;
But we never thought to hate them, and we never cared to learn.
We met them on the picket lines, with flags of truce between:
They were "Johnnies," we were "Yanks," and better friends were never seen.

What anomalies and contrasts! I recall a day in June,
When the world was warm with summer, and the birds were all in tune;

Peace and beauty all about us, death and danger just ahead,
On our faces careless courage, in our hearts a somber dread.

Then the skirmish line went forward, and the only sounds we heard
Were the hum of droning insects and the carol of a bird;
Till, far off, a flash of fire, and a little cloud went by,
Like an angel's mantle floating down from out an azure sky.

Then a shell went screaming o'er us, and the air at once was rife
With a million whispering hornets, swiftly searching for a life;
And the birds and insects fled away before the "rebel yell,"
The thunder of the battle, and the furious flames of hell.

Other memories come thronging. When our shoulder-straps were new
We were nearly all the world, but now, alas, we are so few:
Then we marched with ringing footsteps, looking gayly to the fore;
Now with wistful, dreamy glances, we look back to days of yore.

If the spirits of the dead revisit earth for weal or woe,
We might fancy they would join us, those dear friends of long ago.
Hush, who knows what ghostly comrades may have come with noiseless feet,
In the old familiar friendliness, to make our band complete?

David L. Proudfit.

HAWTHORNE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE profession of literature in America is not even now irresistibly inviting; reputation and profit are still to be obtained at less cost of time and labor in other ways. But if we go back sixty years, and imagine ourselves to be young people of twenty-two or three, with only a collegiate experience of life and the world, and living in a third-rate New England town, with no railways and no society, the prospects of a literary career would probably seem nothing less than meager.

Hawthorne, at the outset of his life, before he had accomplished anything, had not the humility which characterized him afterwards. His mother and sisters admired him, none of his companions and peers were his intellectual superiors, and he was inwardly conscious of power and ability. The only thing that could temper his good opinion of himself was books. They showed him that there had been men in the world better than any he had met—Homer, Cæsar, Shakspere, Napoleon, Goethe; but he could reflect that these giants had also once been young fellows like himself, with perhaps no better grounds for ambitious dreams than he had. Who could tell whether, if he had the faith to try, he might not rival the renown even of such names as these?

"The secret of the young man's character," as he himself autobiographically observes in "The Ambitious Guest," "was a high and abstracted ambition. He could have borne to live an undistinguished life, but not to be forgotten in the grave. Obscurely as he journeyed now, a glory was to beam on all his pathway — though not, perhaps, while he was treading it. But posterity should confess that a gifted one had passed from the cradle to the tomb with none to recognize him." Allowing for artistic emphasis, this expresses Hawthorne's early view of his own aspirations. He did not covet a quick and cheap success—stares and shouts and greasy night-caps tossed in the air; but he wished to be so spiritually great that only after he was gone should the world awake to a comprehension of his greatness. He wanted to win the prize in the night, as it were, and be off before anybody was up to congratulate him. He did not wish his struggles, his anxieties, the sweat of his brow, to be visible. Let it be said only that a spirit once visited the earth, and worked wonders there, and vanished before any were aware of him.

This was visionary and impractical enough, the dream of inexperienced youth, and not devoid of an element of selfishness; but it was lofty and refined, and agreeably in contrast with average ambition. It could not be realized, for no man has become great without first being made to confess his abject brotherhood with and dependence upon the race; but it was worth feeling for a time. Illusions are soon cured, but not every one is so fortunate as to experience a noble illusion. Meanwhile, it was Hawthorne's concern to put himself to the proof. There never seems to have been any doubt in his mind as to the path in which he should seek renown. "While we were lads together at a country college," he writes to Bridge, "doing a hundred things that the faculty never heard of,—or else it had

been the worse for us,— still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction. And a fiction-monger, in due season, he became." Even before he went to college he remarks, in a letter to his mother, that none of the ordinary professions are to his taste, but that to be an author — ! And yet, under the circumstances, he could scarcely have fixed upon a less promising pursuit.

Not only were the chances of success all against him, but the mere fact of his adopting such a calling would bring him into disrepute. "There is a grossness," he says, "in the conceptions of my countrymen; they will not be convinced that any good thing may consist with what they call idleness. The principle is excellent in its general influence, but most miserable in its effects on the few who violate it. I had a quick sensitiveness to public opinion, and felt as if it ranked me with the tavern-haunters and town-paupers — with the drunken poet who hawked his own Fourth of July odes, and the broken soldier who had been good for nothing since last war." The life of New England was a practical, material life, and the only standard for a man was what he could do in open, active competition with other men: the more he could add to the physical wealth of the country, the better man was he. The tavern-haunter and the town-pauper, having no ambition and no pride or sensitiveness, were serene under opprobrium; but for Hawthorne a good deal of courage and self-confidence was needed to defy the popular prejudice.

Courage in abundance, and self-confidence also, he no doubt had; but he was too young and not phlegmatic enough to maintain an absolute composure. His attitude was rather, as he intimates, a species of "light-hearted desperation." Not having any immediate means available for proving public opinion to be in the wrong, he took refuge in defiance. He made no effort to conciliate his unsympathetic neighbors, but withdrew himself from their society,— perhaps in a "you'll-be-sorry-some-day" kind of spirit,— and settled himself as best he could to show that he was the best judge of what was good for him. The world — even his own little world — adjusted itself without difficulty to this order of things, and never once troubled itself to ask or to conjecture how the ambitious author was getting along. Nor is this extraordinary; for the author took unnecessary pains to cover such light traces as he made. Whatever he wrote was either signed with fictitious names or not signed at all; and, during the first eight or ten years, probably not half a dozen human beings were aware that he had written anything. He was indulging his "abstracted ambition" to the top of its bent. He was resolved not to declare himself until the curiosity and enthusiasm aroused by his anonymous writings had reached such a pitch as to render concealment no longer possible. But he seemed likely to remain undisturbed a long time. Critical insight, literary appreciation, were not the strong point of our ancestors; and the channels through which literature could reach them were correspondingly scanty. Had Hawthorne begun with a "Scarlet Letter," he might possibly have found some recognition; but, even supposing his genius to have been as yet equal to such an achievement, other scarcely less indispensable requisites were wanting. "I have another great difficulty," he wrote at the time the "Twice-told Tales" appeared, "in the lack of materials; for I have seen so little of the world that I have nothing but thin air to concoct my stories of." And again: "I used to think that I could imagine all passions, all feelings and states of the heart and mind; but how little did I know!" Moreover, the vein and style of his writing not only was not popular, but never has become so; and the number of his readers to-day is very much less than the most moderate outside estimate would be likely to make it. Widely as his name is now known, not one in a thousand of those who are familiar with it have ever read a line of his inditing. A page of sound criticism here and there, and the avowed admiration and homage of the best contemporary intellects, have given him whatever popular vogue he can claim.

Neither can he be acquitted of having voluntarily deepened his own obscurity. The consciousness of being at odds with the spirit of his time and surroundings had the effect of making him build the wall of separation still higher. Naturally reserved, the dread of unsympathetic eyes rendered him an actual recluse. What passed for society in Salem was, indeed, as destitute of attraction as society can be, and an intelligent man, with thoughts and a soul of his own, might well shun contact with it; yet Hawthorne, while his reserve was still balanced by his youth and innate sociability,— for the last is by no means incompatible with the first,— might easily have accommodated himself to the situation. But, having once admitted the repellent chill, he was never afterwards to recover from its effects. His predicament bore some resemblance to that of his own Wakefield, who, having left his wife one night for a joke, found himself prevented by some nameless and intangible perversity from returning to her for twenty years. "An influence beyond our control lays its strong hand on every deed which

we do, and weaves its consequences into an iron tissue of necessity." And again he remarks that "amid the seeming confusion of our mysterious world, individuals are so nicely adjusted to a system, and systems to one another and to a whole, that, by stepping aside for a moment, a man exposes himself to a fearful risk of losing his place forever." Unlike Wakefield, however, Hawthorne spent his period of self-banishment in something else besides speculating as to what Mrs. Wakefield thought of his absence; and, whether he gained or lost by his long solitary vigil, the literature of his country unquestionably gained. Hawthorne himself, when he was thirty-six years old, began to perceive that a Providential wisdom may have overruled his imprisonment, in order that, living in solitude till the fullness of time was come, he might still keep the dew of his youth and the freshness of his heart. In point of fact, this whole episode of his career is extraordinary, both intrinsically and in its results. It is as picturesque and emblematic as anything in his own tales. From the obscurest, he was destined to become perhaps the foremost man of letters in America, and to secure that end he must be kept apart from the rush of civilization for a space. The knights-errant of old watched their armor previous to embarking on their enterprise; the young Indian chiefs were made to undergo a period of solitude and fasting before being admitted to full standing; Bunyan wrote his book in Bedford jail; and Hawthorne, in Salem, withdrew himself from the face of man, and meditated for twelve lonely years upon humanity. He came forth a great original writer. But the example is by no means one to be followed. Hardly one man in a thousand would escape being ruined by such an experience, let alone deriving any advantage from it. Upon Hawthorne — apart from its influence upon his literary quality — it produced an ineffaceable impression. He constantly recurs to it, both in his tales and elsewhere. "Was there ever such a weary delay in obtaining the slightest recognition from the public," he asks, "as in my case? I sat down by the wayside of life like a man under enchantment." "Trouble," he says in another place, "is the next best thing to enjoyment; and there is no fate in the world so horrible as to have no share in either its joys or sorrows. For the last ten years I have not lived, but only dreamed of living." And again he alludes to "my heavy youth, which has been wasted in sluggishness for lack of hope and impulse, or equally thrown away in toil that had no wise motive, and has accomplished no good end." But the goodness of the end became apparent afterwards.

The truth seems to be that Hawthorne — who, in addition to his "genius," which is always indefinable, was a man of wide sympathies and penetrating insight — got more benefit from his own society than he could have derived from any other society open to him. Providence, according to its custom, had in view not so much the individual's happiness or preferences as his possible uses to mankind. He was destined to do a certain work, and to that end were needed, not only his native abilities, but an exceptional initiation, or forty days in the wilderness. He must meditate upon life abstractly — without either the confirmation or the bias afforded by actual experience. By this means would gradually be created within him an intuitive touchstone or standard of truth, unadulterated and indestructible, by which he might investigate and analyze, without danger or confusion, the problems and perplexities of the human heart. When once this standard had been established, the spell of seclusion might safely be broken, and the neophyte be suffered to go forth among men and prove his prowess. The effect was much the same as if Hawthorne had been born full-grown, with all the spiritual wisdom and reserved power that may come from half a lifetime's patience and meditation. He might be compared to his own Ernest in "The Great Stone Face": "Angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside; and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. . . . His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality, because they harmonized with the life that he had always lived."

The organization of a man who could endure such a vigil must, of course, have been exceptionally thorough, and his nature unusually wholesome; and such we know to have been the case with Hawthorne. But perhaps as valuable a trait as any was his delectable leisureliness — his imperial refusal to be in a hurry. This was apparent very early, and indeed youth is apt to fancy that time is practically inexhaustible; but that leads to laziness, and between laziness and leisureliness there is a great difference. Hawthorne's space was not within the limits of the day or the year, but within himself. He had an instinctive persuasion that the garden of his mind had been well sown with all necessary seeds, and that they would grow up in their due season. At all events, he would not pull them up to see how they were getting on. He took his harvests as they came, and was inclined rather to delay than to hasten their ripening. The need for him to be patient was

not more strong than his power to be so. In the second place, he had humor; not facetiousness or buffoonery,— a forced or imported brilliance,—but innate humor, that plays about the subject like the lambent flames of incandescent coal; following in this the system of his entire development, which was endogenous. He had gravity, but not solemnity; there were no arid spots in him; his perception of the vastness of the creative plan kept him from becoming lugubrious over any partial revelation of it. This deep and subtle smile does not, however, appear in his earliest writings, when he was trying his 'prentice hand, and was more anxious about the treatment than about the matter. The humorous passages of "Fanshawe" are not spontaneous and the papers referring to "Oberon," republished after Hawthorne's death, have a positively morbid strain in them. Another valuable quality, and one not often allied to a genius so refined as his, was his imperturbable common sense, which preserves even his most imaginative flights from extravagance. Even when we enter the "Hall of Fantasy," or are among the guests at "A Select Party," or try the virtues of "Dr. Heidigger's Experiment," still we feel that the "great, round, solid earth" of which Hawthorne speaks so affectionately is beneath our feet. He does not float vaguely in mid-air, but takes his stand somewhere near the center of things, and always knows what he is about. Tracing back his fanciful vagaries, we invariably find them originating in some settled and constant middle ground of belief, from which they are measured, and which renders them comprehensible and significant.

Such being the man, and such the circumstances, let us see how they acted upon one another. We know, on his own confession, that his beginnings were by no means free from difficulties. He had to learn how to write, like other people. "Hitherto," he says in "Passages from a Relinquished Work," from which quotations have already been made — "Hitherto I had immensely underrated the difficulties of my idle trade; but now I recognized that it demanded nothing short of my whole powers, cultivated to the utmost and exerted with prodigality. No talents or attainments would come amiss: wide observation, varied knowledge, deep thoughts, and sparkling ones; pathos, levity, and a mixture of both; lofty imagination, veiling itself in the garb of common life; and the practiced art which alone could render such gifts available. Knowing the impossibility of satisfying myself, even should the world be satisfied, I did my best, investigated the causes of every defect, and strove with patient stubbornness to remove them in the next attempt. It is one of my few sources of pride that I followed 'my object' up with the firmness and energy of a man." When a young man first attempts authorship, especially if he have selected the vein of fiction, he is apt to be misled by some traditional and artificial conception of "literature." Literature, he fancies, must be something quite distinct and different from life, and demands a new code of manners and cast of thought. It is only later that he discovers — if he make the discovery at all — that the best literature is the simplest and most translucent expression of the mind that produces it; that much as there is to be learnt, there is yet more to unlearn. The redundancy and uncertainty of ordinary speech must be reformed, but its naturalness and spontaneity must be preserved. Hawthorne, as we know, burnt more than he published of his earlier writings, and we are therefore debarred from following the steps of his self-emancipation; but there is one little tale, "The Antique Ring," which he did not include in his republications, and which probably is as good an example of all that he wished to avoid as could now be found. With the exception, indeed, of an occasional allusion to the "dusky glow" of the gem, there is nothing in either the conception or the treatment of the story that recalls the Hawthorne that we know. The precise date of the composition can only be conjectured; but conjecture would place it very far back indeed.

Hawthorne's boyish contributions to literature took the form of sentimental little poems of no originality or value; and "The Antique Ring" would seem to be scarcely one remove above them. Between it and "The Great Carbuncle," for example, the gulf is immense. A better vein was probably struck in the "Seven Tales of my Native Land," which had witchcraft for their theme, and which his sister, to whom Hawthorne showed them, and who was an excellent judge, has commended. At all events, every allusion to witches that survives in his published work is effective and characteristic; and the point of view from which he regards those picturesque beings is entirely peculiar to himself; in no other one direction is his indefinable genius more apparent. As regards the "Seven Tales," however, he is said to have remarked that they were "not true"; and we may infer that the witches were allowed to have too much their own way in them — that their broomstick flights left the "great, round, solid earth" too far behind. For the human nature in Hawthorne's witches — those that have been preserved to us — is at least as prominent as their supernatural attributes, and, indeed, is

what gives these attributes their best effect. If, in the "Seven Tales," the author allowed himself to be subjectively dominated by his own witches, no wonder he was carried beyond the limits which his reflection could justify. The horror would be too fantastic and unmitigated, and devoid of that element upon which he uniformly insists so strongly — a "moral." There is one story among the "Twice-told Tales" which might almost be numbered in the discarded category, "The Hollow of Three Hills." But it was well worth retaining, for once in a way.

But if Hawthorne's improvement was very great, it seems also to have been very rapid. Some of the earliest published pieces, collected in the "Twice-told Tales" and "The Snow Image," show, in a modified form, many of the excellences belonging to the later productions. He partly accounts for this by the remark that "in youth men are apt to write more wisely than they really know or feel; and the remainder of life may not be idly spent in realizing and convincing themselves of the wisdom which they uttered long ago. The truth that was only in the fancy then may have since become a substance of the mind and heart." Disraeli has a similar observation in his preface to "Vivian Grey." But it is also to be remembered that the forty-five sketches, or thereabouts, republished in the two volumes above mentioned, are all that survive of the labor of a dozen years; which, considering that he was always a diligent worker, leaves a very large number to be accounted for. It was these, no doubt, that Hawthorne informs us he burnt, "without mercy or remorse, and moreover without any subsequent regret"; and it is in them that we should have traced the development of his thought and style. Nevertheless, all allowances being made, the fact remains that he schooled himself with unusual promptness and severity; a fact the more remarkable, inasmuch as he had not the benefit of outside criticism, which we of a later age enjoy in such profusion. He was his own critic, and plied his office with a truly Puritanic harshness. He was perhaps aided in this by the curious duality of his nature,— his imaginative and his matter-of-fact selves, which were always keeping each other in check. Most men in whom the imagination is highly developed are prone to be seduced by its allurements; but the spirit of Hawthorne's stern and square-visaged ancestors was strong within him, and, while it restrained him from excess, enabled him with rare impunity to career narrowly upon the verge of absurdity without ever tumbling off. In other words, his self-poise was such as to make it possible for him to do what no one else has done before or since — to write Hawthornesque romance. He invented a new definition of romance, and his proprietary rights in the domain he discovered have never been infringed upon. Hawthorne was neither afraid of his imagination nor in subjection to it; like Prospero, he wielded easily his magic wand, and smiled at the terrors of the storm he created. Through the black frown of the clouds he saw the smiling sunshine and the peaceful blue; and deeper than the roar and tumult of thunder and tempest he heard the quiet chirp of birds and the homely murmur of daily life.

We may conclude, then, that Hawthorne's apprenticeship practically came to an end at about his twenty-seventh year; the two or three surviving pieces (including "Fanshawe") known to have been produced before that date being not only inferior to his later work, but different from it in aim and significance. He was now able to say whatever he wished, and was beginning to find out what he wished to say. The latter accomplishment might seem, in view of the writer's peculiar surroundings, the more difficult feat of the two. But Hawthorne was still too fresh to the business to admit discouragement on this score. "The flow of fancy," he says, "soon came on me so abundantly, that its indulgence was its own reward — though the hope of praise also became a powerful incitement." Indeed, no passage in a writer's career is so agreeable as this first enjoyment of the faculty of expression; every passing hour suggests a new theme, and the wealth of material opening out before him seems inexhaustible. Everything being untried, he feels an impulse to try everything; nothing is common or unclean, because the point of view from which he looks upon it is his own.

As was remarked just now, Hawthorne had no hesitation about making literature his profession; but there is nothing to show that he originally anticipated devoting himself exclusively, or mainly, to fiction. As a matter of fact, however, though many of his pieces are explicitly historical, and many others what might be termed essays, he inevitably threw about them all the glamour of a fictitious atmosphere. He saw things picturesquely, or even pictorially; and his reflections, upon whatever subject, assumed a figurative form. He has been called, in complimentary phraseology, a poet; but the remark is truer than most such compliments are. He is a poet, inasmuch as his mind tends instinctively to humanize everything — to impose upon every object of thought or sensation a human figure or order. His view is comprehensive and classifying, sensitive to analogies, and analytic

because it has first been constructive. He admits nothing unrelated, but recognizes the central love and energy organizing all things. All these are poetic gifts, enabling their possessor to sum up and re-create the seeming chaos of phenomena, and to give it novel and enlightening utterance. But Hawthorne, however well fitted inwardly or spiritually to be a poet, was preserved therefrom by such comparatively external and accidental obstacles as an unmusical ear and an aversion to the trammels of rhythmical expression. I say "preserved" in no invidious sense, for, generally speaking, nothing can be better than a poet. But extraordinary emergencies require exceptional prescriptions; and America's æsthetic want at that period seemed to demand precisely Hawthorne and nothing else. The voice was Jacob's, but the hands were Esau's. Poetry is essentially a perception of the spiritual reason and relation of things; but the American genius, which is not primitive and childlike, cannot give a full account of itself in measured feet and rhymes; it must speak at times with the directness and artlessness of homely conversation, and be poetical in its influence rather than in its aspect. In neglecting the poetic form, therefore, Hawthorne proved himself in accord with the tendency of the age, which ignores form just in proportion as it insists upon the spirit.

Art, subjectively considered, is the means adopted by the artist to tell what is in him; and Hawthorne, up to the epoch of "The Scarlet Letter," was moved to utter himself upon three classes of subjects — philosophy, history, and that derivative and sublimation of the two which is called Story. But so strong in him was the instinct of Story that it colored and shaped his treatment of the former topics. His essays take the form of allegories, and his historical pieces assume the aspect less of narratives than of pictures. He cannot be satisfied with simply telling us what happened; he must bring us to look upon the scene as transacted in his imagination. Man is his game — the living human being; nor will he consent even to follow the familiar metaphysical device, and, in his philosophical speculations, separate the subject perceiving from the object perceived. To do so was, in his opinion, a mere logical analysis of a living experience — an attempt to resuscitate the body of knowledge after its soul has fled. He blended the artificial scientific distinction of subject and object in the living life or consciousness which miraculously knows. Therefore his philosophy always expresses itself in allegory at least, if not in actual examples of human experience. Abstractions will not suit him; practical illustrations are his only wear. And if he will not divorce philosophy from man, neither, on the other hand, will he divorce man from philosophy. In other words, he will not be a mere painter of external life, of manners, of appearance; he must penetrate the secret of his characters, and know, and demonstrate either explicitly or implicitly, not so much the how as the wherefore of their actions and conditions. Thus it happens that all his stories have their moral. "Thought," he says, "has always its efficacy, and every striking incident its moral." To be at a loss for a moral would be tantamount to not knowing what he had been writing about; to understand a thing is to moralize it. Taking a comprehensive view, we might put the matter in a phrase by saying that he turns his philosophy into human beings, and his human beings into philosophy. But the older he grew, the more did he incline to the latter process in preference to the former. He relinquished the allegories and the allegorical essays, and found all the stage he needed for them and for his historical material in the imaginative circumstances of romance.

We need not suppose that Hawthorne made these discriminations deliberately, or even consciously. Like most wholesome and well-poised natures, he evinced great spontaneity of thought and action; and among the four maxims which he recorded for his use in his thirty-second year is "to do nothing against one's genius." He was probably led to romance as the fittest vehicle of his thoughts by sheer love of art — of beauty in its most highly organized form. In his investigations into the human mind and heart, he never acts the part of the surgeon or dissector; the living and breathing creature stands before us, and Hawthorne seems to endow us with a power to see through its fleshly walls into the workings beneath. But the fleshly walls are always there; there is nothing of the French or of the modern American analyst in our romancer. He clothes and veils his conceptions; he never strips or disembowels them; there is always reverence and delicacy in his attitude, though there is always, too, unswerving insistence upon the truth. This talk about "cold-blooded dissection" is quite beside the mark. Hawthorne comprehends the personages of his dramas, and he is tender to them precisely because he comprehends them. He has assumed their trials and infirmities, and has looked out of their eyes before he investigates them with his own. "If there be a faculty which I possess more perfectly than most men," he says, "it is that of throwing myself mentally into situations foreign to my own, and detecting the circumstances of each." "Cold-blooded dissection," under such cir-

cumstances, would be a kind of imaginative suicide. He loved humanity; and no one who reads his books in an intelligent spirit can avoid feeling stimulated on the humane side.

But the profound and unsensational character of Hawthorne's work — the artistic beauty and repose of its form — lays it open to a singular objection. It makes us wish to discover its author in it; and at the same time, and for the same cause, it baffles that desire. Everything is so smoothly finished that we can with difficulty find the workman in his production. Nevertheless, he is there, and with due attention he may be discerned. In alluding to the objections taken by "some of the more crabbed" of his critics to the personal tone of his introductions and prefaces, Hawthorne remarks that if he has touched upon facts which relate to himself, it is only because they chanced to be nearest at hand, and were likewise his own property. But "these things," he adds, "hide the man instead of displaying him. You must make quite another kind of inquest, and look through the range of his fictitious characters, in order to detect any of his essential traits." This was written in 1851, and of course refers to the pieces (except "The Scarlet Letter") produced previous to that date — that is to say, to the "Twice-told Tales," the "Mosses from an Old Manse," and the "Snow Image" collection. In these volumes, then, we are to look for a reflection of the character and development of Hawthorne's mind. Here we shall find the materials — the germs — from which his creations were evolved. In several of the essays, especially, the blending of substance and form is not so complete as to render disintegration an abstruse matter. In the least guarded of them, however, the reader is curiously bamboozled, so to speak, as to the real point at issue. He is amused with a superficial phantasmagory of figures and scenery, and does not realize that the tune which sets these puppets dancing is the true gist of the whole matter. And yet this bamboozling seems to be almost involuntary on Hawthorne's part; one would say that he was deceived himself, and that the philosophical remarks and conclusions which he makes were but the fruit of a chance suggestion arising out of the concrete topic. Indeed, it is evident that his disquisitions aim not so much at establishing his claim to be an original thinker, as to ally himself in thought and belief with the mass of his fellow-men. The sketches, he tells us, "are not the talk of a secluded man with his own heart and mind, but his attempts to open an intercourse with the world." His seclusion was an accidental and external matter only; he wished to merge himself in the general human nature, and to prove his right to be assimilated with it. Truth, not singularity, was the garment that Hawthorne coveted; for truth, while it gives its possessor the freedom of all societies, is also the real cloak of invisibility. The more closely we envelop ourselves in it, the less obtrusive become our impertinent personal lineaments. Who can see Shakspere in his plays, or Pheidias in his statues?

And the truth which Hawthorne perceived perhaps more profoundly than any other was that of the brotherhood of man. By inheritance and training he tended towards exclusiveness; but both his heart and his intellect showed him the shallowness of such a scheme of existence. So far back as 1835 we find him canvassing the idea of "some common quality or circumstance that should bring together people the most unlike in other respects, and make a brotherhood and sisterhood of them — the rich and the proud finding themselves in the same category with the mean and the despised." In the following year he defines his conception more minutely. He will class mankind, "first, by their sorrows; for instance, wherever there are any, whether in fair mansion or hovel, who are mourning for the loss of relatives or friends, and who wear black, whether the cloth be coarse or superfine, they are to make one class. Secondly, all who have the same maladies, whether they lie under damask canopies, or on straw pallets, or in the wards of hospitals, they are to form one class. Thirdly, all who are guilty of the same sins, whether the world knows them or not, whether they languish in prison, looking forward to the gallows, or walk honored among men, they also form a class. Then proceed to generalize and classify all the world together, as none can claim utter exemption from either sorrow, sin, or disease; and, if they could, yet death, like a great parent, comes and sweeps them all through one darksome portal — all his children." In elaborating the scheme in the "Procession of Life," he finds, however, that Sin and Death are the broadest badges of humanity. Diseases are "as proper subjects of human pride as any relations of human rank that man can fix upon. Disease is the natural aristocrat." He is not satisfied, either, with the idea of forming a separate class of mankind on the basis of high intellectual power. "It is but a higher development of innate gifts common to all," and it may be doubted whether the peculiar relation of intellectual persons to one another "may not vanish as soon as the procession shall have passed beyond the circle of the present world." Even grief is not an invariable bond of alliance, for if the influence of the

world's false distinctions remain in the heart, then sorrow lacks the earnestness that makes it holy and reverend; "if the mourner have anything dearer than his grief, he must seek his true position elsewhere." When, however, the trumpet sounds for the guilty to assemble, "even the purest may be sensible of some faint responding echo in his breast; many, however, will be astonished at the fatal impulse that drags them thitherward. Nothing is more remarkable than the various deceptions by which guilt conceals itself from the perpetrator's conscience." This idea of the catholicity of guilt runs through all Hawthorne's productions. "Man," he says (in "Fancy's Show-Box"), "must not disclaim his brotherhood even with the guiltiest, since, though his hand be clean, his heart has surely been polluted by the flitting phantoms of iniquity." Again, the story of "Young Goodman Brown" — perhaps the most remarkable piece of imaginative writing in the whole list of Hawthorne's works — inculcates the same appalling lesson of fraternity in sin. "Evil is the nature of mankind!" exclaims the fallen angel. "When the friend shows his inmost heart to his friend," cries the dying Father Hooper, "the lover to his best beloved; when man does not vainly shrink from the eye of his Creator, loathsomely treasuring up the secret of his sin, then deem me a monster, for the symbol beneath which I have lived and die! I look around me, and, lo! on every visage a Black Veil!"

But though he thus insisted upon the darker aspects of human association, Hawthorne was far from neglecting the other side. Speaking of the reformers and theorizers, in "The Hall of Fantasy,"—"representatives of an unquiet period, when mankind is seeking to cast off the whole tissue of ancient custom like a tattered garment,"— and noting the apparent incompatibility of their various notions, he nevertheless perceives the underlying bond of union. "Far down beyond the fathom of the intellect," he says, "the soul acknowledges that all these varying and conflicting developments of humanity were united in one sentiment — the struggle of the race after a better and purer life than had yet been realized on earth." Or, once more, alluding to the religious sectarians, he observes that truth has an intoxicating quality when imbibed by any save a powerful intellect, and often impels the quaffer to quarrel in his cups; so that each sect surrounds its own righteousness with a hedge of thorns, and, though their hearts be large, their minds are often exclusively filled with one idea. Nevertheless, though "their own view may be bounded by country, creed, profession, the diversities of individual character, above them all is the breadth of Providence!"

Another of Hawthorne's strongest perceptions was of the artificiality of our present civilization, and of the superfluities and absurdities to which custom has insensibly blinded us. "Earth's Holocaust" is the symbolic clearing out of these abuses. Rank, government, property, literature, and the gallows are consumed one after the other; and then the radicals would do away with marriage, theology, and even with the Bible. But Hawthorne will not allow the radicals to carry him off his feet; and though he is ready to admit that nature is better than any book, and the human heart deeper than any system of philosophy, yet he puts his finger unerringly upon the weak spot in all reformations; and though the observation is put into the mouth of a personage whose "complexion was indeed fearfully dark, and his eyes glowed with a redder light than that of the bonfire," it is none the less unanswerable. "Be not so cast down, my good friends," says this lurid individual; "you shall see good days yet. There is one thing that these wiseacres have forgotten to throw into the fire, and without which all the rest of the conflagration is just nothing at all; yes, though they had burned the earth itself to a cinder."

"And what may that be?" eagerly demanded the last murderer.

"What but the human heart itself?" said the dark-visaged stranger with a portentous grin.

"Purify that inward sphere," adds Hawthorne, "and the shapes of evil that now seem almost our only realities, will turn to shadowy phantoms and vanish of their own accord; but if we go no deeper than the intellect, and strive, with merely that feeble instrument, to discern and rectify what is wrong, our whole accomplishment will be a dream." On the other hand, if reform be not always beneficial, it can do no lasting harm: "not a truth is destroyed; only what is evil can feel the action of the fire." The Titan of innovation, in short, is double in his nature, partaking of both angelic and diabolic elements; but Providence still stands behind, and overrules all to its own ends.

But he took more pleasure in imagining the condition of the world after all mistakes and irrationalities were done away with or forgotten. "We who are born into the world's artificial system," he says ("New Adam and Eve"), "can never adequately know how little in our present state and circumstances is natural, and how much is merely the interpolation of the perverted mind and heart of man. It is only through the medium of the

imagination that we can loosen these iron fetters which we call truth and reality, and make ourselves even partially sensible what prisoners we are." And then he carries his newly created pair through a day's wandering about Boston, on that day when everything physical that can give evidence of man's present position remains untouched by the hand of destiny; but no breath of a creative being, save themselves, disturbs this earthly atmosphere. The satire is gracefully and delicately managed. "Such a pair would at once distinguish between art and nature. Their instincts and intuitions would at once recognize the wisdom and simplicity of the latter; while the former, with its elaborate perversities, would offer them a continued succession of puzzles." They behold each other without astonishment; but "perhaps no other stride so vast remains to be taken as when they first turn from the reality of their mutual glance to the dreams and shadows that perplex them everywhere else." They approach a church, attracted by its spire, pointing upwards to the sky, whither they have already yearned to climb; as they enter the portal, Time, who has survived his former progeny, speaks with the iron tongue that men gave him to his two grandchildren. "They listen, but understand him not; nature would measure time by the succession of thoughts and acts which constitute real life, and not by hours of emptiness." They dimly feel some religious influence in the place, but are troubled by the roof between them and the sky. They go out and kneel at the threshold, and "give way to the spirit's natural instinct of adoration towards a beneficent Father. But, in truth, their life thus far has been a continual prayer; purity and simplicity hold converse at every moment with their Creator." Passing onward, they come to that "hospital" whose patients "were sick — and so were the purest of their brethren — with the plague of sin." Every remedy had been tried for its extirpation except the single one, "the flower that grew in Heaven and was sovereign for all the miseries of earth — man never had attempted to cure sin by Love!" His system had been one of "fear and vengeance, never successful, yet followed to the last." Escaping thence, they enter a private mansion, most of the contents of which are a puzzle to them. The pictures, for example, do not interest them, for "there is something radically artificial and deceptive in painting." This recalls Heine's apothegm — "Painting is nothing but a flat falsehood." The statue of a little child, however, impresses them more agreeably. "Sculpture in its highest excellence is more genuine than painting, and might seem to be evolved from some natural germ by the same law as a leaf or a flower." They next enter a bank, where is hoarded "the mainspring, the life, the very essence of the system that had wrought itself into the vitals of mankind and choked their original nature in its deadly gripe." As Hawthorne elsewhere remarks, however, "the desire for wealth is the natural yearning for that life in the midst of which we find ourselves." Be that as it may, to Adam and Eve all the bullion in the bank is no better than "heaps of rubbish." A further discovery is that of a library, which excites Adam's curiosity; but Eve draws him forth again in good time, else "all the perversions, and sophistries, and false wisdom so aptly mimicking the true,— all the narrow truth, so partial that it becomes more deceptive than falsehood,— all the wrong principles and worse practice, the pernicious examples and mistaken rules of life,— all the specious theories which turn earth into cloudland, and men into shadows,— all the sad experience which it took mankind so many ages to accumulate, and from which they never drew a moral for their future guidance,— the whole heap of this disastrous lore would have tumbled at once upon Adam's head." Surely this view of literature is a radical one for even an American author to hold.

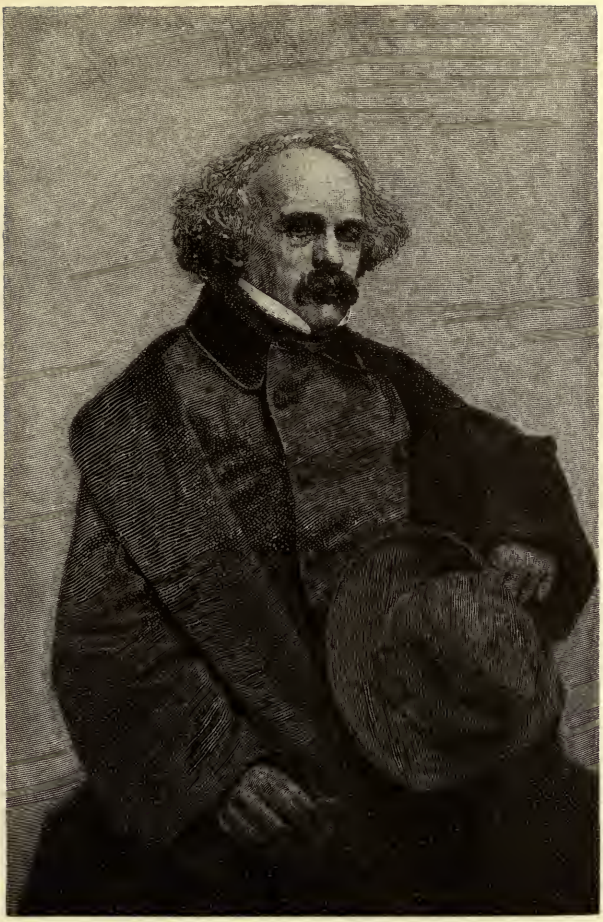
Hawthorne's religious faith was of an almost childlike simplicity, though it was as deeply rooted as his life itself. It was not his cue to insist upon the rational explanation of all mysteries; and if he had felt the longing for "some master-thought to guide me through this labyrinth of life, teaching me wherefore I was born, and how to do my task on earth, and what is death," yet he recognized the vanity of attempting to "unveil the mysteries which Divine Intelligence has revealed so far as is needful to our guidance, and hid the rest." What is essential is intuitive; and he remarks that "a blind man might as reasonably contend that a reflection in a mirror does not exist, as we, because the Creator has hitherto withheld the spiritual perception, can therefore contend that there is no spiritual world." Nor is that world a "dark realm of nothingness"; it fulfills all the wants of the human soul; nor need we even doubt that "man's disembodied spirit may re-create time and the world for itself, with all their peculiar enjoyments, should there still be human yearnings amid life eternal and infinite." The riddle of the Sphinx does not keep him awake o' nights; perhaps, he thinks, the reason of our existence "may be revealed to us after the fall of the curtain; or, not impossibly, the whole drama, in which we are

involuntary actors, may have been performed for the instruction of another set of spectators." This last, however, is a fanciful theory, not a sober belief; and for a man who has become wedded to a theory there remains, in his opinion, little hope. "There is no surer method of arriving at the Hall of Fantasy than to throw one's self into the current of a theory; for, whatever landmarks of fact may be set up along the stream, there is a law of nature that impels it thither. And let it be so; for what is good and true becomes gradually hardened into fact, while error melts away and vanishes. Therefore," he adds, "may none who believe and rejoice in the progress of mankind be angry with me because I recognized their apostles and leaders amid the fantastic radiance of those pictured windows. I love and honor such men as well as they."

These are the words of an optimist, though not of an extreme one; but it is noticeable that the deeper the level at which Hawthorne moves. the more optimistic does he become. He is not an advocate; he holds the scales impartially; but his most momentous conclusions are also his most hopeful ones. A humorous or saturnine eccentricity might have attracted more curiosity; but, once more, he wished "to open an intercourse with the world," and eccentricity is a porcupine's coat. He aimed not to startle or to titillate his hearers, but to say only what the unprejudiced judgment of mankind must agree to. To do this without once descending to commonplace is the feat of the highest genius; yet so well has Hawthorne accomplished it, that one has to ponder his utterances more than once to realize how revolutionary many of them are.

He seldom indulges in satire; but when he does so, it is to good purpose. "The Celestial Railroad" is a most felicitous conception, and is touched with a masterly hand. It exposes the modern tendency to postpone the warnings of conscience, to glide over and round the grim realities of life, and to skim comfortably forward from the cradle to the grave, outwardly respectable, but inwardly stained with every indulgence. Christian's old friend Evangelist presides at the ticket-office — though "some malicious persons" deny his identity, "and even pretend to bring competent evidence of an imposture." Among the fashionable folk at the railway station there was much pleasant conversation on indifferent topics; "while religion, though indubitably the main thing at heart, was thrown tastefully into the background. Even an infidel would have heard little or nothing to shock his sensibility." The Valley of the Shadow of Death is artificially lighted, and there is a stopping-place at the mouth of Tophet, where, according to Mr. Smooth-it-away, "the directors had caused forges to be set up for the manufacture of railroad iron." The giants Pope and Pagan are dead; but their cavern is occupied by an amorphous monster of German extraction, Giant Transcendentalist by name, who "shouted after us, but in so strange a phraseology that we knew not what he meant, nor whether to be encouraged or affrighted." At Vanity Fair everything proceeds swimmingly until the old-fashioned pilgrims make their appearance, when "there were these two worthy simpletons, making the scene look wild and monstrous, merely by their sturdy repudiation of all part in its business or pleasures." Another station was "formerly the castle of the redoubted Giant Despair; but since his death Mr. Flimsy-Faith has repaired it (in a modern and airy style of architecture), and keeps an excellent house of entertainment there." And so they rattle along, "at the tail of a thunderbolt," with Apollyon for engineer, until they arrive at the river, where "a steam ferry-boat, the last improvement on this important route," stands ready to receive them. "But the wheels, as they began their revolution, threw a dash of spray over me so cold — so deadly cold, with the chill that will never leave those waters until Death be drowned in his own river — that, with a shiver and a heartquake, I awoke. Thank heaven, it was a Dream!" Some people object to allegories; but, deftly managed, they give wings to satire. The historian of "The Celestial Railroad" is at any rate chargeable with the same indiscretion that is ascribed to Elliston in "The Bosom Serpent" — that of "breaking through the tacit compact by which the world has done its best to secure repose without relinquishing evil."

It might be objected to an analysis such as has been indicated (rather than made) in the foregoing pages, that Hawthorne is substantially a romancer,— a teller of tales,— and that, therefore, his excursions into other regions are of little practical significance. But the story was never the chief object in Hawthorne's writings; the skeleton having once been designed, he immediately forgot all about it, and devoted all his energies to the flesh-and-blood of the composition. And this flesh-and-blood is no mere appendage; it is wrought out of the author's very life. In order that the outward beauty of the completed work may be adequately appreciated, it is, therefore, necessary to understand something of its inner organization and secret genesis. It is alive, and has the inexhaustible fascination of life — the depth beyond depth. It is illuminated by imagination and graced by art; but imagination only ren-



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (ABOUT 1862). (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SILLSBEE, CASE & CO.)

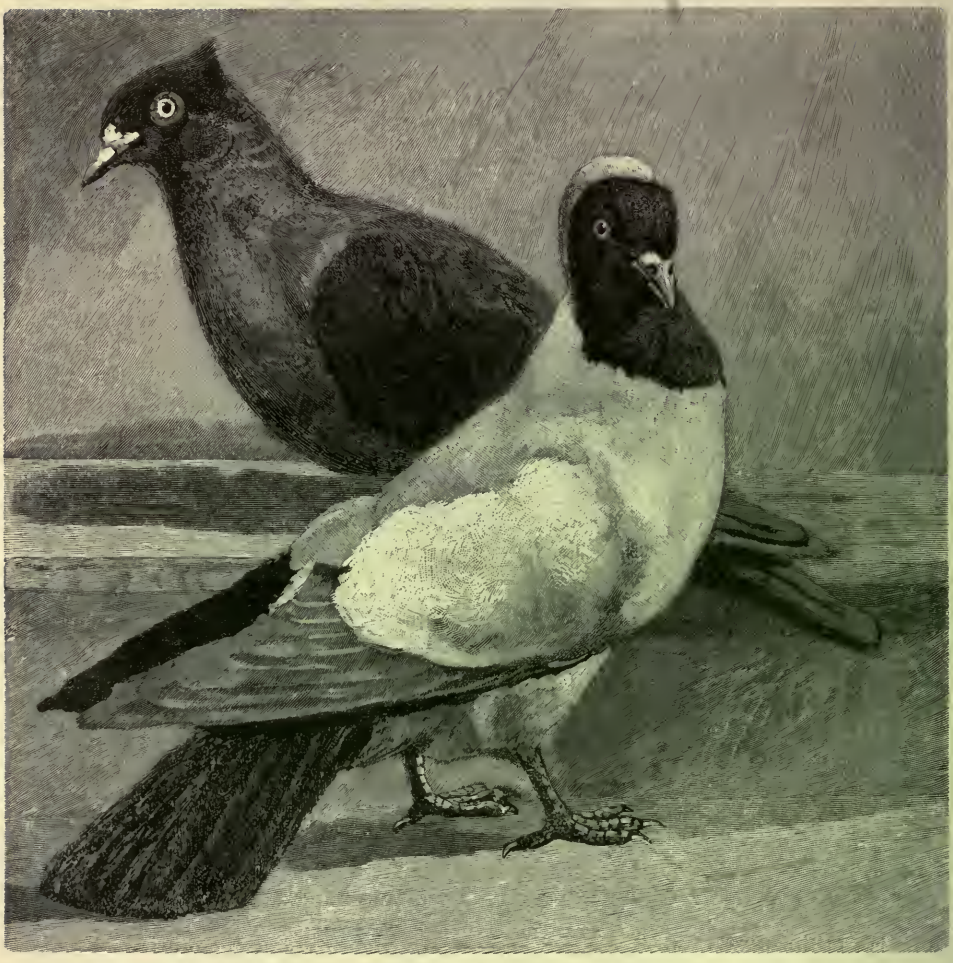
ders the informing truth more conspicuous, and art is the form which symmetrical truth inevitably assumes. In short, save as regards the merest externals, nothing in Hawthorne's fictions is fictitious. And therefore we lose what is best in them, unless we learn how to read between the lines — how to detect the writer's own lineaments beneath the multifarious marks wherewith he veils them. These shorter sketches, covering a wider area of thought than the complete romances, are consequently more transparent; and they show us how "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Marble Faun" came to be born. They show us, too, the value of his early seclusion, which caused him to begin with meditation instead of with observation, and thus to produce things with souls in them, instead of hollow shells painted to resemble life. However we may probe or test his writings, we shall find no vacuum in them; the material envelope is sometimes imperfect, but the spiritual reality is always there.

Hawthorne himself perceived his defects much more keenly than his excellences, and his effort to improve is constantly visible. He endeavors to balance his rare faculty of insight by the comparatively common faculty of outsight; and the volumes of his note-books are the patent records of this study. His aim, therefore, was the perfection which only Shakspere has attained; but Hawthorne was the bud of Shakspere's full-blown rose. He widened every year; his roots were nourished by the Shaksperian soil; and his perfume had a purity and potency which will, perhaps, cause it to linger in the memory as long as that of the mighty Elizabethan.

Julian Hawthorne.

THE BREEDING OF FANCY PIGEONS.

"I know it as an art and a mystery."—*Darwin.*



ARCHANGEL. (BRED BY W. BROEMER, BALTIMORE, MD.) YELLOW NUN. (OWNED BY W. W. WALKER, BRIDGEPORT, CT.)

THE breeding of fancy pigeons is fascinating and engrossing beyond the conception of those who have not engaged in it. Says Crabbe, and truly, "Whether tumblers, croppers, carriers seize the gentle mind, *they rule.*" The pigeon-fancier acknowledges the thrall, but pleads in excuse for submitting to it, not more the gratification it affords to the creative instinct and love of harmony of his artist nature, than the benefit he finds in its recreative action upon his mind; that with the problems its study forces upon him for solution, new thoughts are awakened, new emotions are excited, and, returning from things ethereal to things mundane, it is with brain refreshed and perceptions quickened.

The pigeon-fancier is the artist among breeders. His work of living pictures is the outcome, and to satisfy the same longing that incites the painter, the sculptor, or the connoisseur. Sometimes, Pygmalion-like, his bird is his ideal, brought, by his love of it, to the life; or the purpose is defined, and he strives to fill the outline; or he cannot fashion or portray, and he finds his satisfaction in possessing, counting the value in the difficulties in the way to it, or in the measure of another's ap-

RED JACOBIN. (OWNED BY H. V. CRAWFORD, NEW YORK CITY.) HOMING PIGEON, "BABY MINE." (OWNED BY E. H. CONOVER, KEYPORT, N. J.) FIRST YOUNG BIRD TO MAKE OVER 250 MILES THE DAY OF LIBERATING IN THE AUTUMN RACES — FROM LYNCHBURG, VA., 338 MILES.

preciation or envy. But, whether the one or the other, there is no economic purpose to weight its wings and bring his fancy low.

The influences of the pigeon-fancy are refining in the habits one must fall into in being with the birds, in the enforced quiet and gentleness without which the best efforts are lost, in the patience with which one must work and wait for long-deferred results, and in the discipline of the often accompanying disappointment. The pigeon-lover is notably kind and gentle-mannered. He is also thoughtful, since his work demands the action of his mind, and the love of it compels the effort. It may be child's play as a beginning, or seem to be so to the mere looker-on; but great men and good, princes, poets, prelates, and judges, are in the ranks of the fancy, and find their solace

SCOTCH FANTAIL, "QUEEN OF THE SCOTS." (FROM LOFT OF BUNTING HANKINS, BORDENTOWN, N. J.)

and their pleasure in their pigeon-lofts, and in the company of their birds.

Columba, the family name of the pigeon, is from the Greek *kolumban*, to dive, giving us the word dove, by which pigeons were until lately known, and which has reference to the bird's peculiar movement of the head when walking. The family is in three grand divisions: *C. livia*, the blue rock or wild bird; *C. affinis*, the duffer or domesticated; and the artificial or fancy pigeon.

The blue rock is found in the true type only among the cliffs and rocks of Great Britain and the adjacent islands, where none of its members show a deviation in color or form from the one character. All alike avoid the haunts of man, and refuse to submit to domestication. Says Macgillivray, "Amongst the many hundreds I have seen I have never observed any remarkable variation in form or color." The "rock" exists in all parts of Europe, and with only sufficient variation from the true type to admit of classification for locality; and in each variety there is the same likeness observable in the colonies of the true type, showing the modification to be due to climatic influence or forced habit.

The duffer is the bird imported for and known at shooting matches as the "blue rock," and is otherwise termed the rockie and the dove-house pigeon. This variety seeks the companionship of man, frequenting and rearing its young in the nooks of church steeples and public buildings. In undisturbed colonies there is great variation in color and markings, but none in structure.

Both the blue rock and the duffer have the beak long, slender, and of horn color, and the eyes, feet, and legs bright red. There is also a striking resemblance in contour, but here the likeness ends. The blue rock has the body color of light blue except upon the rump or lower part of the back, which is white. The folded wings and tail also show the black bar caused by the terminal spot of black upon each of the secondary and tail feathers. The duffer is dark slaty-blue throughout except upon the wing-coverts, where, each feather being tipped with a lighter shade, there is a checkered appearance.

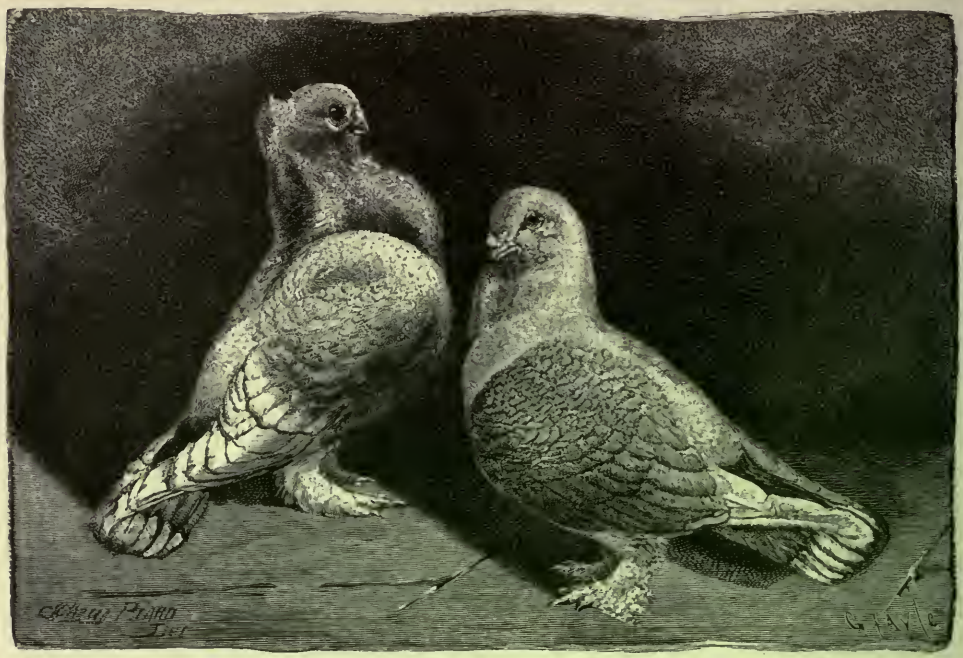
IMPROVED ENGLISH FANTAIL. (OWNED BY J. G. HOWLAND, WORCESTER, MASS.)

The class of fancy pigeons is made up of a great number of varieties, each distinct in marking or form or both; these variations being so controlled in breeding as to bring them within certain defined limits. The ideal bird of each, whatever the tendency of the variety, is built upon the lines of harmony and perfect symmetry.

The origin of the fancy pigeon has been a vexed question with naturalists and wise men through the past century, and is still open. Mr. Charles Darwin experimented with pigeons for years for material for his work upon "Variations under Domestication," and to sustain his theory of the blue rock as the parent stock. But while with his eye single to the purpose of that theory he satisfied the conditions and his followers, there remains reason for doubt.

One experiment was especially interesting, and its results were offered as the conclusion of the whole matter; but viewed from another standpoint it bears a different significance. The Darwin argument for the blue-rock origin is the frequent recurrence of the peculiar white-rumped, black-barred blue of the cliff bird, as spots. To show this he mated a black barb with a pure white fantail, also a black barb of another strain with a red-spot; and, as a third pair, young of the two pairs. The young of the third nest was, as he predicted, the typical blue rock. The experiment is curious in the fact that blue is not a color of the barb of which one-half the cross was made up; the white is the common dress of the fantail, and the spot is a century-old breed and supposed to be established. Mr. Darwin calls attention to this, but does not refer to the more important item of the alien types brought into the combination. Practical and unprejudiced breeders would accept the result, but not the Darwinian conclusion that, therefore, the blue rock is the progenitor. Their work has taught them that in too violent and far-fetched crossing, as in bringing together these birds of African, Indian, and German manufacture, the artificial taints are neutralized in the admixture, and the *sang pur*, or simplest type of the genus, asserts itself. The same result follows when in-breeding is carried too far, and the artificial element upon which the character depends becomes weakened, and if not reënforced, eliminated; that is, there are indications of, if not complete return to, the blue-rock type.

Against the Darwinian theory is the fact that the blue rock exists in abundance at the very doors of the English, the most expert of breeders; the problem and the conditions are given in the existing varieties, and the solution is most earnestly desired by fancier-



ORIENTAL FRILLS. BLONDINETTE, "HASSAN." SATINETTE, "PACHA." (OWNED BY DR. H. E. OWEN, OCEANIC, N. J.)

scientists skilled in the knowledge and art of breeding. But their every effort is in vain, for the one and single reason that the blue rock shows no appreciable variation in form or color. The blood has no wayward tendency upon which to build, and no material divergence from the one type can be provoked without the addition of a foreign taint.

The pigeon is unique among the feathered creation in the similarity of the sexes, the habits during incubation, the provision for and manner of feeding the young, the helpless and crude condition of the young when it leaves the shell, and its phenomenal development and early maturity. In structural points there are also peculiar differences. The long intestine is of greater length than in any other bird, while the *cæcum* is merely rudimentary, and secretes only mucus. Some varieties lack the oil-glands, and all are without the gall-bladder.

"But I am pigeon-liver'd,
And lack gall to make oppression bitter."
—"Hamlet," Act II., scene 2.

BLACK BARB, "BLACK PRINCE." (OWNED BY D. E. NEWELL, NEW YORK CITY.) DUN CARRIER, "SUCCESSFUL." (OWNED BY R. G. WILSON, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.)

It is this lack in its digestive make-up that accounts for the inordinate desire for salt, characteristic of this alone of the known bird-world, and which must be considered as a craving for an absolute essential to its healthful existence.

The feathers of the pigeon are peculiar in having the shaft short and downless and with but a slight hold upon the skin. All varieties shed a peculiar dust from the plumage in greater or less quantities, so that any place occupied by pigeons for some time will have its surface covered with a peculiar "bloom."

The pigeon is naturally monogamous and mates for life, but, under the artificial conditions of confinement in the loft, the love of the male for home duties and care of the young will often lead him to maintain two establishments, when his efforts to do double duty during the time of incubation and feeding will be unremitting and amusing.

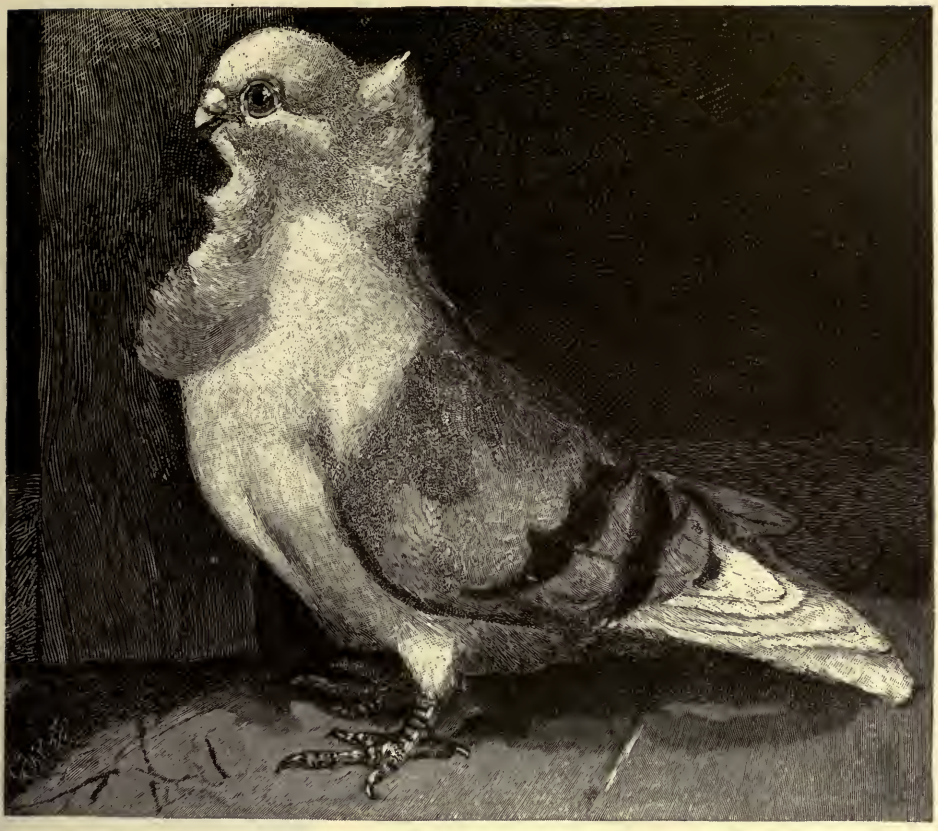
Two eggs make up the setting. One is laid at about two o'clock in the afternoon, the other about forty-five hours later. The time of incubation is seventeen days. The sex of the hatch is generally male and female; thus, "a doo's cleckin" is the Scotch term for a family of two children of opposite sex. But this depends greatly upon the relative age and condition of the parent birds. During incubation the hen sits from four o'clock in the afternoon until ten the next morning, when she is relieved by the male. The food of the newly hatched bird is a thin curdy secretion of the glands of the crop known as pigeon's milk, and exists alike in both parents.

BLUE PRIEST. (OWNED BY E. H. MOORE, MELROSE, MASS.)

Its presence is only influenced by incubation; thus, a barren hen can be induced to sit upon eggs, and when the young appear she with her mate will be prepared to feed them. In feeding, the beak of the young is inserted in that of the parent, and the food is disgorged from the crop into it by a peculiar convulsive movement of the body of the parent. While the secretion is unmixed with grain, the beak of the young is soft, and the bird is known as a peeper; but as the grain is added the beak hardens and the voice changes, and it is a squeaker. When ready to leave the nest and face the world for itself, it is a squealer, or, in market parlance, a squab. When six weeks old it is able to take care of itself, and its parents probably have a second pair of eggs to claim their attention.

The old classification of fancy pigeons was the high-class, the fancy breeds, and the toys; but with the increase of standard requirements in certain of the middle class and the increase of varieties in others, this has been changed to high-class, frills, tumblers, and toys. Of the old order it was said, "The toy fancy is but the entered apprenticeship degree; of the fancy breeds it is that of the fellow-craft, and the high-class rank as the master degree. One may understand both the first and never rise to the dignity of the third; but one cannot know the last thoroughly without holding the other two as a mere stepping-stone to knowledge."

The pigeon-fancy antedates the Christian era. Pliny tells us that "many are mad with the love of these birds, and will detain you to tell of their pedigree and breeding." And he hands to posterity the name of a Roman knight, one Lucius Axius, not for victories in the arena or sacrifice in Rome's quarrels, but "who used to sell a single pair of pigeons for upwards of four hundred denarii." The first book on pigeons was the "Ayeen Akbery," written in 1595 for Akbar, the Mogul Emperor, by his prime minister, Abdool Furjool. In this we learn that twenty thousand pigeons were carried with the court; that the Emperor of Turan sent presents of rare varieties to his brother sovereign, and that the gifts of traveling merchants were most acceptable when of valuable breeds of pigeons; that aside from those used as message-bearers and kept for food, there were seventeen varieties bred for their appearance only, "and the pigeon-master by crossing the breeds, which had never before been attempted, improved



THE OWL-TURBIT AS DESCRIBED BY J. W. LUDLOW, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

them wonderfully." This number of varieties was probably exceeded in India centuries before, since the ancient Sanskrit, we are told, has more than twenty-five names for different classes of pigeons, all referring to characteristics by which one sort was to be known from another. A century after the "Ayeen Akbery," a book about pigeons was written in Persian by Musari Sayzed, by order of his sovereign.

The object of the breeder of pigeons is so different from that of all other breeders in being solely to maintain the fancy points of color and outline, and with no reference to utility, that they scarcely meet on common ground in their methods. His material is the most impressionable known, and being wholly artificial is as unstable. His first work is to fix upon his ideal, and so far order his material in the breeding stock as to make it possible to build and to repair for a long time without adding new blood. But, when new blood is an absolute necessity, he seeks it strong in the point in which his strain is weakening, and then only uses it by crossing it into the strain and working with the rejuvenated stock, as the knowledge of its tendencies may direct, remembering that the male influences the external points, and the hen the size, structure, and constitution. The tendency of all colors is to pale, and to enrich or maintain the colors of pigeons, birds of different colors are bred together. In birds of the same blood, as a rule, the young follow in color and marking the parent of the same sex; while in matings of different colors and of different strains the young follow the color and marking of the opposite sex. The breeder sometimes resorts to counteraction, that is, making up a deficiency in one of a pair by superabundance of that point in the other; but this is only for typical points, and never for points of development of growth, where it is only excellence, and excellence that does not produce deterioration.

The carrier, the acknowledged king of pigeons, has in its name the source of a great annoyance to its sensitive fancier. He admits for it an ancestry dating back to the message-bearers of Persian kings and Turkish sultans, and that the peculiarities of structure — the prominent wing-butts, the great muscular development which gives the full-rounded breast, the wing best adapted to speedy and long-

continued flight, and the protruding eyeball peculiar to the traveling bird, all points he values for their part in the perfect symmetry — that these were all fixed in its day of usefulness as the courier of royalty. But he is careful to explain that he has counted out all useful qualities and practical values in the bird of to-day; that the points he values highest are those of development of growth, to perfect which his bird is carefully secluded from the deteriorating influences of sun and outdoor air; that the name is only applicable to it for its elegant carriage, one of its most valued and to be remarked properties; that it is only the ignorant who could confound the grand high-class bird with that little shapeless message-bearer, the homing pigeon.

The carrier has always been held in the highest esteem in England. Moore, writing in 1735, tells of a fancier in Bishopsgate street who kept a silver hatchet and block with which to chop off the heads of those condemned to death, "that being of the blood royal they ought not to die after the manner of the common herd."

It is the most quarrelsome and savage of the pigeon family. The old proprietary instinct is dominant, and unless perches are so partitioned that boundaries are defined, there are battles in which the best suffer most, because the most highly developed in points which place them at the mercy of others. It is by nature one of the hardiest, but the unnatural conditions under which its most valued points are alone to be developed render it one of the most delicate. The only chance for condition is in having the breeding hens robust and in giving the youngsters the freedom of flight until the head-properties begin to develop. The first promise for perfection lies in the beak. This must be long, but appear still longer; also straight, with the mandibles of about equal size and fitting together close. The wattle of the beak is the most artificial point of the bird and the most difficult to obtain. That upon the upper mandible begins from in front of the mouth and increases by lateral growth. Seen in profile it appears to rise in three sections, the last the highest and tilting slightly forward. That of the lower mandible, the jewing, is in three small knobs, one at each side and one before the juncture of the two. Exposure to the atmosphere shrinks this cere, destroys the whitish bloom, and tinges it with pink. The eye-cere is secondary in requiring less care to obtain good. The skull of the carrier should be long, flat, and narrow, and the eye-cere which adds to this effect is of course the most valued. This cere, known as the rose variety, is of good diameter, even edge, and extends over the top of the skull, not above it, thus add-

TURBITS. (OWNED BY H. LANCASTER, BALTIMORE, MD.) AMERICAN FANTAIL. (BRED BY J. G. HOWLAND, WORCESTER, MASS.)

WING AND TAIL OF A LACED BLONDINETTE. BLACK TRUMPETER COCK. (OWNED BY F. A. ROMINEL, BALTIMORE, MD.)

ing to its apparent length and decreasing the apparent width. The gullet is the space from the termination of the jewing to the beginning of the neck. This should be well curved in to decrease the apparent depth from the top of the skull and add to the apparent length of the neck. This one point with the slender long neck has almost the controlling influence in the appearance. The wings fold close above the tail, nearly reaching to its end; while the tail, if the feather is the apportioned length, just touches the ground. The colors of the carrier are black, dun, blue, and white. Red and yellow have been tried for, but are impossible, since neither can be bred from the colors of the variety, and brought in from another; the carrier points are lost when color is gained, and the color is lost in getting back to the carrier type. Color-points in the variety rank very low and are not disqualifying.

The carrier-fancier has his anticipations brightest when at ten months old his bird is at its best in style and carriage, and to be raised or dashed when the head-points begin to develop in the second year. The bird requires five years at least to mature, but the third year will determine its character. The length of the bird from tip of beak to end of tail is seventeen and one-half inches. The standard for judging the carrier is as follows:

Beak and beak-wattle; length, shape, and thickness of beak, each 4; color 2; shape of upper wattle 10; lower wattle 3, color 2; texture 2	31
Space between eye and beak-wattle	3
Eye-wattle: regularity of build 5; diameter 5; texture 4; lacing 2	16
Skull: narrowness 5; flatness 2	7
Gullet	5
Neck: length 6; slenderness 5	11
Shoulders: flatness and width	3
Breast: width and fullness	4
Length of flights and tail	4
Thigh	7
Length	5
Color	4
	100

The barb, although the antithesis of the carrier in every point, is its nearest relative. The young of the two during the first few days after hatching can scarcely be distinguished, but the building once begun, it is with opposite purpose.

The barb is short in beak and down-faced; that is, the forehead and beak are in almost a continuous line. It is small in size, with the

PYGMY POUTERS. (OWNED BY DR. COOK, OF UTICA, N. Y.) SARAH BERNHARDT AND CLEVELAND, ENGLISH POUTERS. (OWNED BY CHARLES BECKER, BALTIMORE, MD.)

neck short, breast broad, legs short, flights long, and carried each side of the tail. The gullet is well curved in to increase the apparent size of the head. The skull is broad and of equal length and breadth — a perfect curve from the crown to the beginning of the beak-wattle, and arched from side to side. The beak is short and thick, the mandibles of like shape and boxed; the eye is pearl or white. The beak-wattle is divided in the middle, and resembles a small bean split open and laid across the beak, and simply fills the juncture of beak and head. The jewing is three small knobs of cere in the middle of the lower mandible, and each side of the gape of the mouth. The beak-wattle is white, and the jewing of deep flesh-color. The eye-wattle matures in the third year, and should be of equal breadth, thickest at the outer edge, the eye standing out in the center like the hub

of a wheel. This wattle is a bright red. A front view shows the good barb head very square, the eye-wattle rising above the skull and standing away from it, thus giving a broader, more massive appearance. An indented groove each side of the face is peculiar to the variety and gives character to the face. The barb is in red, yellow, dun, white, and black. The only blues known are in the lofts of the Princess Charles of Prussia. The various colors are so bred together that the color of the prospective young of almost any mating is uncertain.

The barb is of African descent and ancient lineage. Poor Mary Queen of Scots, writing from her prison in 1574, says, "I beg you to procure me pigeons, hens from Barbary (barbs), to keep in cages, as I do my birds, a pastime for a prisoner." Willughby says he was first told of the barb by his friend Philip Skippon (Major-General Philip Skippon, the associate of Cromwell in the civil war).

The pouter, next in standard order, is of another character, if character can be claimed for the great rollicking fellow that is so fond of attention and so winsome as a pet when at home, and so sulky and unattractive when away from his loft or among strangers.

> "How gracefully their breasts they blaw!
> Their limbs are lang, their waists are sma'.
> The brawest bird ye ever saw,
> An' king o' doos, the pouter."

The variety is oldest of the English breeds. Aldrovandus wrote of it in 1600, but its peculiarities were fixed long previous. On the sign-board of the old inn at Brentford frequented by Shakspere and his friends, the pouter is pictured much as it would be to-day for the same purpose. Early in 1700 it had given place in higher columbarian circles to the almond tumbler, but was still the idol of the silk-weavers of Spitalfields. From their lofts it passed gradually into Scotland and Ireland, and suddenly, about twenty-five years ago it was discovered that there was not a good pouter to be found in all England. The grand and perfected bird, winning at English shows, was British, but, alas! not English. This caused the revival of the fancy for them in its old home.

"To see a pouter at its best," says Rev. Dr. Headley, "he must be among the smaller varieties. He seems always to be delighted with little Mrs. and Miss Tumbler, cooing after them and paying them all attention, while the little ladies prance in front of him on their tiny feet, and, liking the notice of the tall fellow, show off at their best, while the pouter rears himself still higher, blows himself out, and bends and bows like the poplar with the wind playing upon it."

The pouter should be large, measuring twenty inches from tip of beak to tip of tail, but so proportioned as to appear taller. He should be so upright that a line drawn through the eye will strike the top of the arch of the wing-bow and end at the center of the foot without departing from the perpendicular. The crop when blown out should be globular and borne well up. To add to the effect of the girth just above the wing-bow should be slender. The legs should be long, with the thighs well displayed, and closely covered with short, soft feathers, which gradually increase in size and quill to the toes, where they spread upon the ground at right angles with the foot.

"The most difficult point to obtain," says Charles Becker, "is the apparent length of leg, since this is so far governed by other conditions that the bird may actually measure well and yet not show it. The rule should never be put to the leg of a pouter, but the length should show to the eye in the general effect." "Of what value," says Robert Fulton, "is that property which one cannot *see* unless he has a rule in his pocket?" But apparent length is not all. Fulton adds, "No sooner do you get a grand-limbed bird in the nest than the chances combine against it, and your troubles, so far from being ended, are only fairly begun. The legs are almost as soft as jelly until the age of three weeks, and, in spite of care, the least cold is liable to paralyze them. Again, the least wrench or strain, owing to the softness of the joints, will produce deformity. These are only the beginning of the many difficulties. The pouter-breeder must be the genuine fancier, else he would never persevere in the midst of the cruel disappointments his fascinating pursuit must occasion him."

Color Mr. Becker considers an easy point. His rule is to mate like colors unless a cross is necessary, when reds may be used for blacks, reds, and yellows; silvers and blacks for blues. The cross of the black and the red often produces the sandy, a valuable bird for crossing whites, in its colors being broken, since, as a rule, the young follow the parent true in color, and from this cross are almost always pure and excellent whites. He would also mate rough-limbed to thin-limbed and gayly marked to close-marked.

The properties of the pouter in order of value are, length of limb, crop, slenderness of body, length of feather, color, and marking.

It was said of Sir John Sebright that he would go up a chimney to look at a good pigeon, and he was as well known in lofts of

Spitalfields (not much better than chimneys) as in Parliament. It is to his work that we are indebted for the pygmy pouter, the bantam of the pigeons. This pouter in miniature presents the same difficulties in breeding, and is amenable to the same laws, as the large variety. The clean-legged Austrian pygmy, or Brünner, is another bird, and found at its best in Prague and Vienna. Neumeister says of it, "Its length is about eleven inches when full-grown, and its weight seven and one-half ounces. When not inflated it is not much bigger than a blackbird, and may be drawn through the thumb and finger."

The trumpeter may be divided into the toy and the Russian. The former is the joy of the German fancier. He breeds it in all the colors, and in splashes, checkers, and solids; he puts bars on the wings, changes the color of the crest, the rose, and the boots; giving it as many names as he can produce varieties. The Russian, on the contrary, is a study in black and white, no other colors entering into its make-up. It is very "high-class" in the difficulties of the rose, crest, foot-feathering, and delicate constitution. The rose is the tuft of feathers covering the head from the base of the beak to the crest at the back, and overhanging the eyes so that the bird can only see what is beneath it. This must be a perfect rosette, the feathers diverging from the center regularly, and lying smoothly. The crest is at the back and extends from eye to eye. The white eye and beak afford a strong contrast to the intense black of the plumage. The half-blinded condition of the bird and its excessive foot-feathering combine to give it a groping character and a slow and heavy gait.

The first Russians were carried into England some twenty-five years ago, and soon after passed into Ireland, where the old cock "Warsaw" and its descendants laid the foundation for its fancy. The bird has its name from the peculiar and long-continued sound of its cooing. This is caused by a valvelike fold of the membrane of the crop over the opening, by which air enters the crop freely but escapes with difficulty, and much as water gurgles from a bottle, each gurgle producing the tum, tum, tum of the trumpeter's coo.

The jacobin is of continental origin, and has its name from the fancied resemblance in the hooded round white head to the cowl and shaven head of the friar. The bird is small in body, the loose silky feathering giving it a size to which its weight does not correspond. It may be described as a long, slender, white bird, enveloped in a colored cloak covering just the shoulders, thus allowing the white flights, rump, tail, and thighs to be seen below. The legs and feet are clean, the eye pearl, and the cere bright red. The difficulties are in the adornings of the head. The hood is formed of feathers rising from the back of the neck, and their continuation inclosing the neck is the chain. The tippet is formed by feathers falling backwards over the shoulders and back. The rose is the center from which the chain and tippet feathers part; its lateral growth, meeting at the back of the neck and forming the mane, completes the line of beauty, which, viewed in profile, begins at the breast, extends around the neck to the top of the head, and around the shoulders to the breast again. The colors are red, yellow, black, and white, with blue tried for. The jacobin is not only one of the most beautiful of the pigeons, but it possesses difficulties to delight the most ardent fancier.

India is the source of the fantail, but it is not the Indian bird that wins in the show-pens of the present. Willughby in 1676 wrote of it as the "Broad tail'd Shakers—called Shakers because they do almost constantly shake or wag their heads up and down. Broad tailed from the great number of feathers they have in their tails, and when they walk up and down they do for the most part hold their tails erect like a hen or Turkey Cock." The bird at present exists in extreme types, with a third as a compromise of the two. The extremes are the English and the Scotch, and the medium bird is ordinarily the prize-winner. From the same beginning the English worked first for tail, and with carriage and nervous motion secondary if at all. The Scotch, on the contrary, gave style, carriage, and trembling movement first place, and tail a last consideration. The result is for the Scotch a small, delicately formed and featured bird, with motion so in excess that sometimes the tail is no longer carried erect, but, almost funnel-shaped, rests upon the ground. The English bird is longer, coarser, and loose in feather, with tail full and carried either upright in a perfect circle or even more forward, sometimes covering back and head. The eye of the English bird is in line with its feet, and its breast is protruding and upraised. The head of the Scotch is carried much farther back, sometimes even to the root of the tail-feathers. The feet of both varieties are small, and the tread appears to be on tiptoe. The eye is brown and with a gentle beaming expression found in no other. "The eye of a Venus," says a fancier of it. The bird is peculiar in structure in being without the oil-gland, and in having more than the usual coccygeal vertebræ. Thus the carrier has six, the pouter eight, and the fantail nine.

The owls, turbits, and orientals make up

the frilled varieties. In all there is the general resemblance in the short, plump body; short, stout beak; the frill of curled feathers upon the breast; and the thin feather-covered membrane, the dewlap, extending from the base of the beak to the top of the frill.

The owls are African, English, and Chinese. The African is at home in Tunis, whence many thousands have been sent to England, and of which scarcely dozens remain. The bird is the smallest of the family, and so delicate that its term of life out of African air is very limited. The English owl is fair in size, with eye round and prominent, the dewlap well developed, and the frill extending to the lower point of the breast. In the Chinese this frill-feathering is excessive, even extending up about the throat to the eyes.

"In judging owls," says John D. White, one of its best breeders, "more importance is given to the shape of the head and beak than to the frill, since, in breeders' parlance, 'a point of bone' is less easily secured than 'a point of feather,' and therefore should count for more."

The turbit is sometimes ignorantly termed a shouldered owl; that is, an owl with its wing-coverts colored and the body white. This is an error, since the material and difficult difference to obtain lies in the contour of the head. In the owl the measurement from the center of the eye to every part from front to back of the head should be equal, but in the turbit it should be less from the top of the skull; that is, "the skull slightly bevelled." The feathers at the back of the turbit head are sometimes inverted or curled upward, forming the point, or the shell crest, whereas the owl head is always unadorned, plain. The turbit is in all colors, and may be of one throughout, or with body white and wings or tail colored.

The "turbit-owl" J. W. Ludlow describes as "a cross of the turbit and owl, and in a measure resembling both. They are more particularly bred in the Eastern hemisphere and are in solid colors and mortles."

The orientals are the gems of the fancy, combining, as they do, the grace of the owl-pigeon with a peculiarly rich-colored plumage. The varieties have their origin in Turkey, and the characteristic white spot upon the tail, found in no other variety, is no doubt due to their ancestor, *C. leuconota*, the wild bird of the Himalayas, or *C. rupestris* of Central Asia, the only others thus marked.

The varieties are three—the turbiteen, the blondinette, and the satinette. Of the two last named, the satinette is probably the original type, and the blondinette the result of a cross of it with the owl. Each of the two has its varieties classed by their marking. The colors of the orientals are peculiar to them, in being pinkish brown, orange, or sulphur, seal, brown, purplish black, and very light blue. A marking peculiar to it is the "arrow point," the effect of a wedge-shaped mark of darker shade at the edge of the feather just at the midriff. There are but two collections of orientals in America, the one that of Dr. H. E. Owen at Oceanic, New Jersey; the other that of John E. Teal in Cleveland, Ohio.

While the runt is the weakest and most forlorn of pigs, by the contrariness which characterizes our fancier it is the name given to the largest, and most robust among pigeons. The Roman runt, oldest of known varieties of pigeons, had its origin near the shores of the Mediterranean, where it has long been classed as poultry. Its main point is size. The Leghorn runt, while of equal weight with the Roman, is peculiar in standing high upon long, bare legs, its neck curved like the letter S, and its tail and wings carried high; these peculiarities winning for it the name of "hen pigeon."

The archangel has its name from *arc-en-ciel*, the rainbow, given with direct reference to its exceedingly rich-colored and iridescent plumage. This variety was introduced into England from the continent early in the century by Sir John Sebright, his birds at his death passing into the hands of the Earl of Derby.

The swallow, magpie, starling, nun, priest, and others are of the toys. All are the result of the German breeder's skill and the tendency of the duffer stock, from which they are bred, to variation. This toy fancy had its origin in Germany, where it is carried to the greatest perfection. The object in it is to combine the colors and marking to produce certain effects, and to make the colors retain their brilliancy and depth. The names given to the varieties refer to a fancied resemblance in the marking.

E. S. Starr.

EVOLUTION AND THE FAITH.*

THE fears that were felt when the doctrine of evolution was first offered to the world were not unnatural nor derogatory to the dignity of earnest minds. When a new and revolutionary doctrine involving the nature, the action, and the destiny of humanity is proposed, there is an intuitive wisdom or instinct of self-preservation in man that prompts him to turn on it with resentment and denial. Truth is man's chief heritage; it is his life, and is to be guarded as his life. If lost, he knows that it cannot easily be regained. It is like the golden image of Vishnu that the Hindu was taking to his home from the sacred city: if once laid upon the ground, it could not be taken up again. The keeping of truth is not intrusted merely to our reason, but to our whole nature; every faculty and sentiment, down even to fear and pride, may properly be used in the defense of it.

Reason may at last decide what is truth, but not until it has won the consent of the whole man. The period between the exchange of theories is one in which human nature does not appear in its nobler guise, but a profound analysis shows that it is acting with subtle, unconscious wisdom. It is better also in the end that a doctrine which is to become truth should run the gauntlet of general denial and opposition. By far the greater part of what is proposed as true in every department turns out to be false. Theories more in number than the wasted blossoms of the May fall fruitless to the ground. If human nature as a whole did not turn on the conceits and dreams that are offered to it, truth itself would have no chance; it could not extricate itself from the rubbish of folly that overtolerance has suffered to accumulate. Truth becomes truth by its own achievement; it must conquer human nature before it can rule it,—win it before it can be loved of it. This wise spontaneous treatment of new theories delays their acceptance even when proved true, but always with advantage to the truth; for however fair the final form is to be, it comes unshaped and with entanglements, and often, like some animals, it is born blind. Its first need is criticism, and even criticism based on denial rather than on inquiry; only it must be criticism, and not blank contradiction.

The advent of the doctrine of evolution is an illustration of these wise and wholesome processes. When it was first proposed in scientific form — more than a hundred years ago — it was justly tossed aside in scorn, as too crude and naked for presentation in the world of thought. Its revival within the latter half of the century provoked a similar storm of disdain and denial; but it kept its feet, bore its opposition bravely, and now may be said to have won a position,— but by no means in the same form in which it first appeared. The evolution that is now gaining general acceptance is very different from the evolution propounded twenty years ago. Then it claimed and defined its place in the universe, which it proposed to fill to the exclusion of philosophy and religion. But to-day its place and limits are defined by philosophy, and instead of having the universe as its exclusive domain, it has only a section of it which it holds as the gift, and as still under the supremacy, of philosophy. Having at last become presentable to the world of thought and grown shapely and yielded to limitations, it is winning the suffrage of the world and assuming its place in the hierarchy of truth that ministers to humanity. Definition and distinction will be made farther on, but some theory properly known as evolution may now be considered as established and as ready to enter into the practical thought of the world.

It may be said that evolution is not yet proved; that it will be soon enough to adjust our faith to it when it has ceased to be a hypothesis and become a full-established theory. The line between hypothesis and theory is seldom defined; it is not a line, but a region. There is much in the doctrine of evolution that is still hypothetical, as there is still in astronomy. But we have sailed far enough in this voyage of search after the creative method to warrant the belief that we draw nigh to the land of our quest. The sea-weed of the shore drifts by on the tide, the odors of spicy groves float on the wind, the birds come and go as from a near home, the dim outline in the horizon is changing from cloud to solid land. The quest is practically ended, and now that we are so near as to catch the ominous thunder of the surf, it is wiser to look out for harbor and anchorage than run the risk of breakers; for evolution, like the coast of all knowledge, is lined by destructive rocks, and also by inlets that run within where safe possession may be taken.

In accepting evolution, it is well to remember that we make no greater change than has several times been made in all the leading departments of human knowledge. In sociology the despotic idea yielded to the monar-

* See "Immortality and Modern Thought," by the same author, in THE CENTURY for May, 1885.

chical idea, which in turn is now yielding to the democratic idea. In philosophy the deductive method has yielded to the inductive. In religion the priestly idea is yielding to the ministerial. So in accepting evolution as the general method of creation in place of that which has prevailed, we only repeat the history of the exchange of the Ptolemaic system for the Copernican, and of those new theories of astronomy and geology that forced us to redate the age of the world and of man's life upon it. The wrench to faith and the apparent violation of experience are different, but no more violent than were those of the past. The present incompleteness of evolution has its analogy in the Copernican system, which waited long for the additions of Kepler and Newton; and geology is still an unfinished story. Nor are we justified in withholding our assent to evolution because we cannot each one for ourselves verify its proofs. The vast majority of men could not now verify the Copernican system; it has not even won recognition in human speech; — the sun "rises" and "sets," and will so be spoken of while men watch its apparent motion. Evolution is an induction from many sciences,— chemistry, astronomy, mathematics, geology, botany, biology,— and it is impossible that any but the special student should critically make the induction. But the Copernican system was an induction from mathematics, and even from those higher forms of it that ordinary men never have traced. Its acceptance was, and is still, an act of faith. Belief in evolution should be easier because it is confirmed by several sciences working on independent lines. It is not the biologist alone who proposes evolution, but the astronomer, the chemist, the geologist, the botanist, and the sociologist. I cannot examine and test their processes, but I can trust their conclusions. I do not, however, thus make myself the slave of their opinions, for these opinions run off into other fields where I may be as good a judge as they. I may represent a science as real as theirs, and possibly larger and more authoritative. Hence, in accepting evolution as a probably true history or theory of the method of creation, we do not necessarily yield to all the assumptions and inferences that are often associated with it. It is not above criticism. Like the germ-seeds of which science treats, each one of which threatens to possess the whole earth, and would do so if not checked by other growths, so evolution — shall we say through affinity with its chief theme? — threatens to take possession of the universe. But its myriad thistledown, blown far and wide by every breeze, meets at last the groves of oak and pine that limit and define its spread. All about these various sciences stands the greater science — philosophy — under which they are included, from which they draw their life, and to which they must bow. Evolution is to be feared not in its bare doctrine of development, but in the scope and relations assigned to it. If it be regarded as universal instead of general, as inclusive of all things instead of a part of all things, it is fatal to morals and religion. If it be regarded as supreme, it gives its own law of necessity to all else. But if it is subordinate to philosophy, if it is considered as under thought-relations, if it is held as finite and relative, it carries no danger to morals or religion or faith. It may possibly modify but it cannot overthrow them, simply because they stand in a larger order.

But evolution is not to be accepted in a simply negative way, because it can no longer be resisted. We are under no obligation to accept any truth until it is serviceable. It is possible to conceive of truths that would be of no value to men,— such as the constitution of other orders of beings; if made known, it might be passed by. But evolution, properly regarded, is becoming tributary to society, and seems destined to clarify its knowledge, to enlarge and deepen its convictions, to set it upon true lines of action, and to minister to the Christian Faith.

Amongst the important services it has begun to render is that it is removing a certain empirical thread that has been interwoven with previous theories of creation. The unity of creation has never been seriously denied except by extreme thinkers of the dualistic school. But the principle of unity has not been recognized until of late. The bond or ground of unity was justly found in God, but that conception merely asserted that because God is one there is unity in all created things. This may be faith, but it is not philosophy. May not faith become also philosophy? Unity exists not only because one God created all things, but because He works by one process, or according to one principle. As knowledge broadens and wider generalizations are made, we find a certain likeness of process in all realms that indicates one law or method; namely, that of development or evolution. One thing comes from another, assumes a higher and finer form, and presses steadily on towards still finer and higher forms. We find the same method in matter, in brute life, in humanity, in social institutions, in government, in religions, in the progress of Christianity. Let not this thought disturb us. Do we not see that otherwise the universe could have no unity? If God worked on one principle in the material realm, on another in the vital, on another in the social, governmental,

and moral realm, there would not be a proper universe. These realms might indeed be regulated and kept from conflict, but they would break up the universe into parts separated by chasms, render knowledge difficult, vain, and disjointed, and create a certain antagonism opposite to the nature of mind. Man would be correlated not to a universe, but to separate systems and orders, and these varied correlations would have no underlying unity. It would be difficult to prove the unity of God as against a harmonious polytheism or sovereign Jove. We might believe in one God, but we could not prove our faith. If matter has one principle in its process, and life another, and morals another, why not as many gods? It has not been easy to keep dualism out of philosophy. But, with one principle or method in all realms, we have a key that turns all the wards of the universe, opens all its doors in the past, and will open all in time to come. Knowledge becomes possible and harmonious; a path opens everywhere; the emphasis of the whole universe is thus laid on the unity of God. And when we find not only one method or principle, but the direction of its action, we obtain a prophecy and assurance of the final result of creation that falls in with the highest hopes of Christianity; for the process tends steadily towards the moral. The Church has hoped and striven for a righteousness that shall fill the earth. It may need only its faith to animate and guide it, but it is not amiss to lay its ear upon the earth, and hear, if it can, the same word. It is not amiss to see men in prehistoric ages, forsaking caves and living in huts, using first a club and then a bow, ores and then metals, nomadic and then in villages. It is not unhelpful to the hope of mankind to see despotism yielding to a class, and the class yielding to the people; personal revenge passing into social punishment of crime by law, and justice slowly creeping to higher forms; penalty first as vindictive, then retributive, and now at last reformatory; first a conception of God as power, then as justice, and finally as love. These evolutionary processes may be woven into the cord by which the Church binds itself to its mighty purpose. It thus secures a broader base for the generalization of its working truths; for the pyramid will not pierce heaven unless it rests upon the whole earth. No truth is perfect that is cut off from other truths.

Evolution not only perfects our conception of the unity of God, but it strengthens the argument from design by which his goodness is proved. This argument may be based on the course of civilization, or on the structure of the eye, or on the working of love. Paley's argument, as Bishop Temple has well shown, stands, with slight modifications, on as strong a basis as ever. But if we can look at the universe both as a whole and in all its processes and in all ages, and find one principle working everywhere, binding together all things, linking one process to another with increasing purpose and steadily pressing towards a full revelation of God's goodness, we find the argument strengthened by as much as we have enlarged the field of its illustration. But if one part of the universe is abruptly shut off from another, if no stronger bond of unity be assigned to it than that of creative energy, and only the near-lying fields of design are used, then the argument is abridged and may even fall short of an absolute conclusion.

It is felt by some, especially on the first contact with evolution, that it puts God at a distance and hides him behind the laws and processes of nature. The apprehension is worthy, for we need and crave a near God, and may well dispute any theory that puts him at a distance or fences him off by impenetrable walls. The universal and unappeasable cravings of the heart may always be opposed to what seem to be the laws of nature; for there is a science of the spirit that is as imperative and final in its word as the observed processes of nature. But evolution, properly considered, not only does not put God at a distance, nor obscure his form behind the order of nature, but draws him nearer, and even goes far towards breaking down the walls of mystery that shut him out from human vision. In other words, in evolution we see a *revelation* of God, while in previous theories of creation we had only an *assertion* of God. In evolution we have the first cause working by connected processes in an orderly way; in former theories we had a first cause creating the universe by one omnipotent fiat, ordaining its laws, and then leaving it to its courses or merely upholding it by his power. In respect of nearness, we at once see that evolution brings God nearer than do the other theories. Their hold upon the mind is not at this point, but at another mistaken for it. The religious mind delights in mystery; it is an unconscious assertion by the highest faculties of our nature that we transcend the knowable — that we belong to, and live and have our destiny in, the infinite. Hence we shrink from theories that seem to undertake to explain God and his working, and repeat with complacence the ancient phrase, "It is impossible; therefore, I believe." It gratifies our reverence to abuse our reason. There is in all this a thread of truth, but the fine thread of reverence is not cut nor drawn out of the web of faith by transferring the mystery of creation from a point

of time and space beyond creation and putting it continuously into the processes of creation. Mystery enough there is and always will be, and God's ways will never become so familiar and plain that they shall "fade into the light of the common day." Instead, this drawing God down and into the processes of creation as a constant and all pervasive factor, deepens the sense of mystery and awe when we have turned our eyes in that direction. The poet plucks a flower out of the crannied wall, holds it in his hand, and says:

> "Little flower — but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

In these simple lines we have an expression of the true ground of that form of reverence which is bred by mystery. It is not wonder at primal creation that moves the poet, but the creating power lodged and at work in every roadside flower. Goethe puts the same thought into statelier lines:

> "No! Such a God my worship may not win
> Who lets the world about His finger spin
> A thing extern; my God must rule within,
> And whom I own for Father, God, Creator,
> Hold nature in Himself, Himself in nature;
> And in His kindly arms embraced, the whole
> Doth live and move by His pervading soul."

Milton built his great epic of creation upon an original creative fiat, but his conception is like his cosmology, traditional and unshaped by poetic insight. The greatest poet in these later centuries, he still lacked the highest of poetic qualities — sympathetic insight into nature. Tennyson in his one line,

> "Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet,"

betrays a truer sense of God in creation than is to be found in "Paradise Lost."

It is true that a change in our conception of creation requires a readjustment of our feelings of reverence; and in the transition there may be danger of losing it altogether. It is always easier to change our beliefs than our feelings, and the mind more readily accommodates itself to necessary changes than do the sensibilities. But, whatever the danger and cost, such changes must be made, and in the end there is gain. The eyes are dazzled when a new window lets in more sunshine, and light does the work of darkness, but soon all things are seen more clearly. It cannot be said that, as yet, the conception of creation by evolution touches the mind so deeply and reverently as the former conception. We are still occupied by the details and by the wonder of the truth, and have not connected it with its relations, nor learned to think and feel under it. When a meteor falls to earth, men at first take more heed of its shape and composition than of its origin. It will be found that as we live on under the great truth and discern increasingly its wisdom and harmony, the old sense of reverence will come back to us and become a finer, deeper, intenser feeling than it was under the old conception of creation. It will also be a more intelligent and better-proportioned reverence. It may be questioned if the reverence excited by the bare fact of creation has any great value. That God created the universe is a truth of supreme importance in philosophy and religion, but a valuable reverence is to be drawn from the later phases and outcome of creation rather than from its beginning and its earlier stages. The first active law in creation of which we know is that of gravitation, but no moral feeling is awakened by the fact that matter attracts inversely to the square of distance. The condition of the world as it first took spherical shape could only be regarded with horror, and animal life in the paleozoic ages repels us by its amorphous shapes; nor is it pleasant to picture our not very remote ancestors. Reverence is not to be stirred by that part of creation which is behind us, but by creation as a whole, and by its end. It is only under a theory of evolutionary creation that we can truly wonder and adore God. Otherwise, how shall we think, how feel, before the Power that created those long orders of beings that simply ravened and devoured one another? If those orders were created independently, if they are not necessary links of a whole united in an evolutionary process, their creation cannot be rationally reconciled with any worthy conception of God. But seen as transient forms in an ever-growing process, thrust aside and buried under Devonian strata, and yielding to more shapely and complex orders, and so climbing by an ever-finer transition to some final and perfect end, we not only can tolerate them in thought, but adore the directing Power and delight in his method. But the feeling of reverence only possesses us as we discern the creative process issuing in man as a moral being. Were creation cut short at man as a physical being, there would be nothing in it to command our reverence, as there would be nothing to satisfy our reason.

Nor should it disturb us to find that our moral qualities have their first intimations in the brute world; that we find in the higher animals hints, forecastings of moral faculty and actions; that as our bodies bear some organic relation to the brutes, so also may our minds. Body is not mind, but they are organi-

cally related; sensation is not consciousness, but the latter is conditional on the former. So man is not a brute, but he is organically related to the brute, and the relation may touch his whole nature. Our feeling on this point should be determined not by the first look, but by its final bearing. If it invalidated our moral faculties, or robbed them of their dignity, or made them less imperative, or separated them in any degree from God, we should be justified in rejecting the theory on the simple ground that these faculties constitute a science in themselves, as commanding and real as physical science. To disown mind before matter is stultification. But there is no such alternative. A relation of the moral faculties to brute qualities may exist without impairing the divineness of conscience and reverence and love. But whatever our feeling, we cannot ignore the fact that in the brute world there are intimations or semblances of moral faculties; nor need we hesitate to say that they are united by the secret cord of the creative energy. The man of science, observing the development, says that it is brought about by natural forces; the philosopher may grant it, but adds that it is brought about by an intelligent force working freely and progressively, and therefore possibly by increments. Moral qualities are not found in the brutes, but there are the grounds of them — the stuff, so to speak, out of which they are constituted, though not the essence that gives them their particular nature. Their presence there is only an indication that the moral is in the mind and purpose of God, even so far back as in the brute world — a foregleam of the approaching issue. They show the divine purpose to crowd in the moral as soon and as fast as possible, prophesying it long before it can appear, impatient, as it were, with the dull processes behind, and pressing on with yearning speed towards his moral image. We have spoken altogether too long of the brutes with contempt — as though they had nothing of God in them, and were wholly alien to ourselves. It is no degradation of human love that it is organically linked with the brooding care of a brute for her young, nor of self-sacrifice that it is so related to a lioness dying for her whelps, nor of fidelity that it is akin to that of a dog dying for his master. They are not identical, but they are related: they spring from one root, but they reach forth to different issues; they have one motive in common, but in man they have also other motives and other relations. The rudimentary forms of moral qualities in the brute world simply show that the moral element and purpose is present in the entire creative process. For it was not power that brooded over the elements at the beginning, but love; and the laws of nature are not the cold formulæ of mathematics, but are laws of righteousness and truth. In the most absolute sense these laws are holy, and when they begin to work in the higher brutes, they must by their very nature assume a moral aspect or semblance; it cannot be kept out. Life, in its more complex forms, is so dependent upon the moral, or what is practically moral, that it cannot be maintained without it. There could be no gregariousness in the animal world without the action of principles that are essential to morality. It is no impeachment of the dignity or value or imperativeness of a moral faculty, that it has come about by growth and differentiation. Indeed, it may stand all the firmer if its root reaches through all grades of life, and strikes down to the center of the earth. If I can trace my moral qualities throughout the universe, I certainly will not respect them less than if I found them only in some corner of it. We are on false lines of thought when we try to divide creation; more and more does it appear to be an indivisible thing bound together by some mysterious, internal bond of unity.

It does not follow that because a moral faculty is brought to full appearance by a combination of qualities or feelings, it has its origin or its essential potentiality in those qualities and feelings, or that it contains no more than is formed in them. A combination of two things that produces an effect that neither could produce alone, implies more than is to be found in the two things: there is the *idea* or the *proportion* of the combination upon which the effect depends; and this must come from some mind that ordained the proportion, and not from the things themselves. An acid and a base when mingled precipitate a salt, but they are not the authors of the salt; the law of the relation between the acid and the base is the author. The whole process may be set down in mathematical terms, but all the more is it evident that the product originates in the mathematical thought underlying it.

The same may be true of the moral faculties; they may appear as the results of brute qualities through long growth and differentiation, but they are not on that account to be regarded as the product of brute qualities, but of the law under which they have come about. And so far from moral faculties originating in brute qualities, though their history may lie in them, they do not become moral except as they cease to be brute qualities. A flower is a flower only by refusing to be a leaf, though it comes about by differentiation from a leaf. So conscience or reverence may have come

about by evolution through brute qualities, but they become themselves only by ceasing to be what they were. They get their real and essential nature from the mind that is behind — *in, cum et sub* — the whole process.

If the conclusion disturbs us, if we shrink from linking our nobler faculties with preceding orders, it is because we have as yet no proper conception of the close and interior relation of God to all his works; nor do we stop to see that our attempts to separate ourselves from the previous creation are reflections upon God's handiwork. Much of the talk upon the theme has a Pharisaic taint. Let us be thankful for existence, however it came about, and let us not deem ourselves too good to be included in the one creation of the one God.

The fact that man may be organically related to the material and brute world does not in itself determine either his nature or his destiny. So long as he is what he is, it does not matter what his history has been, though it may be a matter of consequence how — by what agency — he is differentiated from the brute. But the bare fact of his development from lower nature is not itself a fact that determines anything. It is a hasty and imperfect logic that conjures dark visions out of the relation, and reasons that if man is developed from the brutes he will share their fate. Origin has nothing to do with destiny; we can measure one as little as the other, and we know too little of either to use them as terms of close argument. I may be bound to physical and brute nature by the cord of origin, but that cord does not bind my destiny. A bird might be tied to the earth by a thread of infinite length and the knot never be unloosed, yet it might fly forever into the heavens and away from its source. It is an unreasonable contempt of lower nature that makes us fear it. As we find God in destiny, so we may find him in origin — present at both ends of his own process and in equal power. Indeed, our chances destiny-wise may be all the better because we are thoroughly interwoven with the whole creation. It is possible that we must be organically connected with the previous creation in order to share in the eternal order before us; that only thus can we be included in the circle of endless existence. If man is a sporadic and unrelated creation, his destiny hangs upon the arbitrary will that so created him, and gets no promise or assurance from the great order of the universe and its Creator.

Nor need we be disturbed by the claim of an organic relation between the various orders of existence, lest no place be found for the truths and doctrines of religion. This has been the chief ground of alarm in the past. This firm linking of creation into one, this eduction of one phase from another by a natural process, seems to many to shut off the possibility of a revelation, of miracle, of an incarnation, of moral action, of immortality. It seems easier to defend these truths when a creative chasm, so to speak, has been placed between man and the rest of creation; man is more easily handled as a moral and spiritual being when he is treated as an independent creation. It has been feared that if such a chasm were not insisted on, man as a moral being would fall under the laws of the previous creation, and be swamped in necessity, and swallowed up in the general destruction of the previous orders; that so unique a fact as the incarnation could have no justification; that miracle could not be defended in the presence of hitherto universal law; that moral action could not be discriminated from the instinctive action of the brutes, whose action in turn could not be discriminated from the chemic and dynamic action of matter, thus throwing the chain of materialism about mind and spirit. I grant that these fears would be well grounded if certain theories of evolution were to be accepted as settled — such as the theory that matter has within itself the potentiality of all terrestrial life, and goes on in its development alone and by its own energy; a theory that may stand for the various mechanical and atomic doctrines that deify force and dispense with cause. But this theory is now an outcast in the world of thought, and is branded with rejection by every science that uses thought, for the simple reason that it is a theory that renders thought impossible.

These fears would also be well grounded if the theory were established that what is called *force* or the *forces* were invariable — never more nor less; that they worked only by transmutation and within the original limits; that force itself is an entity. This theory also has no tenable place in philosophy. What is called *force* is the method of the action of a cause, and is not a self-acting entity. Force can proceed only from a will. It is absurd to say of any inanimate thing that it is a force; it may transmit force, but only as it has first received it. Force cannot be conceived except as proceeding from a will; nor can it be observed except as acting under a thought-relation — that is, intelligently towards an end by design. Nor is it the invariable and eternal thing it is claimed to be. Matter existed — logically if not otherwise — before force, and must therefore have received its force from some source or reservoir; and as it works in thought-relations it must have come from an intelligent source that cherishes a design. The

claim that force is invariable because it is so observed is fallacious, simply because observation is limited. In the morning we see the sun go up, and till noon we might say that it will go up forever, but night reverses our observation. It would have been necessary to be present when the foundations of the earth were laid, to be able to say that as the chemic and dynamic passed into the organic there was not an addition of a force. Indeed, when the origin of force is considered, we need not think of it as forever exactly so much and no more, but only as the steady pressure of the Eternal hand upon matter, working uniformly indeed because there is an affinity between force and steadiness, and a Divine wisdom in uniformity; but we are under no compulsion either of reason or of observation to assert that this force is without variation. Force begins — where we know not till we postulate God; and it ends — how and where it goes we know not. That it is without play, that it may not be rhythmic and so analogous to the divinest of arts, that it is worked by necessity and not by freedom, is an assumption that is contradicted by every conscious act of the human will. A system that works by law or apparent necessity towards will or freedom as an end, must be grounded in freedom. In the early orders of creation, the Divine hand held steadily and evenly the lever of the great engine as it ran along the grooves of changing matter; but when a brute, seeing an enemy in one path, chooses another, there is a hint at least of self-generated force. And it is idle to say that the changes wrought by man on the face of the earth are not the products of his creative will. These phantoms of necessity, of materialized virtues, of instinctive morality, need no longer disturb us; they are vanishing before the growing light of reason. It is not the better way to assail them with indignant denial; our fierce weapons cleave them through, but they stand, like Miltonic devils, as before. Nor can we exorcise them by the magic of faith; they thus cease to frighten us, but they are not dispelled. The light only will drive them to their caves, and the light is growing.

When evolution is regarded, not as a self-working engine,— an inexorable and unsupervised system, a mysterious section of creation assumed to be the whole,— but rather as a process whose laws are the methods of God's action, and whose force is the steady play of Eternal will throughout matter, there need be no fear lest man and religion be swallowed up in matter and brute life. In other words, man is not correlated to the *process* of creation, but to the *Creator*. Man may bear a certain relation to the process, but his real and absolute relation is to the power over and in the process. We may have come to be what we are through a process of development; much of it may linger on in us; some of its laws still play within us: we eat and procreate as do the brutes; chemical action builds up and takes down our bodies; analogies of its processes reappear in us: evil to be put away, good to be perfected. But we are cut off from our previous history quite as much as we are bound to it, because, the whole process being one of design and man being its fulfillment, he drops away from it as the apple drops from the tree. The fruit when it is ripe is no longer related to the branch but to its use; it no longer belongs to the tree but to him who planted the tree, and he will use it as seems to him fit. It may be set down as an axiom that *the end of a process cannot be identified with the process*. Man is the final and perfect fruit of creation and belongs to whatever has the best claim upon him — to morals, if he is found chiefly to belong there. However he came about, out of whatever depths of seeming necessity he has been drawn, he has freedom, consciousness, moral sense, personality. He can obey and disobey, love and hate, do right and wrong. These powers may engender a history that requires all that religion demands — even to a doctrine of the fall, if any care to insist upon it. There is no scientific reason to be ascribed against the theory, that when a free agent finds himself crowned with moral sovereignty,— it matters not how,— he trifles with it, puts his crown under his brutish feet and not on his godlike brow. His past may follow him as a temptation, a deceiving serpent; his future may stand before him as duty upborne by a hope; he may at first drop back towards his past and not hold himself steady to duty. And as in creation the chemic needed more of God in order to become organic, and as the organic needed more of God than could be found in the chemic in order to become vital and conscious, so man may need God in all his fullness and in the perfection of his manifestation in order to become perfectly man. Hence a revelation; hence the incarnation. If the whole progressive creation is a progressive revelation of God, when its process culminates and ends in man, it is the very thing we might expect; namely, that there should be a full and perfect manifestation of God in the form and with the powers needed to lift humanity up to the level of its destiny. The very thing to be expected, after man has been drawn out of the processes of matter and brought to the verge of the moral and spiritual world, is that he should be provided with a moral and spiritual environment for feeding and protecting his moral nature. However

else Christianity may be defined, it is the moral environment of humanity — the bread of its life. Without it the fulfillment and completion of man's destiny as a spiritual being could not be secured. He may have all spiritual faculty within him, but he lacks environment: the spiritual world must be opened to him, it must infold him; and this is done in a real way and by an actual process in the Christian facts.

If it should appear that these facts and the theory of evolution were incompatible, and the question were raised which must be given up, the answer would be — hold on to the moral and spiritual claim, and let the scientific theory go; for the simple reason that the moral facts involved in Christianity are more stable and trustworthy than those of physical science. The unknowable thing is matter. It is often said that theories of religion cannot stand up against ascertained knowledge. Doubtless, for nothing can stand up against the truth. But the real question is, what is ascertained knowledge? There is a solidity, a certainty in moral truth that cannot be claimed for the verdicts of physical science, because moral truth is the direct assertion of personal identity, which is the only thing that we absolutely know; but matter — who can tell us what it is, or trace our relation to it beyond uniformity of impression? Morals are absolute; man knows them because he knows himself, and he can know nothing opposed to them; but physical science is the merest kaleidoscope — turn the tube and you see a new picture. The surest and most universal law in the material world is that of gravitation, but it is unique; it contradicts other laws, and is so mysterious that it can hardly be included in science. As for all else, we wait while the physicists strip from matter one husk after another, and change our definitions accordingly.

The world of mind and morals is not only the authoritative world, but it gives the law to science; the thought of a law of nature goes before the process of the law and determines it. To set physical science and its ascertained knowledge against mental and moral truth is like a shadow turning against the light, or like a flower contradicting the root. It is only by mind that we know matter, and to use a product for discrediting its source is absurd.

Science is all the while solving physical mysteries, not by bringing them within its present terms, but by enlarging its boundaries. There are still many mysteries that sit in the clouds and laugh at our science with its doctrines of force and environment, and there they are likely to remain till science can infold them within a larger circle. The key to the whole subject is a broader generalization; think far and wide and high, enlarge your science, and perplexity will vanish.

At the cost of repetition I will state the generalization that contains a solution of the questions that put religion in apparent conflict with evolution and its laws. The main fact in evolution is force working uniformly; but evolution does not explain force; it receives it from some will, which is its only possible origin. But will is an attribute of personality, and is the basis and a large part of religion. We have, therefore, in religion an original factor which is found in the process of evolution — not as an essential element, but simply as a method of operation. Religion, therefore, is not compassed by the evolutionary process and laws, but is directly related to the eternal will that imparts its force to the process of evolution. In other words, religion is not correlated to a method of force, but to force itself, *i. e.*, to the eternal will. Religion therefore stands in freedom, for will is free. Nature seems to be under apparent necessity, but only apparent because of the uniformity of its action, behind which lies the absolute free will of God. If we were under a different sense of time, a woodsman felling a tree would seem to be acting under necessity, so uniform and sustained are his strokes; he can stop at any moment, but his purpose keeps his action constant for an hour, which might seem an æon to a differently constituted being.

But if man is involved in the evolutionary process, where and when and how does the free will come in, with all the facts and duties of religion? We may not be able to say when and where, but possibly we can tell how, viz., in the progressive working of God. To produce a will or a person seems to be the end in view of the whole process, and at last it is gained. It is often said that freedom cannot come out of necessity, nor altruism out of egoism; doubtless, if necessity and egoism are absolute, and not phases of a process. The very uniformity of force may be a condition of the result — freedom, and egoism may be the path to altruism. The difficulty of getting from one to the other is no greater than in passing from the chemical to the vital. But when the result is reached, the conditions under which it was produced may be relaxed. And so we have man — a free will, himself a force acting in creative ways. If it be asked where he gets his free will, the answer is, from the same source from which matter gets its force — God. He may get it *through* nature, but he gets it *from* God working by nature. Hence, when we come to dis-

cuss the problems of religion,— duty, conscience, faith, prayer, reverence, love,— we are at full liberty, if we see fit, to turn our back upon that uniformity of nature which is called a law. Man stands before the Eternal One, and not before a method of nature. Nature is all about him, but his real relation is to God. His moral qualities may have been evolved through natural process, but they do not originate there. The flower is evolved through the differentiation of leaves, but it does not originate in them, nor can it be compassed in their differentiation. Not only is science unable to explain the *why* of the differentiation, but it is still less able to give any account of the idea of the flower. It may possibly learn to penetrate the process by which leaves become flowers, but it must go to other schools than its own to get the *idea* of the flower as a germ of life and fruit and seed.

I have endeavored to show that the influence of evolution upon the faith turns upon the form or definition of the theory. If evolution be held as simply a mechanical process; if force be regarded as an independent thing, or be blankly named as proceeding from an unknowable cause; if an observed section of the universe in time and space be considered as the whole; if an acknowledged essential factor be left out of account because it seems to be unknowable; if the observed uniformity of nature be interpreted as proof of necessity; if the laws seen in the earlier periods of creation be regarded as universal and incapable of yielding to other possible laws and forces; if, in brief, there is not a Power before, under, and in all these natural laws and processes, inclusive of them,— a Power working intelligently towards an end, and therefore progressively, and therefore in ways that seem new and even antagonistic to previous methods,— then evolution is dangerous to the faith. It is, of course, illogical to assert that because such theories are dangerous they are untrue — the standing argument of bigotry and ignorance. The path of truth always winds through dangers — abysses below and crumbling cliffs above. We base our protest against these theories on the ground that the logic and the science of the subject are against them. In that court of reason to which men in all ages have repaired for final verdicts — a court not of mere sensations, but of the combined faculties and whole nature of man, where reason, imagination, reverence, love, and all the passions of human nature, stern logic, mathematics, and universal knowledge are the judges — no verdict for these theories can be found. It can be secured only in a specific school of philosophy known as positivism — a philosophy that postulates reason and then uses it to discredit it — a philosophy of the senses that plays in a pool within the sand-bar, with no eye for the ocean beyond. I would not speak disrespectfully of this school nor of their methods, but I deny their claim to a philosophy. They are useful in their way, and their method is a wise check upon other and better schools of thought. They are good sentries about the castle of truth, quick to descry and drive off the prowling theosophies and demiurgisms that swarm in from the limbo of unreason and wild imagination; wise, instinctive geese that cackle loudly when Rome is endangered; good beacons that warn against the reefs and shallow waters of half-way thought and imperfect knowledge; but they are not philosophers, nor is their method one that suits the human mind. If logically held, it runs into pessimism, where it meets its end, for mankind cannot long be induced to think ill of itself. It is enough to say of it here that it is narrow; it does not cover the facts of its own field; it ignores factors that are beyond the limits it has imposed upon itself, and denies the reality of phenomena that may be referred to those factors; it attempts to measure the universe by a rod no longer than the eye can see, and by mathematical laws with total disregard of the thought in these laws. The conflict of the faith is not with the science of evolution, but with the school of thought that claims to be its exponent — a claim, however, that we can with ill grace resist so long as we spend our time in casting theological stones at evolution. It is time to remember that evolution is the exclusive property of no one school of thought; least of all can it be compassed by a few unquestioned methods of nature, such as a struggle for existence, natural selection, and variation by environment — a process which, if taken by itself, has more of chance in it than order, and hence is exclusive of a definite end. Evolution may embrace these methods, but it is not only not defined by them, but they do not contain its secret.

The few principles that have guided and determined the thought of all ages in respect to creation, and, we venture to say, will guide and determine it in all ages to come, are these: A cause must be assumed as soon as an effect is observed; force cannot originate itself, and must proceed from a self-acting agent; a law in action, as in gravitation or crystallization, must be preceded by a thought of the law, and hence the priority of mind; forces working towards an end in a complex and orderly way presuppose a mind and force ordaining the order and the end. These are the granitic foundations underlying evolutionary creation, and they can no more be overlooked or set

aside than the process itself. To refer them to an unknowable cause may possibly be correct if we know only what our five senses tell us; if

> "All we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool."

But to think in this way is to deliberately build a wall around ourselves and then assert that we know nothing of the outside; it is to deny cause and effect, by resolutely ignoring cause, and dwelling only on effects under the plea that the senses give us only effects and say nothing of cause. The human mind refuses to think in this way, and it disdains to be regarded as a Cerberus that can be appeased by morsels of empty phrase flung to it under the stress of logical demand. The human mind is patient with truth-seekers, but it will not tolerate a philosophy which asserts that because a straight staff seems bent in a pool, it is actually crooked.

Turning from this philosophy in search of one more consonant with reason, we do not expect to reach the mystery of creation, but we may be able to find lines along which we can travel even though it be forever — an "endless quest," but still one that we can follow without wronging our rational nature. Under what conception, then, can we best contemplate creation? What theory best covers the facts? What do the facts require? The one impregnable position, the *fons et origo* of thought upon the subject is this: Forces that work in complex order and with design are sequents of the thought in the order and design. Before the morning stars sang together some master prepared the measure. Before matter began to gravitate inversely as the square of distance, some mathematician fixed the problem. Before homogeneous matter at rest became unstable, some will disturbed its equilibrium. Starting thus with One who is Force and Thought and Order, how can we best connect him with creation and its methods? Shall we conceive of him as simply thought, and so have a mere idealism — an unreal world? or as force, and so bring up in necessity and the confusion of pessimism that turns on us with furious denial of the validity of reason? or as a mechanician, and so make him external to the world? or as an arbitrary ordainer, forcing on us the question why he did not ordain better and omit the needless early stages of cruelty? Or shall we accept the conception of Immanence, and so have a Thought and Will and Order who is continuously in the processes of creation, and is revealing himself in a real way in them — a true manifestation? Such a conception covers the facts; under it creation is thinkable. It meets that most imperative of questions — What is the bond or relation between creation and its source? For we cannot escape the conviction that the relation is organic. We may not be able thus to compass the mystery of creation and lift the whole veil from Isis, but we can at least withdraw a corner and discover the golden feet that uphold it. Our highest possible achievement will be to think rationally of the universe — not to explain it. Science may carry us far; it may be able to link all phases and orders of creation into one whole, and explain the links; it may be able to bring matter and mind, force and feeling, sensation and consciousness, desire and duty, attraction and love, repulsion and hatred, pain and pleasure and conscience, fear and reverence, law and freedom, into some natural relation evolutionary in its character. As all these things are bound up in one human organism, so they may be united in creation as a whole. As man is a microcosm, so the universe may be the analogue of the human cosmos. In this direction we can think at least without violation of reason,— if forever without reaching a final solution, so be it. But so thinking we escape at least the absurdity of picking up creation at a point given by the senses and propounding the fragment as a theory of the universe. By so thinking we find that we are constantly transcending limits. The simple fact that we reach a limit implies a knowledge beyond it; and so we find at last that we are correlated to the limitless and have knowledge of it. Thus we learn to pronounce easily and with confidence the Infinite Name; and so naming it, we find it a revelation to us; under it creation gets meaning. We no longer stand on a headland and view creation as a ship rising out of the horizon and sailing past till it sinks again beneath the sky, port whence and port whither unknown, whether swept by currents or guided from within also unknown. Rather do we tread the deck, mark the hand that holds the helm, hear the word that shapes the voyage, and so journey with it to the harbor.

In closing this essay, in which I have attempted merely to show that the Christian Faith is not endangered by evolution, and to separate it from a narrow school of thought with which it is usually associated, it may not be amiss to indicate in a categorical way the lines upon which further study should be pursued:

I. The respects in which evolution as a necessary process in the natural and brute worlds does not wholly apply to man.

1. Instinct yields to conscious intelligence.

2. The struggle for existence yields to a moral law of preservation, and so is reversed.

3. Intelligence takes the place of natural selection.

4. The will comes into supremacy, and so there is a complete person; man, instead of being wholly under force, becomes himself a force.

5. Man attains full, reflective consciousness.

6. Conscience takes the place of desire.

7. The rudimentary and instinctive virtues of the brutes become moral under will and conscience.

8. Man comes into a consciousness of God.

9. Man's history is in freedom.

10. Man recognizes and realizes the spirit.

II. Contrasting phenomena of evolution under necessity, and evolution under freedom.

1. Man changes and tends to create his environment; achieves it largely, and so may improve and prolong it. The brute adapted itself to environment, but had no power over it.

2. Man progresses under freedom. The brute progressed under laws and environment; man, under will and moral principles of action.

3. Man thinks reflectively, systematizes knowledge and reasons upon it; the brute does not, except in a rudimentary and forecasting way.

4. Man has dominion; the brute is a subject.

5. Man worships, having become conscious of the Infinite One; the brute does not.

6. Man is the end of creation, and the final object of it; the brute is a step in the progress.

The end of a process cannot be identified with the process.

T. T. Munger.

ZWEIBAK; OR, NOTES OF A PROFESSIONAL EXILE. III.

HEIRESSES are thick here. An heiress is a humorous object. She is such a mixture of conventional with natural and necessary attributes. She is made up of stocks, smiles, tears, mining property, blushes, real estate, a complexion and hair dark or blonde, as the case may be. When she falls in love she is extremely interesting. It is affecting to see the hopes and fears of that passion rising in her heart in complete independence of those weighty matters which control men in great cities. The man honored with her affection feels that it is very good of her. But some heiresses are very rude. Diana D., a Boston girl with a million or two, clever and learned, they say, and handsome as well, is staying here. She plainly regards herself as something very desirable, and considers men proper objects of suspicion. She takes a solitary morning walk in the gardens, keeping her veil down. If you meet her and regard her with a natural and proper curiosity, she returns your glance with an expression of countenance like that of the ladies of Constantinople, who exclaim on meeting an infidel,— particularly if some of the male faithful happen to be in sight,—"Dog of a Christian, how dare you look at me!"

. . . The characters of women change very much with years. Imagination and feeling are so large a part of them that they are liable in age, through mental peculiarities, to present a great contrast to their youth. It might be interesting to make guesses as to the old age of certain heroines of history and romance, of whose later days we have insufficient accounts. Héloise became the mother superior of a convent, noted for her sour temper and hard rule. Laura turned out a vegetarian and a practical dress-reformer.

The later career of Helen of Troy affords a good subject for speculation. One account is as follows: On her return to Sparta she was generally received, her little adventure having been overlooked. During the remainder of her career her life was perfectly correct. But shortly after her return she became impoverished by the collapse of certain properties, and went to live in a neighboring city. For some time she was in great vogue here, but after the first season or two she began to descend. Second-rate people got hold of her for their afternoon teas. In this world, of course, she remained for some time a considerable person. Many parties were given "to meet Helen of Troy." Men who could not have got near her in her greater days were glad of the chance to give her a cup of tea. They thought as they looked at and talked with her: Is this Helen of Troy? Is this indeed the very woman? But even these men, when they had once "done" her, ceased to take any interest in her. It was at this period of her career that she made the acquaintance of a certain Myrrhina, a woman of somewhat dubious social position, with whom by degrees she contracted a friendship which was of life-long duration. This Myrrhina was at first greatly delighted with her extraordinary good fortune in having attracted the notice of so celebrated a person. The good-natured Helen was on her part pleased to condescend. This state of feeling, however, soon wore away, and before many months they were

quarreling with a cozy equality which left nothing to be desired. But Helen soon began to lose caste. People came to think they were having too much of her. The neglect from which she now suffered had the effect of making her self-assertive. She began to divide the world into those who did and those who did not acknowledge the claims of Helen of Troy, and got to speaking of herself in the third person. Her countenance in time acquired an expression of settled discontent. A really kind-hearted and magnanimous creature, she had taken on a warlike appearance from her being ready at all times to take arms in defense of her cause. Ten years passed away. A battered old wreck, she now spent her time in traveling about the country, living mostly in hotels. By this time she had got so low that she would talk to the reporters.

I am happy to record, however, that towards the close of her career her days seemed to brighten. The young people of that time, whose grandfathers had fought for possession of her, whose fathers had flirted with and neglected her, began to think that, if they were to know Helen of Troy, they must make her acquaintance as soon as possible. She was fond of young people and took a lively interest in their affairs, and never tired of answering their questions about the great events and the great characters of her youthful days. Indeed, she was almost too obliging in this way. Her memory, if "marvelously retentive," became also somewhat elastic. Not only was she ready to tell you all about the characters of the period of the war, but would give you also her personal recollections of Pittheus, Dædalus and Rhadamanthus, and other individuals whom any school-boy knew she could never have been acquainted with. The last years of her life were happy.

. . . Some people are very troublesome and unreasonable. Charlie S——, a nice fellow, has pestered me to take him to a certain house where there is a young lady whom he had heard of as pretty but had not seen. I did so, and have not been able to get him to go with me there again. The fact is, I suppose, that no girl is so pretty as one you have not seen and only know by hearsay. You see her, and recognize one of the many modifications with which you already are familiar, a certain kind of nose or complexion, a make-up of face which you are able at once to classify,— altogether something considerably like what you have seen before. Another vagary of the masculine judgment is this, that a young woman met in the street or on the railway seems prettier than she would have been thought had she been met at an evening party. I think the reason of this is that in the one case you may know her, while in the other case you may not. The mere fact that you cannot be introduced seems to make her eyes blacker and her nose straighter.

. . . I have said a good deal about a variety of women, and, at the risk of being sentimental, I shall try to describe a very good one, who by chance is passing through here, and who was yesterday at the music. I met her first a summer ago by the shores of Lake Geneva: a slight person, with a gray dress and simple girdle — a small figure by the side of a big blue lake. She was not tall, the face and features being rather large for the body. The light and vigorous carriage denoted energy, and the countenance expressed duty, truth, and decision of character. I was told, and I could well believe it, that she was devoted to works of charity, night-schools and the like, and that she had done a great deal of good, and was the best creature in the world. I saw her later in the country in England. One can get a pretty good notion of people in a three-days' visit in an English country-house. That goodness which her friends attributed to her was always evident. Her figure, carriage, and attitude expressed it. Her voice, pitched in a high, brave tone (her manner of speaking, by the way, had a pleasant conventionality such as I imagine the saints themselves might have found it convenient to use), expressed it. I happened while at this house to stumble into a meeting of some half-dozen ladies who were of the neighborhood and who were the committee of a charitable society to which she belonged. Being interested in the proceedings, I remained; which perhaps I should not have done. The society was the Y. F. G. S. (I don't know what these initials meant.) There were present Miss Anderson, Mrs. Thomson, Lady Angela White, Miss Longley, and two or three others. Miss Longley acted as honorary secretary *pro tem.* The lady I met on the shore of the lake had prepared a report, which for precision of statement would serve as a model to certain wordy people of my acquaintance. But could they emulate at the same time the writer's tenderness embedded among the figures, her winged benevolence and vigor and beauty of soul?

The document was not less interesting because its phraseology seemed occasionally to the uneducated ear to be of a somewhat special character. Thus, of some recommended action which the writer thought should be general rather than local, she said, with emphasis, "It must be diocesan."

The person I have here described was extremely attractive. But I have seen some good women that were positively plain, who were pleasant to look at. What a relief it is,

after a surfeit of a certain kind of frivolous society, to come across some good person who makes a business of not being pretty. You often meet with such a woman. She is nearly always a lady, and she makes you look upon want of grace as almost necessary to a ladylike character. Her clothes hang about her like planks. Her appearance announces that she is a spinster and that she accepts the part; that love and lovers are things which she has heard of, it is true, but which do not in the least pertain to her. Such a woman is, at times, really most acceptable to the eyes.

. . . I am apt to be much perplexed by the way in which, here as elsewhere, good people and the other kind consort together. They are such friends and are so glad to see one another. A little while ago I went to dine with Michael; he had a great mixture of people. Satan came, and, being the person of the highest rank, took in the hostess. The party consisted of Gabriel, Raphael, Moloch, Beelzebub, and Mammon. Among the ladies were Rebecca, Mary and Martha, Sappho and Aspasia. There were other ladies and gentlemen less known than these, but presenting quite as violent contrasts of character. Satan excused himself and left early.

I said, "I suppose your Excellency is off to H——?"

He replied, "That's what you foolish boys think; I'm going to bed."

After the ladies had left the table, Michael called out, "Moloch, help yourself, and send the wine this way."

I wanted much to get some talk with Gabriel, whose admirable writings and superior character I had long been familiar with; but he was so deeply engaged in conversation with Mammon about things in the city, that I could not get near him. I could only speculate what had been the behavior of the ladies to one another after they had withdrawn. Later I saw Mary and Martha, good souls, with perceptions about as sharp as the big end of an egg, and who on that account look rather askance at me, in the friendliest cha' with a certain black sheep, a man who shall be nameless. On leaving the house I fell in with Moloch and walked a few steps with him. We mentioned Raphael, whom he praised warmly, saying, "A charming man, Raphael—charming man!"

I found all this very confusing, but did not think for a moment the characters of these people similar because the people appeared so much alike. On the contrary, I am sure they were in reality just as far apart as if they had brought their wings, crowns, and harps, their horns, hoofs, and tails with them.

TWO VIEWS OF IT.

"O WORLD, O glorious world, good-bye!"
Time but to think it—one wild cry
Unuttered, a heart-wrung farewell
To sky and wood and flashing stream,
All gathered in a last, swift gleam,
As the crag crumbled, and he fell.

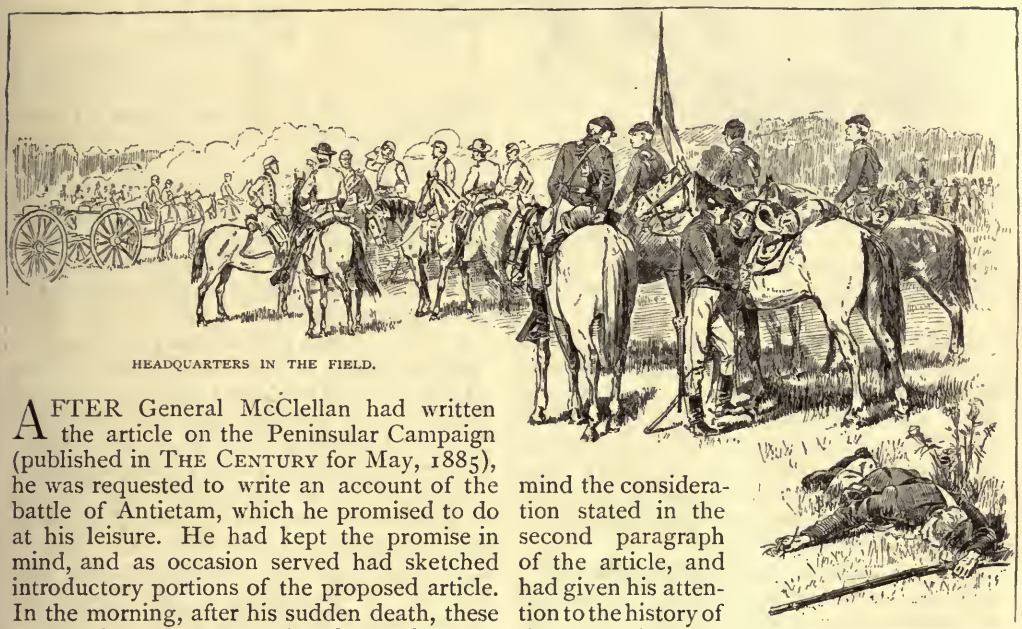
But lo! the thing was wonderful!
After the echoing crash, a lull:
The great fir on the slope below
Had spread its mighty mother-arm,
And caught him, springing like a bow
Of steel, and lowered him safe from harm.

'Twas but an instant's dark and daze:
Then, as he felt each limb was sound,
And slowly from the swooning haze
The dizzy trees stood still that whirled,
And the familiar sky and ground,
There grew with them across his brain
A dull regret: "So, world, dark world,
You are come back again!"

Anthony Morehead.

FROM THE PENINSULA TO ANTIETAM.

POSTHUMOUS NOTES BY GENERAL McCLELLAN,—
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY GENERAL McCLELLAN'S LITERARY EXECUTOR.



HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD.

AFTER General McClellan had written the article on the Peninsular Campaign (published in THE CENTURY for May, 1885), he was requested to write an account of the battle of Antietam, which he promised to do at his leisure. He had kept the promise in mind, and as occasion served had sketched introductory portions of the proposed article. In the morning, after his sudden death, these manuscript pages were found on his table, with some others freshly written, possibly on the previous day or evening. There was also an unsealed note to one of the editors (in reply to one he had received), in which he said that he would at once proceed with the article and finish it.

It was his custom in writing for the press to make a rapid but complete sketch, often abbreviating words and leaving blanks for matter to be copied from documents, then to rewrite the entire article for publication. It would seem that in this case he had first in mind the consideration stated in the second paragraph of the article, and had given his attention to the history of the army, from the close of the Seven Days' battles to the advance from Washington toward South Mountain and Antietam. There was no manuscript relating to later events. He had commenced what appears to be his final copy of this first portion of the article, but had completed only about three pages of foolscap, which extend in the print below to a place indicated.

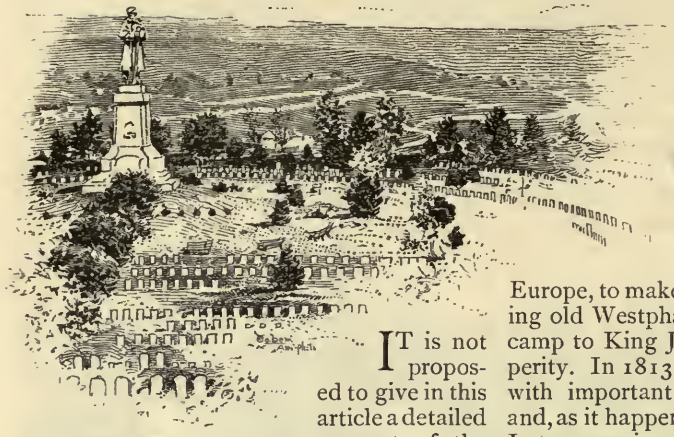
ROSTRUM IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT SHARPSBURG.
(FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

On Memorial Day of last year, General McClellan addressed from this rostrum a large assembly of members of the "Army of the Republic."—EDITOR.

It is an interesting fact that in this final copy the paragraph commencing with the words "So long as life lasts" was apparently the last written, being on a separate page and indicated by a letter A for insertion where it stands. This tribute of admiration for the army which loved him as he loved them was among the last thoughts, if it was not the very last, which his pen committed to paper.

Although this introduction to the account of Antietam is but his first sketch, and not in the final shape he would have given it for publication, it is so comprehensive and complete, and contains so much that is of historical importance, his literary executor has considered it his duty to allow its publication in THE CENTURY in the form in which General McClellan left it, and thus as far as possible fulfill a promise made in the last hours of his life.

William C. Prime.



THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT SHARPSBURG — OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY OF THE ANTIETAM.

IT is not proposed to give in this article a detailed account of the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, but simply a sketch of the general operations of the Maryland campaign of 1862 intended for general readers, especially for those whose memory does not extend back to those exciting days, and whose knowledge is derived from the meager accounts in so-called histories, too often intended to mislead and pander to party prejudices rather than to seek and record the truth.

A great battle can never be regarded as "a solitaire," a jewel to be admired or condemned for itself alone, and without reference to surrounding objects and circumstances. A battle is always one link in a long chain of events; the culmination of one series of manœuvres, and the starting-point of another series — therefore it can never be fully understood without reference to preceding and subsequent events.

Restricted as this narrative is intended to be, it is nevertheless necessary to preface it by a brief story of the antecedent circumstances.

In an article already published in THE CENTURY [May, 1885], I have narrated the events of the Peninsular campaign up to the time when, at the close of the Seven Days' battles, the Army of the Potomac was firmly established on its proper line of operations, the James River.

So long as life lasts the survivors of those glorious days will remember with quickened pulse the attitude of that army when it reached the goal for which it had striven with such transcendent heroism. Exhausted, depleted in numbers, bleeding at every pore, but still proud and defiant, and strong in the consciousness of a great feat of arms heroically accomplished, it stood ready to renew the struggle with undiminished ardor whenever its commander should give the word. It was one of those magnificent episodes which dignify a nation's history, and are fit subjects for the grandest efforts of the poet and the painter.

[Many years ago it was my good fortune, when in Europe, to make the acquaintance of a charming old Westphalian Baron who was aide-de-camp to King Jerome in the days of his prosperity. In 1813 my friend was sent by his king with important dispatches to the Emperor, and, as it happened, arrived while the battle of Lutzen was in progress. He approached from the rear and for miles passed through crowds of stragglers, feeling no doubt that the battle was lost, and that he was about to witness the crushing defeat of the French. Still keeping on and on, he at last found the Emperor at the front, and to his great surprise discovered that the battle was won. Thus it very often happens in war that there are on each side, two armies in the field, one of the fighting men with the colors, the other of stragglers and marauders in the rear; the relative strength of these two armies depends upon the state of discipline and the peculiar circumstances of the time.*]

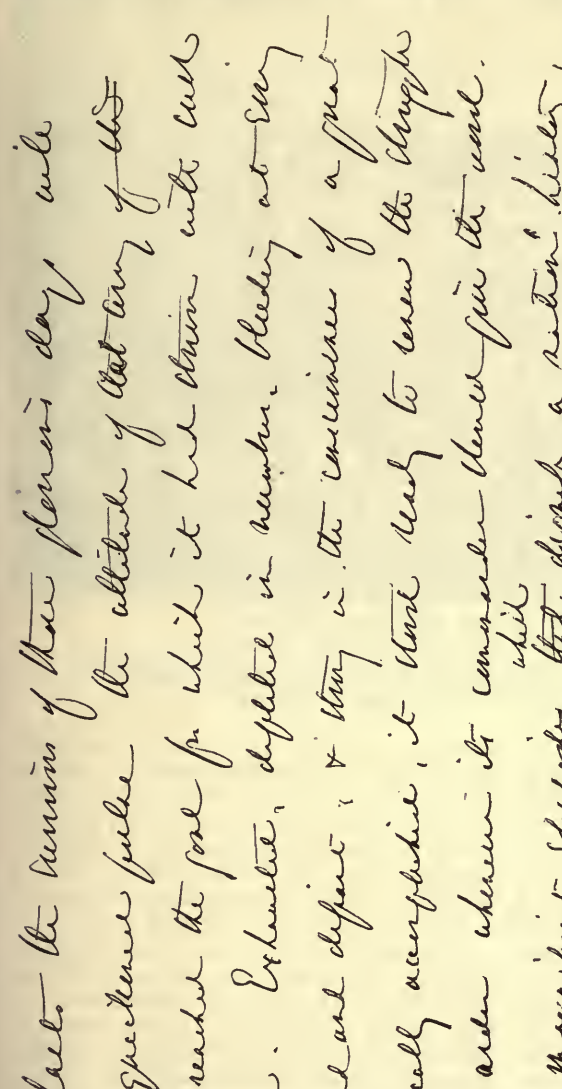
At the close of such a series of battles and marches the returns of the killed, wounded, and missing by no means fully measure the temporary decrease of strength; there were also many thousands unfitted for duty for some days by illness, demoralization, and fatigue. The first thing to be done was to issue supplies from the vessels already sent to the James, and to allow the men some little time to rest and recover their strength after the great fatigue and nervous tension they had undergone.

In order to permit a small number to watch over the safety of the whole army, and at the same time to prepare the way for ulterior operations, so that when the army advanced again upon Richmond by either bank of the James its base of supplies might be secure with a small guard, the position was rapidly intrenched, the work being completed about the 10th of July.

Prior to the 10th of July two brigades of Shields's division, numbering about 5300 men, had joined the army, bringing its numbers for duty up to 89,549, officers and men, about the same strength as that with which it entered upon the siege of Yorktown, the reën-

* The paragraph enclosed by brackets was in the first sketch of the article but was omitted by General McClellan in the final manuscript.—W. C. P.

forcements received in the shape of the divisions of Franklin and McCall, the brigades of Shields, and a few regiments from Fort Monroe having slightly more than made good the losses in battle, and by disease. But among these 89,000 for duty on the 10th of July were included all the extra duty men employed as teamsters, and in the various administrative services, and with the further deductions necessary for camp guards; guards of communications, depots and trains, flank detachments, etc., reduced the numbers actually available for offensive battle to not more than [60,000 ?]



FAC-SIMILE OF A PART OF GENERAL MCLELLAN'S MANUSCRIPT. (SEE PREVIOUS PAGE.)

A few days sufficed to give the men the necessary rest, and to renew the supplies exhausted on the march across the Peninsula; the army was once more in condition to undertake any operation justified by its numbers, and was in an excellent position to advance by either bank of the James. [End of finished draft.]

* * * * *

It was at last upon its true line of operations, which I had been unable to adopt at an earlier day in consequence of the Secretary of War's peremptory order of the 18th of May requiring the right wing to be extended to the north of Richmond in order to establish communication with General McDowell. General McDowell was then under orders to advance from Fredericksburg, but never came, because, in spite of his earnest protest, these orders were countermanded from Washington, and he was sent upon a fruitless expedition towards the Shenandoah instead of being permitted to join me, as he could have done, at the time of the affair of Hanover Court House.

I urged in vain that the Army of the Potomac should remain on the line of the James, and that it should resume the offensive as soon as reënforced to the full extent of the means

GENERAL McCLELLAN RIDING THE LINE OF BATTLE AT ANTIETAM.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

The troops were Hooker's and Sedgwick's, and the time about 11 A. M. of September 17. General McClellan rode his black horse, "Daniel Webster," which, on account of the difficulty of keeping pace with him, was better known to the staff as "that devil Dan."— EDITOR.

in possession of the Government. Had the Army of the Potomac been permitted to remain on the line of the James, I would have crossed to the south bank of that river, and while engaging Lee's attention in front of Malvern, have made a rapid movement in force on Petersburg, having gained which, I would have operated against Richmond and its communications from the west, having already gained those from the south.

Subsequent events proved that Lee did not move northward from Richmond with his army until assured that the Army of the Potomac was actually on its way to Fort Monroe; and they also found that so long as the Army of the Potomac was on the James, Washington and Maryland would have been entirely safe under the protection of the fortifications and a comparatively small part of the troops then in that vicinity; so that Burnside's troops and a large part of the Union army of Virginia might, with entire propriety, have been sent by water to join the army under my command which — with detachments from the West — could easily have been brought up to more than one hundred thousand men disposable on the actual field of battle.

In spite of my most pressing and oft-repeated entreaties, the order was insisted upon for the abandonment of the Peninsula line and the return of the Army of the Potomac to Washington in order to support General Pope, who was in no danger so long as the Army of the Potomac remained on the James. With a heavy heart I relinquished the position gained at the cost of so much time and blood.

As an evidence of my good faith in opposing this movement it should be mentioned that General Halleck had assured me, verbally and in writing, that I was to command all the troops in front of Washington, including those of Generals Burnside and Pope — a promise which was not carried into effect.

As the different divisions of the Army of the Potomac reached Acquia Creek and the vicinity of Washington they were removed from my command, even to my personal escort and camp guard, so that on the 30th of August, in reply to a telegram from him, I telegraphed General Halleck from Alexandria, "I have no sharp-shooters except the guard around my camp. I have sent off every man but those, and will now send them with the train as you direct. I will also send my only remaining squadron of cavalry with General Sumner. I can do no more. You now have

GENERAL McCLELLAN AND PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT ANTIETAM. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

After the battle of Antietam, President Lincoln was impatient because Lee was not followed across the Potomac. He visited the army to see for himself if it was in no condition to pursue. General McClellan thought it necessary to wait for supplies and reënforcements. On the return of President Lincoln to Washington General Halleck telegraphed to General McClellan under date of October 6:

"The President directs that you cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy or drive him south," etc.

In his volume of reports General McClellan says: "On the first day of October, his Excellency the President honored the Army of the Potomac with a visit, and remained several days, during which he went through the different encampments, reviewed the troops, and went over the battle-fields of South Mountain and Antietam. I had the opportunity during this visit to describe to him the operations of the army since the time it left Washington, and gave him my reasons for not following the enemy after he crossed the Potomac."—EDITOR.

every man of the Army of the Potomac who is within my reach." I had already sent off even my headquarters wagons — so far as landed — with ammunition to the front.

On the same day I telegraphed to General Halleck, "I cannot express to you, etc."

[The dispatch which General McClellan here indicates, as intending to insert when revising the manuscript, proceeds as follows:

"I cannot express to you the pain and mortification I have experienced to-day in listening to the distant sound of the firing of my men. As I can be of no further use here, I respectfully ask that if there is a possibility of the conflict being renewed to-morrow, I may be permitted to go to the scene of battle with my staff, merely to be with my own men, if nothing more; they will fight none the worse for my being with them. If it is not deemed best to intrust me with the command even of my own army, I simply ask to be permitted to share their fate on the field of battle. Please reply to this to-night.

"I have been engaged for the last few hours in doing what I can to make arrangements for the wounded. I have started out all the ambulances now landed. As I have sent my escort to the front, I would be glad to take some of Gregg's cavalry with me, if allowed to go.

"G. B. McCLELLAN, Major-General."

The dispatch was dated "Camp near Alexandria, Aug. 30, 1862, 10:30 P. M." On the following day he received this answer:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31, 1862, 9:18 A.M.

"MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN: I have just seen your telegram of 11:5 last night. The substance was stated to me when received, but I did not know that you asked for a reply immediately. I cannot answer without seeing the President, as General Pope is in command, by his orders, of the department.

"I think Couch's division should go forward as rapidly as possible, and find the battle-field.

"H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief."]

On the 1st of September I met General Halleck at his office in Washington, who by verbal order directed me to take charge of Washington and its defenses, but expressly prohibited me from exercising any control over the active troops under General Pope.

At this interview I informed General Halleck that from information received through one of my aides I was satisfied that affairs were not progressing favorably at the front, and urged him to go out in person to ascertain the exact state of the case. He declined doing this, but finally sent Colonel Kelton, his adjutant-general.

Next morning while at breakfast at an early hour I received a call from the President, accompanied by General Halleck.

The President informed me that Colonel Kelton had returned and represented the condition of affairs as much worse than I had stated to Halleck on the previous day; that there were 30,000 stragglers on the roads; that the army was entirely defeated and falling back to Washington in confusion. He then said that he regarded Washington as lost and asked me if I would, under the circumstances, consent to accept command of all the forces. Without one moment's hesitation and without making any conditions whatever, I at once said that I would accept the command and would stake my life that I would save the city. Both the President and Halleck again asserted that it was impossible to save the city, and I repeated my firm conviction that I could and would save it. They then left, the President verbally placing me in entire command of the city and of the troops falling back upon it from the front.

I at once sent for my staff-officers and dispatched them on various duties; some to the front with orders for the disposition of such corps as they met, others to see to the prompt forwarding of ammunition and supplies to meet the retreating troops. In a very short time I had made all the requisite preparations and was about to start to the front in person to assume command as far out as possible, when a message came to me from General Halleck informing me that it was the President's order that I should not assume command until the troops had reached the immediate vicinity of the fortifications.

I therefore waited until the afternoon, when I rode out to Upton's Hill, the most advanced

PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S TENT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

MAP OF THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

of the detached works covering the capital.

Soon after arriving there the head of Hatch's command of infantry arrived, immediately followed by Generals Pope and McDowell escorted by a regiment, or part of a regiment, of cavalry. I obtained what information I could from General Pope and dispatched the few remaining aides with me to meet the troops on the roads leading in on the left, with final orders to them, when quite a heavy distant artillery firing broke out in the direction of the Chantilly and Vienna road. Asking General Pope what that was, he replied it was probably an attack on Sumner, who commanded the rear-guard in that direction; in reply to another question he said that he thought it probably a serious affair. He and McDowell then asked if I had any objection to their proceeding to Washington. I said that they might do so, but that I was going to the firing, They then proceeded on with their escort while with a single aide (Colonel Colburn) and three orderlies, I struck across country to

intercept the column on our right by the shortest line. It was a little after dark when I reached the column.

I leave to others who were present the description of what then occurred; the frantic cheers of welcome that extended for miles along the column; the breaking of ranks and the wild appeals of the men that I should then and there take them back on the line of retreat and let them snatch victory out of defeat.* Let it suffice to say that before the day broke the troops were all in position to repulse attack, and that Washington was safe.

THE PRY HOUSE, GENERAL McCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS AT THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

On the 3d it was clear that the enemy intended an invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania by crossing the upper Potomac; I therefore moved the Second, Ninth, and Twelfth Corps to the Maryland side of the Potomac in position to meet any attack upon the city on that side.

As soon as this was done I reported the fact to General Halleck, who asked what general I had placed in command of those three corps; I replied that I had made no such detail, as I should take command in person if the enemy appeared in that direction. He then said that my command included only the defenses of Washington and did not extend to any active column that might be moved out beyond the line of works; that no decision had yet been made as to the commander of the active army. He repeated the same thing on more than one occasion before the final advance to South Mountain and Antietam took place.

I should here state that the only published order ever issued in regard to the extent of my command after my interview with the President on the morning of the 2d, was the following:

"WAR DEPARTMENT.

"ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, September 2, 1862.

"Major-General McClellan will have command of the fortifications of Washington and of all the troops for the defense of the capital."

"By order of MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK.

"E. D. TOWNSEND, Assistant Adjutant-General."

* Captain William H. Powell, of the Fourth Regular Infantry, described this meeting, in the January CENTURY, as follows:

"About four o'clock on the next afternoon, from a prominent point, we descried in the distance the dome of the Capitol. We would be there at least in time to defend it. Darkness came upon us, and still we marched. As the night wore on, we found at each halt that it was more and more difficult to arouse the men from the sleep they would fall into apparently as soon as they touched the ground. During one of these halts, while Colonel Buchanan, the brigade commander, was resting a little off the road, some distance in advance of the head of the column, it being starlight, two horsemen came down the road towards us. I thought I observed a familiar form, and turning to Colonel Buchanan, said:

"'Colonel, if I did not know that General McClellan had been relieved of all command, I should say that he was one of that party,' and adding immediately, 'I do really believe it is he!'

"'Nonsense,' said the Colonel; 'what would General McClellan be doing out in this lonely place, at this time of night, without an escort?'

"The two horsemen passed on to where the column of troops was lying, standing, or sitting, as pleased each individual, and were lost in the shadowy gloom. But a few moments had elapsed, however, when Captain John D. Wilkins, of the Third Infantry (now Colonel of the Fifth), came running towards Colonel Buchanan, crying out:

"'Colonel! Colonel! General McClellan is here!'

"The enlisted men caught the sound! Whoever was awake aroused his neighbor. Eyes were rubbed, and those tired fellows, as the news passed down the column, jumped to their feet, and sent up such a hurrah as the Army of the Potomac had never heard before. Shout upon shout went out into the stillness of the night; and, as it was taken up along the road and repeated by regiment, brigade, division, and corps, we could hear the roar dying away in the distance. The effect of this man's presence upon the Army of the Potomac — in sunshine or rain, in darkness or in daylight, in victory or defeat — was ever electrical, and too wonderful to make it worth while attempting to give a reason for it."— EDITOR.

A few days after this and before I went to the front, Secretary Seward came to my quarters one evening and asked my opinion of the condition of affairs at Harper's Ferry, remarking that he was not at ease on the subject. Harper's Ferry was not at that time in any sense under my control, but I told Mr. Seward that I regarded the arrangements there as exceedingly dangerous; that in my opinion the proper course was to abandon the position and unite the garrison (ten thousand men about) to the main army of operations, for the reason that its presence at Harper's Ferry would not hinder the enemy from crossing the Potomac; that if we were unsuccessful in the approaching battle, Harper's Ferry would be of no use to us and its garrison necessarily lost; that if we were successful we would immediately recover the post without any difficulty, while the addition of ten thousand men to the active army would be an important factor in insuring success. I added that if it were determined to hold the position the existing arrangements were all wrong, as it would be easy for the enemy to surround and capture the garrison, and that the garrison ought, at least, to be withdrawn to the Maryland Heights where they could resist attack until relieved.

The secretary was much impressed by what I said, and asked me to accompany him to General Halleck and repeat my statement to him. I acquiesced and we went together to General Halleck's quarters, where we found that he had retired for the night. But he received us in his bedroom, when, after a preliminary explanation by the secretary as to the interview being at his request, I said to Halleck precisely what I had stated to Mr. Seward.

Halleck received my statement with ill-concealed contempt — said that everything was all right as it was; that my views were entirely erroneous, etc., and soon bowed us out, leaving matters at Harper's Ferry precisely as they were.

On the 7th of September, in addition to the three corps already mentioned (the Second, Ninth, and Twelfth), the First and Sixth Corps, Sykes's division of the Fifth Corps, and Couch's division of the Fourth Corps, were also on the Maryland side of the river; the First and Ninth Corps at Leesboro; the Second and Twelfth in front of Rockville; the Sixth Corps at Rockville; Couch's division at Offut's Cross Roads; Sykes's division at Tenallytown.

As the time had now arrived for the army to advance, and I had received no orders to take command of it, but had been expressly told that the assignment of a commander had not been decided, I determined to solve the question for myself, and when I moved out from Washington with my staff and personal escort I left my card, with *P. P. C.* written upon it, at the White House, War Office, and Secretary Seward's house, and went on my way.

I was afterwards accused of assuming command without authority, for nefarious purposes, and in fact, fought the battles of South Mountain and Antietam with a halter around my neck, for if the Army of the Potomac had been defeated and I had survived I would, no doubt, have been tried for assuming authority without orders and, in the state of feeling which so unjustly condemned the innocent and most meritorious General F. J. Porter, I would probably have been condemned to death. I was fully aware of the risk I ran, but the path of duty was clear and I tried to follow it. It was absolutely necessary that Lee's army should be met, and in the state of affairs I have briefly described, there could be no hesitation on my part as to doing it promptly. Very few in the Army of the Potomac doubted the favorable result of the next collision with the Confederate army, but in other quarters not a little doubt prevailed, and the desire for very rapid movements, so loudly expressed after the result was gained, did not make itself heard during the movements preceding the battles; quite the contrary was the case, as I was more than once cautioned that I was moving too rashly and exposing the capital to an attack from the Virginia side.

As is well known, the result of General Pope's operations had not been favorable, and when I finally resumed command of the troops in and around Washington they were weary, disheartened, their organization impaired, their clothing, ammunition, and supplies in a pitiable condition.

The Army of the Potomac was thoroughly exhausted and depleted by its desperate fighting and severe marches in the unhealthy regions of the Chickahominy and afterwards, during the second Bull Run campaign; its trains, administration services and supplies were disorganized or lacking in consequence of the rapidity and manner of its removal from the Peninsula, as well as from the nature of its operations during the second Bull Run campaign. In the departure from the Peninsula, trains, supplies, cavalry, and artillery were often necessarily left at Fort Monroe and Yorktown for lack of vessels, as the important point was to move the infantry divisions as rapidly as possible to the support of General Pope. The divisions of the Army of Virginia were also exhausted and weakened, and their trains and supplies disorgan-

ized and deficient by the movements in which they had been engaged.

Had General Lee remained in front of Washington it would have been the part of wisdom to hold our own army quiet until its pressing wants were fully supplied, its organization restored and its ranks filled with recruits — in brief, prepared for a campaign. But as the enemy maintained the offensive and crossed the Upper Potomac to threaten or invade Pennsylvania, it became necessary to meet him at any cost notwithstanding the condition of the troops; to put a stop to the invasion, save Baltimore and Washington, and throw him back across the Potomac. Nothing but sheer necessity justified the advance of the Army of the Potomac to South Mountain and Antietam in its then condition; and it is to the eternal honor of the brave men who composed it that under such adverse circumstances they gained those victories; for the work of supply and reorganization was continued as best we might while on the march, and after the close of the battles so much remained to be done to place the army in condition for a campaign, that the delay which ensued was absolutely unavoidable, and the army could not have entered upon a new campaign one day earlier than it did. It must then constantly be borne in mind that the purpose of advancing from Washington was simply to meet the necessities of the moment by frustrating Lee's invasion of the Northern States, and when that was accomplished, to push with the utmost rapidity the work of reorganization and supply so that a new campaign might be promptly inaugurated with the army in condition to prosecute it to a successful termination without intermission.

The advance from Washington was covered by the cavalry, under General Pleasonton, pushed as far to the front as possible, and soon in constant contact with the enemy's cavalry, with whom several well conducted and successful affairs occurred.

Partly in order to move men freely and rapidly, partly in consequence of the lack of accurate information as to the exact position and intention of Lee's army, the troops advanced by three main roads: That near the Potomac by Offut's Cross Roads and the mouth of the Seneca; that by Rockville to Frederick, and that by Brookville and Urbana to New Market. We were then in condition to act according to the development of the enemy's plans and to concentrate rapidly in any position. If Lee threatened our left flank by moving down the river road or by crossing the Potomac at any of the forks from Coon's Ferry upward, there were enough troops on the river road to hold him in check until the rest of the army could move over to support them; if Lee took up a position behind the Seneca near Frederick the whole army could be rapidly concentrated in that direction to attack him in force; if he moved upon Baltimore the entire army could rapidly be thrown in his rear and his retreat cut off; if he moved by Gettysburg or Chambersburg upon York or Carlisle we were equally in position to throw ourselves in his rear.

The first thing was to gain accurate information as to Lee's movements, and meanwhile to push the work of supply and reorganization as rapidly as possible.

General Lee and I knew each other well in the days before the war. We had served together in Mexico and commanded against each other in the Peninsula. I had the highest respect for his ability as a commander, and knew that he was not a general to be trifled with or carelessly afforded an opportunity of striking a fatal blow. Each of us naturally regarded his own army as the better, but each entertained the highest respect for the endurance, courage, and fighting qualities of the opposing army; and this feeling extended to the officers and men. It was perfectly natural under these circumstances that both of us should exercise a certain amount of caution; I in my endeavors to ascertain Lee's strength, position, and intentions before I struck the final blow; he to abstain from any extended movements of invasion, and to hold his army well in hand until he could be satisfied as to the condition of the Army of the Potomac after its second Bull Run campaign, and as to the intentions of its commander. . .

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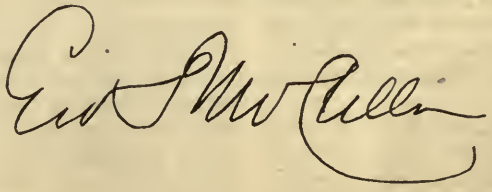

McCLELLAN AT THE HEAD OF THE GRAND ARMY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—VII.†

A DISORGANIZED PRIVATE.
(FROM A PHOTO.)

TWO days after our second defeat at Bull Run, while yet the roads were crowded with stragglers, and despondency overshadowed all, McClellan reassumed command of the army. It was the morning of September 2d, 1862, and reorganization began at once. The demoralizing influences of a battle, whether it is a defeat or a victory, are always very great; but there is no disorganization of the machine known as a brigade, regiment, or company, except in case of utter rout, when the army becomes a mob. As soon as a vacancy occurs in battle the officer next in rank, without assignment or orders, fills the place. An officer, perhaps, finds fighting does not agree with his peculiar temperament, and resigns, or is taken sick and puts himself under the care of some sympathetic surgeon; or the demoralized private, during the fight, throws away his knapsack and fighting equipments in order to increase his speed for the rear. The sick and foot-sore straggle, the cowards skulk, and a more vicious class willfully desert. Those who have by casualty of battle been deprived of gun, or knapsack, or haversack, or canteen, or tin cup, have to be re-supplied. A private, perchance, sees where a bullet has entered his neatly rolled blanket, which when opened out is found better adapted for ventilation than bedding. The whole military machine must be lubricated with general, special, necessary and unnecessary, ornamental and practical orders, and bound together, more or less, with red tape. Incapable officers who have been promoted by the accident of battle are restored to their former positions, and competent ones advanced. Companies are filled up with recruits. Sometimes two or more companies, thinned by the casualties of battle, are merged into one.

In no direction was the ability of McClellan so conspicuous as in organizing. Even before the soldiers knew he was again in command, they began to detect a new influence around them. In order to bring the troops upon ground with which they were already familiar, they were as far as practicable ordered to the camping-grounds occupied by each corps before the movement to the Peninsula. In a few days the *morale* of the army underwent an astonishing change for the better.

On the 5th of September, with shoes worn out, clothing in rags, and destitute of the necessaries for effective duty, the Army of the Potomac again left the defenses of Washington, while the work of reorganization went on as it marched into Maryland to meet the enemy.

Lee had transferred the theater of operations from the front of Richmond to the front of Washington. The harvest of the fertile valley of the Shenandoah had fallen into his hands, together with stores and munitions of war of great value to the impoverished Confederacy. To secure, as he thought, the full benefit of his victory, he crossed the Potomac into Maryland. By this movement he hoped to arouse a deep sentiment against the war at the North by bringing it nearer to our own hearthstones; to enable the secession element in Maryland to raise the standard of revolt, and recruit his army; and so to manœuvre as to seize Baltimore or Washington. It was a bold undertaking, and his army was poorly equipped for the task. At no time had it been so destitute and ragged, and so little calculated to impress the imagination of "My Maryland" with the fact that the despot's foot was on her soil. The western counties of Maryland were loyal or lukewarm in their rebel sympathies, and the result showed they hardly aspired to become as miserable as the hungry, tattered horde let loose among them. Yet at no time in its previous history was the Confederate army so worthy of admiration, and of the name of Chivalry. They were heroes in rags!*

* Lieutenant Robert Healy, of the Fifty-fifth Virginia, in Stonewall Jackson's corps, tells the following incident of the march into Maryland. The day before the corps waded the Potomac at White's Ford, they marched through Leesburg, where an old lady with upraised hands, and tears in her eyes exclaimed: "The Lord bless your dirty, ragged souls!" Lieutenant Healy adds: "Don't think we were any dirtier than the rest, but it was our luck to get the blessing."—EDITOR.

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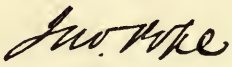
McClellan, in taking command, had to confront both the enemy and Halleck. The latter was constantly telegraphing his doubts, and fears, and advice. September 9th, he telegraphed that he feared the enemy's object was to draw off the mass of our forces and then attack from the Virginia side. As late as the 13th, he telegraphed: "Until you know more certainly the enemy's force south of the Potomac, you are wrong in thus uncovering the capital." On the 14th, "I fear you are exposing your left and rear." As late as the 16th, he wrote: "I think you will find that the whole force of the enemy in your front has crossed the river."

On September 10th, McClellan wrote to Halleck asking that the ten thousand men garrisoning Harper's Ferry be ordered to join him by the most practicable route. Before he left Washington he had advised that the garrison be withdrawn by way of Hagerstown to aid in covering the Cumberland valley; or cross the river to Maryland Heights, the military key to the position. Halleck chose to consider the possession of the town as of the first importance, and the whole campaign pivots around this fact, which resulted, as might have been expected, in the capture of the garrison. But it also had another far-reaching result not intended, for Harper's Ferry was the point whereon Lee miscalculated and miscarried in his plans. He did not propose to make any direct movement against Washington or Baltimore, but first establishing his communications with Richmond by way of the Shenandoah Valley, and by menacing Pennsylvania, he expected that McClellan would uncover Washington, and be led from his base of supplies. Then if he could defeat McClellan he might seize Baltimore or Washington, or both. Imagine his surprise after he had crossed the Potomac above Harper's Ferry, and rendered the place useless, to find it still occupied. The Federal advance had been up to this time so timid that Lee believed he could capture the garrison and again concentrate his columns before being called upon to give battle. He forthwith ordered Jackson to move by way of Williamsport across the Potomac, advance upon Martinsburg and then descend to Harper's Ferry and attack from the rear, while McLaws should capture Maryland Heights, and a force, under Walker, crossing below, should seize the heights of Loudon. Before the plan succeeded McClellan had arrived at Frederick, and on the 13th, there fell into his hands a copy of Lee's official order, fully disclosing this movement in all its details. Here was an opportunity seldom presented to a general, of throwing his forces between the now divided army of his antagonist, and destroying him in detail. McClellan ordered a movement towards Maryland Heights, but not rapid enough to effect his purpose. On the 15th, Jackson, having surrounded Harper's Ferry, opened with artillery. In an hour Colonel Dixon S. Miles, who was in command, was killed, the Union guns were silenced, and the post with its twelve thousand men (including two thousand under General Julius White, who had retreated from Martinsburg), and seventy-three pieces of artillery, surrendered at eight o'clock in the morning. Leaving General A. P. Hill to receive the surrender, and losing not a moment, Stonewall Jackson, on the night of the 15th, marched his men seventeen miles, and on the morning of the 16th had united his force with Lee at Sharpsburg.

Behold the contrast between the swift energy of the Confederates, and the leisurely march of the Union force in this great emergency! McClellan, to whom the plans of the Confederates had been revealed by Lee's captured order, was by this knowledge master of the situation. Resolved to avail himself of its advantage, he decided to move his left through Crampton's Gap and debouch into Pleasant Valley in rear and within five miles of Maryland Heights; also with a large force to seize Turner's Gap, six miles further north, before the enemy could concentrate for its defense.

At 6:20 in the afternoon of the 13th, he directed Franklin to march at daybreak upon Crampton's Gap, and closed by saying: "I ask of you, at this important moment, all your intellect and the utmost activity that a general can exercise." With such an immense stake upon the boards, we wonder he did not command Franklin to move that night, immediately on receiving the order. The distance from Franklin's position near Jefferson to the top of Crampton's Gap was but twelve miles. The roads were in good condition, the weather was fine, and we now know that had he marched to the foot of the mountains during the night, he could have debouched into Pleasant Valley, in rear of the Confederates, with little or no opposition, on the morning of the 14th. McLaws, while directing the guns from Maryland Heights upon the defenders of Harper's Ferry, learned of Franklin's advance, and at once sent back Howell Cobb, with instructions to hold the pass to the last man.

Upon Franklin's arrival at the foot of the mountain at Burkittsville, at noon of the 14th, he found the enemy posted behind a stone wall, while the artillery were on the road, well up on the heights. About 3 P. M., Bartlett's brigade, supported by the brigades of Newton and Torbert, all of Slocum's division, advanced upon the enemy, and a severe



During the war Major-General Pope wore a full beard. This portrait is from a somewhat recent photograph.—EDITOR.

contest ensued. The enemy, overpowered, fell back up the hill, firing upon our men from behind rocks and the natural defensive positions presented by the ground, until they reached their artillery, where they made a more decided stand. Their riflemen took advantage of every possible cover of ledge and rock and tree. When Slocum's division had become actively engaged Brooks's and Irwin's brigades, of Smith's division, were sent forward and bore a part in the final struggle. Hancock's brigade was held in reserve. After a sharp action of three hours the crest was carried,—four hundred prisoners, seven hundred stand of arms, one piece of artillery, and three colors were the prizes of the Union army. Our loss was 113 killed, 418 wounded, and 2 missing.

A Vermont soldier told me that during this up-hill fight, while climbing over a ledge, he slipped and fell eighteen or twenty feet between two rocks. Rapid as had been his tumble, upon his arrival he found himself preceded by a Confederate soldier. For an instant they glared angrily at each other, when the "reb" burst out laughing, saying: "We're

both in a fix. You can't gobble me, and I can't gobble you, till we know which is going to lick. Let's wait till the shooting is over, and if your side wins I'm your prisoner, and if we win you're my prisoner!" The bargain was made. "But," said my informant, "didn't that reb feel cheap when he found I'd won him!"

That night the advance of Franklin's corps rested on their arms within three and a half miles of McLaws on Maryland Heights. During the night Couch joined him, and had he attacked McLaws early in the morning (September 15th), it is possible that the garrison at Harper's Ferry would have been saved. An hour after midnight of that morning McClellan had sent orders for Franklin to occupy the road from Rohrersville to Harper's Ferry, and hold it against an attack from Boonsboro', or in other words from Longstreet and Hill, and to destroy such force as he found in Pleasant Valley. "You will then proceed," ordered McClellan, "to Boonsboro', . . . and join the main body of the army at that place. Should you find, however, that the enemy have retreated from Boonsboro' towards Sharpsburg you will endeavor to fall upon him and cut off his retreat." But from one cause and another the plans for an overwhelming defeat miscarried.

Our corps (Sumner's) was following Reno's and Hooker's in the advance upon Turner's Gap, five miles north of the fight described above, but I individually did not get up in time to see the last blows struck. Until our arrival at Frederick, and even later, I was a straggler.* The circumstance which caused me to become a demoralized unit of the army may be creditable or otherwise, but I will tell it. Just before the battle of Chantilly (September 1), I, with Wad Rider, and "Joe," the recruit, had retired to the seclusion of a neighboring wood to engage in a war of extermination against an invader of the Union blue. I had partly resumed my clothing but not my shoes. Joe had entirely re-dressed, but Wad Rider was still on undress parade. Suddenly Joe, whose quickness of sight and hearing were remarkable, shouted, "Rebs! Rebs!" Down a cross-road on our left came a squad of the enemy's cavalry. I ran barefoot, with my cartridge-box and belt over one shoulder, my musket in one hand, and my other hand holding my garments together. As I ran I heard a musket-shot, and turned to view the situation. Wad Rider, dressed in nothing but his cuticle and equipments, had killed the leading cavalryman in the pursuit, and shouting like mad for reënforcements, was retreating in light marching order upon the camp. I dashed through a stump lot, with Joe on my flank and Wad in the rear, still pursued by the enemy, who were calling upon us to surrender. The noise brought the boys swarming from the camp, and when I regained my feet, after a collision with the root of a stump, the rebels were making for the woods. Under a strong escort of comrades we returned to reclaim Wad's uniform and my shoes, but the enemy had gobbled them. Wad stripped the dead cavalryman, and assumed his clothing without saying so much as "poor fellow," and looked grotesque enough in his gray suit. "First thing you'll hear of," said Wad, "some blank fool will be shooting me for a reb!"

As the result of my fall I had the sorest foot in camp. I was ordered to report to the hospital—a place I never had a liking for—but I preferred to limp along in rear of the army like a true straggler. I messed with darky teamsters, or with anybody who had eatables, and would receive me into good-fellowship. In some of the Maryland houses they were nursing the sick soldiers of the Union army, and many farmers gave to the hungry soldiers most of the food upon their farms. Near Middletown a woman gave me a pair of shoes, which I was not then able to wear; while at another place an old lady, after caring for my unheroic wound, presented me with a pair of stockings which she had knit for her own son, who was in the Union army. Maryland was the first place since I had come to the front where we were greeted with smiles from children and women. At a pleasant farm-house, near Damascus, where flowers grew in the garden, and vines climbed around the capacious veranda, a little girl peeped over the gate and said good-morning. I asked her if she was not afraid of so many passing soldiers, and she replied: "No, my father is a soldier in the army

* During the Maryland campaign the Confederates as well as the Federals were greatly weakened by straggling. General Lee advocated severe measures; yet in the face of remarkable discipline his ranks were thinned by straggling. On October 7, twenty days after the battle of Antietam, General Halleck, in a letter to General McClellan, said: "Straggling is the great curse of the army, and must be checked by severe measures. . . . I think, myself, that shooting them while in the act of straggling from their commands, is the only effective remedy that can be applied. If you apply the remedy you will be sustained here. . . . The country is becoming very impatient at the want of activity of your army, and we must push it on. . . . There is a decided want of legs in our troops. . . . The real difficulty is they are not sufficiently exercised in marching; they lie still in camp too long. After a hard march one day is time enough to rest. Lying still beyond that time does not rest the men. If we compare the average distances marched per month by our troops for the last year, with that of the rebels, or with European armies in the field, we will see why our troops march no better. They are not sufficiently exercised to make them good and efficient soldiers."—EDITOR.

Winfield S. Hancock

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GURNEY & SON, TAKEN IN WAR TIME, OR SOON AFTER.)

too," and then timidly, as if afraid to dazzle me with his exalted rank, said, "He's a corporal! Do you know him?" Of course we met with some decided contrasts smacking of disloyalty.

I picked up temporary acquaintances of all kinds, but during my third day's ramble I chummed with an artilleryman, who had lost his voice. Near Damascus, we called at a pleasantly situated house, belonging to an old man about sixty or seventy years of age. He was very non-committal in his sentiments. His wife was a lady-like old woman, and her two daughters had evidently seen good society. We propounded the usual conundrum about something to eat, and exhibited money to show that we intended to pay.

The young women, when speaking of the Confederates, spoke of them as "our army," and it leaked out that they had one brother therein, and another in the paymaster's department at Washington. After supper, we were invited into the reception-room, where there was a piano. I asked for a song. One of the young women seated herself at the piano and played "My Maryland" and "Dixie," and then wheeled as if to say: "How do you like that?" My chum hoarsely whispered a request for the "Star-Spangled Banner," and she obligingly complied, and then said in a semi-saucy manner: "Is there anything else?" My friend mentioned a piece from Beethoven. "I never heard of it before," said she; "perhaps if you should whistle it I would recognize it." But my friend's whistle was in as bad tune as his voice. "Perhaps you will play it yourself!" said the black-eyed miss, for an extinguisher! To my astonishment, no less, seemingly, than theirs, the rusty-looking artilleryman seated himself at the piano and under his hands the instrument was transformed. He played piece after piece and finally improvised a midnight march in which a band of music was heard, receding farther and farther until the whole died away in the distance. Our parting was more cordial than our reception.

Two or three miles south of Frederick, my chum was peppered with pigeon-shot while gathering our supper in a farmer's sweet-potato patch and in the morning refused to march, so I pushed on without him. I joined a party who were driving a herd of cattle for the army. The guard hung their haversacks on the horns, and packed their knapsacks and muskets on the backs of the oxen and cows. It was in this company that I arrived at Frederick and wandered into the hospital, a church, where there were about two hundred sick inmates. Feeling lonesome, I pushed on after my regiment. A battle was imminent, and many stragglers were hurrying forward to be in the fight. It was about noon of the 14th when I caught up with my company, and fell in line, hobbling along towards Turner's Gap, where heavy firing could be heard. At ten in the evening we relieved the force holding the main road of the Gap. During the night we could distinctly hear the rumble of the enemy's artillery, and at early dawn found they had fled, leaving their dead and wounded to our care.

Warren Lee Goss.

RUSH'S LANCERS. FRANKLIN'S ADVANCE SCOUTS. (BY WINSLOW HOMER, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE DURING THE WAR.)

THE BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN, OR BOONSBORO'.

FIGHTING FOR TIME, AT TURNER'S AND FOX'S GAPS.

THE conflict of the 14th of September, 1862, is called the battle of South Mountain at the North, and the battle of Boonsboro' at the South. So many battle-fields of the Civil War bear double names that we cannot believe the duplication has been accidental. It is the unusual which impresses. The troops of the North came mainly from cities, towns, and villages, and were, therefore, impressed by some natural object near the scene of the conflict and named the battle from it. The soldiers from the South were chiefly from the country and were, therefore, impressed by some artificial object near the field of action. In one section the naming has been after the handiwork of God; in the other section it has been after the handiwork of man. Thus, the first passage of arms is called the battle of Bull Run at the North,— the name of a little stream. At the South it takes the name of Manassas, from a railroad station. The second battle on the same ground is called the Second Bull Run by the North, and the Second Manassas by the South. Stone's defeat is the battle of Ball's Bluff with the Federals, and the battle of Leesburg with the Confederates. The battle called by General Grant, Pittsburg Landing, a natural object, was named Shiloh, after a church, by his antagonist. Rosecrans called his first great fight with Bragg, the battle of Stone River, while Bragg named it after Murfreesboro', a village. So McClellan's battle of the Chickahominy, a little river, was with Lee the battle of Cold Harbor, a tavern. The Federals speak of the battle of Pea Ridge, of the Ozark range of mountains, and the Confederates call it after Elk Horn, a country inn. The Union soldiers called the bloody battle three days after South Mountain from the little stream, Antietam, and the Southern troops named it after the village of Sharpsburg. Many instances might be given of this double naming by the opposing forces. According to the same law of the unusual, the war songs of a people have always been written by non-combatants. The bards who followed the banners of the feudal lords, sang of their exploits, and stimulated them and their retainers to deeds of high emprise wore no armor and carried no swords. So, too, the impassioned orators, who roused our ancestors in 1776 with the thrilling cry, "Liberty or Death," never once put themselves in the way of a death by lead or steel, by musket-ball or bayonet stab. The noisy speakers of 1861, who fired the Northern heart and who fired the Southern heart, never did any other kind of *firing*. One of the most noted of them frankly admitted that he preferred a horizontal to a vertical death.

The battle of South Mountain was one of extraordinary illusions and delusions. The Federals were under the self-imposed illusion that there was a very large force opposed to them, whereas there was only one weak division until late in the afternoon. They might have brushed it aside almost without halting, but for this illusion. It was a battle of delusions also, for, by moving about from point to point and meeting the foe wherever he presented himself, the Confederates deluded the Federals into the belief that the whole mountain was swarming with rebels. I will endeavor to explain the singular features of the battle and what caused them.

In the retirement of Lee's army from Frederick to Hagerstown and Boonsboro', my division constituted the rear-guard. It con-

sisted of five brigades (Wise's brigade being left behind), and after the arrival at Boonsboro' was intrusted with guarding the wagon trains and parks of artillery belonging to the whole army. Longstreet's corps went to Hagerstown, thirteen miles from Boonsboro', and I was directed to distribute my five brigades so as not only to protect the wagons and guns, but also to watch all the roads leading from Harper's Ferry, in order to intercept the Federal forces that might make their escape before Jackson had completed the investment of that place. It required a considerable separation of my small command to accomplish these two objects, and my tent, which was pitched about the center of the five brigades, was not less than three miles from Turner's Gap on the National road crossing South Mountain.

During the forenoon of the 13th General Stuart, who was in an advance position at the gap in the Catoctin Mountain, east of Middletown, with our cavalry, sent a dispatch to me saying that he was followed by two brigades of infantry and asking me to send him a brigade to check the pursuit at South Mountain. I sent him the brigades of Colquitt and Garland, and the batteries of Bondurant and Lane with four guns each. Pleasonton's Federal cavalry division came up to the mountain and pressed on till our infantry forces were displayed, when it returned without fighting. The Confederates, with more than half of Lee's army at Harper's Ferry, distant a march of two days, and with the remainder divided into two parts, thirteen miles from each other, were in good condition to be beaten in detail, scattered and captured. General Longstreet writes to me that he urged General Lee in the evening of the 13th to unite at Sharpsburg the troops which were then at Hagerstown and Boonsboro'. He said that he could effect more with one-third of his own corps fresh and rested, than with the whole of it, when exhausted by a forced march to join their comrades. Finding that he could not rest that night after retiring, General Longstreet arose and wrote to his commander presenting his views once more, for the abandonment of the defense of the mountain except by Stuart and the concentration at Sharpsburg.

I received a note about midnight of the 13th from General Lee saying that he was not satisfied with the condition of things on the turnpike or National road, and directing me to go in person to Turner's Gap the next morning and assist Stuart in its defense. In his official report General Lee says:

"Learning that Harper's Ferry had not surrendered and that the enemy was advancing more rapidly than was convenient from Fredericktown, I determined to return with Longstreet's command to the Blue Ridge to strengthen D. H. Hill's and Stuart's divisions engaged in holding the passes of the mountains, lest the enemy should fall upon McLaws's rear, drive him from the Maryland Heights, and thus relieve the garrison at Harper's Ferry."

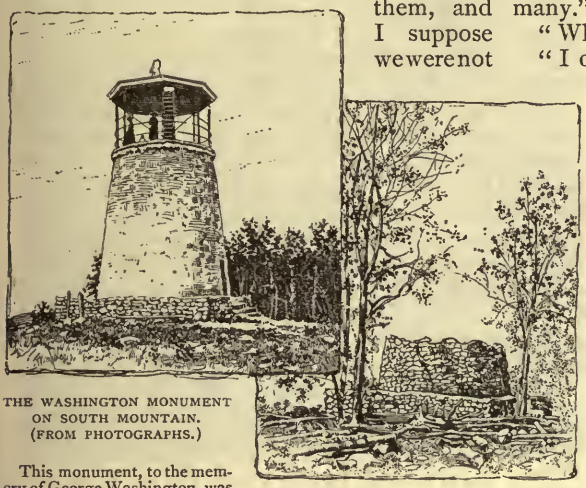
This report and the note to me show that General Lee expected General Stuart to remain and help defend the pass on the 14th. But on reaching the Mountain House between daylight and sunrise that morning, I received a message from Stuart that he had gone to Crampton's Gap. He was too gallant a soldier to leave his post when a battle was imminent, and it is therefore certain, that he believed there was but a small Federal force on the National road.* I found Garland's brigade at the Mountain House and learned that Colquitt's was at the foot of the mountain on the east side. I found General Colquitt there without videttes and without information of the Federals, but believing that they had retired. General Cox's division was at that very time marching up the old Sharpsburg or Braddock's road, a mile to the south, seizing the heights on our right and establishing those heavy batteries which afterwards commanded the pike and all the approaches to it. General Pleasonton of the Federal cavalry had learned the ground by the reconnaissance of the day before, and to him was intrusted the posting of the advance troops of Reno's corps on the south side of the pike. He says:

"I directed Scammon's brigade to move up the mountain on the left-hand road, gain the crest, and then move to the right, to the turnpike in the enemy's rear. At the same time, I placed Gibson's battery and the heavy batteries in position to the left, covering the road on that side and obtaining a direct fire on the enemy's position in the gap."

This shows that Pleasonton knew that the Confederate forces were at the foot of the mountain. However, I brought Colquitt's brigade back to a point near the summit and placed the Twenty-third and Twenty-eighth Georgia regiments on the north side of the pike behind a stone wall, which afforded an excellent fire upon the pike. The other three regiments, Sixth and Twenty-seventh Georgia, and Thirteenth Alabama, were posted on the south side of the pike, a little in advance of the wall and well protected by a dense wood. This brigade did not lose an inch of ground that day. The skirmishers were driven in, but the line of battle on both sides of the road was the same at ten o'clock at night as it was

* Generals Colquitt and Rosser have both written to me that General Stuart told them he had been followed by only a small Federal force.—D. H. H.

at nine o'clock in the morning. After posting Colquitt's brigade I went with Major Ratchford of my staff on a reconnaissance to our right. About three-fourths of a mile from the Mountain House we discovered, by the voices of command and rumbling of wheels, that the old road and heights above it were occupied, and took it for granted that the occupation was by Federal troops. We did not see them, and I suppose we were not seen by them. Colonel T. L. Rosser of the cavalry had been sent that morning with his regiment and Pelham's artillery by order of General Stuart to seize Fox's Gap on the Braddock road. Cox had got to the heights first and confronted Rosser with a portion of his command, while the remainder of it could be plainly seen at the foot of the mountain. General Rosser writes to me that he reported the situation of things to Stuart, who was passing by on the east side of the mountain on his way south. He, Rosser, was not directed to report to me, and I did not suspect his presence. I do not know to this hour whether Ratchford and myself came near stumbling upon him or upon the enemy.



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT ON SOUTH MOUNTAIN. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

This monument, to the memory of George Washington, was first erected by the citizens of Boonsboro' and vicinity in 1827. It stands on the summit, one and a half miles north of Turner's Gap (see map, page 144). Originally it was twenty feet high, but as an old resident of the neighborhood said, eight or ten feet of it were tumbled down the steep mountain-side by "bad boys and wicked men who never knew there was a George Washington." In its tumble-down condition, as seen on the right of the picture, it served as one of the Union signal stations during the battle of Antietam. In 1882 the monument was rebuilt, as seen on the left of the picture, by the Odd Fellows of Boonsboro'. The present height of the tower, including the observatory, is forty feet.— EDITOR.

Returning through the woods we came upon a cabin, the owner of which was in the yard, surrounded by his children, and evidently expectant of something. The morning being cool, Ratchford was wearing a blue cloak found by him at Seven Pines. In questioning the mountaineer about the roads I discovered that he thought we were Federals.

"The road on which *your* battery is," said he, "comes into the valley road near the church."

This satisfied me that the enemy was on our right, and I asked him: "Are there any rebels on the pike?"

"Yes, there are some about the Mountain House."

I asked: "Are there many?"

"Well, there are *several*; I don't know how many."

"Who is in command?"

"I don't know."

Just then a shell came hurtling through the woods, and a little girl began crying. Having a little one at home of about the same age, I could not forbear from stopping a moment to say a few soothing words to the frightened child, before hurrying off to the work of death on that calm, lovely Sabbath morning. I trust that the holy day may never again be desecrated by such bloody work, but that the blessings of peace may cover my native land forever.

The firing had aroused that prompt and gallant soldier, General Garland, and his men were under arms when I reached the pike. I explained the situation briefly to him, directed him to sweep through the woods, reach the road, and hold it at all hazards, as the safety of Lee's large train depended upon its being held. He went off in high spirits and I never saw him again. I never knew a truer, better, braver man. Had he lived, his talents, pluck, energy, and purity of character must have put him at the head of his profession, whether in civil or military life.

After passing through the first belt of woods Garland found Rosser, and conferring with him, determined to make his stand close to the junction of the roads, near the summit of the mountain (Fox's Gap). He had with him five regiments of infantry and Bondurant's battery of artillery—his infantry force being a little less than one thousand men, all North Carolinians. The Fifth Regiment was placed on the right of the road, with the Twelfth as its support; the Twenty-third was posted behind a low stone wall on the left of the Fifth; then came the Twentieth and Thirteenth. From the nature of the ground and the duty to be performed, the regiments were not in contact with each other, and the Thirteenth was two hundred and fifty yards to the left of the Twentieth. Fifty skirmishers of the Fifth North Carolina soon encountered the Twenty-third Ohio, deployed as skirmishers under Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Hayes, afterwards President of

the United States, and the action began at nine A. M. between Cox's division and Garland's brigade.

I will delay an account of the fight to give the strength of the forces engaged.* The Ninth Corps (Reno's) consisted of four divisions under Cox, Willcox, Sturgis, and Rodman, or eight brigades under Scammon and Crook (Cox); Christ and Welsh (Willcox); Nagle and Ferrero (Sturgis); and Fairchild and Harland (Rodman). It had twenty-nine regiments of infantry, three companies of cavalry, and eight batteries of artillery, three of them United States batteries of regulars under Benjamin, Clark, and Muhlenberg.

General Cox, who fought Garland, had six Ohio regiments under Brigadiers Scammon and Crook, and also the batteries of McMullin and Simmonds, and three companies of cavalry. The heavy batteries in position (twenty-pounder Parrotts) were of service to him also, in commanding the approaches to the scene of the conflict. The strength of the division is not given directly, but Scammon estimates his effectives at 1455. The other brigade was most likely equally strong, and I conclude that Cox's infantry, artillery, and cavalry reached three thousand. Garland's brigade is estimated at "scarce a thousand."

Scammon's brigade led the attack with great spirit. The Thirteenth North Carolina under Lieutenant-Colonel Ruffin, and Twentieth under Colonel Alfred Iverson, were furiously assailed on the left. Both regiments were under tried and true soldiers, and they received the assault calmly. Lieutenant Crome of McMullin's battery ran up a section of artillery by hand, and opened with effect upon the Twentieth North Carolina; but the skirmishers under Captain Atwell of that regiment killed the gallant officer while he was himself serving as a gunner. The section was abandoned, but the Confederates were unable to capture it. The effort seemed to be to turn the Thirteenth; and Colonel Ruffin in vain urged General Garland to go to the other part of his line. With him the post of danger was the post of honor. Judge Ruffin in a recent letter to me thus speaks of the fall of the hero:

"I said to him, 'General, why do you stay here? you are in great danger.'

"To which he replied: 'I may as well be here as yourself.'

"I said; 'No, it is my duty to be here with my regiment, but you could better superintend your brigade from a safer position.'

"Just then I was shot in the hip, and as there was no field-officer then with the regiment, other than myself, I told him of my wound, and that it might disable me, and in that case I wished a field-officer to take my place. He turned and gave some order, which I have forgotten. In a moment I heard a groan, and looked and found him mortally wounded and writhing in pain. We continued to occupy this position for some time, when I sent my adjutant to the right to see what was going on (as the furious fighting had ceased in that direction). He returned and reported that the remainder of the brigade was gone and that the ground was occupied by the enemy. I then attempted to go to the left, hoping to come in contact with some portion of your command, but was again confronted by the enemy. I next tried to retreat to the rear, but to my dismay found myself entirely surrounded. The enemy in front was pressing us, and I saw but one way out, and that was to charge those in my front, repel them, if possible, and then, before they could recover, make a dash at those in my rear and cut my way out. This plan was successfully executed. I shall never forget the feelings of relief which I experienced when I first caught sight of you. You rode up to me, and shaking my hand said that you had given us up for lost and did not see how it was possible for us to have escaped. You then attached us to G. B. Anderson's brigade, which had come up in the meantime. . . . I remember one remark which you made just after congratulating me upon cutting my way out that surprised me very much. You said that you were greatly gratified to find that McClellan's whole army was in your front. As I knew how small your force was, I could not understand how it could be a source of pleasure to you to find yourself assailed by twenty times your number. In a moment you made it plain to me by saying that you had feared at first that McClellan's attack upon you was but a feint, and that with his main army he would cross the mountain at some of the lower gaps and would thus cut in between Jackson's corps and the forces under Lee."

A little before this I had seen from the lookout station near the Mountain House the vast army of McClellan spread out before me. The marching columns extended back far as eye could see in the distance; but many of the troops had already arrived and were in double lines of battle, and those advancing were taking up positions as fast as they arrived. It was a grand and glorious spectacle, and it was impossible to look at it without admiration. I had never seen so tremendous an army before. I did not see one like it afterward. For though we confronted greater forces at Yorktown, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and at Richmond under Grant, these were only partially seen, at most a corps at a time. But here four corps were in full view, one of which was on the mountain and almost within rifle range. The sight inspired more satisfaction than discomfort; for though I knew that my little force could be brushed away as readily as the strong man can brush to one side the wasp or the hornet, I felt that McClellan had made a mistake, and I hoped to be able to delay him until Longstreet could come up and our trains could be extricated from their perilous position.

When two distinct roars of artillery were heard south of us that morning, I thought

* From the advance sheets of Volume XIX., "Records of the Rebellion," kindly furnished me by Colonel R. N. Scott, a pretty accurate estimate can be formed.—D. H. H.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL GARLAND, JR., KILLED AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

that the nearer one indicated that McClellan was forcing his way across some gap north of Harper's Ferry with a view of cutting Lee's army in two. I suppose that Stuart believed that this would be the movement of the enemy, and for this reason abandoned Turner's Gap and hastened to what he believed to be the point of danger. McClellan was too cautious a man for so daring a venture. Had he made it, Jackson could have escaped across the Potomac, but the force under Lee in person (Longstreet's corps and my division) must have been caught. My division was very small and was embarrassed with the wagon trains and artillery of the whole army, save such as Jackson had taken with him. It must be remembered that the army now before McClellan, had been constantly marching and fighting since the 25th of June. It had fought McClellan's army from Richmond to the James, and then turned round and fought Pope's army reënforced by McClellan's, from the Rapidan to the Potomac. The order excusing bare-footed men from marching into Maryland had sent thousands to the rear. Divisions had become smaller than brigades were when the fighting first began; brigades had become smaller than regiments and regiments had become smaller than companies.* Dabney, a careful statistician, in his "Life of Jackson" estimates Lee's forces at Sharpsburg (Antietam) at 33,000 men, including the three arms of service. Three of Longstreet's twelve brigades had gone to Harper's Ferry with Jackson. He (Longstreet) puts the strength of his nine brigades at Hagerstown on the morning of the 14th of September at 13,000 men. Accepting the correctness of his estimate for the present (though I expect to prove it to be too large), I find that Lee had under his immediate command that morning but 18,000 men. McClellan gives his force at Sharpsburg at 87,164. Had he made the movement which Stuart and myself thought he was making, it was hardly possible for the little force under Lee in person, to have escaped, encumbered as it was with wagon trains and reserve artillery. Forming his infantry into a solid column of attack, Lee might have cut a way through the fivefold force of his antagonist, but all the trains must have been lost,—an irreparable loss to the South. Frederick the Great's campaign against the allies shows what he would have done had he been in command of the Federal army. But the American soldier preferred to do sure work rather than brilliant work, his natural caution being increased by the carping criticisms of his enemies.

Upon the fall of Garland, Colonel McRae of the Fifth North Carolina Regiment assumed command, and ordered the two regiments on the left to close in to the right. This order was not received or found to be impossible of execution. The main attack was on the Twenty-third North Carolina behind the stone wall. The Federals had a plunging fire upon this regiment from the crest of a hill, higher than the wall, and only about fifty yards from it. The Twelfth North Carolina, a badly trained and ill-disciplined regiment, under the command of a young captain on that day, deserted the field of honor and danger, and sought more healthy quarters. The Twelfth Ohio, actuated by a different impulse, made a charge upon Bondurant's battery and drove it off, failing, however, to capture it. The Thirtieth Ohio advanced directly upon the stone wall in their front, while a regiment moved upon the Twenty-third North Carolina on each flank. Some of the

* Thus the Eighteenth Virginia Regiment (page 899 of the Rebellion Records) is put at 120 men; Fifty-sixth Virginia Regiment at 80; Eighth Virginia at 34; Hampton Legion (page 931) at 77; Seventeenth South Carolina Regiment at 59 (page 946).—D. H. H.

Thirtieth Ohio forced through a break in the wall, and bayonets and clubbed muskets were used freely for a few moments. Garland's brigade, demoralized by his death and by the furious assault on its center, broke now in confusion and retreated behind the mountain, leaving some two hundred prisoners of the Fifth, Twenty-third, and Twentieth North Carolina in the hands of the enemy. The brigade was too roughly handled to be of any further use that day. Rosser retired in better order, not, however, without having some of his men captured, and took up a position from which he could still fire upon the old road. This position he held until the order came at ten o'clock that night to cover the retreat of the infantry.

General Cox having beaten the force in his front, showed now a disposition to carry out General Pleasonton's instructions, and advance to the Mountain House by the road running south from it on the summit of the mountain. There was nothing to oppose him. My other three brigades had not come up; Colquitt's could not be taken from the pike except in the last extremity. So two guns were run down from the Mountain House and opened a brisk fire on the advancing foe. A line of dismounted staff-officers, couriers, teamsters, and cooks was formed behind the guns to give the appearance of battery supports. I do not remember ever to have experienced a feeling of greater *loneliness*. It seemed as though we were deserted by "all the world and the rest of mankind." Some of the advancing Federals encountered Colquitt's skirmishers under Captain Arnold, and apprehensive, apparently, of an attack in the rear, fell back again to their former positions.

General Cox seems not to have suspected that the defeat of Garland had cleared his front of every foe. He says in his report: "The enemy withdrew their battery to a new position on a ridge more to the front and right, forming their infantry in support and moving columns toward both our flanks." The *ruse* of the line of battle composed of staff-officers, couriers, teamsters, and cooks was happily seconded at the opportune moment by the advance of Arnold's sharp-shooters. General Cox, a veteran soldier of approved valor and conduct, was completely deceived thereby.

It was more than half an hour after the utter rout and dispersion of Garland's brigade, when G. B. Anderson arrived at the head of his small but fine body of men. He made an effort to recover the ground lost by Garland, but failed and met a serious repulse. General Cox says of this attack: "The enemy made several attempts to retake the crest, advancing with great obstinacy and boldness." Under the strange illusion that there was a large Confederate force on the mountain, the Federals withdrew to their first position in the morning to await the arrival of the other three divisions of Reno's corps. Willcox's arrived about noon, and Sturgis's and Rodman's between three and four o'clock, but there was no advance until five P. M. The falling back of Cox's division is alluded to by Colonel Ewing of Scammon's brigade and by Major Lyman J. Jackson of Crook's brigade. The former says: "We fell back to the original position until the general advance at five P. M." Major Jackson, after speaking of fighting the enemy behind a stone wall with the coöperation of two other regiments, adds: "We then fell back to the hillside in the open fields, where we were out of reach of their guns, and remained here *with the rest of our brigade* until an advance was made against the enemy by the Pennsylvania and Rhode Island troops on our right."

It was probably during this lull of active hostilities that General Hooker saw General Cox descending the mountain, for which statement he was rebuked by General Burnside. After the arrival of his whole corps General Reno arranged his line of battle as follows: Cox's division on his left, resting on the batteries in position; Willcox's on his right, supported by that of Sturgis. Rodman's division was divided; Fairchild's brigade was sent to the extreme left to support the batteries in position, and Harland's was placed on the extreme right.

In the meantime Rodes and Ripley, of my division, reported to me for orders. Rodes was sent with his brigade of twelve hundred men to a commanding knoll north of the pike or National road. Ripley was directed to attach himself to G. B. Anderson's left. Anderson being thus strengthened, and finding there was no enemy in his immediate front, sent out the Second and Fourth North Carolina regiments of his brigade on a reconnaissance to the front, right, and rear. Captain E. A. Osborne, commanding the skirmishers of the Fourth North Carolina, discovered a brigade in an old field south of Fox's Gap, facing towards the turnpike and supporting a battery with its guns turned in the same direction. Captain Osborne hastened back to Colonel Grimes, commanding the regiment, and told him that they could deliver a flank fire upon the brigade before it could change its position to meet them. But a Federal scout had seen the captain, and the brigade was the first to open fire. The fight was, of course, brief, the regiment beating a hasty retreat. The brigade halted at the edge of the woods, probably believing that there was a concealed foe somewhere in the depths

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE B. ANDERSON, KILLED AT ANTIETAM
(FROM A PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY.)

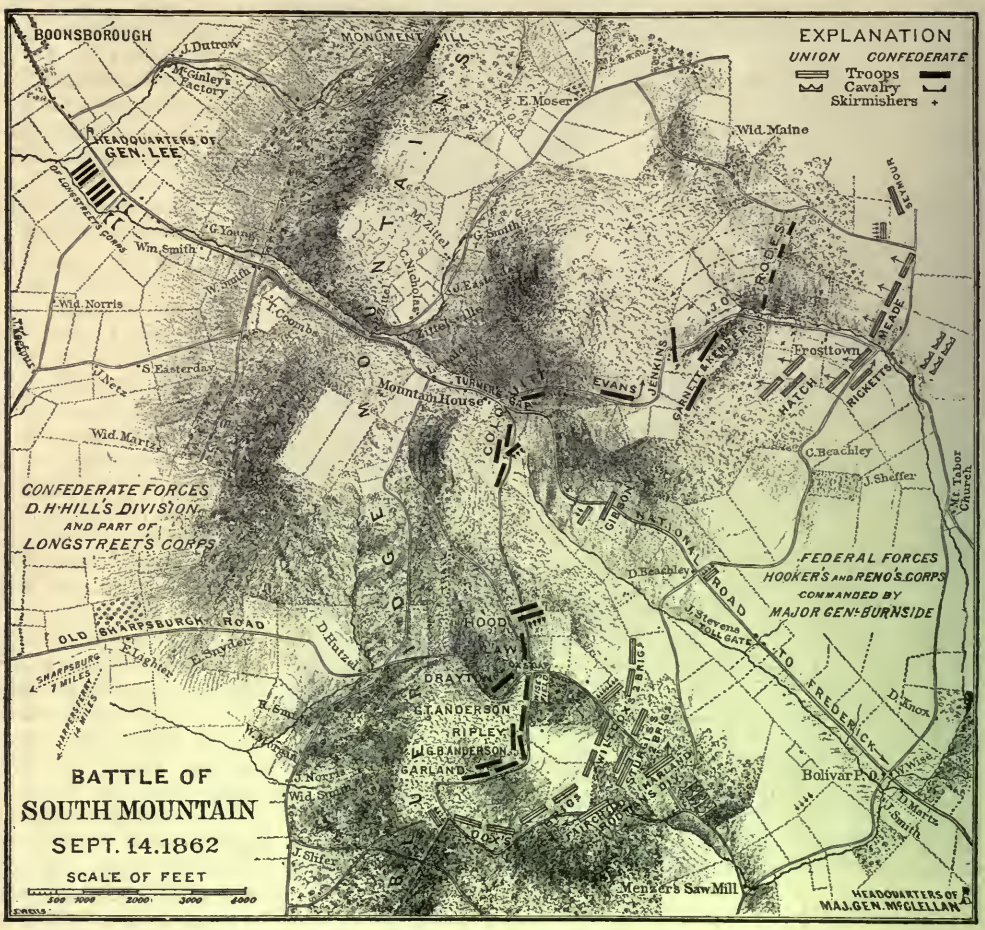
of the forest. This Federal brigade was, possibly, Benjamin C. Christ's of Willcox's division — the same which had made the successful flank movement in the previous fight.

About 3:30 P. M. the advance of Longstreet's command arrived and reported to me — one brigade under Colonel G. T. Anderson and one under General Drayton. They were attached to Ripley's left, and a forward movement was ordered. In half an hour or more I received a note from Ripley saying that he was progressing finely; so he was, to the rear of the mountain on the west side. Before he returned the fighting was over, and his brigade did not fire a shot that day.

The Federal commander intrusted to General Burnside the management of the fight, but under his own eyes; Burnside ordered a general advance on both sides of the pike. The First Corps, under Hooker, was to attack on the north side of the National road, while the Ninth Corps, under Reno, was to move forward, as before, on the south side. Hooker's corps consisted of three divisions, ten brigades, or forty-two regiments, with ten batteries of artillery and a battalion of cavalry. General Meade, a division commander, had under him the brigades of Seymour, Magilton, and Gallagher, containing thirteen regiments with four batteries attached. General Hatch, division commander, had under him the brigades of Doubleday, Phelps, Patrick, and Gibbon — seventeen regiments and four batteries. General Ricketts, division commander, had under him the brigades of Duryea, Christian, and Hartsuff — twelve regiments and two batteries. From the nature of the ground, none of the artillery of Hooker's corps could be used, except that which went directly up the pike with Gibbon's brigade and one battery (Cooper's) on the enemy's right.

The hour for the general advance is not specified in the reports. Some of the Federal officers, as we have seen, speak of the general advance at five P. M. General Sturgis says that he became engaged on the south side of the pike at 3:30 P. M. General Meade, on the north side, says that he moved toward the right at two P. M., while General Ricketts, who took part in the same movement, says that he did not arrive at the foot of the mountain until five P. M. If General Meade was not mistaken as to the time of his starting, he must have been long delayed in the thick woods, through which the first part of his march was made.

Here is probably the best place to explain the extraordinary caution of the Federals, which seemed so mysterious to us on that 14th of September. An order of General Lee, made while at Frederick, directing Jackson to capture Harper's Ferry, and Longstreet and myself to go to Boonsboro', had fallen into the hands of some Federals, who carried it to General McClellan. This order (known at the South as the Lost Dispatch) was addressed to me, but I proved twenty years ago that it could not have been lost through my neglect or



MAP OF THE POSITIONS AT FOX'S AND TURNER'S GAPS.

The fights of Sept. 14 were so distinct as to time and place, and the positions of the troops were so often changed that any single map would be misleading without analysis: (1.) The early morning fight was mostly on the south side of Fox's Gap, between Cox's two Union brigades and Garland's brigade, the latter being assisted on its left by a part of Colquitt's brigade which was at Turner's Gap. By ten o'clock Garland had been killed and his brigade routed. (2.) Then Cox encountered G. B. Anderson's arriving brigade, repulsed it and fell back to his position in the morning. (3.) G. B. Anderson was then posted at Fox's Gap on both sides of the old Sharpsburg road. D. H. Hill's two other brigades came up towards noon, Ripley being joined to G. B. Anderson, and Rodes being sent to occupy a hill on the north side of Turner's Gap, near where Garnett is placed on the map. (4.) About two o'clock, on the Union side, Cox's division was reënforced by the arriving divisions of Willcox, Sturgis, and Rodman; and Hooker's corps of three divisions was moving north of the National road by way of Mount Tabor Church (Hooker's headquarters) to flank the Confederate left. About the same time D. H. Hill's brigades at Fox's Gap were reënforced by Longstreet's brigades of G. T. Anderson, Drayton, Law, and Hood; and north of Turner's Gap three of Rodes's four regiments were sent still further to the left, and the defense afterwards strengthened by the posting of Longstreet's brigades of Garnett and Kemper supported by Jenkins, on the hill first held by Rodes. Evans's brigade arrived later, and was of assistance to Rodes when the latter had been thrown back by the flank movement of Meade's right. (5.) The last severe engagements began at both gaps after three o'clock and lasted until after dark. Colquitt and Gibbon, in the center, joined desperately in the battle.— EDITOR.

carelessness. The Federal commander gained two facts from the order, one of which was needless and the other misleading. He learned that Jackson had gone to Harper's Ferry — a truth that he must have learned from his own scouts and spies and the roar of artillery in his own ears. The cannonading could be distinctly heard at Frederick, and told that *some one* was beleaguering Harper's Ferry. The misleading information was that Longstreet was at Boonsboro'. The map of the battle-field of South Mountain, prepared in 1872, ten years after the fight, by the United States Bureau of Engineers, represents ten regiments and one battalion under Longstreet at the foot of the mountain on the morning of the 14th of September, 1862. Longstreet was then an ordinary day's march from that point. In fact, after the removal of Colquitt's brigade, about seven A. M., there was not a Southern soldier at the foot of the mountain until three P. M., when Captain Park of the Twelfth Alabama Regiment was sent there with forty men. General McClellan in his report says: "The force op-

VIEW FROM TURNER'S GAP, LOOKING SOUTH-EAST.— SEE MAP ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

The point of view is a little to the left of the Mountain House, now the home of Mrs. Dahlgren, widow of Admiral Dahlgren. Rodes was first posted on the hill, the slope of which is seen on the left; Gibbon was further down the road in the hollow. The white patch on the mountain to the south (on the right) is Wise's field at Fox's Gap, where Reno and Garland were killed.— EDITOR.

posed to me was D. H. Hill's corps (fifteen thousand) and a part if not the whole of Longstreet's, and perhaps a portion of Jackson's,— probably thirty thousand in all." (Page 13, Volume XIX.) The mistake of the Federal commander in regard to General Longstreet was natural, since he was misled by the Lost Dispatch. But it seems strange that the United States Engineers should repeat the blunder, with the light of history thrown for ten years upon all the incidents of the battle. It was incomprehensible to us of the losing side that the men who charged us so boldly and repulsed our attacks so successfully should let slip the fruits of victory and fall back as though defeated. The prisoners taken were from my division and the victors seemed to think that Longstreet's men lay hidden somewhere in the depths of those mysterious forests. Thus it was that a thin line of men extending for miles along the crest of the mountain could afford protection for so many hours to Lee's trains and artillery and could delay the Federal advance until Longstreet's command came up, and joining with mine, saved the two wings of the army from being cut in two. But for the mistake about the position of our forces, McClellan could have captured Lee's trains and artillery and interposed between Jackson and Longstreet before noon on that 14th of September. The losing of the dispatch was the saving of Lee's army.

About four P. M. I saw what appeared to be two Federal brigades emerge from the woods south of Colquitt's position and form in an open field nearly at right angles to each other —one brigade facing towards the pike, and the other facing the general direction of the mountain. This inverted V-like formation was similar to that of the First Mississippi Regiment at Buena Vista. If it was made anywhere else during the Civil War, I never heard of it. The V afforded a fine target from the pike, and I directed Captain Lane to open

FOX'S GAP — THE APPROACH TO WISE'S FIELD.

This sketch and the one on the next page (from recent photographs) may be regarded as parts of one picture. The old Sharpsburg or Braddock road lies between the stone wall and the rail fence. The left distance shows the Middletown valley and the Catoctin range, from which Reno approached.— EDITOR.

on it with his battery. His firing was wild, not a shot hitting the mark. The heavy batteries promptly replied, showing such excellent practice that Lane's guns were soon silenced. A small force in the edge of the woods on the west side of the old field opened fire upon the V. The Federals changed their formation, and advancing in line of battle, brushed away their assailants and plunged into the woods, when heavy firing began and lasted possibly half an hour.

I suppose that the Federal force which I saw was the division of General Sturgis, and that he left behind Harland's brigade of Rodman's division to guard his flank in his advance, since Harland reports that he had no casualties. General Sturgis claims that he swept everything before him. So do his comrades who fought on his left. On the other hand, General Hood, who came up a short time before this advance with the brigades of Wofford and Law, claims that he checked and drove back the Federals. G. T. Anderson reports that only his skirmishers were engaged. The surviving officers of G. B. Anderson (killed at Sharpsburg, and leaving no report) say that the same thing was true of their brigade in the afternoon. Ripley's brigade was not engaged at all. About dusk the Second and Thirteenth North Carolina regiments attacked Fairchild's brigade, and the batteries protected by it on the extreme Federal left, and were repulsed disastrously. Generals Burnside and Willcox say that the fight was continued until ten o'clock at night. Hood was mistaken, then, in thinking that he had driven back the Federal advance. The opposing lines were close together at nightfall, and the firing between the skirmishers was kept up till a late hour. Equally erroneous is the claim that any Confederates were driven except Drayton's small brigade. We held the crests of the mountain, on the National road and the old Sharpsburg road until Lee's order for withdrawal was given. General Reno, the Federal corps commander on our right, was killed at seven P. M., in Wise's field, where the fight began at nine o'clock in the morning. But on our left a commanding hill was lost before night. Batteries placed upon it next morning, acting in concert with the heavy batteries placed on our right by General Pleasonton before we were aware of his presence, would have made any position untenable on the pike or the crest of the mountain. I made that statement to General Lee about nine P. M., when he consulted with Longstreet and myself in regard to renewing the fight the next morning. Longstreet concurred in this view, remarking that I knew the ground and the situation better than he did.

The story of the reverse on our left could best be told in the words of General Rodes, upon whose brigade the chief disaster fell. But our space requires its abridgment.

General Hooker detached Gibbon's brigade, consisting of three Wisconsin regiments and one Indiana regiment, from Hatch's division, and directed it to move directly up the pike with a section of artillery. Then the divisions of Meade and Hatch were formed on the north side of the pike, with the division of Ricketts in supporting distance in rear. A belt of woods had to be passed through, and

FOX'S GAP — WISE'S FIELD, AS SEEN FROM THE PASTURE NORTH OF THE ROAD.

The stump in the middle of the field is near where Reno fell. General Garland was killed near by. Part of the struggle was for the wooded crest on the left of the field. On the left of Wise's house is the ridge road, the Confederates at the house being posted behind a stone wall. The well at Wise's house was filled with the Confederate dead. — EDITOR.

then it was open field all the way to the summit, and the two detached peaks were in full view upon which the devoted little band of Rodes was posted — the Twelfth Alabama Regiment on one, and the Third, Fifth, Sixth, and Twenty-sixth Alabama regiments on the other. Under the illusion that there were ten regiments and one battalion of Longstreet's command in those woods, the progress through them was slow, but when once cleared, the advance was steady and made almost with the precision of movement of a parade day. Captain Robert E. Park, of Macon, Georgia, who commanded the forty skirmishers in the woods, thinks that he delayed the Federal advance for a long time.*

MAJOR-GENERAL JESSE L. RENO.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

It is not more improbable that a few active skirmishers north of the pike should prove an obstacle to progress through the forest there, than that a division on the south side should hesitate to penetrate a forest from which their foes had been completely driven. The success of the Federals on the north side was due to the fact that after getting through the belt of woods at the foot of the mountain, they saw exactly what was before them. The lack of complete success south of the pike was owing to the thick woods on that side which were supposed to be full of hidden,

* Captain Park writes: "After passing through Boonsboro', *en route* to the scene of action, we met the dead body of the gallant General Garland, when an order from General D. H. Hill, through General R. E. Rodes, to Colonel B. B. Gayle of the Twelfth Alabama, directed that skirmishers should be deployed in front. Colonel Gayle hurriedly ordered captains of companies to send four men each to the front to report to Lieutenant R. E. Park as sharp-shooters and I promptly reported for orders; was directed to carry my squad of forty men to the foot of South Mountain, 'and keep the enemy back as long as possible.' I hastily deployed the men, and we moved down the mountain-side. On our way down we could see the enemy, in two lines of battle, in the valley below, advancing, preceded only a few steps by their dense line of skirmishers. I concealed my men behind trees, rocks, and bushes, and cautioned them to aim well before firing. We awaited with beating hearts the sure and steady approach of the 'Pennsylvania Bucktails,' who were directly in my front, and soon near enough to fire upon. I gave the command, 'Fire,' and forty guns were almost simultaneously emptied with deadly effect, and the surviving skirmishers rushed

BRIDGE OVER THE ANTIETAM, NEAR SHARPSBURG, BY WHICH THE CONFEDERATES RETREATED FROM SOUTH MOUNTAIN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN WAR TIME.)

enemies. The imaginary foes of the Lost Dispatch were worth more to us than ten thousand men in the battle of South Mountain.

The advance of Hatch's division in three lines, a brigade in each, was as grand and imposing as that of Meade's division. Hatch's general and field officers were on horseback, his colors were all flying, and the alignment of his men seemed to be perfectly preserved. General Hooker, looking at the steady and precise movement from the foot of the mountain, describes it as a beautiful sight. From the top of the mountain the sight was grand and sublime, but the elements of the pretty and

back pell-mell to their main line, disordering it greatly. The solid, well-drilled line soon rallied, and advanced steadily forward, and my small party, as soon as they were near enough, fired again, and nearly every bullet did fatal work. At least thirty men must have been killed or wounded at the second fire, and perhaps more at the first. Though checked for some minutes, their officers cursing loudly and earnestly exhorting them to 'close up' and 'forward,' the enemy again advanced. I directed my men to fall back slowly, and to fire from everything which screened them from observation. I had lost only four men wounded up to this time, but six or eight more became demoralized and, despite my commands, entreaties, and threats, left me and hastily fled to the rear. With the brave squad which remained, we slowly retreated, firing as rapidly as we could load, and doing fatal work with every step. The advance was very slow and cautious. It was about three o'clock when we opened fire at the foot of the mountain, and now the sun was rapidly setting. Corporal Myers, of Mobile, at my request, aimed at and shot an exposed officer, receiving himself a terrible wound as he did so. I raised him tenderly, gave him water, and reluctantly was about to abandon him to his fate, when a dozen muskets were pointed at me, and I was ordered to surrender. There was a deep ravine to our left, and the Third Alabama skirmishers having fallen back, the Federals had got in my rear, and at the same time closed upon me in front. If I had not stopped with Myers I might have escaped capture, but I was mortified and humiliated by the necessity of yielding myself a prisoner. Certain death was the only alternative. The enemy pushed forward after my capture, and came upon Colonel Gayle and the rear support. Colonel Gayle was ordered to surrender, but, drawing his pistol and firing it in their faces, he exclaimed: 'We are flanked, boys, but let's die in our tracks,' and continued to fire until he was literally riddled by bullets, and surrendered his pure, brave young spirit to the God who gave it.

"I was accompanied to the rear by three Federal soldiers, and could but notice, as I walked down the mountain, the great execution done by my little squad as shown by the dead and wounded lying all along the route. At the foot of the mountain ambulances were being loaded. From what I saw and gathered from my captors, my little party committed fearful havoc, and the Federals imagined that several divisions of Lee's army confronted them. . . . I was carried before some prominent officer (have heard it was General Hatch), who questioned me about my regiment, brigade, division, number of troops, etc. The information I gave could not have benefited him much."—D. H. H.

the picturesque did not enter into it. Doubtless the Hebrew poet whose idea of the awe-inspiring is expressed by "terrible as an army with banners," had his view of the enemy from the top of a mountain.

There was not a single Confederate soldier to oppose the advance of General Hatch. I got some guns from the reserve artillery of Colonel Cutts to fire at the three lines; but owing to the little practice of the gunners and to the large angle of depression, the cannonade was as harmless as blank-cartridge salutes in honor of a militia general. While these innocent missiles were flying, which the enemy did not honor by so much as a dodge, Longstreet came up in person with three small brigades, and assumed direction of affairs. He sent the brigade of Evans under Colonel Stevens to the aid of Rodes's men, sorely pressed and well-nigh exhausted. The brigades of Pickett (under Garnett) and Kemper were hurried forward to meet and check Hatch, advancing, hitherto, without opposition.

General Meade had moved the brigade of Seymour to the right to take Rodes's position in reverse, while the brigades of Magilton and Gallagher went straight to the front. Meade was one of our most dreaded foes; he was always in deadly earnest, and he eschewed all trifling. He had under him brigade commanders, officers and soldiers, worthy of his leadership. In his onward sweep the peak upon which the Twelfth Alabama was posted was passed, the gallant Colonel Gayle was killed, and his regiment was routed and dispersed. The four other regiments of Rodes made such heroic resistance that Meade, believing his division about to be flanked, sent for and obtained Duryea's brigade of Ricketts's division. It was pitiable to see the gallant but hopeless struggle of those Alabamians against such mighty odds. Rodes claimed to have fought for three hours without support; but an overestimate of time under such circumstances is usual and natural. He lost sixty-one killed, one hundred and fifty-seven wounded, and two hundred and four missing (captured), or more than a third of his brigade. His supports fought gallantly and saved him from being entirely surrounded, but got on the ground too late to effect anything else. Evans's brigade under Stevens had been wasted by two campaigns and was small when it left Hagerstown that morning, and many had fallen out on the hot and dusty forced march. Of the four regiments in the brigade, we find in Volume XIX. of the "Rebellion Records" only the report of one, the Seventeenth South Carolina Regiment under Colonel McMaster. That says that one hundred and forty-one men entered the fight on South Mountain, and of these seven are reported killed, thirty-seven wounded, and seventeen missing (captured). Colonel McMaster writes to me that his was the largest regiment in the brigade; so it must have been about five hundred and fifty strong. General Meade says in his report that he lost three hundred and ninety-nine men, or ten per cent. of his division. As he received the support of Duryea before or about the time that Rodes got the aid of Stevens, he fought Rodes with the advantage all the while of three to one.

When Ripley came up, as before described, the pressure was all at Fox's Gap. He was sent in there and his brigade was uselessly employed by him in marching and countermarching. Had it been sent to strengthen Rodes the key of the position might not have been lost. But the vainest of all speculations and regrets are about "the might have been."

Meade encamped that night on the commanding eminence which he had won.

The strength of the two brigades sent to check General Hatch did not exceed eight hundred men, as I will show presently. They must have performed prodigies of valor, and their praises can best be spoken in the words of their enemies. General Patrick, commanding the leading Federal brigade, tells of a race between his men and a strong force of the enemy for the possession of a fence. Patrick won the race and delivered his fire from it and picked off the rebel cannoneers at some guns. General Hatch was wounded at this fence, and the command devolved on General Doubleday. The latter speaks of lying down behind the fence and allowing the enemy to charge up to within fifteen paces, and then he opened a deadly fire. Colonel Wainwright, who succeeded Doubleday in command of his brigade, was also wounded here, and Colonel Hofmann assumed command of it. Colonel Hofmann tells us that the ammunition of the brigade was just giving out when Ricketts relieved Doubleday. Several of the reports speak of the "superior force of the enemy." General Ricketts says that "he relieved Doubleday hard pressed and nearly out of ammunition." Before Ricketts came in person with Hartsuff's brigade, he had sent Christian's brigade to the assistance of Doubleday. Every man in the brigades of Kemper and Pickett (the latter under Garnett) must have been a hero, else such results could not have been achieved. General Doubleday's report contains this curious story: "I learned from a wounded prisoner that we were engaged with four to five thousand under the immediate command of General Pickett, with heavy masses in their vicinity. He stated also that Longstreet in vain tried to rally the men, calling them his pets and using every effort to induce them to renew the attack."

That old rebel played off finely, but he ought to have explained whether he heard Longstreet's appeals to the pets while he was lying there on the ground, or whether he was the only pet to respond and come back to be knocked over for his pains. The astonishing thing is that General Doubleday should believe that there were four thousand or five thousand men before him under the immediate command of Pickett. Of course, the old rebel knew that Pickett was not there in person and that there were no heavy masses in the vicinity. But Doubleday's belief of the story is a splendid tribute to the efficiency of the eight hundred men, who fought a division of thirty-five hundred men (the number reported by Hatch after Gibbon had been detached), and fought it so vigorously that two brigades were sent to its assistance.

Jenkins's brigade, under Walker, came up at dusk, too late to be in the fight; but it went in on the right of Garnett and took part in the irregular firing which was kept up till a late hour. Colonel Walker's report shows a loss of three killed and twenty-nine wounded, which proves that he was but slightly engaged. The tired men of both sides lay down at last to rest within a hundred yards of each other. But now Gibbon was putting in earnest work on the pike. He had a choice brigade, strong in numbers and strong in the pluck of his men, all from the North-west, where habitually good fighters are reared. He had pushed forward cautiously in the afternoon with the Seventh Wisconsin Regiment, followed by the Sixth on the north side of the pike and the Nineteenth Indiana, supported by the Second Wisconsin, on the south side. The ten imaginary regiments of the Lost Dispatch retarded his progress through the woods; and at one time, believing that the Seventh Wisconsin was about to be turned on its right flank, he sent the Sixth to its assistance. There were only a few skirmishers on his right, but the Lost Dispatch made him believe otherwise. About nine P. M. the stone wall was reached, and several gallant efforts were made in vain to carry it. When each repulse was followed by the rebel yells, the young men on my staff would cry out: "Hurrah for Georgia! Georgia is having a free fight." The Western men had met in the Twenty-third and Twenty-eighth Georgia regiments men as brave as themselves and far more advantageously posted. Colonel Bragg, of the Sixth Wisconsin, says in his report: "We sat down in the dark to wait another attack, but the enemy was no more seen." At midnight Gorman's brigade of Sumner's corps relieved Gibbon's.

General Gibbon reports officially three hundred and eighteen men killed and wounded,—a loss sustained almost entirely, I think, at the stone wall. The colonel of the Seventh Wisconsin reports a loss of one hundred and forty-seven men in killed and wounded out of three hundred and seventy-five muskets carried into action. This shows that he had brave men and that he encountered brave men. From his report we infer that Gibbon had fifteen hundred men. On our side, Colquitt had eleven hundred men and lost less than one hundred, owing to the admirable position in which he had been placed.

And now in regard to the numbers engaged. Longstreet sent to my aid eight brigades,—five belonging to the division of D. R. Jones, consisting of the brigades of Drayton, Pickett, Jenkins, G. T. Anderson, and Kemper; and three belonging to an extemporized division of N. G. Evans, including the brigades of Evans, Hood, and Law. On page 886, Volume XIX. of the "Rebellion Records," Jones says that after Toombs joined him from Hagerstown, his six brigades numbered at Sharpsburg two thousand four hundred and thirty men; *i. e.*, an average of four hundred and five men to each brigade. Now all Longstreet's officers and men know that the ranks were fuller at Sharpsburg than at South Mountain, because there were more stragglers in the forced march from Hagerstown to the battle-field of the 14th of September than there were casualties in the battle. The above average would give eight hundred and ten as the number of men in the two brigades which confronted the division of Hatch aided by two brigades from Ricketts. But it is well known that the Virginia brigades were unusually small, because of the heavy draughts upon them for cavalry, artillery, and local service. Between pages 894 and 902, Volume XIX., we have the strength at South Mountain of four of the five regiments of Pickett's brigade given officially,—the Nineteenth Regiment, one hundred and fifty men; Eighteenth Regiment, one hundred and twenty men; Fifty-sixth Regiment, eighty men; Eighth Regiment, thirty-four men. The strength of the other regiment, the Twenty-eighth, is not given; but assuming that it was ninety-six, the average of the other four regiments, we have four hundred and eighty as the number of men in Pickett's brigade at South Mountain. But the report of the colonel of the Fifty-sixth shows that he was turned off with his eighty muskets and did not go in with his brigade; so that Garnett had in the battle but four hundred of Pickett's men. From Kemper's brigade we have but one report giving the strength of a regiment, and that comes from Colonel Corse of the Seventeenth Virginia. He says that at Sharpsburg he had six officers and

forty-nine privates in his regiment. A calculation based upon this report would show that Kemper's brigade was smaller than Pickett's.

On page 907 we have the only report from Jenkins's brigade which gives any intimation of its strength. There the First South Carolina Regiment is said to have one hundred and six men at Sharpsburg. It is possible the five regiments of this brigade numbered five hundred and thirty in that battle. It is true that it was considerably larger at Sharpsburg than at South Mountain, because the stragglers from the Hagerstown march much more than made up for the small loss (32) in the battle of the 14th. But with due allowance for that gain, the brigade must have been four hundred and fifty strong at South Mountain. It is evident, then, that Kemper's brigade fell below four hundred at South Mountain; otherwise, the brigade average in Jones's division would have exceeded four hundred and six.

Longstreet thinks that he had four thousand men at South Mountain. His estimate is too high, according to the records as I find them. Accepting his numbers, I would place twenty-two hundred at Fox's Gap and eighteen hundred north of Turner's Gap. Colquitt fought mainly and Rodes entirely with Hooker's corps. Adding the twenty-two hundred men of these two brigades to Longstreet's eighteen hundred, we have four thousand as the number opposed to Hooker.

General McClellan puts the strength of the two attacking corps at thirty thousand. His figures are substantially corroborated by the reports of his subordinates,—division, brigade, and regimental commanders. They indicate, moreover, that there had been great straggling in the Federal army, as well as in our own. On page 97, General Ingalls, Chief Quartermaster, reports, October 1, 1862, means of transportation for 13,707 men in the First Corps; for 12,860 men in the Ninth Corps . . . , and for 127,818 men in the entire Army of the Potomac. This was after the wastage of the two battles (14th and 17th September) reported on page 204 as amounting to 15,203.

General Hooker was well pleased with the work of his corps. He says (page 215): "When the advantages of the enemy's position are considered, and his preponderating numbers, the forcing of the passage of South Mountain will be classed among the most brilliant and satisfactory achievements of this army, and its principal glory will be awarded to the First Corps." Undoubtedly that corps had gained important positions, but it is difficult to see how four thousand men could preponderate in numbers over 13,707. Hooker's division and brigade commanders, who had been well up under musketry fire, do not speak in such glowing terms of the victory. The reports of the stubborn fighters in the Federal army on both sides of the pike are models of modest propriety. This is especially so with those who bore the heat and burden of the day,—Meade, Hatch, Cox, Willcox, Scammon, Crook, Gibbon, Ewing, Gallagher, Magilton, Phelps, White, Jackson, Callis, Bragg, etc.

In regard to the casualties of the opposing forces, the losses in killed and wounded were greater on the Federal side than on the Confederate, because the one thin line of the latter fired at the dense masses of the former, sometimes in two lines and sometimes in three. But from their weakness the Confederates took no prisoners, while they lost over four hundred within the enveloping ranks of their enemies. The revised statement of Federal losses in Volume XIX. gives the casualties in the First Corps as 923; of the Ninth Corps as 889. Total 1812, infantry and artillery; and to this number is added one cavalryman, how killed is not explained.

I lost two brigadiers and a large number of regimental commanders within three days, so that the division reports are very meager. Of the five brigades, there is a statistical report from that of Rodes alone. By means of a very extensive correspondence I have ascertained the casualties as nearly as they can be reached at this late day:

	Killed and Wounded.	*Missing.*
Rodes	218	204
Colquitt	92	7
Garland	100	200
Anderson	84	29
Ripley	0	0
	494	440

Longstreet's loss must have been less than mine, as he had but four small brigades seriously engaged. Walker reports only thirty-two casualties in Jenkins's brigade; G. T. Anderson had none. Hood speaks lightly of the fight of the two brigades under him. The exact losses can, however, never be known.

In the foregoing table reference is had to prisoners taken in battle. Some of our wearied men slipped off in the woods to sleep, and were not aroused when the orders came to fall back. Colonel Parker of the Thirtieth North Carolina Regiment, a brave and efficient officer, writes to me that he could hardly keep his men awake even when the deadly missiles were flying among them. This is in confirmation of what General Hood, in charge of the rear-guard, told me when I passed him after daylight on the 15th. He said that he found it difficult to arouse and push on the tired men, who had fallen out by the wayside to get a few minutes' sleep.

If the battle of South Mountain was fought to prevent the advance of McClellan, it was a failure on the part of the Confederates. If it was fought to save Lee's trains and artillery, and to reunite his scattered forces, it was a Confederate success. The former view was taken by the President of the United States, for he telegraphed to General McClellan on the 15th of September: "God bless you and all with you. Destroy the rebel army, if possible."

But from whatever stand-point it may be looked at, the battle of South Mountain must be of interest to the military reader, as showing the effect of a hallucination in enabling nine thousand men to hold thirty thousand at bay for so many hours, in robbing victory of its fruits, and in inspiring the victors with such caution that a simple ruse turned them back in their triumphal career.

Every battle-field of the Civil War beheld the deadly conflict of former friends with each other. South Mountain may be taken as a specimen of this unnatural and horrible state of things. The last time I ever saw Generals McClellan and Reno was, in 1848, at the table of General G. W. Smith, in the city of Mexico. Generals Meade and Scammon had both been instructors while I was at West Point. Colonel Magilton, commanding a brigade in Meade's division, had been a lieutenant in my company in the Mexican war. General John Gibbon (whose brigade pressed up the pike on the 14th of September) and his brother Lardner had been best men at my wedding. They were from North Carolina; but one brother took the Northern side, while the other took the Southern.

There is another view of the picture, however. If we had to be beaten it was better to be beaten by former friends. Every true soldier loves to have "a foeman worthy of his steel." Every true man likes to attribute high qualities to those who were once friends, though now alienated for a time. The temporary estrangement cannot obliterate the recollection of noble traits of character. Some one attempted to condole with Tom Yearwood, a famous old South Carolina bully, upon the beating given him by his own son. "Hush up," said old Tom. "I am glad that no one but my own flesh and blood had a hand in my drubbing."

The sons of the South struck her many heavy blows. Farragut of Tennessee rose, as a reward of merit, to the highest rank in the Federal navy. A large number of his associates were from the South. In the Federal army there were of Southern blood and lineage Generals Thomas, Sykes, Reno, Newton, J. J. Reynolds, Canby, Ord, Brannan, William Nelson, Crittenden, Blair, R. W. Johnson, T. J. Wood, N. B. Buford, Terrill, Graham, Davidson, Cooke, Alexander, Getty, French, Frémont, Pope, Hunter. Some of these doubtless served the South better by the side they took, but most of them were fine officers, and some of them were superb.

Then the South had three hundred thousand of her sons in the Federal army in more subordinate capacities. Her armies surrendered when a Southern-born President and a Southern-born Vice-President were at the head of the United States Government. Surely we have the comfort of old Tom Yearwood, and it *is* a comfort. That the wounds of defeat and humiliation have been so soon healed has been owing largely to this balm to mortified pride. The sting of shame to proud and sensitive Frenchmen is that their magnificent capital was captured by, and their splendid armies surrendered to, soldiers of an alien race and religion, speaking a different language, and unlike themselves in manners and customs and in all those characteristics which constitute their pride and their glory. On the other hand, the civil wars in England have left no bitter memories behind them. Who now knows or cares whether his ancestors fought on the side of the White Rose or the Red Rose? Who now knows or cares whether they were for King or Parliament; for James II. or for William of Orange? Compare this forgetfulness of civil strife in England with the bitterness which Ireland still feels over her subjugation; compare it with the fact that the Roman occupation of England for five hundred years made no impression upon the language of the natives, so little intercourse was there between them and their conquerors; compare it with the fact that for four hundred years after the Norman conquest there was no fusion between the Norman and Saxon tongues. In truth, all history teaches that the humiliation of defeat by a foreign foe is felt for ages, while that of defeat by the same race is temporary and soon forgotten. The late Civil War was relieved of very much of its sectional character by the presence of so many Southerners in the Union armies. Therefore, it will be in the United States as in all the unsectional civil wars of the world's history in which race and religion were not involved,— the waves of oblivion will roll over the bitter recollections of the strife. But we trust that fragrant forever will be the memory of deeds of heroism, patience, fortitude, self-denial, and constancy to principle; whether those deeds were performed by the wearers of the blue or the gray from their respective standpoints of duty.

D. H. Hill.

General W. F. Smith in Reply to General Grant.

THE assertion of a fact, even if it be an assertion involving a question of character, made by one of world-wide reputation, is generally accepted as true. A few interested in the individual who may be the subject of attack will hear his defense, if he make any; and perhaps a larger few whose sense of justice impels them to hear both sides, will listen before pronouncing sentence. To these two classes I address a few words.

In the February number (1886) of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is a paper written by General Grant, in which he says (page 576):

"General W. F. Smith, who had been promoted to the rank of Major-General shortly after the battle of Chattanooga, on my recommendation, had not yet been confirmed. I found a decided prejudice against his confirmation by a majority of the Senate, but I insisted that his services had been such that he should be rewarded. My wishes were now reluctantly complied with, and I assigned him to the command of one of the corps under General Butler. I was not long in finding out that the objections to Smith's promotion were well founded."

General Grant makes this general charge without assigning a reason for it or attempting to justify it by citing any instance in which I had failed in any duty I had been called upon to perform. This gives me the right to call General Grant himself as a witness in my own behalf, and to assert that the reasons which moved him to say that "the objections to my confirmation were well founded" were of a personal, and not of a public nature.

The battle of Chattanooga ended on the 25th of November, 1863 — my name was not sent to the Senate till the 15th of March, 1864. On the 18th it was returned to the President, with the request that the date of rank should conform to the date of nomination.

On the 23d of the same month it was again sent to the Senate, and my nomination was confirmed on the same day. It was therefore nearly four months after the battle when my name was sent to the Senate for promotion, and in three days thereafter the Senate asked the President to make the date of rank conform to the date of nomination; and on the same day that my name was returned to the Senate my nomination was confirmed. The question of my confirmation therefore was settled on the 18th of March, when the request was made to have the date of rank conform to the date of nomination, and during this time and up to the time of my confirmation General Grant was not in the city of Washington.

He left Washington on the night of the 11th of March for Nashville and did not return till some time during the 23d — the day on which the President returned my name to the Senate and upon which final action was taken. Shortly thereafter I was informed by a Senator that my name had passed the Senate without having been referred to the Military Committee, which he stated to be a "high compliment and one seldom paid by the Senate." As to the fact whether this confirmation was made without a reference to the Military Committee, the records of the Senate will show.

But much more important to me is the fact that this sweeping denunciation was not founded upon any failure on my part to perform the duty I owed to the country, then in its struggle for existence, and that no one knew this better than the general who was in command of its armies. On the 12th of November, 1863, General Grant addressed the Secretary of War as follows:

"I would respectfully recommend that Brigadier-General William F. Smith be placed first on the list for promotion to the rank of major-general. He is possessed of one of the clearest military heads in the army — is very practical and industrious — no man in the service is better qualified than he for our largest commands."

On July 1st, 1864, General Grant, from City Point, Virginia, addressed a letter to General Halleck, Chief of Staff, from which the following extracts are taken:

"Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, has just returned. He informs me that he called attention to the necessity of sending General Butler to another field of duty. . . . I have feared that it might become necessary to separate him and General Smith. The latter is really one of the most efficient officers in the service, readiest in expedients, and most skillful in the management of troops in action. I would dislike removing him from his present command unless it was to increase it, but as I say, I may have to do it if General Butler remains. . . . I would feel strengthened with Smith, Franklin, or J. J. Reynolds commanding the right wing of this army. . . ."

So that on the 1st of July, 1864, General Grant thought he would be strengthened with General Smith commanding the right wing of that army. On the strength of that letter I was placed in command of the troops in the field belonging to the Army of the James, and General Butler was ordered back to administrative duty at Fort Monroe.

Being much out of health at this time, I had asked for a short leave of absence, to which this answer was returned:

"HEADQUARTERS, CITY POINT, July 2, 1864.

"TO MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM F. SMITH: Your application for leave of absence has just come to me. Unless it is absolutely necessary that you should leave at this time, I would much prefer not having you go. It will not be necessary for you to expose yourself in the hot sun, and if it should become necessary I can temporarily attach General Humphreys to your command.

"U. S. GRANT."

As my health did not improve I repeated my request for leave, and on the 9th of July I received the following from General Grant at City Point:

"General Ord can be assigned to the command of your corps during your absence if you think it advisable."

I left my command on that day, and City Point on the following day, and it is manifest General Grant up to that moment had not changed the opinion he had expressed in recommending my promotion. I returned to the army on the 19th of July, to find myself relieved from my command. During this absence of ten days, nothing connected with my military duties could have occurred to impair the confidence in me expressed in General Grant's communication of the 9th.

I sought an explanation from him on the day of my return, and he was as reticent in assigning any cause for his action then as he was twenty-one years after, when, in preparing a contribution to the history of the war, he again passed sentence upon me without assigning a reason of any kind for his condemnation. I am to-day as ignorant of the causes for his action as I was then. That they were purely personal, and had not the remotest connection with my conduct as a soldier, I submit is proved by his own testimony, and it is upon this question alone that I care to defend myself.

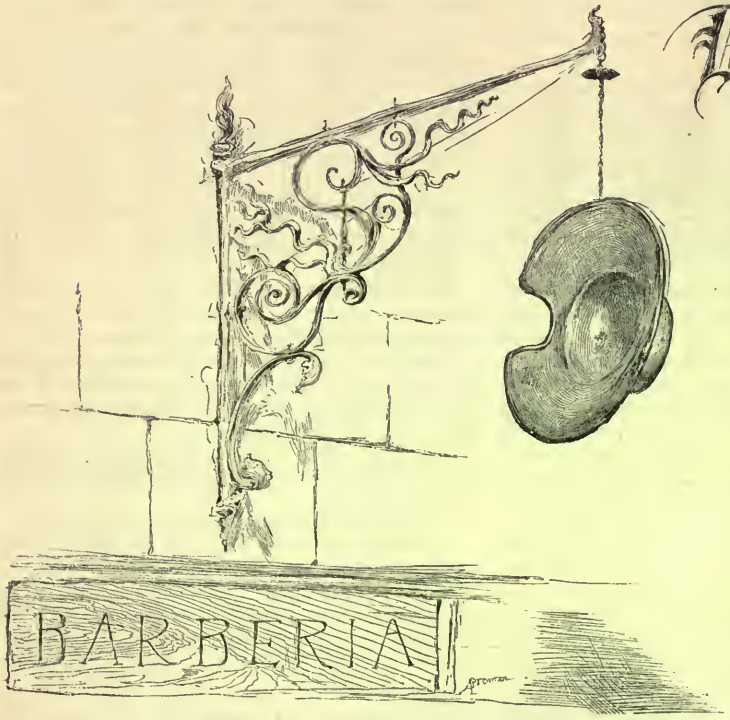
March 1, 1886. *William Farrar Smith.*

THE HELMET OF MAMBRINO.

"How can I be mistaken, thou eternal misbeliever?" cried Don Quixote; "dost thou not see that knight that comes riding up directly towards us upon a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?"

"I see what I see," replied Sancho, "and the devil of anything can I spy but a fellow on such another gray ass as mine is, with something that glitters o'top of his head."

"I tell thee that is Mambrino's helmet," replied Don Quixote.— *Cervantes.*



DEAR DON HORACIO: You cannot have forgotten the morning we turned our backs upon San Francisco, and slowly rambled seaward through winding hollows of park, nor how the mist drooped low as if to hear the tones of fondness in our talk of Cervantes and the Don, nor how the approving sun seemed to send a benediction through the riven cloud-rack overhead.

It was after we had passed the westward edge of that thin veneer of polite vegetation which a coquettish art has affixed to the great wind-made waves of sand, and entered the waste of naked drift beyond, that we heard afar a whispered sea-plaint, and beheld the great Pacific coming in under cover of a low-lying fog, and grinding its white teeth on the beach.

Still discoursing of La Mancha, we left behind us the last gateway of the hills, came to the walk's end and the world's end and the end of the Aryan migrations.

We were not disturbed by the restless Aryan who dashed past us at the rate of 2:20 with an insolent flinging of sand, a whirling cobweb of hickory wheel, and all the mad hurry of the nineteenth century at his heels.

For what (we asked one another as we paced the Cliff-House veranda) did this insatiable wanderer leave his comfortable land of Central Asia and urge ever westward through forty centuries of toilsome march? He started in the world's youth a simple, pastoral pilgrim, and we saw him pull up his breathless trotters at the very *Ultima Thule*, rush into the bar-room, and demand a cocktail.

Having quenched this ethnic thirst and apparently satisfied the yearning of ages, we watched him gather up his reins and start eastward again, as if for the sources of the sacred Ganges, and disappear in the cloud of his own swift-rushing dirt.

By the fire in our private breakfast-room we soon forgot him, and you led me again into the company of the good knight.

Even Alphonso must have felt the chivalric presence, for all unbidden he discreetly hispanized our omelet.

Years have gone since that Cervantean morning of ours, and to-day, my friend, I am come from our dear Spain.

As I journeyed in the consecrated realm of Don Quixote, it happened to me to pass a

night "down in a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to recollect."

Late in the evening, after a long day in the saddle, we had stopped at an humble posada on the outskirts of an old pueblo, too tired to press on in search of better accommodations, which we believed the town would probably afford. We were glad enough to tie our weary animals to their iron rings within the posada, and fling ourselves down to sleep in the doorway, lulled by the comfortable munching sound of the beasts, and fanned by a soft wind which came fitfully from the south.

The mild, dry night, wherein thin veils of cloud had tempered the moonlight and overspread the vacant plains with spectral shadows, was at length yielding to the more cheerful advance of dawn.

From the oaken bench on which I had slept, in the arched entrance of the posada, I could look back across the wan swells of plain over which my companion and I had plodded the day before, and watch the landscape brighten cheerfully as the sun rose.

Just in front, overhanging the edge of a dry, shallow ravine, stood the ruin of a lone windmill — a breach in its walls rendering visible the gnarled trunk of an old olive-tree, which hugged the shade of the ancient mill, as if safe under the protection of a veritable giant.

Oaken frames of the mill-arms, slowly consuming with dry-rot, etched their broken lines against the soft gray horizon. A rag or two of stained canvas, all that was left of the sails, hung yellow, threadbare, and moldering in the windless air.

The walls of our doorway seemed visibly to crumble. Here and there lingering portions of stucco still clung to a skeleton of bricks; and overhead, by the friendly aid of imagination, one could see that time out of mind the arch had been whitewashed.

Signs of life one by one appeared. From a fold somewhere behind the posada a small flock of gaunt, lately sheared sheep slowly marched across my narrow field of view.

Single file with heads down, they noiselessly followed a path faintly traced across the plain, the level sun touching their thin backs, and casting a procession of moving shadows on the gray ground. One or two stopped to rub against the foundation-stones of the mill; and presently all had moved on into a hollow of the empty land and disappeared.

Later, at the same slow pace, and without a sound of footfall, followed a brown and spare old shepherd, with white, neglected hair falling over a tattered cloak of coarse homespun. His face wore a strange expression of imbecile content. It was a face from which not only hope but even despair had faded out under the burning strength of eternal monotony.

A few short, jerky, tottering steps, and he too was gone, with his crust of bread and cow's horn of water, his oleander-wood staff, and his vacant smile of senile tranquillity.

Then an old, shriveled parrot of a woman, the only other inhabitant of the posada, came from I never knew where, creeping in through the open portal, heavily burdened with an earthen jar of water for our beasts. "*Buenas dias!*" fell in a half-whisper from her lips, which held a burning cigarette. She too disappeared.

On the other side of the arched entry, against the opposite wall, on an oaken bench like mine, his head to the outer air, asleep on his back, lay my guide and companion, Salazar,— a poor gentleman, humbled by fate, yet rich in the qualities of sentiment which make good men and good friends.

His arms were crossed on his breast, after the manner of those pious personages who lie in their long bronze and marble slumber in church and chapel. His delicate constitution,

yielding at last to the wear of time, and now plainly declining, had decreed for him only a narrow margin of life. In a little while, in a few short years, he will lie as he lay that morning in La Mancha, and his countenance will wear the same expression of mingled pain and peace.

I had chosen him as companion for this episode of travel because of his fine, appreciative knowledge of Cervantes, and from his personal resemblance to the type of Don Quixote. He had listened affectionately to my talk of the Bachelor of San Francisco, and joined with zest in my search for a "Helmet of Mambrino," which I hoped to send as a gift to the gentleman by the western sea.

I scanned his sleeping features long and thought him a perfect Spanish picture. How sternly simple the accessories! Only a wall of time-mellowed brick, barred by lines of yellow mortar, and patched by a few hand-breadths of whitened plaster! Only a solid, antique bench of oak, weather-worn into gray harmony with an earthen floor! Nothing more!

His ample cloak of dark, olive-colored cloth, reaching from foot to chin, covered him, save for one exposed hand, completely, and hung in folds to the ground. There was nothing to distract from his face, now thrown into full profile against the rough wall.

Far back over the bald cranial arch, a thin coat of mixed gray and brown wiry hair covered the back of his head, just where it rested on the blue handkerchief he had carefully composed over an improvised pillow. The heavy eyebrow formed a particularly long, high bow, and ended abruptly against a slightly sunken bony temple. The orbital hollow, an unusually large and cavernous bowl, showed beneath the brow a tracery of feeble blue veins; but the closed eye domed boldly up, its yellow lids strongly fringed with long brown lashes. The hooked beak of a well-modeled but large aquiline nose curved down from the brow. Over his always compressed mouth grew a delicate, grizzled mustache, the ends of which turned up in the old Spanish way. His jaw was refined rather than strong, and bore on his long chin a thin tuft of hair, which grew to a point and completed a singularly chaste and knightly profile. The shallow thinness of his figure, the sunken yellow cheek, and emaciated throat, were all eloquent of decline.

Age, too, recorded itself in the exposed hand,—not so much in its pallor or slenderness of finger, as in the prominence of bony framework, which seemed thrust into the wrinkled muscular covering as into a glove which is too large and much outworn.

These are but material details, and only interesting as the seat and foundation of a fixed air of gentlemanliness, which, waking or sleeping, never left his countenance.

He was, as he slept, the figure of the dead Quixote,—a gaunt face softened by a patient spirit, an iron frame weakened and refined by lifelong frugality, and now touched by the wintry frosts of age; but, above all, the sleeping mask, with its slightly curled lip, wore an aspect of chivalric scorn of all things mean and low. I watched the early light creep over his bald forehead, and tinge the sallow cheek with its copper warmth, and I marked how the sharp shadow of his nose lay like a finger of silence across his lips.

There lay one of those chance friends, whom to meet is to welcome from the heart, and from whom I for one never part without perplexing wonder whether chance or fate or Providence will so throw the shuttle through the strange pattern of life's fabric, that our two feeble threads will ever again touch and cross and interweave.

CHOCOLATE is the straw at which the drowning traveler catches in the wide ocean of Spanish starvation. Its spicy aroma, with that of a cigarette, announced the coming of the old posadera.

I reluctantly awakened Salazar, and we began the day by each pouring water from an earthen jar for the other's ablutions. From a leathern wallet my companion produced a few dry, crumbled little cakes, and my ulster pocket yielded up a bottle of olives I had brought from Seville. The woman squatted by us and smoked.

While waiting for his boiling beverage to cool, Salazar addressed our hostess. "This American gentleman has in his own country a friend of whom he is exceedingly fond, a certain Don Horacio, who, it seems, is in the habit of reading the adventures of Don Quixote, which you very well know, Señora, happened here in La Mancha. This Don Horacio has never seen one of our Spanish barbers' basins, such as the good Don Quixote wore for a helmet.

"It is to find him an ancient basin that we have come to La Mancha. There were plenty of new ones in Seville and Cordova, but they will not serve. We must have an ancient one, and one from this very land. Do you by chance remember where there is such an one?"

The good woman reflected, while we sipped the chocolate, and ate the cakes and the olives. She threw away the end of the cigarette, and began rolling another. This little piece of manipulation, well known as provocative of thought, was hardly accomplished when she exclaimed:

"Mira! I do know the very piece. Come to the door! Do you see that church in ruins? Bueno! Just beyond is an old posada. The

widow Barrilera, with her boy Crisanto, lives there. Poor people put up their beasts there. It used to be a great fonda many years ago, and ever since I was a child an old basin has hung in the patio. It ought to be there now." At this we were much gladdened; for our search all the day before among the villages and hamlets had been fruitless. The posadera was so dumb at the silver we gave her that she forgot to bid us "Go with God!" till we were mounted and moving away from her door toward the pueblo.

A Spanish town, especially in wide, half-waste regions between great cities, sometimes sinks into a slow decline, and little by little gives up the ghost of life; dying, not of sudden failure in the heart or central plaza, but wasting away by degrees around its outskirts, and shrinking by the slow ruin of block after block inward toward the center of vitality. This form of decay comes at last to girdle the whole town with mounds of fallen wall, vacant squares of roofless masonry, fragments of paved patio, secluded no more by inclosing corridors, but open and much frequented of drowsy goats, who come from their feeding-grounds to sleep on the sun-heated stones.

Here and there a more firmly founded edifice, like a church or a posada, resists the unrelenting progress of destruction, and stands for a few years in lonely despair among the leveled dust of the neighbor buildings.

If a church, it is bereft of its immemorial chimes, which are made to jangle forth the Angelus from some better-preserved tower on the plaza. Owls sail through the open door, and brush with their downy wings the sacred dust from wooden image of Virgin or Saviour; till at last the old towers and walls, yielding to rain and wind, melt down into the level of humbler ruin.

The old posadas, while they last, are tenanted by the poorest of the poor. Childless widows too old to work end here in solitary penury their declining days, sister tenants with wandering bats and homeless kids.

Past such an old and dying church Salazar and I rode, following the directions of our hostess, and soon drew rein before an old oaken gate in a high wall of ancient masonry. Upon the lintel was rudely cut, as with a pocket-knife, the sign "*Forraje*." Half the double gate, fallen from its rusty hinges, lay broken and disused on the ground, its place taken by a ragged curtain of woolen cloth, which might once have been a woman's cloak. This, with the half gate still standing, served to suggest that the ruinous inclosure was to be respected as private ground.

My grave companion alighted from his horse, folded his cloak, which till now he had worn against the morning cold, laid it carefully across his saddle, and knocked very gently; then after a pause, as if to give misery a time to compose its rags, he drew aside the curtain an inch or so, and after peering around the inclosed yard, turned to me with a mysterious smile, laid his finger on his lips, and beckoned to me to look where he pointed.

I saw a large, square, walled inclosure bounded on the right by a one-story house, with a waving, sagging, collapsing roof of red tiles. The left or eastern wall, which rose to a height of twenty feet or so, was pierced by two doorways and several second-story window-openings. Through these we looked out upon the open plain, for the apartments into which the doorways had once led were ruined and gone.

Over the eastern door was traced the half-faded word "*Comedor*," and over the other "*Barberia*." Still above this latter sign there projected from the solid masonry an ornamental arm of wrought iron, from which hung a barber's basin of battered and time-stained brass, the morning light just touching its disc of green.

Salazar knocked a little louder, when a cheery, welcoming woman's voice called out, "*Pasen, señores!*" We held aside the woolen curtain, crossed the inclosure, and entered a little door directly opposite the old barberia, scenting as we entered a rich, vigorous odor of onion and garlic.

There are nerves so degenerate, there are natures so enfeebled, as to fall short of appreciating, as even to recoil from, the perfume of these sturdy esculents; but such are not worthy to follow the footsteps of Don Quixote in La Mancha, where still, as of old, the breath of the cavalier is the savor of onions, and the very kiss of passion burns with the mingled fire of love and garlic.

From a dilapidated brick floor rose the widow Barrilera, a handsome, bronzed woman of fifty, with a low, broad brow, genial, round face, and stout figure; who advanced to meet us, and rolled out in her soft Andalusian dialect a hearty welcome, smiling ardently out of sheer good-nature, and showing her faultless teeth.

It did not seem to have occurred to her to ask, or even consider, why we had come. Our entrance at this early hour created no surprise, no questioning, not even a glance of curiosity. It was enough for her sociable, affluent good-nature that we had come at all. She received us as a godsend, and plainly proposed to enjoy us, without bothering her amiable old brains about such remote, intricate conceptions as a cause for our coming.

To one of us she offered a stool, to the other a square of sheepskin, and urged us to huddle down with her in the very focus of the

garlic pot, which purred and simmered and steamed over a little fire. She remarked in the gayest way that it was still cool of a morning, and laughed merrily when we assented to this meteorological truth, adding that a little fire made it all right, and then beaming on in silence, while she stirred the savory contents of the pot, never varying the open breadth of her smile, till she pursed up her lips as if about to whistle, and blew on a ladle full of the soup till it was cool, when she swallowed it slowly, her soft eyes rolling with delight at the flavorous compound.

"Señora," said my hollow-eyed and hollow-voiced comrade, "the gentleman is a lover of good Don Quixote."

The woman flashed on me a look of curiosity, as who should say, "So is every one. What of that?"

"My friend is *Americano*," continued Salazar.

"*Valgame Dios!*" ejaculated the now thoroughly interested widow. "All the way from Buenos Ayres! No? Then from Cuba, of course! Yes, yes! My father's cousin was a soldier there, and married a woman as black as a pot."

"No, señora, my friend is from another part of America; and he has come here to buy from you the old brass basin above the barberia door.

Curiosity about America suddenly gave way to compassion.

"*Pobrecito!*" she said in benevolent accents. "You take care of him! He is"—making a grimace of interrogation, arching up her brows, and touching her head—"a little wrong here."

Salazar, with unbroken gravity, touched his own head, pointed to me, and replied, "Perfectly clear!"

"What in the name of the Blessed Virgin does he want of that old basin with a hole in it?" shrugging her fat, round shoulders till they touched her earrings, and turning up the plump, cushiony palms of her hands to heaven.

"It seems very droll, my good woman, does it not?" I interrupted, "but I have in my own country a charming friend whom I love very much. He is called the Bachelor of San Francisco, and he has never seen a Spanish barber's basin, so I want to carry this as a gift to him. We have no barbers' basins in America."

"*Caramba!*" she exclaimed, "what a land! Full of women as black as coals, and no barbers! My father's cousin had a beard like an Englishman when he came back, and his wife looked like a black sheep just sheared. As to the basin, señor, it is yours."

Then turning to a hitherto unnoticed roll of rags in a dark corner, she gave an affectionate shove with her foot, which called forth a yawning, smiling lad, who respectfully bowed to us, while yet half asleep.

"Crisanto, get down the old barber's basin from the patio, and bring it here!"

In a moment the boy returned with the old relic, but seemed to hesitate before relinquishing it to his mother, who extended her hand to receive it.

"What are you waiting for, child?" said the woman.

"It is mine. You gave it to me," said the boy bashfully.

"My lad," said Salazar, "we shall give you two silver duros for it."

The boy at once brightened and consented. His mother seized the basin in one hand, a wet rag in the other, with her toe scraped out some ashes from the fire, and was about to fall upon it with housewifely fury, and in a trice, had I not stopped her, would have scraped away the mellow green film, the very writing and sign-manual of the artist Time.

A few silver duros in the smiling lad's palm, a bit of gold to the mother, a shudder of long unknown joy in the widow's heart, a tear, a quiver of the lip, then a smile,— and the bargain was made.

I was grasping her hand and saying "*Adios!*" she was asking the Virgin to give me "a thousand years," when Salazar said:

"No, no! it is not yet *Adios*. This basin and bargain must be certified to by the *ayuntamiento* in a document stamped with the seal of the pueblo, and setting forth that here in La Mancha itself was bought this barber's basin."

"*Seguro!*" replied the woman, who flung over her head a tattered black shawl, tossing the end over her left shoulder. We all walked, Salazar and I leading our beasts, to the door of the *alcalderia*.

The group of loungers who sat around the whitewashed wall of the chamber of the *ayuntamiento* showed no interest in our arrival. To our story the secretary himself listened with official indifference, sipped his morning coffee, only occasionally asking a question of idle curiosity, or offering objection to the execution of so trivial a document.

"Ridiculous!" he exclaimed; "the authorities of Spain have not provided in the Codex for such jesting. What is all this for?"

"Señor Secretario," I replied, "I have conceived this innocent little caprice of legalizing my purchase of the basin, to gratify a certain Don Horacio, known in America as the Bachelor of San Francisco, a gentleman whose fine literary taste has led him to venerate your great Cervantes, and whose knightly sentiments have made him the intimate friend of Don Quixote."

"But," said the secretary, "no contract of sale with a minor for vendor can be legalized by me. The Codex provides ——" He was going on to explain what the Codex did provide, when Salazar, who knew more about the legal practice of provincial Spain than the Codex itself, stepped forward, passed behind the august judicial table, and made some communication in a whisper, which was not quite loud enough to drown a curious metallic clink, as of coins in collision.

Thus softened, the cold eye of the secretary warmed perceptibly, and he resumed: "As I was about to say when my friend here offered me a—a—cigarette, the Codex does not in terms recognize the right of an infant to vend, transfer, give over, or relinquish real or personal property; but on reflection, in a case like this, I shall not hesitate to celebrate the act of sale."

A servant was dispatched for some strong paper, and the softened magistrate fell into general conversation.

"You have had a great war in your country."

"Yes," I replied, "very destructive, very exhausting; but, thank God, North and South are now beginning to be friends again."

"Are you of the North or of the South?"

"The North."

"Do you not find it very trying to have those Chilians in your Lima, señor?"

Weeks before this I had given up trying to stretch the Spanish conception of America to include a country north of Mexico, for the land of Cortes is the limit of imagination in that direction; so I helplessly assented. Yes, it was trying.

The boy returned with the paper; ink-horns and pens were successfully searched for, and the document was executed and sealed.

Salazar and I withdrew after saluting the upright official, mounted our beasts, received the soft benediction of the smiling widow, and pricked forward down a narrow way which led to the open plain. We were descending a gentle slope on the outskirts of the pueblo when we were overtaken by the secretary's servant, who charged down upon us, his donkey nearly upsetting mine in the collision.

Like a wizard in a show, he drew from under his jacket an incredibly bright and brand-new barber's basin.

"The secretary," he said, "remembered, just after you had gone, that the old Duchess of Molino had deposited with him, as security for a large loan, this basin, which is proved to have been the authentic and only one from which Cervantes was shaved every day while prisoner at Argamosillo. The secretary knew that you would like to see this valued relic, and to touch it with your own hand. The duchess, señor (lowering his eyes and face), is in *gloria*. For ten duros you can have this undoubted memento; and full documents shall follow you to Madrid or Lima by the next mail."

"*Hombre!*" I replied, "do me the favor to present to the secretary my most respectful compliments, and say that the supposed death of the duchess is a curious mistake. The old lady is living in great luxury in Seville, and her steward is already on the way to redeem her favorite relic."

The man, who saw the force of my pleasantry, laughed explosively, and shamelessly offered me the basin at two duros and a half. We shook our heads, and rode away. Having gone a hundred yards, we heard a voice, and looking back beheld the servant, who brandished aloft the basin and shouted, "One duro?" I answered "Never," and we rode out upon the brown and sunburnt plain.

Some sheep lay dozing, huddled in the shadow of a few stunted cork-trees. Brown and dim as if clad in dusty leather, the Sierra Morena lay sleeping in the warm light. Away up among the hazy summits were pencilings of soft, cool color; but we were too far away to discern the rocks and groves where Don Quixote did his amorous penance.

After riding long and silently, Salazar addressed me:

"Señor, this friend of yours, this Don Horacio, will he ever come to La Mancha?"

"*Quien sabe?*" I replied; "but if he comes you will certainly know him and love him as he is known and loved by his friend."

To the Bachelor of San Francisco. *K.*

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

George Bancroft on the Legal-Tender Decision.

TWO notable and clear-sounding bugle-calls in the battle for honest money have caught the public ear within a few weeks; namely, Mr. George Bancroft's "Plea for the Constitution of the United States of America Wounded in the House of its Guardians" (No. 53, "Harper's Handy Series"), and Secretary Manning's letter of March 2d, in reply to the Bland resolution passed by the House of Representatives on the 3d of February. Very great importance attaches to Mr. Manning's deliverance, by reason of his public position and of his political affiliations and authority. This is not the first time that New York has thrown down the gauntlet to the Democratic party. The act was deliberately and effectively performed by Seymour and Tilden in 1868. In a different way, but with equal boldness, Mr. Manning has challenged all the forces of soft money and short-weight money to deadly combat, for he exposes the vice of legal-tender paper with the same freedom, though not to the same length, as that of eighty-cent silver dollars.

It is to Mr. Bancroft's monograph that the reader's attention is invited in this article. The Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Juilliard *vs.* Greenman, March 3, 1884, decided that the Constitution gives to Congress the power to make Government notes legal tender for private debts contracted both before and after the emission of such notes, and to do this in time of peace as well as in time of war. In making this decision the Court reversed its former decision in the case of Hepburn *vs.* Griswold, and by inference reversed the decision in the Legal-Tender Cases, which had apparently restricted the issue of legal-tender notes to times of war. It should be remarked that the decision in the Legal-Tender Cases reversed the decision in the Hepburn case, but not so completely as is done in the Juilliard case. In short, the Court has been contradicting itself on this class of questions for seventeen years, and has now made the worst possible decision that the subject matter admits of; for surely nothing can be worse than the declaration that Congress has the power to issue, to-day or to-morrow, a billion of greenbacks, appropriate them to any purpose or persons it likes, make them legal tender for private debts, and accomplish in this way a transfer of all the capital in the country from one class to another class without merit on the part of the one or demerit on the part of the other. Thus, although private property may not be taken for public use without just compensation (Article V., Amendments), yet it may be taken for private use whenever Congress pleases.

Against this monstrous doctrine Mr. Bancroft brings the resources of history, political economy, and law. Historically he shows that when the framers of the Constitution came to that branch of the instrument which treats of the public finances, they solemnly, and by a vote of nine States against two, cast out of it the power to "emit bills of credit." What were bills of credit? So effectually were they then and there slain that when the war broke out, and when disputes arose over the national bank bill and the proposed tax on State bank issues, hardly anybody in public life knew what sort of thing was referred to in that clause of the Constitution which prohibits the States from issuing bills of credit. Mr. Bancroft shows by a careful upturning of the colonial records that bills of credit were nothing else than Government legal-tender notes; in some cases legal tender only for private debts contracted after the passage of the acts, and in others for those contracted both before and after. In twelve of the thirteen colonies experiments of this kind had been repeatedly made. In several instances they had been vetoed by the King. In all cases they had produced incalculable mischief, and had bred a feeling of loathing and disgust so nearly universal that when it was proposed to confer upon Congress the power to issue bills of credit, the proposition was voted down by nearly five to one.

The Supreme Court could not avoid noticing this significant fact. Anybody who will take the trouble to read Mr. Bancroft's chapters I., II., and III., and compare them with that portion of the opinion of the Court which relates to this branch of the discussion, will perhaps infer that if Mr. Justice Gray had set about proving that a horse-chestnut is a chestnut horse, he could have accomplished the latter feat quite as conclusively.

Mr. Bancroft's argument is divided into three main parts, and the first has been already summarized. The second relates to the assumption by the Court that "the power of impressing upon bills or notes of the Government for money borrowed the quality of being a legal tender for the payment of private debts was a power universally understood to belong to sovereignty in Europe and America, at the time of the framing and adoption of the Constitution of the United States." So sweeping a statement, one would think, ought to be accompanied by the citation of at least one case of the exercise of such power, or of the asserted right to exercise it, contemporaneous, or nearly so, with the adoption of our Constitution. No such case is mentioned. Mr. Bancroft challenges the statement in its length and breadth, affirming that neither in Great Britain nor in any country of Europe was any such power either exercised or claimed as one of the attributes of sovereignty. And Mr. Bancroft is right. The old and often abused power of the sovereign to change the measure of value by altering the weight or fineness of the coin, which is merely another form of legal-tender chicanery, had fallen into disrepute and disuse, and the new fashion of replenishing the treasury by first cheating his subjects and then licensing them to cheat each other had not yet come in vogue. It was not until July, 1811, that England passed a *stay law;* she never passed a legal-tender law, in the sense that our Supreme Court says that all European countries were in the habit of doing, or claiming the right to do.

The bank restriction of 1797, which was first an

order in Council, afterwards confirmed by Parliament, did not make Bank of England notes legal tender. It merely exempted a debtor tendering notes in payment of his debt from liability to arrest and distraint by summary process, leaving the creditor to pursue his claim by ordinary process of law. (See Tooke, v. 522; also Sumner on the Bank Restriction, in his "American Currency.") Accordingly Lord King, who had been a strenuous opponent of the restriction act on principle, notified his tenants in 1811 that he should require payment of his rents in gold or in Bank of England notes of equal value. The notes were then at sixteen per cent. discount. Thereupon Lord Stanhope introduced a bill in Parliament, which passed both houses, making it illegal to pay or receive gold at more than its nominal value. Lord King was thus checkmated. A bill abolishing the courts of justice would have had the same effect.

When the bank charter was renewed in 1833, the notes were (for the first time, we believe) made legal tender between individuals, but under conditions which required and provided for their prompt redemption in gold. The history of the time shows that the legal-tender provision was adopted merely to prevent the needless transportation of coin from one place to another, and not for the purpose of asserting or exercising a "power universally understood to belong to sovereignty."

Mr. Bancroft's third point is a noble defense of the limitations of the Constitution. The Court has assumed that the Government of the United States has powers over and above those granted by the Constitution. Since the power to make its own notes legal tender is not one of the granted powers, it must be derived from some source outside of that instrument. This source is indicated by the Court as being the sovereignty which it possesses in common with other governments. But every jurist of eminence, from the foundation of the government down to the present Supreme Court, and including the latter, "composed identically, man for man, of the very same nine men who constitute it now," have, at one time or another, held that "the Government of the United States is one of delegated, limited, and *enumerated* powers; therefore *every* valid act of Congress must find in the Constitution some warrant for its passage." Where is the power to make its notes legal tender "enumerated"? When did the thirteen colonies "delegate" to it any such power?

Mr. Bancroft's words are those of sorrow rather than of anger. The gravity of the subject and the respect due to the institutions of one's country forbid the use of sarcasm in this discussion. Else how readily would such a paragraph as the following, from the second of the three decisions, lend itself to such treatment (the italics are our own):

"It is hardly correct to speak of a standard of value. The Constitution does not speak of it. It contemplates a standard for that which has gravity or extension; *but value is an ideal thing.* The coinage acts fix its unit as a dollar, but the gold or silver thing we call a dollar *is in no sense a standard of a dollar. It is a representative of it.*"—Legal-Tender Cases, 12 Wallace, 553.

The possible consequences of the legal-tender decision are alarming. Granted the power to make Government notes legal tender in the discretion of Congress, and granted that Congress agrees with the Court in holding that value is an ideal thing, and that the gold or silver thing we call a dollar is only a representative of a dollar, what may not happen? Just now silver is the popular delusion, but will it always remain such? It certainly will not if the public can ever be brought into personal contact with it so as to experience the inconveniences of weight and bulk which have caused it to be expelled from modern commerce. No, the cheapness and convenience of paper will outbid everything that silver offers to a generation well up in the philosophy of legal tender. As we write these lines (March 9), our eyes fall upon an interview in the daily papers with Mr. T. V. Powderly, Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, a person for whom we have considerable respect, although we never chanced to meet him. Mr. Powderly, pooh-poohing the suggestion of the reporter that the Knights might some time become a political party, speaks of himself as a Greenbacker. The thought occurs to us that if Mr. Powderly and his friends ever should change their minds so far as to go into politics, and if they ever should control the law-making power, they would find in the decision which Mr. Bancroft has so eloquently pleaded against the means and lawful warrant for more widespread and effectual spoliation than all the confiscations of the French Revolution.

James Russell Lowell's Bible Argument.

IT is not too much to say that the scene in the room of the Senate Committee on Patents on the morning of Friday, January 29, 1886, was one of the most interesting and significant events of our generation. We refer to the hearing there given by committees of both Houses of Congress to James Russell Lowell, President of the American Copyright League, who presented in person his argument in favor of International Copyright. The journals of the country have already printed Lowell's words, but no report, verbatim or otherwise, could re-create the atmosphere of this remarkable scene. The legislative power, that very power hitherto appealed to in vain through generations of authors and Congressmen, was here confronted in behalf of the intellectual world, in behalf of public morality, and in the name of common honesty and common sense, by one of the chief living exponents of literature,—who is also one of the chief citizens of the Republic. Nothing could exceed the tact, good-nature, ready wit, and hurtling sarcasm with which Lowell took the field. A gentleman well known in the Washington lobby, and opposed to the measure, had been permitted to precede Mr. Lowell. This, as it were, gave for his lance, at the most fortunate moment, an embodied foe; though we doubt whether the subject of his genial and exquisite scorn will ever realize that, like one of the heroes of Dante's "Inferno," he was then and there transfixed for all time. The keenest thrusts were accompanied by a twinkle of the eye, a pleasant falling inflection of the voice, or a smile, that was like the glistening of a Damascus blade, with an edge as sharp as its glitter. It was not only in direct assault that Lowell proved his ability, but throughout the long session by answering quickly and ably the questions coming to him from every side, by turning off queries

too vague for answer with, for instance, some quotation from Charles Lamb, and himself asking questions that went to the marrow of the subject. When, in answer to a question, the President of the League answered, "I do not know of any way in which nations distinguish themselves except by their brains; that is, permanently to make an impression upon all mankind," those present could not help thinking how the truth of this statement was illustrated by the author of the "Biglow Papers" and the "Commemoration Ode," whose name to-day is known among the cultured throughout the world quite as familiarly as that of any battle ever fought under the American flag.

But the great value and force of Lowell's argument lay in the fact that he lifted up the whole discussion from the level of interests and expediencies into the clear air of duties and moralities. While he said with all distinctness and with iteration that, so far as human foresight could determine, the granting of foreign copyright would benefit American literature, would not make books dear, and would be for the good of the whole country, with still greater emphasis he upheld the leading issue. Said Lowell: "I myself take the moral view of the question. I believe that this is a simple question of morality and justice; that many of the arguments which Mr. —— used are arguments which might be used for picking a man's pocket. One could live a great deal cheaper, undoubtedly, if he could supply himself from other people without any labor or cost. But at the same time — well, it was not called honest when I was young, and that is all I can say. I cannot help thinking that a book which was, I believe, more read when I was young than it is now, is quite right when it says that 'Righteousness exalteth a nation.' I believe this is a question of righteousness. I do not wish to urge that too far, because that is considered too ideal, I believe. But that is my view of it, and if I were asked what book is better than a cheap book, I should answer that there is one book better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly come by."

The moral question is, and always has been, the leading issue in this controversy, so long left unsettled through the clamoring of narrow and selfish interests — interests too often able to command the degrading subserviency of brains fitted to nobler uses. It is the moral question that has most interested the thoughtful and honorable portion of the community — which, let us not doubt, is, in fact, the great body of the reading public of these United States.

The American Opera Company.

AFTER one of the early rehearsals of "The Taming of the Shrew," by the American Opera Company, a member of the orchestra said, "That's splendid music; *it's too good for opera.*" The remark shows what opera is often supposed to be — an exhibition of a few stars against an insignificant background. The interest of the performance is monopolized by three or four artists; the orchestra is only an accessory; the chorus only bridge over intervals, and help things along. For this kind of opera the elaborate instrumental music of "The Taming of the Shrew" would perhaps have been too good. But our contemptuous fiddler found out presently that opera was not to be given by the American company on the easy old plan. The representations under Theodore Thomas's direction were distinguished for the careful manner in which all the agencies of musical and dramatic expression were fitted together in an organized work of art. Parts which are commonly neglected as subordinate were raised to their proper rank as factors in the general result. Principals, chorus, and orchestra, poetry, action, and decoration, blended harmoniously in the complex structure. Some of the individual artists were excellent; but when we recall the performances, it is not so much of *Orpheus*, *Elsa*, and *Lohengrin* that we think, as of the perfect and finely balanced combination which gave to the interpretations as a whole their beautiful expressiveness.

This close knitting together of all the parts — something much more than we usually mean when we speak of the *ensemble* — was the characteristic note of the representations which Thomas began at the New York Academy of Music last January. He plays opera as he would play a symphony. To him it is a symphony of voices and instruments. The incomparable orchestra, the fresh young chorus, always correct, sure, and in tune, the whole assembly of stars and satellites, respond to his command, and respond together, exactly as the well-trained band answers him, as if by one impulse, in Beethoven's "Eroica." Thus it is not only in the singing of soprano or tenor that we feel the glow of passion, but the whole mass is burning with magnetic fervor. There is an eloquent description of the proper manner of directing an orchestral performance in the preface to one of Liszt's "Symphonic Poems," and we often thought of it as we watched Thomas last winter. Assigning to each voice, each instrument, each group of voices and instruments, the prominence and the special style of delivery which befitted each at the moment, the conductor brought out those elusive refinements of expression which convey the changing emotion, those subtle variations of color, rhythm, emphasis, and contrast which give nerve and accent to the music, and those nice distinctions between the graces which adorn a score and the broadly marked phrases which carry its essential meaning. This symphonic method of playing an opera cannot be taught by written directions on the musical page; it depends upon the conductor's insight, sympathy, and poetical temperament, together with an exceptional power of control over his subordinates. Many intelligent conductors who have the requisite delicacy of feeling never acquire the art of communicating their intentions to the performers, and so they fail.

There was a remarkable example of Thomas's control of the whole stage in the Invocation of the first act of "Lohengrin." With slight gestures he restrained one part, enlivened and accented another, disentangled the theme from the crowded score, heaped effect upon effect until the swelling orchestra quivered with sensibility; then, lifting his hand towards the scene, he loosed little by little the growing tide of voices, and at last hurled all the impatient forces together in an outburst which thrilled the house. Of course this remarkable crescendo is indicated in the score; but just think how many years we had to wait before a conductor brought out its full splendor. The "Lohen-

grin" effect, however, which was mainly dynamical, was far surpassed in Gluck's "Orpheus," where Thomas's capacity as an interpreter of great music was signally illustrated. The very simplicity of the music, as noble and severe in its outlines as the sculptures of Phidias, makes it peculiarly difficult of execution. Mistakes cannot be covered up; phrases cannot be slurred; in Gluck's open scores every technical imperfection shows like a great blot. The poetical spirit of the work, moreover, is in total contrast with the violent impulses which dominate the modern lyrical stage and have formed the style of nearly all our operatic performers. Here we have deep natural feeling in place of fiery passion, an almost religious solemnity in place of sensuous excitement, and a rigidly plain and direct mode of expression both on the stage and in the orchestra. Yet the exquisite performance at the Academy of Music was as true in sentiment and as perfect in execution as if the American Opera Company had been studying Gluck all their lives. The public, who had seen nothing like this before in New York, were both fascinated and astonished — most of all by the lovely third act, where the sense of repose, of dreamy tranquillity, of beauty almost too serene and delicate for human enjoyment, broods over the Elysian Fields, and even the grief of Orpheus seems to burn with a purer light in the presence of the Happy Shades. The scene is filled with exquisite passages, all of a somewhat ethereal character; and it does not end with a dramatic situation, but fades away like a vision. How tender and gentle, yet how profoundly emotional it all was! It was not a performance to bring a prima donna before the curtain, but it left people in tears.

There we saw great conducting! There we had also an earnest of the high artistic purpose with which the new enterprise seems to have taken up its work. An American Opera Company which begins its career with such an achievement takes rank at once as a very important institution.

A Readjustment of the Industrial Order.

In the present crisis of the labor agitation, one of the encouraging signs is the earnestness with which the clergy as a class are taking hold of the matter. Not long ago one of the professional labor reformers made the assertion that there were but one or two clergymen in the country who had given any serious attention to the labor question. The remark was very far from being true at the time when it was made: apart from the professors of political economy, the ministers of the gospel have given the subject more intelligent study than any other class of professional men. But during the last year their interest in the matter has been greatly quickened; it is the uppermost theme in their assemblies; and the duty of the Christian church to enforce the obligations which wealth and power involve, and to preach to all classes the gospel of goodwill, is clearly discerned. Whatever reason there may have been for the charge that the church was on the side of capital in this conflict, it is evident that the pastors of the churches are now generally and heartily endeavoring to remove that reproach, and to assert with all fidelity the rights of the weak and the duties of the strong. The fact that the moral power of the Christian church is now exerted in behalf of justice and humanity encourages the hope that a peaceful solution of the difficulty may be reached in due season.

The state of the public mind with respect to this question is indicated by a remarkable series of letters published during the past three or four months in "The Age of Steel," a journal of St. Louis devoted to the interests of the iron manufacturers. This journal had sent out a large number of circulars to men of all callings in all parts of the country, asking these five questions.

"1. Are strikes and lockouts a necessary feature of the wage system?

"2. Is arbitration the necessary coupling between capital and labor?

"3. May we not hope to discover some more satisfactory and equitable basis for the division of the profits arising from industrial enterprises?

"4. Does the remedy lie in the direction of industrial partnerships — a mutual participation of all concerned in the profits arising from production?

"5. Is productive coöperation possible in the United States?"

These questions were addressed to manufacturers, merchants, ministers, teachers of political economy, the heads of the labor bureaus of the several States, the chiefs of the various labor unions, intelligent workingmen whose names were known, and many others who were supposed to be interested in the subject. The great majority of the answers are full, frank, and intelligent, and it would be a good service if they could be compiled in tract form and widely distributed among workingmen and employers. The general impression among the workingmen that employers as a class are altogether conscienceless and careless of the interests of those whom they employ, would be modified by the reading of these letters.

It is true that the letters contain some stupid and heartless utterances; but most of these employers of labor show a true apprehension of the seriousness of the situation, and a disposition to consider the interests of their men. Some of them frankly concede that the condition and prospects of the laboring classes are not all that could be desired, and that civilization owes to them a fairer chance and a larger hope. As for the experts who take part in this symposium,— the economists and the statisticians,— they generally agree in the opinion that there is a labor question of great urgency. Not one of them appears to think the prevailing discontent unreasonable; the opinion that something ought to be done and can be done to improve the condition of the working people is freely expressed. To the question whether some more satisfactory and equitable division of the product of labor may not be found, Professor Henry Carter Adams replies that "such a discovery is essential to the further development of our Christian civilization"; and Professor J. B. Clark answers: "The competition which is the basis of the orthodox political economy is already a thing of the past in the sphere of wage-adjustments. It has been vitiated by combinations on both sides. True competition gave a rude approximation to justice in assigning the rewards of industry. The wreck of a competitive system, with the true competition left out, approaches more and more to the ignoble condition from which civilization has emerged.

. . . The wage-system, from which the redeeming element has departed, ought to give place, in many industries, to a system based partly on the coöperative principle."

Nearly all of these writers urge the arbitration of labor disputes. The workingmen and the employers are about equally unanimous in the opinion that reason is better than force in the adjustment of these difficulties. As to the feasibility of pure coöperation there is much doubt, but the method of profit-sharing is strongly advocated by most of them. Out of forty-two replies five pronounce this system impracticable, seven have no opinion about it, and twenty-seven are clear in their affirmation of the wisdom of the method. This expression reveals a remarkable advance of public opinion. During the last few months the thoughts of men have ripened fast. Those who have long been urging the principle of participation, and who have been accustomed to hear an almost unbroken chorus of skeptical and contemptuous dissent, will read these letters with considerable satisfaction. The St. Louis organ of the Knights of Labor, in referring to this series of letters, is not far from the mark when it says: "Taken altogether, it is a very cheering output of public sentiment in favor of considering the workingman's rights. Many of those who speak out so boldly in favor of arbitration and industrial partnership now, would a few years ago have scoffed at the idea."

Some of the employers in this list show by their works their faith in the participatory method. A few of the iron-masters mention the fact that wages are regulated by the price of iron. A great firm of merchant millers in Minneapolis testify that they have practiced profit-sharing for several years with excellent results. Mr. J. G. Batterson, President of the New England Granite Company, forwards a sketch of the plan on which the quarries of his company at Westerly are now worked, by which the workmen have a stipulated share in the net profits of the business, in addition to their regular wages. The letter of Mr. Batterson, in which he explains this method to his men, is full of a humane and benignant wisdom. "I sympathize," he says, "with the laudable ambition of the skilled workman to emancipate himself from the thralldom of a service in which he has no other interest than the daily wages and who aspires to that identity of interest in results which begets self-respect, and a worthy pride in the success of his own company or corporation." It is a mistake, he insists, for labor to suppose that by any kind of combinations it can coerce capital into its service, and equally a mistake for capital to assume that it can force labor into its service and monopolize the profits; satisfaction and contentment will only come "when there is a just recognition of the values contributed by each, and an equitable division of the same."

Such utterances are full of promise. If the spirit that breathes through them should find constant and consistent expression in the words and the conduct of all our employers, the labor question would soon have a complete and final solution.

OPEN LETTERS.

The True South *vs.* The Silent South.

BURKE said that no man could draw an indictment broad enough to cover a whole nation, but Mr. G. W. Cable has accomplished it in very brief space, in "The Silent South." One charge in substance is that the Southern courts and juries, not in a few scattered and occasional cases, but habitually and generally, prostitute their offices and perjure themselves to convict the blacks of crime; that they affix a punishment, on the average, five times as great upon a negro as upon a white man for the same offense in the same courts; that whereas the penalty for burglary is greater than for larceny, the courts indict and convict a negro of burglary who has only committed larceny, or, indeed, no offense at all; and that these enormities are perpetrated in obedience to a public sentiment in favor of oppressing the negro.

That far more blacks than whites, in proportion to numbers, in the Southern States are convicted of crime, is unhappily only too true. This must of necessity result from one of two causes: either the blacks are the criminal class, or justice is prostituted, and judges, witnesses, jurors, and people indulge easily and without scruple in perjury. Mr. Cable rejects the former solution and accepts the latter, and this in face of the fact that no man anywhere in the United States can be tried for felony without being furnished with a copy of the indictment and confronted with his accusers, and having the aid of counsel and the right to summon witnesses.

I propose to test the truth and accuracy of Mr. Cable's statements by official documents, which happily are at hand, and to show that he has made the grossest misstatements, to the prejudice of the Southern whites, in many important particulars.

He opens his indictment by charging that for larceny alone "such sentences are imposed as twelve, fourteen, fifteen, twenty, and in one case forty years of penal service, whose brutal tasks and whippings kill in an average of five years."

No such penalties as these are allowed by law in any Southern State, unless for a second offense. I have examined the criminal codes of most of them, and find that in Georgia, to which Mr. Cable particularly refers, the general crime of larceny is divided into: 1. Theft or larceny from the person. 2. Simple theft or larceny. 3. Theft or larceny from the house. 4. Theft or larceny after a trust or confidence has been delegated or reposed.

The penalties are: Horse-stealing — confinement in the penitentiary not less than four nor more than

twenty years. Cattle-stealing — not less than two nor more than four years. Hog-stealing — not less than two nor more than four years. Larceny from the person — not less than two nor more than five years. Larceny from the house — not less than one nor more than ten years.

Want of space prevents similar quotations from other codes in the South, but in none of them are such penalties allowed as Mr. Cable indicates, and it is not credible that any judge would venture to put upon the records of his court a sentence against a prisoner for a longer term than the law affixed.

Proceeding with the counts of the indictment in the order made, we come to this:

"Larceny is the peculiar crime of the poorest classes everywhere. In *all** penitentiaries out of the South, the convicts for this offense *always** exceed, and generally double, the number of convicts for burglary. Larceny has long been called the peculiar crime of the negro criminal. What then shall we say to the facts, deduced from official records, that in the Georgia penitentiary and convict camps there were, in 1882, twice as many colored convicts for burglary as larceny, and that they were, moreover, serving sentences averaging nearly twice the average of the white convicts in the same places for the same crime."

Not only in the South, but everywhere else, burglary is regarded as a more serious offense than larceny, and the penalty affixed to it is greater. But Mr. Cable says that the courts, the officers of the law, and the juries take advantage of this difference of penalty to send a negro to the penitentiary who has been guilty of larceny or some other inferior crime. Fortunately, the records are accessible to refute this statement, and the examples of the two great States of New York and Ohio are sufficient for the purpose.

Official reports give the following facts on this point: That in the two Northern States of New York and Ohio there were eight hundred and ninety convicts for burglary and only seven hundred and seventy for larceny; and in the four Southern States of South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, and Georgia there were seven hundred and forty-seven for burglary and seven hundred and eighty for larceny. In the Northern States quoted the convicts for burglary outnumber those for larceny, and in the Southern States just the reverse is the case, and thus this count in the indictment is successfully refuted.

The next count states, "We are far from overlooking the depravity of the negro. But those who rest on this cheap explanation are bound to tell us which shows the greater maliciousness: for one man to be guilty of hog-stealing, or for twelve jurors to send him to the coal-mines for twenty years for doing it?" I have already shown that such a sentence as this could not be rendered in any Southern State; unless possibly in a rare and occasional case, where the convict, after being once tried and sentenced, continued to repeat the offense, each time incurring an increased penalty. And the world — even its philanthropists — will not be inclined to think that a persistent and irreclaimable criminal like this is entitled to expect anything but the maximum punishment.

Next comes this from Mr. Cable's prolific reservoir:

"In Georgia, outside of her prisons, there are eight whites to every seven blacks. Inside, there are eight whites to every eighty blacks. The depravity of the negro may explain away much, but we cannot know how much while there also remain in force the seductions of our atrocious convict-lease system, and our attitude of domination over the blacks, so subtly dangerous to our own integrity."

* Italicised only here.

By this he means to say that courts and juries in Georgia send colored men to the penitentiary merely to afford a few citizens the opportunity of getting convict labor.

But if it can be demonstrated that in the Northern States as well as in the Southern crime is much more common and flagrant among the colored race than the white, and that in this respect the sections stand on a common platform, then Mr. Cable will be compelled to fall back upon the proposition that the black man and woman are more prone to crime than the white. Once more the official records are needed, and referring to them, and taking some of leading States, both North and South, what is developed?

In the Alabama penitentiary there are about seven and a half colored convicts to one white. In Georgia the ratio is nine colored to one white. But in the District of Columbia, according to the census of 1880, there are 115,446 whites and 62,596 blacks, or nearly two whites to one black. And yet from January, 1881 (I quote from data given in the "Agricultural Review" for May, 1884, the accuracy of which I have verified by personal examination), to November, 1882, there were two hundred and fifty-three convictions for felony in the District of Columbia — sixty-four whites and one hundred and eighty-nine colored.

In the State of New York there are 5,016,022 whites and 95,104 colored people, — a proportion of about seventy-seven to one. But in the three State prisons of Sing Sing, Auburn, and Clinton there are 2395 whites and 178 blacks — about thirteen and a half whites to one black. Or, to state it as Mr. Cable does, in New York, outside of her State prisons, there are seventy-seven white persons to one black; inside, there are only thirteen and a half to one.

In Ohio there are 3,117,920 whites and 79,900 blacks — a ratio of thirty-nine to one. In the penitentiary there are six hundred and three white convicts and ninety-four colored — a ratio of six and a half to one. And in all the State prisons there were 1081 white convicts and 190 colored — a ratio of five and two-thirds to one. Again stating it as Mr. Cable does, in Ohio, outside of prisons, there are thirty-nine whites to one black; inside, six whites to one black.

In the city where our national Government is located, where Congress is effusive in its care of the colored people, where Howard University bestows its benign influence, and in the great States of New York and Ohio, substantially the same state of things exists, as to the conviction of the colored race, as prevails in the Southern States. This being the case, there can be but one explanation: North as well as South the colored race furnishes largely more criminals than the white, and Southern courts, juries, witnesses, and people must stand acquitted in the minds of all fair men of the charges Mr. Cable brings against them.

It is in Georgia that Mr. Cable fancies he finds most to condemn. One of his main causes of complaint is that the courts inflict on colored convicts for larceny sentences five times as great as on white convicts at the same places. But the official report of the Georgia penitentiary and convict-camps for the period from

October 20, 1882, to October 20, 1884, is conclusive on the subject. I took one of the penitentaries, where there were five hundred and thirty-five convicts, and went carefully through the sentences for larceny, putting the whites in one column and the blacks in another, and then ascertained the average of each. I found the average sentence of the white convicts for larceny was actually greater than of the blacks! That for the whites was six years and one month, and for the blacks five years and six months.

The most cruel of all the charges which Mr. Cable has published against the people of the South is when he characterizes its penal service as one "whose brutal tasks and whippings kill in an average of five years." This is predicated specially of Georgia, but the official reports are once more available to contradict and disprove, in the most conclusive manner possible, this dreadful aspersion. Dr. Westmoreland, the physician having general charge of all the penitentiaries, reports that from the 1st of January, 1884, to October 20th of the same year there were sixteen hundred and thirty-nine convicts in all the penitentiaries, and during that period there were only thirty-eight deaths — twenty-eight from acute or ordinary diseases, five from chronic or malignant diseases, and five from accidents or violence. This is really a low rate of mortality, and will compare favorably with that existing in any city in the United States, among the colored people. It is only twenty-two to the thousand, while the mortuary reports for the cities named below show in every case a greater percentage:

Richmond	37	to the	1000
Norfolk	34	"	"
Lynchburg	30	"	"
Washington	32	"	"

Mr. Cable speaks of the mines at which some of the convicts are employed, in Georgia, as particularly fatal to life, and denounces the treatment that the colored convicts receive there. But let Dr. Westmoreland and Mr. Helms, the Marshal of Georgia, tell the facts about these mines. I quote from the report relative to the Dade coal-mines. There were three hundred and seventy-five convicts working at these mines, and from January 1, 1884, to October 20, 1884, there were only two deaths — one from cancer and one from accident. The physician says:

"The above table of sanitary statistics shows most excellent results, particularly as to the mortuary list, as not one death has occurred from ordinary camp or acute diseases — nothing, certainly, that could be attributed to the management of the camps or their surroundings. One was killed from slate falling on him, and the other died from cance . These favorable results, in my opinion, are due to ... e causes: First, to the humane and intelliger ... gement of the officers directly in control of t' ... I mean the physician and superintendent of the cam... condly, to the well-arranged and roomy prisons and ... tals; and thirdly, not the least, and perhaps above all, to the existence of a vegetable garden convenient to the camps, of one hundred acres, in the highest state of cultivation, thus furnishing the year round that variety of fresh vegetables so essential to the health of men in confinement."

And Mr. Helms, the Marshal of Georgia, in reply to a question asked him by myself as to the relative advantages and disadvantages of the old penitentiary system and the convict-lease system, answers:

"Your second question is, Is the treatment of the convicts as humane under the present system as under the former penitentiary system? I have no hesitation in answering that it is more humane. They have a great deal more outdoor exercise, they are as well fed, they are as comfortably clad, they are as humanely treated, and worked as moderately, as they ever were within the walls of the penitentiary, under the former system; and being out in the open air a great deal more, their health is generally better, and they are more cheerful and contented than the convicts under the former system were."

The two races are nearly equal in numbers in the Southern States; the blacks have the right of suffrage and all the other political rights that belong to the whites. Upon the conduct of the negro depends in a large degree the destiny of the white man; and no one who is not given over to a blind hatred of the Southern white race can believe that they desire anything but the success and prosperous advancement of those who are to be their neighbors and coadjutors in the matters that interest both.

Mr. Cable imputes much "domination" over the blacks to the Southern whites. If he means this term as synonymous with oppression or wrong, I deny it emphatically. But the Southern whites are Anglo-Saxons, and in one sense that race dominates all others with which it comes in contact — red, black, or white. By virtue of superior energy and force of character they remand other people to a secondary and subordinate position. In this sense, and this only, does "domination" exist in the Southern States.

I ask fair and candid men everywhere to judge the Southern whites by official facts, which certainly afford the best tests by which to measure their conduct to their colored fellow-citizens.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA. *John W. Johnston.*

EX-SENATOR JOHNSTON seems to me to be a very careless reader. In "The Silent South" I presented certain official facts which on their face appear to justify the complaints of the colored people that they do not get justice in court in the Southern States. And then I wrote, "Shall we from these facts draw hasty conclusions? We draw none. If any one can explain them away, in the name of humanity let us rejoice to see him do so. We are far from charging any one with deliberately prostituting justice." Does that sound like an indictment?

The utmost I can be said to have charged I can condense here into an axiom: that nowhere on earth can one people hold another people in political or civil subjection, and forcibly monopolize the administration of the laws, without putting judges and juries into constant imminent peril of distorting justice. If an axiom is an indictment, what does the gentleman propose to do?

That he reads without due care is still plainer when he reports me as charging Georgia courts with "affixing an average punishment five times as great upon a negro as upon a white man," etc. I did and do say that for burglary the average sentence of the colored Georgia convict (1880–82) was twice as great as the white convict's; a statement the gentleman makes no attempt to refute. "This, too," — I quote from "The Silent South," — "notwithstanding a very large number of short sentences to colored men, and a difference between their longest and shortest terms twice as great as in the case of the whites."

Neither does the gentleman attempt to refute this. Now the difference between the average sentences of

white and colored convicts for *larceny* is almost nothing; but the preposterous difference between *lowest and highest sentences* of colored convicts for larceny was thirty-nine years, while in the case of white convicts for the same crime it was but eight years; and thirty-nine lacks but one-fortieth of being five times eight; which is what I say in "The Silent South": "For larceny the difference is five times as great." One has only to add this short, simple sentence on to Mr. Johnston's first fine-print quotation of me, to see how unnecessary it was for him to have misconstrued its meaning; for that is its place in the original text.

I shall assume that all Mr. Johnston's citations of law are correct; but when he cites the letter of law merely to follow it with the assumption that because the laws are so and so therefore judges and juries could not and do not pass excessive sentences upon colored men, I can only point him to the official reports of the prisons, and without venturing to impeach any one pray him to explain them away. He offers but one explanation, and takes no pains to make it good. It is merely his assumption that the heavy sentences of black men are in cases "where the convict, after being once tried and sentenced, continued to repeat the offense, each time incurring an increased penalty." But what are the facts? Even this would not explain the gross difference between white and black men's sentences, for surely the reconvictions are not all and always black. But what are the facts? In the Georgia penitentiaries, October, 1882, there were 1243 convicts; 736 of the 1074 adults were under sentences of seven years and upward, yet only four per cent.,* 50, were reconvicted criminals. One child of thirteen years was under a twenty years' sentence for burglary, and one youth of seventeen was serving twenty-six years for the same crime committed in the night. It is a confession of fatal weakness for the gentleman to appeal only to laws that prescribe what must be, and pass by the official reports that tell what actually is. If the laws say one thing and the prison reports say another, why are not the *prisons* called upon to explain? But in all this controversy the prison lessees are treated as tenderly as though they were honorable men engaged in a decent calling; and my critics spend their diligence to show that the cruelties officially recorded in these prison reports are fortified by statutes. Truth is, slavery and slave-holding fostered, and has bequeathed to the population of the Southern States, both black and white, a crudity and cruelty of criminal laws foreign to the humane spirit of the times. For stealing a horse a man can, under these laws, be sent for 20 years to a penitentiary, where in October, 1882, among the 218 convicts on sentence of 20, 30, 35, and 40 years, and for life, *not one had survived over 19 years of sentence*, and only four had lived out 17 years. There were then there 1126 convicts under time sentences, of whom 162 were under sentences of 15 to 40 years — that is, about every seventh man; yet in the whole two years preceding that date, out of 390 prisoners discharged only *two* had served 15 years of prison life, and none had been in longer. In Virginia, the *least* penalty for a larceny of fifty-one dollars' worth of property is three years in one of these penitentiaries.

* See Biennial Report of the principal keeper of Georgia Penitentiary, October, 1882, p. 7.

Law or no law, the facts are terrible. In October, 1882, there were in the Georgia penitentiaries (among many others under higher sentences) 79 convicts under sentences of from only one to only three years for committing and for attempts to commit all the gravest and foulest crimes on the calendar. One ought to suppose, therefore, that for first offenses in the various forms of pilfering called larceny three years would be deemed an excessive sentence; and yet, of the 216 convicts for larceny, only 37 were under sentence of less than three years, while 62 were serving terms of from 10 to 40 years. If men found guilty of murder — let the palliations be what they may — can expiate their fault in two years, how much or often must a poor wretch steal to deserve a sentence which no physical strength can live out?

It has not been my choice to lay special stress upon criminal affairs in Georgia. In South Carolina the law is, in one direction, at least, more cruel than in Georgia. In my essay on the Convict Lease System a passage that to the hasty eye seems to apply to the Georgia prisons is meant, as a more careful reading will show, to apply to the system at large. The statement is that "Six men were under sentence for simple assault and battery — mere fisticuffing — one of two years, two of five years, one of six years, one of seven, and one of eight." This record really belongs to the South Carolina penitentiary for the year. I make these statements because I am an American citizen, and these things are happening in America, and are done by Americans in the jury-box and on the judge's bench. It is nothing to me that they happen in this quarter or in that, so long as they have happened and are happening in our common country. In other States of the Union the laws are less cruel and the prisons far more so. Mississippi, Alabama, and Arkansas affix a maximum sentence of five years where Georgia imposes twenty; but their penitentiaries ——!

The inference which the gentleman draws from the first paragraph of mine quoted by him in fine print is a false inference. As to his figures and mine, let us see: In the Maryland penitentiary, in 1883, the larceny convicts exceeded 260; the burglars were only 59. In the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania there were received, in 1884, 167 larceny convicts and only 49 burglars. In the Western, in 1883, the larceny convicts were 104, the burglars 35. In the Colorado State penitentiary, December, 1882, the larceny convicts numbered 118, the burglars 32. Of course, when a State has a number of correctional institutions, we must combine the statistics of all to find the true proportion between the numbers convicted of different crimes. In New York State, it is not enough to engross the tables of Sing Sing, Auburn, and Clinton; for the State has besides several other penal and reformatory institutions,— in New York city, for instance, in Elmira, and, I believe, in Rochester; and these are just the sort to which culprits guilty of larceny would be sent to avoid throwing them into contact with the burglars of the State penitentiaries. The same is true of Ohio; but the same is not true of Georgia, though certain Georgians are making a noble effort to bring it about. In the Michigan State prison, September 30, 1883, the year's admissions showed 71 larceny convicts against 35 burglars; in the same State's reformatory at Ionia, the previous year, the larceny convicts were

295 as against 44 burglars; while the engrossed criminal statistics of the province of Ontario for 1882 show the commitments for larceny 1401, and for burglary 63. I have not said that the disproportion of these two crimes in Georgia prisons extended to South Carolina and other neighboring States. For the gentleman to engross with the prison records of Georgia the prison records of other States with which Georgia courts and laws, judges, and jurors have nothing to do, merely to get a more favorable showing, is worse than no explanation. And even if this were justifiable, he does not by this device reach anywhere near a normal proportion; so, after all, he only drags the prison systems of these other States into the mire without pulling Georgia's out.

As to the gentleman's misinterpretation of the second paragraph quoted from me in small type: I do not charge judges and jurors with consciously or maliciously sending colored men to penitentiaries who should not go there; but I cannot take up the official report of any prison where caste-rule and the convict-lease system dominate without finding it full of facts and figures whose accusations no Christian community ought to leave unanswered for a day. Look, for instance, at the number of colored men and boys sent to these penitentiaries for slight offenses; for when not even extreme youth is saved from such cruel sentences as eight, ten, fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five years for crimes against property, and older men get even thirty, thirty-five, and forty, it seems to me such figures assert that those who are found in the same places for technically the same crimes, on sentences of but one, two, and three years, *must* have been comparatively trivial offenders. And when, on the other hand, I see in these prisons white offenders against property serving *heavy* sentences,— though not nearly so heavy as the black man's heavier sentences,— it seems to me such figures imply that white men steal and break and rob in those communities, and when the misdemeanor is great are brought to even a cruel justice, if such a thing can be called justice, but that when the offense is light the offender must be dark, or the penitentiary gets him not. Cruel implication! enough to arouse the indignation of any community! But whence comes it? From me? Nay, from the official returns of the prisons themselves! In October, 1882, the Georgia penitentiaries held under sentences of only one, two, or three years, for various forms of larceny, 62 colored men and boys and only *one white man*. No wonder the black man's *average* sentence for larceny did not exceed the white man's!

Or look at another fact. I am challenged on every side upon the truth of the assertion that in 1880 a man was in the Georgia penitentiary on a 20-years' sentence for "hog-stealing." Yet *no critic ventures to consult the official records*. One, who said he could easily consult them but who would not, produces instead the following:

> DEAR SIR: I was principal keeper of the Georgia Penitentiary in 1880, and there was not at that time nor has there ever been a man in the Georgia Penitentiary under a sentence of 20 years for hog-stealing.
>
> Truly yours,
>
> JOHN. W. HELMS.

Yes, John W. Helms; from whose *official records* I took the statement, and whose unsupported assertion is worth we shall presently show how much. The record is in his biennial report of October, 1880, page 45, as follows: "Holmes Barry, colored, age 39, crime hog-stealing, Jefferson county, term 20, received May, 1879." From Mr. Helms's next biennial report, October, 1882, this convict mysteriously and utterly disappears, not being reported as either present, dead, pardoned, released, or escaped. Then in the same official's report of October, 1884, he as mysteriously reappears as having died in custody more than fifteen months *after* his disappearance from the previous record. And here the poor wretch's record has been changed from "hog-stealing" to "simple larceny"— from tweedle-dum to tweedle-dee; or, to recall the very ancient joke— "If he'd only a-said *ducks*."

But is this case an exception or an example? By this officer's official rolls of 1880–82 there were two white convicts under the cruel sentence of ten years for "simple larceny." It is some gratification to know that no white man was serving a longer sentence for this crime. But the fact remains that under the same charge and at the same time 18 colored men were under sentence for 10 years each, 3 others for 12 years, 6 others for 15 years, and 4 others for 20 years; while one black man, William Williams of McDuffie County, who was put in on a cumulative sentence for simple larceny at the age of 40, will, if he lives and serves out his term, emerge from the prison 80 years old. But this will not happen. These rolls show 406 convicts in the penitentiary under sentence of 10 years and upward; that is, one-third of all the convicts. The official figures show that these "long-term" men were coming in just 3½ times as fast as they were being pardoned and escaping; yet the report shows that of 380 convicts discharged on expiration of sentence, the proportion of these "long-term" convicts to the whole number had dropped from one in every three to but one in every ninety-five. Death had made the difference. Not one was left to go out alive whose sentence exceeded 10 years.

The explanation has been attempted that these brutal sentences were given before 1868, and so antedate the convict-lease system in Georgia. But in fact, of the more than 400 long-term convicts surviving in the Georgia penitentiary in October, 1882, under 10 to 30 years' sentences,— many for simple larceny only,— *all but one* had been received since 1868; he the previous year.

One word in this connection it is pleasant to say: that in the Georgia Legislature there are gentlemen even now denouncing this whole convict-lease system as a disgrace to civilization and humanity, and nobly struggling to destroy it.* And like efforts are being made in every other State where the system exists. Would to heaven the same righteous and active war were waged by them against that spirit of race-subjugation which is the root of the whole trouble and the shame of our land.

Are Ex-Senator Johnston's efforts bent in the same direction? Far from it. His endeavor is to show that the "depravity of the negro" is enough to account for

* In the Georgia Legislature, June 9, 1885, Dr. Felton said: "If the fiends of hell had undertaken to devise a [penal] system, devilish, barbarous, and malignant, they could not have succeeded more fully than Georgia has succeeded in her system."

everything. But error has its uses, and the gentleman, instead of proving his case, actually brings forward an incontrovertible, arithmetical proof, based on official figures, that the "depravity of the negro" accounts for barely half. For see: In the District of Columbia, January, '81, to November, '82, the convictions were 64 whites and 189 colored. But the white population of the District is to the colored, as Mr. Johnston says, about two to one, or more exactly nine to five, and the *proportion* of convictions in equal numbers of white and black is therefore 1 white to $5\frac{3}{10}$ blacks. In New York State Mr. Johnston finds 77 whites to 1 black, and in its penitentiaries 13½ whites to 1 black. This shows a proportion of convictions, in equal numbers of white and black, of 1 white to $5\frac{7}{10}$ blacks. In Ohio the population shows 39 whites to 1 black; its penitentiaries 6½ whites to 1 black. The resultant proportion of convictions in equal numbers of whites and blacks is 1 white to 6 blacks.

Now, has the gentleman proved that in these regions "substantially the same state of things exists as to conviction of the colored race as in the Southern States"? He proves just the contrary. In Georgia the population shows 8 whites to 7 blacks; in the penitentiaries, says Mr. Johnston, 1 white to 9 blacks, or more exactly 8 whites to 74 blacks; and the consequent proportion of convictions in equal numbers of whites and blacks is 1 white to 10½ blacks, *nearly twice what it is in the places with which he compares it.* Is it urged that the colored population North is a higher style of people on an average than the same South? Then let us turn to some region where the colored man has lately come from the South with all his squalor, poverty, ignorance, thriftlessness, and vices. Let us look at Kansas, the goal of the late exodus; what do we find? Population, 952,155 whites to 43,107 colored, or 22 whites to 1 colored. In the penitentiary, June 30, 1882, 504 whites, 113 colored, or $4\frac{1}{5}$ whites to 1 colored. Proportion of convictions in equal numbers of whites and blacks, 1 white to *less than 5 colored.*

And yet in these regions, where the proportion of penitentiary convicts among the colored race is but half what it is in some Southern States, it is freely admitted that the proportion would be still less were there not still a great deal of unreasoning prejudice against the black man on account of his color; while it is conspicuously in States where the freedman's consignments to the penitentiary are twice as frequent as his lower average moral condition will account for that with the same mouth men justify race-subjugation and deny the warping moral effect of race-prejudice. Such is one of the foul fruits of slave-holding which it becomes the duty of every American — and especially of every Southern-born citizen — to help with all his might to destroy.

But one of the unpleasant consequences of acknowledging this duty is the necessity of replying elaborately to men who answer facts with crude misinterpretations, and deny the precious title of "Southerner" to whoever doubts the sacred dogma that the oligarchy can do no wrong.

Here, for instance, is Mr. Johnston's assertion that my characterization of the convict-lease system as one "whose brutal tasks and whippings kill in an average of five years" is predicated specially of Georgia. Not so. It is predicated of the aggregate results of the entire system throughout the South. In my essay on the convict-lease system I have spoken with specific accuracy of the mortality in the Georgia penitentiaries. I there showed that the official summary tables of Mr. Helms, the State Marshal, whom Mr. Johnston quotes with such confidence, are not worth the paper they are printed on. The mortality in the Georgia prisons and prison-camps is not as bad as in some other leased prisons and camps. In the Texas woodcutting camps, only a few years ago, half the average population died in two years. One of the habits of the system that screens much brutality is the lowering of the death-rate by pardoning convicts whose health it has destroyed. In the two years ending October 20, 1882, there were 109 convicts pardoned in the Georgia penitentiaries, among whom more than half the number on time sentences had not served out half their terms, and many not a third or a fourth of them. Such a record is a record not so much of mercy as of criminal imbecility.

It is only as evidence against him and his kind that such documents are admissible evidence until these sworn signers of them have removed their implications by proving them false.

I repeat that as evidence in favor of his schemes or theories Mr. Helms's reports are worthless. He reports 538 convicts received within two years; his rolls show 634. He reports 324 discharged; the list of their names makes them 422. He makes three separate statements that the number of convicts on hand is 1243; the addition is incorrect: the columns foot up 1193, and in the classification by crimes not a single number in the list agrees with the actual count of the rolls; while as to the total it is, by the rolls (which are not added up), neither 1243 nor 1193, but 1266. Everything goes to indicate that Mr. Helms has not known for years how many living human beings he has in captivity, or ought to have. How is any one to know from such a source how many convicts have died that never went to hospital at all? The reports of the Alabama prisons are in a similar condition. When convicts are in the care of men that make out such official reports as these, we need better evidence than their assurance that the rate of mortality is low, and the more so when we know the frightful death-rates confessed by other convict-lease prisons, where, moreover, the rate is higher among the "outside" than among the "inside" men.

Mr. Johnston's comparison of prison death-rates with city death-rates, which include infant mortality and the like, is too absurd for serious notice. Prison populations must be compared with prison populations. The usual annual mortality of a well-conducted penitentiary is about 10 to 1000 — one per cent. Mr. Helms, for 1880–82, claims this low figure without any foundation in fact. In reality his average prison population was 1266, and his surgeon's report for one year, August 1, 1881–82, was 22, or nearly 2 per cent. — nearly twice what it should have been. From October, '78, to October, '80, the rate was nearly $2\frac{7}{10}$ per cent., which Mr. Helms says is one-half what it had been in earlier years. In the year 1884 the rate was over 2¾ per cent.

Yet this annual mortality, still nearly thrice what it should be when it had been reduced to half what it was,

is one of the least offensive features of the convict management of Georgia, and one of the lowest death-rates known to this execrable system in any of the States where it is found. The death-rate in the Mississippi convict camps, 1881–82, was 8 per cent. a year. In Louisiana in 1881 it was 14 per cent. Such are the official figures of a prison system which exists nowhere among civilized people except where two centuries of slave-holding have blunted our sense of the rights of man. To quote once more my own words so carefully left unquoted by Mr. Johnson, "If any one can explain them away, in the name of humanity let us rejoice to see him do so." And let the ex-Senator make room for him, for he has only made the case look worse than it did before.

Only the necessity of maintaining the truth of my pages, brought into question by Mr. Johnston and others, has induced me to lay the present statement before the readers of THE CENTURY. I maintain, and have asserted from the first, that much of the injustice and cruelty practiced upon the colored race springs not from malicious intent, but from mistaken ideas at war with the fundamental principles of human right and American government; and the gentleman himself illustrates this by lifting up, after all, the standard of class-rule, race-rule, and status-rule, as against the right to *earn* domination without regard to race, class, or status, by intelligence, morality, and a justice that is no respecter of persons.

G. W. Cable.

The South Kensington School for Cookery.

DESIRING a month's experience at the famous cooking school of South Kensington, I had written the secretary from Germany, asking the conditions of entrance, offering testimonials as to my social standing, and expressing a wish to meet all expenses of correspondence. I was told in reply that I could enter on any Monday upon paying the proper fee, that references as to character were not required, and that I owed the school tuppence-ha'penny for postage. The letter was accompanied by "The Directory of the National Training School for Cookery," which I eagerly studied. I derived from it the information that the school was under the patronage of a long list of names "hedged about" with accompanying titles; that the "training for teachers of cookery" required a course of study extending through five months, the expense being £21 ($105), exclusive of books, board, etc.; that there were a "high-class cookery kitchen" and a "plain cookery practice kitchen," in each of which a learner might take a two weeks' course, and receive at the close a "certificate" which should state her standing and attainments.

The school occupies one of the buildings erected for the exhibition of 1872, a dismal place situated in the rear of another structure. When first organized, the instruction consisted of lectures on food and the processes involved in its preparation, accompanied by demonstration lessons, at which the pupils simply took notes. Under the intelligent supervision of Sir Henry Cole, practical work was soon introduced, and the whole scope of the enterprise was extended. By the death of this large-minded and benevolent patron, the school lost one of its best and most active friends.

As now carried on, "The National Training School for Cookery" includes five departments — the scullery, the children's room, the demonstration kitchen, the plain cookery practice kitchen, and the high-class cookery practice kitchen. The working force actively engaged comprises the "Lady Superintendent," four teachers, two professional cooks, and several scullery-maids. The superintendent has the immediate charge, financial and executive, of the entire enterprise. She is undoubtedly a woman of ability, and has her work well in hand. The school is altogether a private enterprise, sustained by voluntary subscriptions and pupils' fees. Like all such educational attempts, it is cramped for means, and has not as yet been able to meet its current expenses, and is consequently burdened with a small debt.

The scullery is the primary room in the course, and the pupils practicing therein brighten the coppers and clean the utensils used by the demonstrator in her lessons. They are taught thoroughly and practically, and it is an interesting sight to watch their work. The coppers are made to shine like molten brass, and come from their hands spotless within and without. Scrupulous cleanliness is enforced, and no more valuable lesson can be taught an incipient cook. All the polishing is done with the bare hand, using soap, sand, and a little acid, lemon-juice being preferred.

Next the scullery is the children's kitchen, and a pretty thing it is to see the little maidens cooking there, each with a whimsical look of grave responsibility shadowing her small face and intensely absorbed in her particular work. The morning I visited this room a class of twelve young girls — all, I should judge, under fourteen years of age — were busy under the instruction of a professional cook. They came from one of the numerous charity schools of London, and were sent at the expense of the "Worshipful Company of Cooks," one of the old guilds, a wealthy and influential organization. The children were all in uniform — a blue-flannel dress, large white apron, and a quaint little cap, such as London under-housemaids wear, perched on their heads. This weekly lesson in cooking must be of great value to them. The cook who had them in charge is an expert, and has long been employed in the school. She had one maid to assist her, and the two kept the twelve pupils busy each at a separate task. Every child was numbered, and there hung by the cook's table a programme of the day's work indicating what each pupil was to do.

In the demonstration kitchen lessons are given in plain cooking from ten to twelve in the morning, and in the nicer operations of the culinary art from two to four in the afternoon. This kitchen is well furnished with ranges, gas stoves, and all needed utensils. The cook stands behind a long counter, in front of which are arranged benches rising one above the other, so that all can see perfectly. The class is always large; the cook in charge is quick, skillful, accurate, and fully competent for her work. Men as well as women study in this room,—two, who were preparing to be professional cooks, attending regularly the four weeks that I was in the school.

The practice kitchens are on the other side of the building, separated from the demonstration room by the secretary's office. The class which I entered numbered eight. One of the staff teachers, a graduate

of the school, superintended the instruction in this room, assisted by one and sometimes by two of the normal pupils. The lessons learned here in regard to saving and utilizing every scrap of everything are well worth the fee given for the course. The best and most practical work of the school is done in this kitchen. The same theory is taught in the plain cookery demonstration lessons; but here practice is joined to theory, and the value of both is increased by the union.

Opening out of this room is an apartment in which dinner is served every day at one o'clock to any customers who may desire it. Here, too, in the afternoon are displayed in tempting array, and offered for sale, the results of the day's work in the various departments. Many purchasers come daily at four o'clock in the afternoon to select cakes, jellies, pastry, entrées, or whatever may be for sale.

I learned from the secretary that the students, except in the demonstration classes, were mostly servants learning to be cooks, or young women from the lower middle class who expected to practice in their own homes. The normal pupils seemed intelligent and earnest, and it is required that they have sufficient education to be able at least to speak and write correctly. Ladies of position do sometimes attend the demonstrations and take notes, but it is the exception rather than the rule. The poor, who most need such instruction, have not yet been benefited by the school to any appreciable extent, since the expense involved is too great for their means.

The plain cooking taught is essentially English, and has both its excellences and its defects. The English seem to love meat puddings, pork pies, and heavy, rich stews, all of which are to my mind neither wholesome nor palatable. To make a beefsteak into a pudding with a suet crust and then boil the mixture is quite as grave an error as the Yankee "fry." The crust for pork pie is made by boiling lard and flour and water together, and then this heathenish compound is formed into proper shape, filled with scraps of pork, and baked. If the crust is not intended to be eaten, it is certainly not an economical way of cooking pork; if designed for food, what stomach could digest it? Let no one imagine that more pork is consumed in America than on the other side of the Atlantic. That the South Kensington school teaches such a variety of ways in which it can be prepared is an indication of the rank it holds as an article of diet.

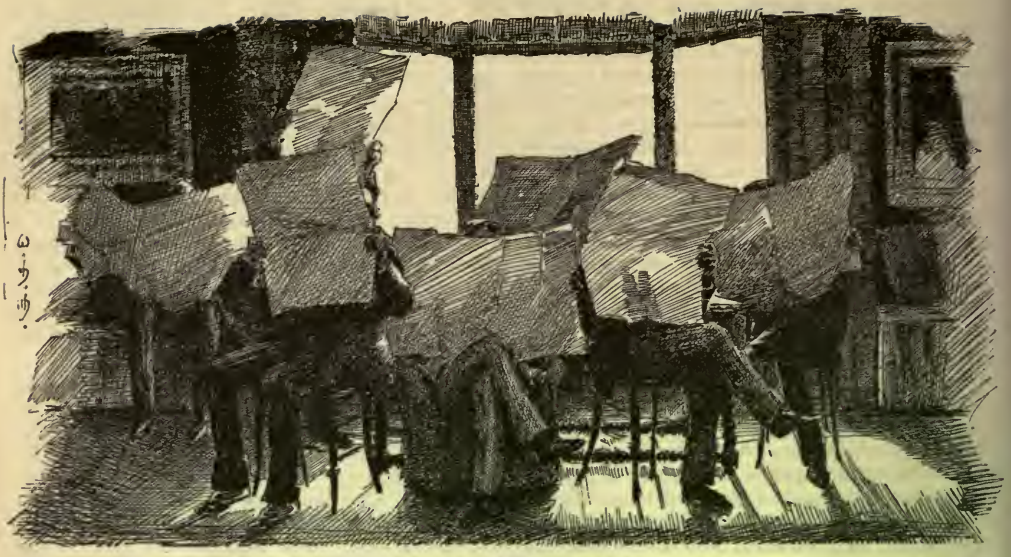
Boiled puddings also prevail over any other kind. Many are excellent, and can be recommended for the same reason that Dickens recommended crumpets,—they are both "cheap and filling." The number of delicate puddings, attractive both to the eye and the palate, is very small. On the other hand, the English buns, scones, galettes or tea-cakes, and a great variety of plain cakes for the most part raised with yeast, are far more digestible and satisfactory than the rich cakes we so delight in. When the English child wants a "piece," or the English "grown-up" takes a lunch, either calls for a "bun," which is simply a delicate sort of bread with sugar and currants or raisins added. A bun and a cup of tea are much indulged in by the English woman, and both are invariably good. Another improvement on American cooking is the superiority of the fruit tart over our pie. It is made in a deep dish, which is filled with the fruit and covered with a light, tender crust. The soggy under-crust is thus wholly avoided; the filling composes the larger part of the tart, and the pastry is not in the least greasy or hard to digest.

In the high-class kitchen the French methods prevail, as they do in all places wherein elaborate and elegant cooking is successfully attempted. One reason for their superiority is the minute attention to details they exact. Every step must be perfect, and, as a consequence, the result is also perfect. In this kitchen, not only the richer boiled puddings, including of course the English plum pudding, are prepared, but delicate soufflées, delicious creams, and jellies of all sorts are made and offered for sale at the close of the day's work.

While the dishes prepared are almost invariably good, the instruction is certainly open to criticism. In the first place, the teaching force is too small, and pupils are obliged to waste considerable time waiting for attention. There is, moreover, no systematic way of giving recipes. One must pick up the items piecemeal and patch them together as best she can. The school publishes a book, "Lessons in Cookery," but it is full of inaccuracies and has been since revised. A student purchasing this manual does not know, of course, which recipes are correct and which are not, and is sure to come to grief if she undertakes to follow them without supervision. The following instance will illustrate this point. One of the pupil-teachers, working near me, was making an Irish stew exactly according to the instructions in her book. The superintendent, happening to pass the table, asked what she was doing. She answered respectfully that she was making an Irish stew, whereupon the teacher said severely, "I wish you would do it right," and then proceeded to give directions which were totally at variance with those in the book. The girl meekly did as she was bid, but after the superintendent had gone she said in a grieved tone, "I wish they would correct the book or not allow us to use it." The preface to the English edition says that "the loose expressions, such as 'a pinch,' 'a little,' found in all cookery books, are therefore avoided, and precise quantities are given." This principle is constantly violated in the school. Scarcely a lesson passed during which I was not told that certain ingredients could not be exactly stated, that I must use my judgment as to amounts, and that certainty could only come with practice.

The school aims to give simply manual practice. There are no courses of scientific lectures, no instruction as to combinations of food, dietaries, comparative values, or anything of the sort. I was told that such instruction had been attempted, but the attainments of the scholars were not as a rule sufficient to make it profitable. It is undoubtedly an excellent place to be trained for a cook, but cannot be recommended to those who wish to study the philosophy underlying processes as well as the processes themselves.

Mary B. Welch.



OUR SOCIAL CLUB.

An Easter Lay.

TO PSYCHE WITH A NEST OF CANDY EGGS.

NOT a Nestor am I, lady,
As this off'ring might imply,
Nor a chicken either; I
Am exactly in my heyday.

Simple is the gift and modest,—
Just a tender little lay,
Such as one sees every day;
Odd, but not, by odds, the oddest.

All the burden that it carries
Is the burden of the song
Which the bird, the boughs among,
Sings *sans* aid of dictionaries.

"Tweet-te-weet!" with pretty sidle
And a dainty flirt of wings,
Soulfully and sweet he sings,
That to say which words are idle.

"Tweet-te-weet-tweet-weet!" His bosom
With the music sobs and fills,
Till at meaning of his thrills
Buds burst blushing into blossom.

Would we two were as the birds are!
Then, ah! would I pipe a tune
Passion-brimmed, and every rune
Full of love as never words are.

You would understand its meaning,
And would prink in seeming pique,
Deft your plumage with your beak,
And would flout me overweening;

Till, at length, you would discover—
As it were "upon the fly"—
That you worshiped me; that I
Was your destined mate and lover.

Then, despite or wind or weather,
Free from sordid human ills,
We could always meet our bills
And live happily together.

David Rorty.

Spring.

As little children gather round their mother,
And beg her a familiar tale to tell,—
One that is dearer far than any other,
Because so often heard and known so well;

And as they watch her, prompting should she falter,
And any variation quickly see,
And cry, "Don't tell it so, don't change and alter,
We want it just the way it used to be,"—

So do we come to thee, O Nature—Mother,
And never tire of listening to thy tales.
Tell us thy spring-time story now,—no other,—
That hath a wondrous charm, which never fails.

Tell it with all the old-time strength and glory,
Fill it with many a happy song and shout;
Don't miss one bird or blossom in the story,
Don't leave one daffodil or daisy out.

Tell us each shade in all the trees' soft greening,
Don't skip one blade of grass, one bee, one wren,—
Each little thing has grown so full of meaning,
In the dear story we would hear again.

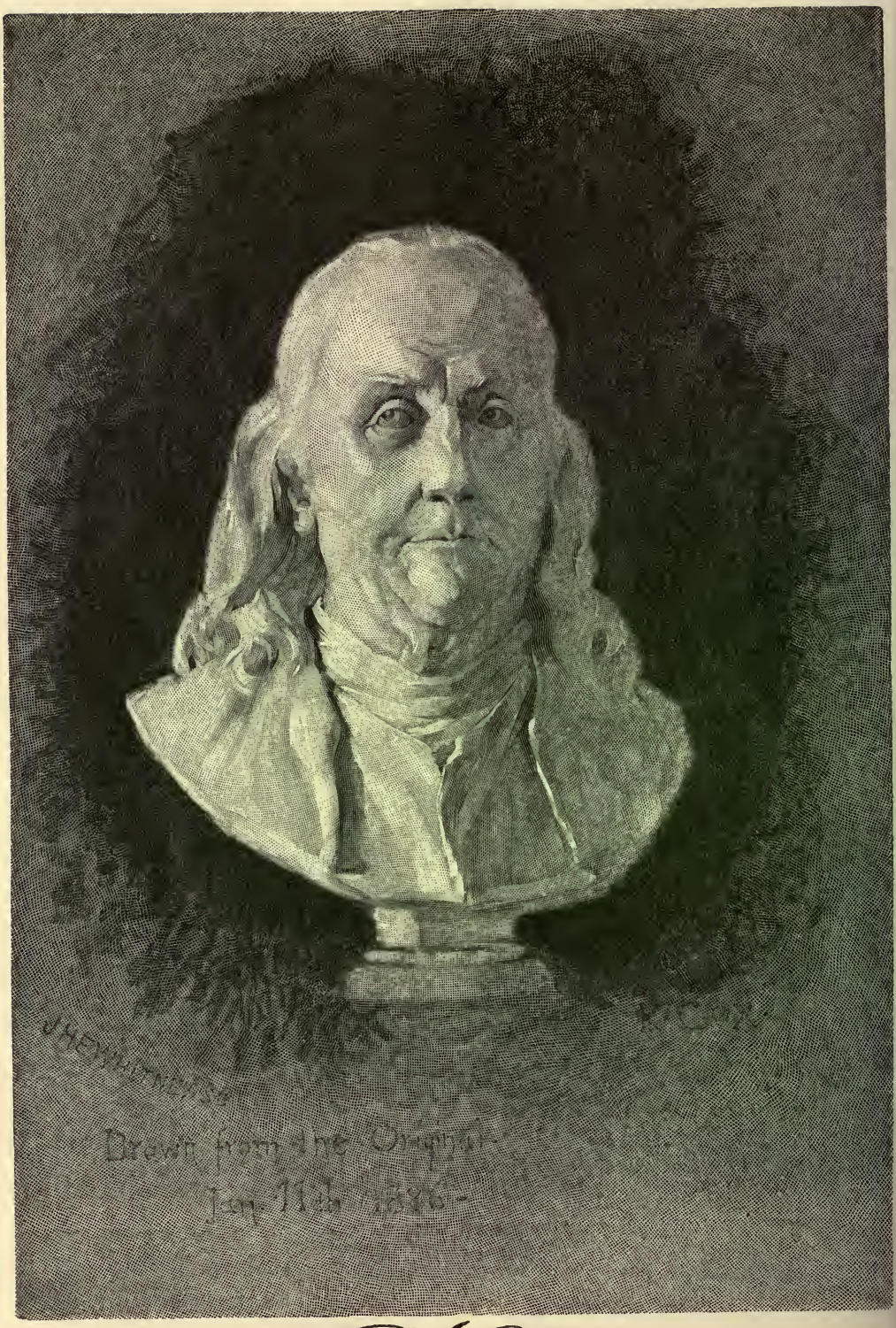
O Mother Nature! thou art old and hoary,
And wonderful and strange things thou canst tell;
But we, like children, love the spring-time story,
And think it best, because we know it well.

Bessie Chandler.

Time and Love.

WHILE Time is sleeping on a summer day
Adonis lisps of love. O beauteous boy,
Unstring thy bow, thy magic art employ
To steal his scythe and hour-glass away!

Harold Van Santvoord.



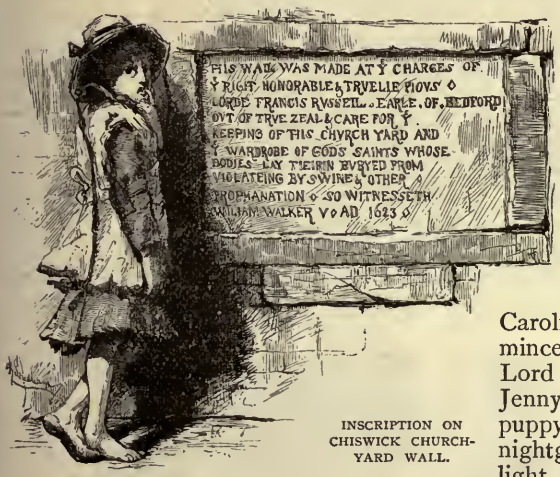
B. Franklin

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII. JUNE, 1886. NO. 2.

A LITERARY RAMBLE.

ALONG THE THAMES FROM FULHAM TO CHISWICK.


THIS WALL WAS MADE AT Y CHARGES OF
Y RIGHT HONORABLE & TRVELLE PIOVS
LORDE FRANCIS RVSSELL EARLE OF BEDFORD
OVT OF TRVE ZEAL & CARE FOR Y
KEEPING OF THIS CHVRCH YARD AND
Y WARDROBE OF GODS SAINTS WHOSE
BODIES LAY THEIRIN EVRYED FROM
VIOLATEING BY SWINE & OTHER
PROPHANATION SO WITNESSETH
WILLIAM WALKER V AD 1623

INSCRIPTION ON CHISWICK CHURCH-YARD WALL.

A FAMOUS river is a natural conductor of tradition. We stand by this or that decaying monument, in this or that deserted chamber, and often find them as unsuggestive as the primrose was to Peter Bell. But with a river the case is different. It is alive. It was the contemporary of yesterday, as it is the contemporary of to-day,— as it will be of to-morrow when we shall no more tread its banks. For myself, I confess that I never look upon the Thames — that Thames which to me, as an impenitent Londoner, is far above either Amazon or Mississippi — without feeling that my apprehension of the past, or at all events that portion of the past with which I am best acquainted, is strangely quickened and stimulated. Beside the broad, smooth-flowing stream, now, alas! sadly harried of fussy steam-launches and elbowed of angular embankments, I have merely to pause, and memories press thick upon me. I can see Steele landing at Strand Bridge, with "ten sail of Apricock boats" from Richmond, after taking in melons at Nine Elms; I can see "Sir Roger" and "Mr. Spectator" embarking at the Temple Stairs in the wherry of the waterman who had lost his leg at La Hogue. Yonder there is a sound of French horns, and Mr. Horace Walpole's barge comes sliding past, with flashing oars, carrying Lady Caroline Petersham and "Little Ashe" to mince chicken at Vauxhall, and picking up Lord Granby *en route*—"very drunk from Jenny's Whim." Or it is Swift, with "that puppy Patrick" in attendance to hold his nightgown and slippers, bathing by moonlight at Chelsea, and by and by posting home to tell Mrs. Dingley and Stella, in the famous "Diary," that he has lost his landlady's napkin in the water, and will have to pay for it. Lower down, at the Dark House at Billingsgate, there is the merry party of Hogarth's "Five Days' Tour," setting out at one in the morning on their journey towards Gravesend, lying on straw under a tilt, and singing "St. John" and "Pishoken" to keep up their spirits. Or lower down again, at Rotherhithe, it is Henry Fielding, sick of many diseases, but waiting cheerfully (only that his wife, poor soul, has a "raging tooth!") to start in the *Queen of Portugal*, Richard Veal, master, on his last voyage to Lisbon. Or again . . . But there would be no end to the "agains." Moreover, I am but newly alighted at the Fulham and Putney Bridge Station of the Metropolitan District Railway (how bare and modern the words look!), and

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am bound, under charter of my title, on a pilgrimage from Fulham to Chiswick.

There is but little of antiquity about the Fulham of to-day; and it must be sadly changed since the time when Sir Robert Walpole, spurring hard from his royal master at Hampton Court, found it impossible to cross the river from Putney, because the Tory ferrymen, perfectly alive to his presence, were carousing at the "Swan" on the opposite bank. With those who incline to the romantic side of history, this incident is supposed to have been the prime cause of the fine old wooden bridge — the oldest, indeed, existing in the metropolis — which is now so soon to be supplanted by a more modern structure. For the moment it is still standing, with its picturesque toll-house, reminding one vaguely of that chamber over the gate which Longfellow has sung. But its days are numbered; and the mingle-mangle of sheds, and masonry, and snorting engines, and all the noisy concomitants of the new works, make it impossible to recover much of the ancient aspect of the town, still less to conceive it as a village remote from London, where Joshua Sylvester sunned himself under his uncle's "plumb-tree," and John Florio and George Daniel — nay, possibly even *William Shakspere* himself — hobnobbed their parcel-gilt goblets over a sea-coal fire in the deep chimneys of the "Golden Lion." As I pass by Sir William Powell's pretty almshouses into the church-yard, and up its pleasant avenue of limes, I am impressed by the recollection that no fewer than nine bishops lie in this quiet God's-acre. But my pilgrimage is literary above all; and I am more interested in searching for the resting-place of Vincent Bourne, that delicate eighteenth-century Latinist who put Hogarth's "Midnight Conversation" into hendecasyllabics, and whose delightful "Cornicula" Cowper translated as delightfully:

> "There is a bird who by his coat,
> And by the hoarseness of his note,
> Might be supposed a crow," etc.

Cowper's publisher Johnson, the Johnson of the "Olney Hymns" and of Darwin's "Botanic Garden," is also buried here. And opposite the chancel is a tablet to Theodore Hook, the novelist, to whom I shall presently return.

With the exception of Ruddle's musical peal of bells, there is little to detain one in the church itself. Successive restoration, some of it quite recent, has taken the bloom off its old-world air, and it is notable chiefly for its ornaments. One of these, in the tower porch, is to Mordaunt of Avalon, father of Swift's "Mordanto," that gallant and eccentric Earl of Peterborough who married Anastasia Robinson, the singer. The statue in its center is by Bird, obviously the Bird of whose Cloudesley Shovel at Westminster Addison speaks with such contempt in a well-known

A WINDOW IN THE "STAR AND GARTER" AT PUTNEY.

FULHAM CHURCH.

"Spectator." "That brave rough Admiral," that "plain gallant man," says he, "is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself on velvet cushions under a canopy of state." My Lord Mordaunt's effigy is designed in the same misguided spirit. He was constable of Windsor, and therefore appears in the full costume of an antique Roman, brandishing a baton of office, and turning his right leg out neatly so as to show the inside of the calf. Other curious monuments are those of Lady Dorothy Clark and Lady Margaret Legh. The latter is majestic in a wheel-farthingale, ruff, and veil. In her lap she has a quaint little swaddled figure, and a second stands on end at her side.

To the left of the church-yard runs Church Lane, at the corner of which is a curious pseudo-gothic house of the Strawberry Hill pattern, called Pryor's Bank. The back looks towards the church; the front, with its gardens, faces the river. Its present name was given to it in 1834, when it came into the possession of two kindly disciples of Captain Grose, who filled it with good-fellowship, and an *omnium gatherum* of

> "auld nick-nackets,
> Rusty airn cups, and jingling jackets,"

long since dispersed under the hammer, but of which Mr. Crofton Croker has given a minute account in his "Walk from London to Fulham." Farther down the lane, on a spot now occupied by the unsightly aqueduct which crosses the river at the old bridge, stood Egmont Lodge, where Theodore Hook resided for the last ten years of his life. He was a frequent guest at Pryor's Bank, and an indispensable ally in the mediæval mummeries and modern high-jinks which delighted its antiquarian proprietors. Barham has left us a passing idea of this secluded little retreat, with its high-walled garden and pet gulls; but his unwilling picture of the failing joke-

ALONG THE TOW-PATH.

spinner, sinking deeper and deeper into debt, over-burdened with literary work, and making desperate efforts (with the aid of brandy and water) to sustain his reputation as a diner-out, is a profoundly depressing one. It was while Hook was at Egmont Lodge that the author of "Ingoldsby Legends," calling one day at the house in its master's absence, left the following impromptu lines behind him — lines which Mr. Locker has thought good enough to be preserved in "Lyra Elegantiarum:"

"As Dick and I
Were a-sailing by
At Fulham bridge, I cocked my eye,
And says I, 'Add-zooks!
There's Theodore Hook's,
Whose Sayings and Doings made such pretty books.

"'I wonder,' says I,
Still keeping my eye
On the house, 'if he's in — I should like to try.'
With his oar on his knee,
Says Dick, says he,
'Father, suppose you land and see!'

HAMMERSMITH MALL.

"'What, land and *sea*,'
Says I to he,
'Together! why, Dick, why, how can that be?'
And my comical son,
Who is fond of fun,
I thought would have split his sides at the pun.

"So we rows to shore,
And knocks at the door —
When William, a man I've seen often before,
Makes answer and says,
'Master's gone in a chaise
Call'd a *homnibus*, drawn by a couple of bays.

"So I says then,
'Just lend me a pen';
'I will, sir,' says William, politest of men;
So having no card, these poetical brayings
Are the record I leave of my doings and sayings."

Omnibuses, it will be perceived, were still strange objects in June, 1834. Somewhere near Hook's house must have stood the old Swan Inn from which the ferrymen defied Walpole, and to which Marryat refers in "Jacob Faithful." It was supposed to date from William III., and was burnt down as late as 1871. But I am straying from my route, which lies by Fulham Palace.

As I pass out between Pryor's Bank and the church-yard, I enter upon the Bishop's Walk. The river flows by me to the left, and on the right the moat separates me from the grounds of the time-honored manor-house of Fulham, so long the home of successive bishops of London. The elms and chestnuts are covered with sparks of spring, and ragged urchins fish, as always, in the half-dry moat. Across the trim lawns and between the tree-trunks come glimpses of the old chimney-stacks and patchwork of architecture, which have grown up under a long line of episcopal occupants, most of whom sleep in the adjacent church-yard. What Bishop Fitzjames added, what Bishop Blomfield preserved,

the library of Bishop Porteus, the chapel of Bishop Tait, the avenue of Bishop Compton, the summer-house where grim old Bonner interrogated his victims,—all these would be delightful to gossip about, if I were writing on elephant folio in a monster magazine. But space, in THE CENTURY at least, is limited. Meanwhile, strolling slowly along the Bishop's Walk, and watching the wide stream, where ing across the river from this point, Barn Elms is nearly opposite. Here once lived left-legged Jacob Tonson, the bookseller; and here, in a room which he built for the purpose, the famous "Kit Cat Club" assembled. Here, too, dwelt Heidegger of the Masquerades, whom Pope and Fielding and Hogarth satirized; and plain-speaking Cobbett of the "Rural Rides." But the historical resident of

CHISWICK AIT AND GRASS BOATS.

a panting Kew-bound steamer is turning up the waves in such a track of molten silver as the late Cecil Lawson would have delighted in, I find I have reached the inlet known to oarsmen as the Bishop's Creek. Here, deviating slightly from the river, and leaving to my right a lofty avenue of elms, I strike into a lane which leads between meadows and thrush-haunted market gardens to the Crab-Tree Inn, a little hostelry at the end of a *cul de sac* by the waterside. There is nothing of interest on the way but Craven Cottage, a now rather dilapidated Gothic house, built by the Margravine of Anspach. Tradition speaks of remarkable internal decorations, palm-tree columns, and so forth; but its chief interest to me lies in the fact that it was once tenanted by Bulwer, who wrote some of his novels in it. Look-

Barn Elms was the poet Abraham Cowley, seeking in 1663 that "little Zoar" in the country which seems always the dream of the town-dweller. He did not find it, of course,—who does? The "small House and large Garden" of his aspirations was but "hired"; the air disagreed with him; his tenants cheated him; his neighbors put their cattle in his pastures. Moreover, the spot that he had "taken for an hermitage" was a favorite resort of cockney pleasure-seekers. Garrulous Mr. Samuel Pepys, sailing in his boat "as far as Barn Elms" and fortifying himself by "reading of Mr. Evelyn's late new book against solitude," sees with admiration "gallant ladies and people come with their bottles, and basket, and chairs, and form, to sup under the trees by the waterside." All this must have been fatal to "alma

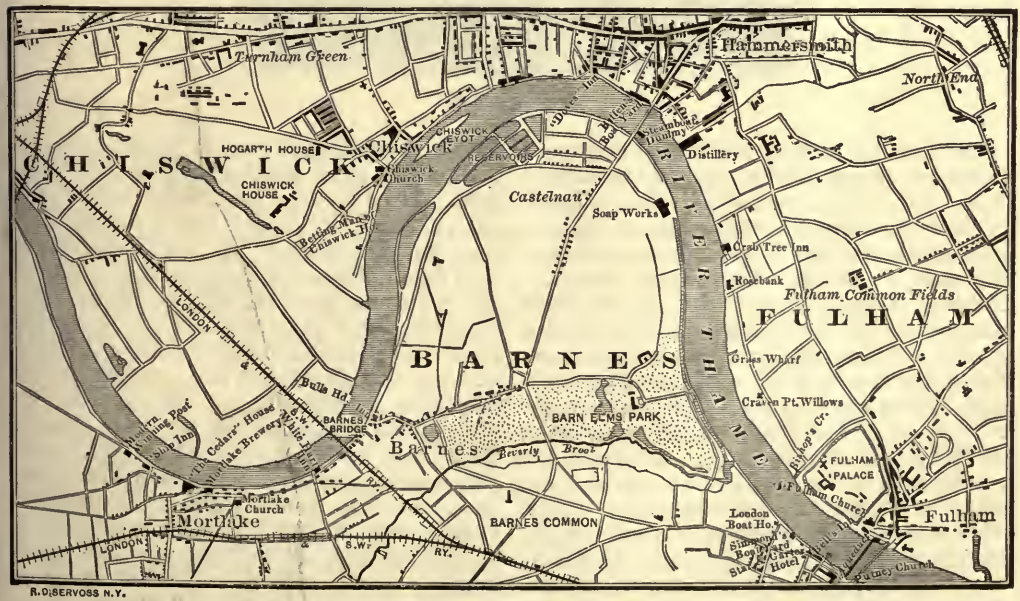
BARNES RAILROAD BRIDGE.

Quies" and her votary, who moved not long afterwards to Chertsey, where he died.

There are barges with dead-leaf sails — such barges as Whistler used to delight in before he took to symphonies and *nocturnes* — unloading slates in front of the Crab-Tree Inn when I reach it. The name of the little ale-house is a misnomer now, for the old tree with seats in the branches, which I so well remember, has gone the way of trees and men. Probably before long this peaceful "angle of the earth" also, from which so many seasons have seen

"Up the imperial stream flash the imperious eights,"

as the Collins-cum-Cayley line has it, will be



MAP OF THE UNIVERSITY COURSE.

HOGARTH'S TOMB.

surrendered to the brick and mortar destroyer. Ominous notice-boards, as to "desirable sites" and "capital frontages," are already beginning to appear in the neighborhood, and it is with a boding sigh that one turns from the river, a peep of which is thus afforded, into the Fulham Palace road. Thenceforth the journey lies through the ordinary Arabia Petræa of the suburbs, with nothing more delectable than a fly-blown announcement in a gin-palace window to the effect that it is the rendezvous of the "Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes." Farther on, in a humbler house of call, is a notice that a "Nose Club" has been held on the premises since 1867. This, with its highly realistic cartoons of the members, and its suggestion of the "Ugly Club" in the "Spectator," is my sole consolation until I reach Hammersmith Church. At Hammersmith the work of "improvement" is going on even more actively than at Fulham. Already the church-tower has disappeared, and in its place is rising a spick and span modern edifice "of Mansfield stone, with fluted pillars of Belgian marble." Under this, what remains of the older building nestles forlornly. As I peer into it, I see dimly the time-black altar-piece which Gibbons carved and Cipriani decorated, and wonder mournfully what its ultimate fate may be. It can scarcely be transferred to the new church. Perhaps it will be purchased by the South Kensington Museum! In the nave is the monument of that stanch royalist Sir Nicholas Crisp, surmounted by a bronze bust of Charles I. Under this, in an urn, was the good knight's heart, which (says Faulkner) it was long the custom to "refresh" annually with

HOGARTH'S HOUSE.

a cup of wine. Worlidge the etcher is buried here, and Fielding's first biographer, Arthur Murphy. In the old days Hammersmith Church had its pulpit hour-glass, of which a late example may be seen in Hogarth's "Sleeping Congregation." Gay, too, refers to it in the "Shepherd's Week," when he says that the parson, preaching Blouzelinda's funeral sermon,

"Spoke the Hour-Glass in her Praise quite out."

To Hammersmith Suspension Bridge from Hammersmith Church is but a stone's throw. At the bridge foot is the old Mall, extending, with its rows of boats, along the river to Chiswick. A foot-bridge over a creek, round which lies a malodorous and populous district known as Little Wapping, divides it into the Upper and Lower Mall; and it is still shaded in parts by tall elms which date from William and Mary, when its bastion-like frontage was also constructed. There are few houses of note in the Lower Mall; but between it and the Upper Mall, and next to the "Doves" public-house (where, by the way, is to be seen one of the last survivals of the ancient game of "bumble-puppy"), is a cottage called "The Seasons," from which Thomson is supposed to have inspected the frozen Thames and written part of "Winter." In the Upper Mall lived Charles the Second's neglected wife, Catherine of Braganza, and Queen Anne's physician, Dr. Ratcliff. Sussex House was the residence of Marryat, who filled it with sailor-like hospitality and farce *à la* Theodore Hook. But the most original dweller in the Upper Mall was Louis Weltje, cook to George IV., and owner of the hideous Pavilion on the Steyne at Brighton.

CHISWICK HOUSE GATE.

He died at Hammersmith, where his imperturbable Teutonic humor and excellent table attracted many illustrious visitors. In Angelo's chatty reminiscences there is a capital account of one of these gastronomic symposia, at which Bannister, Munden, and Rowlandson the caricaturist assisted, and the host mixed sauces, and told stories in his funny German-English. "Fon I gote to de fost dumbpike beyond Kensington, from town, de goach stobed some time, fon me say 'Ged on'; fon de dumbpike say, 'Sir, dere be nobody on de bokes,'" etc. The charioteer, in fact, had fallen drunk off his perch, and was snoring comfortably under a hedge — while there were still hedges between Hammersmith and Kensington.

A little beyond the Upper Mall, but with its back to the water, is Hammersmith Terrace, a quiet, old-fashioned street, not without its memories. Here, for a time, lived Murphy, already referred to as buried in Hammersmith Church, and here, as his dedication to Burke shows, he translated Tacitus. Here, too, lived and died the marine painter Philip de Loutherbourg, who went mad about that queer impostor Brothers the prophet, and persuaded himself that he had the gift of healing, until the mob cured him by breaking his windows. Here, again, in our own day, lives one of the most learned of modern art critics, Mr. F. G. Stephens of the "Athenæum."

As, turning slightly to the left, I come upon Chiswick Mall, and see once more the shining water with its long eyot or islet of osiers, my pilgrimage is drawing to a close. Wandering slowly down the rows of pretty old houses, with their small-paned windows and quaint iron gates, I look almost instinctively for that famous "academy for young ladies," at the door of which, in the first act of her checkered Odyssey, Miss Rebecca Sharp of Vanity Fair

flung Johnson's "Dixonary" at poor good-natured Jemima Pinkerton. But, if I do not find this, I find something more important, and that is the house once occupied by Alexander Pope. It is No. 5 in a lime-fronted red-brick range, known now as Mawson's Row, but in Pope's day as "ye New Buildings, Chiswick." Here, after he left Binfield, and before he settled finally at Twickenham, Pope lived quietly with his father and mother, translating Homer, quarreling with Curll and Cibber, and writing Platonic notes to the blue-eyed Martha Blount. But, according to Carruthers, he was half ashamed of his Chiswick sojourn, "as forming an undignified episode between Binfield and Twickenham," and "he omitted all reference to it in his printed letters." Just beyond the turning out of the Mall which leads to Mawson's Row is the "Red Lion," at the door of which hangs an old whetstone, which, its inscription affirms, has "sharpened tools on this spot about 1000 years" (the last "0" has a most suspicious look!); and then, after a glance at Barnes Bridge in the distance, I come suddenly upon Chiswick Church.

And a restoration, desecration, desolation! Chiswick Church, too, is being reconstructed. At Hammersmith the tower was gone, and the church left; here the church is down, but the tower is standing. Hoardings shut off the major part of the grave-yard, and the tea-caddy tomb of William Hogarth, now almost reached by the new-rising walls, is piously planked up from possible injury. Loutherbourg's monument, with its inordinate epitaph, is still visible at the back; but for the resting-places of Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, of the beautiful lady of Ranelagh, of Richard, Earl of Burlington, and his architect Kent, one must take the word of the guide-books. Even the curious stone in the church-yard wall, placed there by the first Lord Bedford, has, for the moment, disappeared. It will be replaced much as the artist has here drawn it; but Chiswick church-yard will never be quite the same again, and the little picture of it in these pages chronicles a something of the past.

Hogarth's tomb, however, naturally suggests Hogarth's house, and my steps lead me mechanically from the church-yard to Burlington Lane, and so past the Feathers Inn and the crossways, to the well-worn, narrow gateway, flanked by its dingy urns. Here, it is true, there is no restoration going on, and a little judicious repair (not reconstruction) would be of advantage, for the aspect of the place is ruinous in the extreme. The picturesque old red-brick house is wofully dilapidated; the great overhanging bow-window has a nodding, crazy look, and a jumble of pig-sties and rubbish encumber what, not so many years since, was a pretty well-grown garden. The mulberry-tree, nevertheless, which dates from the painter's day, still drags on a maimed but healthy existence, and at this precise moment of time serves for picket to a lean horse who is cripp-cropping the scanty grass-plot at its base. If, like Tennyson's "Talking Oak," it could

> "plagiarize a heart
> And answer with a voice,"

what would it not tell us! This scarred and blackened trunk, which spring, even now, is dressing with bright leaves, must have known William Hogarth in the flesh! It must have watched him scratching with a nail that homely mural tablet of Dick the bullfinch, which so mysteriously disappeared; it must have watched him playing ninepins in his filbert avenue, or strutting through the walks in the red

A PETER BOAT.

roquelaure he wore at Leicester Fields. It must have been acquainted, also, with those friendly guests who filled up the three-cornered inclosure on sunny afternoons. Hither, no doubt, when the "Epistle to William Hogarth" was yet unwritten, Mr. Charles Churchill would stroll with his pointers from Acton, bringing as his companion, it may be, that squinting patriot, "the heaven-born Wilkes." Or, to go back somewhat earlier in time, Dr. Benjamin Hoadley of the "Suspicious Husband" would ride up from Chelsea, or Dr. Ralph would look round to have a chat about the "Analysis," or worthy Justice Welch would make the dusty pilgrimage from Holborn. He it was who wrote that capital description of the "March to Finchley," in Christopher Smart's "Student"; and he has just said good-bye to Fielding at Gravesend. He has little hope of seeing his old colleague again, has honest Welch; and Mr. Ranby, Hogarth's neighbor and the King's Sergeant Surgeon, shakes his head in confirmation. The famous author of "Amelia" has dropsy, and gout, and jaundice, and he is wasted to a shadow. When he was at Ealing, says Mr. Welch, the women were afraid to visit him, his aspect was so ghastly. But his heart is as brave as ever, and his cheerfulness is marvelous, and he is going to keep a journal of his voyage to Lisbon. So, I fancy, they sat and chatted, and puffed at their long pipes of Virginia, under the mulberry-tree in Hogarth's garden, "when George was King."

Turning down Hogarth Lane again, I almost expect to meet the compact and springy little figure of Mr. David Garrick, coming to make one of the party. But I am speedily restored to the land of realities. There are notice-boards again among the apple-blossoms as I pass by the gate of Chiswick House into the lime-shaded Duke's Avenue. The suburban builder once more becomes rampant; and my walk is at an end.

Austin Dobson.

THE TWO BELLS.

LONG years ago, so runs the ancient story,
Two bells were sent from Spain to that far clime,
New found, beyond the sea, that to God's glory
And in His house together they might chime.

And to this day one bell is safely swinging
Within its shelt'ring tower, where, clear and free,
It hallows each day with its mellow ringing,—
The other bell, the mate, was lost at sea.

And when in gentle chimes the bell is pealing,
The people listen; for they say they hear
An echo from the distant ocean stealing,—
It is the lost one's answer, faint yet clear.

Ah, love, like those two bells we sailed together,
And you have reached your holy work and rest,
But stormy was the way and rude the weather,
And I was lost beneath the wave's white crest.

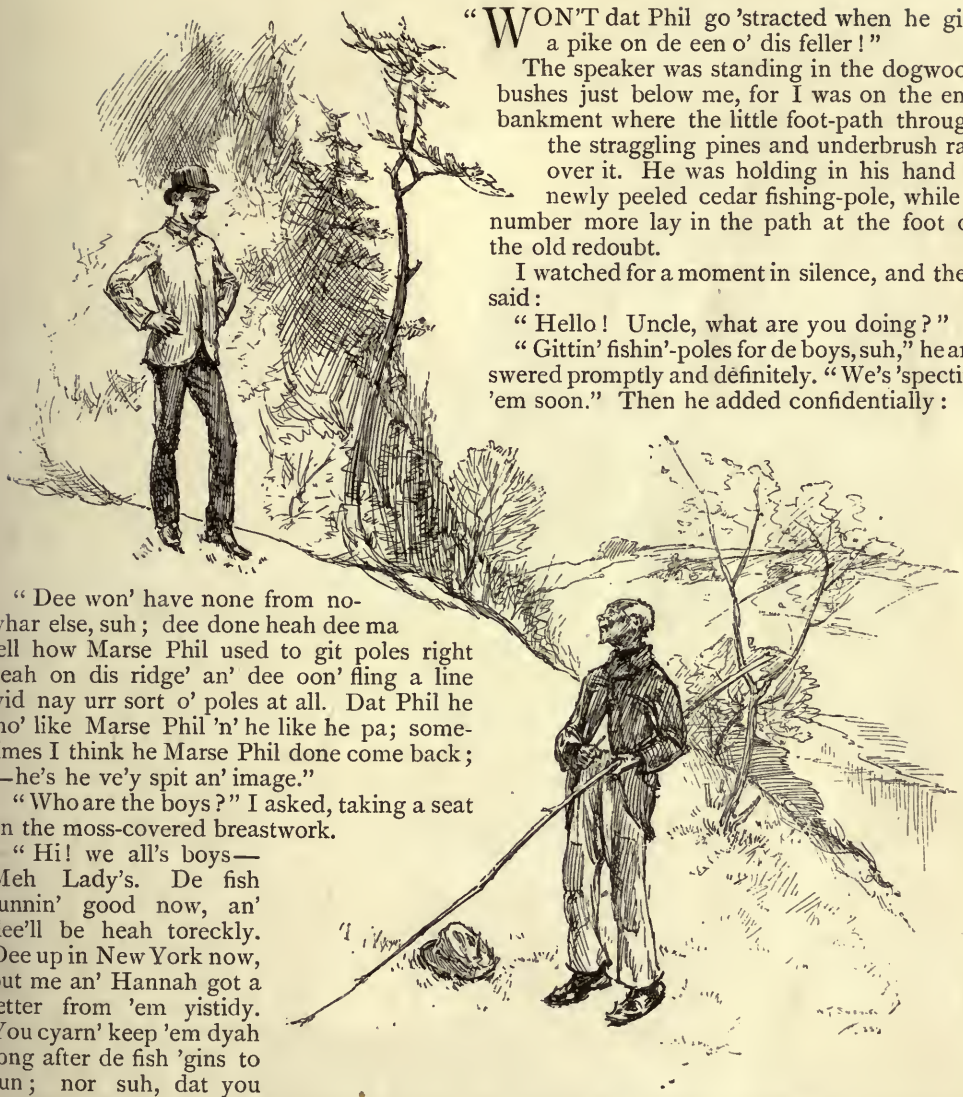
Over my buried heart the waters glisten,
Across my breast the sea-weeds wave and twine,
Dead is my soul's best life, save when I listen
And hear your spirit calling unto mine.

Then the old longing wakes, I start, I shiver,
I try to break the bonds which hold me dumb,
I turn, I strive with many a throe and quiver,
I feebly answer, but I cannot come.

Bessie Chandler.

MEH LADY: A STORY OF THE WAR.*

By the Author of "Marse Chan."



"WON'T dat Phil go 'stracted when he gits a pike on de een o' dis feller!"

The speaker was standing in the dogwood bushes just below me, for I was on the embankment where the little foot-path through the straggling pines and underbrush ran over it. He was holding in his hand a newly peeled cedar fishing-pole, while a number more lay in the path at the foot of the old redoubt.

I watched for a moment in silence, and then said:

"Hello! Uncle, what are you doing?"

"Gittin' fishin'-poles for de boys, suh," he answered promptly and definitely. "We's 'spectin' 'em soon." Then he added confidentially:

"Dee won' have none from nowhar else, suh; dee done heah dee ma tell how Marse Phil used to git poles right heah on dis ridge' an' dee oon' fling a line wid nay urr sort o' poles at all. Dat Phil he mo' like Marse Phil 'n' he like he pa; sometimes I think he Marse Phil done come back;—he's he ve'y spit an' image."

"Who are the boys?" I asked, taking a seat on the moss-covered breastwork.

"Hi! we all's boys—Meh Lady's. De fish runnin' good now, an' dee'll be heah toreckly. Dee up in New York now, but me an' Hannah got a letter from 'em yistidy. You cyarn' keep 'em dyah long after de fish 'gins to run; nor suh, dat you cyarn'. Dat Phil, I 'boun' studyin' 'bout his pole right now." And a short laugh of delight followed the reflection.

* NOTE.—The dialect of the negroes of Eastern Virginia differs totally from that of the Southern negroes, and in some material points from that of those located farther west.

The elision is so constant that it is impossible to produce the exact sound, and in some cases it has been found necessary to subordinate the phonetic arrangement to intelligibility.

The following rules may, however, aid the reader:

The final consonant is rarely sounded. Adverbs, prepositions, and short words are frequently slighted, as is the possessive. The letter *r* is not usually rolled except when used as a substitute for *th*, but is pronounced *ah*.

For instance, the following is a fair representation of the peculiarities cited:

The sentence, "It was curious, he said, he wanted to go into the other army," would sound: "'Twuz cu-yus, he say, he wan'(t) (to) go in(to) 'turr ah-my."

"SHE CYARN' MARRY A UNION SOLDIER." (SEE PAGE 196.)

"How many are there?"

"Fo' on 'em, suh, wid de little gal, an she jes' like Meh Lady wuz at her age, tryin' to keep up wid her brurrs, an' do ev'ything dee do. Lord! suh, hit cyars me back so sometimes, I mos' furgit de ain' nuver been no war nor nuttin'. Yes suh, dee tu'ns de house upside down when dee comes, jes' like Marse Phil an' Meh Lady. Um — m! [making that peculiar sound so indescribably suggestive], *dee* used to jes' teoh de wull to pieces. You see, after Marse Jeems die' an' lef' Mistis heah wid jes' dem two, she used to gi' 'em dee head, an' dee all over de plantation. Meh Lady (de little white mistis), in her little white apron wid her curls all down in her eyes, used to look white 'mong dem urr chil'ns as a clump o' blackberry blossoms 'mong de blackberries. I don' keer what Hannah do wid dat hyah it wouldn' lay smoove. An' her eyes! I do b'lieve she laugh mo' wid 'em 'n wid her mouf. She wuz de 'light o' dis plantation! when she'd come in you' house 'twuz like you'd shove back de winder an' let piece o' de sun in on de flo'; — you could almos' see by her! An' Marse Phil, he used to wyah her! I don' keer whar you see one, dyah turr, she lookin' up at him, pushin' her hyah back out her big brown eyes, an' tryin' to do jes' what he do. When Marse Phil went byah-footed, she had to go byah-footed too, an' she'd foller him down to de mill-pond th'oo briers an' ev'ywhar wid her little white foots scratchin' an' gittin' briers in 'em; but she ain' mine dat so he ain' lef' her. Dat's de way 'twuz, spang tell Marse Phil went to college, or you jes' as well say, tell he went in de army, cause he home ev'y Christmas an' holiday all de time he at de univusity, an' al'ays got somebody or nurr wid him. You cyarn' keep bees 'way after dee fine de honeysuckle bush, an' dem young bucks dee used to be roun' her constant. Hit look like ef she drap her hankcher hit teck all on 'em to pick 't up. Dee so perseverin' (Mr. Watkins spressly), I tell Hannah I specks one on 'em gwine be Mistis' son-in-law; but Hannah say de chile jes' 'joyin' herself an' projeckin' wid 'em, an' ain' love none on 'em hard as Marse Phil. An' so 'twuz! Hannah know. Her cap'n ain' come yit! When dee cap'n come dee know it, an' ef dee don' know it when he come, dee know it p'intedly when he go 'way.

"We wuz rich den, quarters on ev'y hill, an' niggers mo' 'n you could tell dee names; dee used to be thirty cradlers in de harves'-fiel' an' binders mo' 'n you kin count.

"Den Marse Phil went in de war. You wuz too young to know 'bout dat, marster? Say you wuz? Dat's so!" (This in ready acquiescence to my reply that every Southerner knew of the war.) "Well, hit 'peared like when it start de ladies wuz ambitiouser for it mos' 'n de mens. Um! dee wuz rank, sho' 'nough. At fust dee didn' know what 'twuz, hit come so sudden. One mornin' I wuz standin' right by de po'ch, an' Marse Phil ride up in de yard. I see him time he tunned de curve o' de avenue; I know he seat, 'cause I larn him to ride; dese hands set him up on de horse fust time he ever tetch de saddle, when he little fat legs couldn' retch to de little skeurts. Well, I call Mistis an' Meh Lady, an' dee come out jes' as he gallop up in de yard. He speak to me, an' run up de gre't steps, an' Mistis teck him right in her arms, an' helt him farst, an' when she le' him go her face look mighty cu'yus; an' when dee went into de house I notice Marse Phil taller 'n he wuz at Christmas, an' he han' 'em in stately like he pa.

"'Twuz he done come home to go in de army, an' he done stop in Richmon' to git he permission, 'cause he feared he ma oon' let him go bedout it; an' he say, Mr. Watkins an' heap o' de boys done lef', an' gone home to raise companies. Mistis — Hannah say — grieve might'ly when tain' nobody see her, an' she got her do' locked heap, sayin' her prars for him; but she ain' say a wud 'bout he goin', she nor Meh Lady nurr — dee jes' dat ambitious 'bout it. De thorybreds goes wid dee heads up till dee drap, you know. After dat you ain' see nuttin' but gittin' ready; cuttin' an' sewin', an' meckin' tents, an' bandages, an' uniforms, an' lint, — 'twuz wuss 'n when dee meckin' up de folks' winter clo'es! an' when Marse Phil fetch he s'o'de home an' put on he boots an' spurs whar I done black, an' git he seat on Paladin, 'twarn' nay han' on de place but what say Marse Phil 'bleeged to whup 'em ef dee come close enough. Well, so he went off to de war, an' Left-hand Torm went wid him to wait on him an' ten' to de horses, and Mistis and Meh Lady ain' had time to cry tell dee rid roun' de curve, an' Marse Phil tu'n an' wave he hat to 'em stan'in' dyah on de po'ch; an' den Mistis tu'n roun' an' walk in de house right quick wid her mouf wuckin', an' lock herse'f in her chamber, an' Meh Lady set down on de steps an' cry by herse'f.

"Dat wuz de een o' de ole times, an' dem whar ain' nuver had dee foots to git 'quainted wid de ground wuz stomped down in de dut.

"Oh! yes, suh, he come back," said he presently, in answer to a question from me, "but de war had been gwine on for mo' 'n a year befo' he did. Heaps o' urr soldiers used to come; dee'd kiver up de gre't road an' de plantation sometimes, an' eat up ev'ything on de place. But Marse Phil he ain' nuver git home; he 'bleeged to stay to keep de Yankeys back; he wid Gener'l Jackson, an' he fightin' all de time; he git two or th'ee balls th'oo he

clo'es an' he cap,—he write we all 'bout it; two bring de blood, but not much, he say, dee jes' sort o' bark him. Oh! dee wuz jes' p'intedly notifyin' him; ev'y chance dee'd git dee'd plump at him same as when you'd plump at de middle man. But dat ain' pester him, chile!

"But one mornin' when we ain' heah from him in long time an' think he up in de valley, Marse Phil ride right up in de yard, an' Mistis' face light up to see him tell she look mos' like a young ooman. He say he ain' got long to stay, dat de army gwine down de big road an' he 'bleeged to git right back to he bat'ry, —he jes' ride 'cross to see he ma an' Meh Lady an' all on us, he say, an' he mighty hongry, 'cause he ain' had nuttin' to eat sence early de day befo', an' he want me to feed Paladin at de rack; an' Meh Lady, chile! she lef' him walkin' 'bout in de house wid he ma wid he arm roun' her, an' twis'in' he mustache, whar showin' leetle sence he sich a man, an' axin' he ma don't she think it a fine mustache, dat all de girls say 'tis, an' axin' 'bout ev'y-body; an' she come out an' 'tend to gittin' him some'n' to eat wid her own hands, an' he sut'n'y did eat hearty; an' den he come 'way, an' he stoop down an' kiss he ma and Meh Lady, an' tell 'em he gwine to be a cun'l one dese days; an' Mistis she ain' able to say nuttin', but jes' look at him wistful as he went down de steps, den she run down after him an' ketch him after he git on de groun' an' kiss him an' breck out cryin'; she say she ain' begrudge him, but she love him so much. He kiss her mighty sorf' two or th'ee times, an' den she let him go, an' he come an' git on he horse an' rid 'way at a gallop out de back gate, wid he cap on de side he head, an' dee went in de house, an' dat horse warn' go up de stable right den.

"De nex' day we hear de cannons 'way down de country jes' like thunder right study, an' Mistis and Meh Lady dee set on de po'ch an' listen to 'em wid dee face mighty solemn all day long. An' dat night 'bout de fust rooster-crow Left-hand Torm come home on de gray, an' knock at Mistis' winder, an' say Marse Phil done shoot in de breast, an' he don't know wherr he dead or not; he say he warn' dead when he come 'way, but de doctor wuz wid him, an' he had sent him after he ma to come to him at once, an' he had been ridin' hard all night long ever sence jes' befo' sunset; an' Torm say he bat'ry wuz de fust on de groun', an' he post it on de aidge o' de woods in a oat-fiel', jes' like cradlers, you know, an' he drive de enemy out dee breas'wucks, an' he see him when he lead he bat'ry 'cross de oat-fiel', he guns all six in a strainin' gallop, an' he and Paladin in de lead cheerin', wid bullits an' shells hailin' all roun' him, an' he wuz de fust man in de redoubt, he say, an' he fall jes' as he jump he horse over, an' den he lay dyah an' fight he guns tell he faint. An' Torm say de gener'l say he'd ruther been Marse Phil fightin' he bat'ry dat day den 'a' been President de Confederate States.

"Well, suh, Mistis she had jump out o' bed de fust step o' Torm in de yard; she hadn' even teck off her clo'es, an' she jes' stand still like she ain' heah good wid her face lookin' like she done dead. Meh Lady she tell Torm to tell me to git de kerridge as soon as I kin, an' to tell her mammy please to come dyah quick. An' when day broke I was standin' at de gate wid de kerridge; done feed my horses an' a good bag o' clean oats in de boot. Mistis she come out wid Meh Lady an' Hannah, an' her face sut'n'y wuz grievious. I ain' know tell I see de way she look how it hu't her, but I been see dead folks look better 'n she look den. All she say wuz:

"'Try an' git me dyah, Billy'; an' I say, 'Yes 'm, I'm gwine to ef Gord'll le' me.' I did git her dyah too; ef I didn' meck dem horses flinder!

"But dead mens! I nuver see as many in my life as I see dat evenin'. Amb'lances an' waggins full on 'em, an' dem whar jis' good as dead; de road wuz chocked up wid 'em! Dee all know Marse Phil bat'ry; dee say hit de fust in de fight yistidy an' it cut all to pieces; an' pres'n'y a gent'man whar I ax as he gallop past me rein up he horse an' say he know him well, an' he wuz shot yistidy an' left on de fiel'; he done teck off he cap when he see Mistis an' Meh Lady in de kerridge, an' he voice drapt mighty low, an' he say Marse Phil wuz shot 'bout fo' o'clock leadin' he bat'ry, an' he did splendid wuck.

"He voice sort o' passionate, an' he face so pitiful when he say dat, I know 'tain' no hope to save him, an' ef I git Mistis dyah in time, dat's all.

"'Drive on quick,' says Mistis, an' I druv on. I done meck up my mine to git she an' Meh Lady to Marse Phil whar I 'sponsible for dat night ef Gord'll le' me. An' I did too, mon! I see de soldiers all 'long de road look at me, and some on 'em holler to me dat I cyarn' go dat way; but I ain' pay no 'tention to 'em, I jes' push on, and pres'n'y risin' a little ridge I see de house de gent'man done tell me 'bout, settin' in de oat-fiel' 'bout a half a mile ahead, and I jes' pushin' for it, when th'ee or four mens standin' dyah in de road 'yant de ridge, a little piece befo' me, say 'Halt.' I ain' pay no 'tention to 'em, jes' drive on so, an' dee holler 'Halt' ag'in; an' when I ain' stop den nuther, jes' drive on right study, a spreckle-face feller run up an' ketch Remus' head, an' anurr one done p'int he gun right at me. I say, 'Whyn't you le' go de

horse, mon! ain' you got no better sense 'n to ketch holt Mistis' horses, juckin' dat horse' mouf dat way? Le' go de horse' head, don' you heah me?'

"I 'clar! ef I warn' dat outdone, I wuz jes' 'bout to wrap my whip 'roun' him, when Mistis open de do' an' step out. She say she wan' go on; dee say she cyarn' do it; den she say she gwine, dat her son dyin' dyah in de house an' she gwine to him. She talk mighty sorf' but mighty 'termined like. Dee sort o' reason wid her, but she jes' walk on by wid her head up, an' tell me to foller her, an' dat I did, mon! an' lef' 'em dyah in de road holdin' dee gun. De whole army couldn' 'a' keep her fum Marse Phil den. I got to de house toreckly an' drive up nigh as I could fur de gre't trenches 'cross de yard, whar look like folks been ditchin'. A gent'man come to de do', an' Mistis ax, 'Is he 'live yet?' He say, 'Yes, still alive'; an' she say 'Where?' an' went right in an' Meh Lady wid her; an' I heah say he open he eyes as she went in an' sort o' smile, an' when she kneel down an' kiss him he whisper he ready to go den, an' he wuz too. He went dat night in he mother's arms, an' Meh Lady an' Hannah at he side, like I tole 'em I was gwine do when I start fum home dat mornin', an' he wuz jes' as peaceful as a baby. He tole he ma when he wuz dyin' dat he had try to do he duty, an' dat 'twuz jes' like ole times, when he used to go to sleep in her lap in he own room, wid her arms 'roun' him. Mistis sen' me fur a amb'lance dat night, an' we put him in de coffin next mornin' an' start, 'cause Mistis she gwine cyar Marse Phil home an' lay him in de gyardin, whar she kin watch him. We travel all day an' all night an' retch home 'bout sunrise, and den we had to dig de grave. An' when we got home Mistis she had de coffin brought in and cyared him in he own room while we waitin', and she set in dyah all day long wid him, and he look like a boy sleepin' dyah so young in he little gray jacket wid he s'o'de 'cross he breas'. We bury him in de gyardin dat evenin', and dar warn' 'nough gent'mens in de county to be he pall-bearers, so de hands on de place toted him, and it ease' me might'ly to git meh arm onder him right good, like when he wuz a little chap runnin' 'roun' callin' me 'Unc' Billy,' and pesterin' me to go fishin'. And de gener'l write Mistis a letter and say de Confede'cy moan he loss, and he meck him a cun'l in de oat-fiel' de day he wuz shot, and hit's dat on he tombstone now; you kin go dyah in de gyardin an' read it. And we hang he s'o'de on de wall in he own room over de fireplace, and dyah it hang now for to show to de boys what a soldier he wuz.

"Well, after dat, things sut'n'y went bad. De house looked dat lonesome I couldn' byah to look at it; ev'ything I see look' like Marse Phil jes' done put it down, or jes' comin' after it. Mistis and Meh Lady dee wuz in deep mo'nin', of co'se, and it look like de house in mo'nin' too. And Mistis her hyah got whiter and whiter. De on'y thing 'peared to gi' her any peace o' mine wuz settin' in Marse Phil' room. She used to set dyah all day, sewin' for de soldiers. She ain' nuver let nobody tetch dat room; hit al'ays sort o' sacred to her after dat. And Meh Lady she took holt de plantation, an' ole Billy wuz her head man.

"Dat's de way 'twuz for two years tell mos' in de summer. Den—

"Hit happen one day. I wuz jes' come out meh house after dinner, gwine to de stable. I warn' studyin' 'bout Yankeys, I wuz jes' studyin' 'bout how peaceable ev'ything wuz, when I heah somebody hollerin', and heah come two womens 'cross de hill from de quarters, hard as dee could tyah wid dee frock jes' flying. One o' de maids in de yard de first to ketch de wud, and she say, 'De Yankeys!' And 'fo' Gord! de wuds warn' out her mouf befo' de whole top o' de hill wuz black wid 'em. Yo' could see 'em gallopin' and heah de s'o'des rattlin' spang at de house. Meh heart jump right up in meh mouf. But I step back in meh house and got meh axe. And when I come out de black folks wuz all run out dee houses in de back yard, talkin' and predictifyin'; and some say dee gwine in de house and stan' behin' Meh Lady; and some dee gwine git onder de beds; and some wuz pacifyin' 'em, and sayin', *dee* ain' gwi' do nuttin'. I jes' parse long by 'em right quick, and went 'cross de yard to de house, and I put meh head in and say:

"'De Yankeys yander comin' down de hill.'

"You ought to 'a' seen dee face. Meh Lady' hands drapt in her lap, and she looked at Mistis so anxious, she skeer' me. But do' her face tu'n mighty white, 't warn' mo' 'n a minute. She riz right quiet, and her head wuz jes' as straight as Meh Lady. She says to her:

"'Hadn' you better stay here?'

"'No,' says she, 'I will go with you.'

"'Come on,' says she, and dee walked out de do', and locked it behine her, and Mistis put de key in her pocket.

"Jes' as she got dyah, dee rid into de yard, an' in a minute it wuz jes' as full of 'em as a bait-go'd is o' wums, ridin' 'g'inst one anurr, an' hollerin' an' laughin' an' cussin'; an' outside de yard, an' todes de stables dee wuz jes' swarmin'. Dee ain' ax nobody no

odds 'bout nuttin', an' as to key, dee ain' got no use fur dat; jes' bu'st a do' down quicker 'n you kin onlock it. Dee wuz in de smoke-house an' de store-room quicker 'n I been tellin' you 'bout it. But dat ain' 'sturb Mistis, nor Meh Lady nurr. Dee wuz standin' in de front do' jes' as study as ef dee wuz waitin' fur somebody whar come to dinner. Dee come pourin' up de steps an' say dee gwine th'oo de house.

"'There is no one in there,' said Mistis.

"'What are you doin' on de po'ch?' says one, sort o' impident like, wid a thing on he shoulder.

"'I always receive my visitors at my front do',' says Mistis.

"'Don't you invite 'em in?' says he, sort o' laughin' an' pushin' by her. Jes' den I heah a noige, an' we tu'n roun', an' de hall wuz right full on 'em,—had come in de back do'. Mistis tunned right roun' an' walk into de house right quick, puttin' Meh Lady 'long befo' her. Right straight th'oo 'em all she walk, an' up to Marse Phil' room do', whar she stan' wid her back 'g'inst it, holdin' de side. Dee wuz squandered all over de house by dis time an' teckin' ev'ything dee want an' didn' want, an' what dee didn' teck dee wuz cuttin' up. But soon as dee see Mistis at Marse Phil' do', dee come right up to her.

"'I want to go in dyah,' says one,—de same one whar had spoke so discontemptious to de mistis on de porch.

"'You cyarn' do it,' says Mistis.

"'Well, I'm goin' to,' says he.

"'You are not,' says Mistis, lookin' at him right study, wid her head up an' her eyes blazin'. I had my axe in my han' an' I wuz mighty skeered, but I know ef he had lay his han' on de mistis I was gwine split him wide open. He know better 'n to tetch her do'. He sort o' parly, like he warn' 'swade her, an' all de urrs stop an' listen.

"'Who's in dyah?' says he.

"'No one,' says Mistis.

"'Well, what's in dyah?' says he.

"'The memory of my blessed dead,' says Mistis. She speak so solemn, hit 'peared to kind o' stall him, an' he give back an' mumble some'n'. Pres'n'y do' anurr one come up fum nigh de do', an' say to Mistis:

"'Where is you' son? We want him.'

"'Beyond your reach,' says Mistis, her voice kind o' breakin', an' Meh Lady bu'st out cryin'.

"'His grave is in de gyardin,' she says, wid her hankcher to her eyes.

"Gord! suh! I couldn' stan' no mo'. I jes' cotch a grip on my axe, an' I ain' know what mout 'a' happen', but he took off he hat an' tu'n 'way. An' jes' den sich a racket riz nigh de do', I thought must some on 'em got to killin' one 'nurr. I heah somebody's voice rahin' an' pitchin' and callin' 'em thieves an' hounds, an' in a minute, whack, whack, thump, thump,' I heah de licks soun' like he hittin' on barrel-head, an' I see a s'o'de flyin like wheel-spokes, an' de men in de hall dee jes' squander; an' as de larst one jump off de po'ch, a young gent'man tunned an' walked in de do', puttin' he s'o'de back in he scabbard. When he got 't in, he teck off he cap, an' walkin' 'bout half-way up to we all, he say:

"'I kinnot 'pologize 'nough, madam, for dese out'ages; dee officers ought to be shot for toleratin' it. It is against all orders.'

"'I don't know; it is our first 'sperience,' says Mistis. 'We are much ondebted to you, though, suh.'

"'Mayn't I interduce myself?' says he, comin' up a little closer to we all, an' meckin' anurr bow very grand. 'I think I may claim to be a kinsman at least of my young Southern cousin here (meckin' a bow to Meh Lady whar wuz standin' lookin' at him); I'm half Virginian myself. I am Captain Wilton, the son of Colonel Churchill Wilton, of de ole army,' says he.

"'It is impossible,' says Mistis, bowin' low'n him. 'Churchill Wilton was a Virginian, do' he lived at de Norf; he wuz my husband's cousin an' my dear friend.' (He come from New York or somewhar, an' he had been co'tin' Mistis same time Marster co't her. I knew him well: he gi' me a yaller satin weskit; a likely gent'man too, but Marster beat him. You know he gwine do dat.) 'But you cannot be his son, nor a Virginian; Virginians never invade Virginia.'

"'But I am neverdeless,' says he, sort o' smilin'; 'an' I have, as a boy, often hear' him speak of you.'

"'We claim no kinsmen among Virginia's enemies,' says Meh Lady, speakin' fur de fust time, wid her eyes flashin', an' teckin' holt of Mistis' han', an' raisin' herse'f up mighty straight. She wuz standin' by her ma, I tell you; dee bofe had de same sperit,—de chip don' fly fur fum de stump. But he wuz so likely-lookin', standin' dyah in de gre't hall meckin' he bow, an' sayin' he Cap'n Wilton, I mos' think she'd a-gi'n in ef it hadn' been fur dat blue uniform an' dat s'o'de by he side. De wud seemed to hut him mons'ous do', an' he raise he head up mighty like we all folks when dee gittin' outdone. Mistis, she add on to Meh Lady, an' answer he 'quest 'bout dinner. Ez he had come to teck possession, says she, de whole place wuz his, an' he could give what orders he please', on'y she an' Meh Lady would 'quest to be excused; an' wid dat she

took Meh Lady' han', an' wid a gre't bow start to sweep by him. But dee ain' git ahead o' him; befo' dee git de wuds out dee mouf, he meck a low bow hisse'f an' say he beg dee pardin, he cyarn' intrude on ladies, an' wid dat he sort o' back right stately to de front do', an' wid anurr bow done gone, he saber clam'rin' down de steps. I 'clar', I wuz right sorry fur him, an' I b'lieve Mistis an' Meh Lady dee wuz too, 'cause he sut'n'y did favor Marse Phil when he r'ar he head up so tall, an' back out dat do' so gran'. Meh Lady' mind smite her good, 'cause she tu'n to me an' tell me to go and tell 'Lijah to see ef he couldn' get him some'n', an' call him, an' pres'n'y she come in de dinin'-room lookin' herse'f. After 'Lijah set de place do', an' went out to look fur him, dyah wuz a soldier standin' at ev'y po'ch right solum, an' anurr one at de kitchin; an' when we come to fin' out, dee wuz guards Cap'n Wilton done pos' dyah to p'teck de house, but *he* done gone 'long, so I give he snack to de guards.

"Well, dee took mos'-all de corn dat our folks done lef' out de corn-house, an' after a while mos' on 'em bridle up an' went 'long, an' den at larst de guards dee went 'long 'hind de turrs; an' de larst one hadn' hardly got to de een de avenue when heah come over de hill some o' our men ridin' 'long de road fum turr way. Meh Lady wuz standin' in de yard lookin' mighty 'strustid at de way dee done do de place, 'cause dee had done teoh it all to pieces; an' her eyes light up at de sight o' our men, an' she sort o' wave her hankcher at 'em, an' dee wuz comin' down de hill turr side de creek right study, when, as Gord would have it, we heah a horse foot flyin', an' right fum turr way right down de avenue, he horse in a lather, come dat same young gent'man, Cap'n Wilton. Our mens see him at de same time, an' start to gallopin' down de hill to git him. He ain' mine 'em do' he gallop up to de gate an' pull a letter out he pocket. Meh Lady she wuz so consarned 'bout him, she sort o' went todes him, callin' to him to do pray go 'way. He ain' mine dat; he jes' set still on he nick-tail bay, an' hole he paper todes her right patient, tell she run down de walk close up to him, beggin' him to go 'way. Den he teck off he cap an' ben' over, an' present her de paper he got, an' tell her hit a letter he got fum Gen'l McClenan, he come back to gi' her. Meh Lady, chile! she so busy beggin' him to go 'way an' save hisse'f, she forgit to thank him. She jes' pleadin' fur him to go, an' hit 'pear like de mo' she beg, de mo' partic'ler he settin' dyah at de gate lookin' at her, not noticin' our mens, wid a sort o' cu'yus smile on he face, tell jes' as our mens gallop up in one side de yard, an' call to him to s'render, he say 'Good-by,' an' tu'nned an' lay he gre't big bay horse' foot to de groun'. Dee shoot at him an' ride after him, an' Meh Lady she holler to 'em not to shoot him; but she needn' fluster herse'f, dee jes' as well try to shoot de win', or ride to ketch a bud, de way dat horse run. He wuz a flyer! He run like he jes' start, an' de Cap'n done ride him thirty mile sence dinner to git dat paper fum Gen'l McClenan fur Meh Lady.

"Well, suh, dat night de plantation wuz fyah 'live wid soldiers—our mens; dee wuz movin' all night long, jes' like ants, an' all over todes de gre't road de camp-fires look like stars; an' nex' mornin' dee wuz movin' 'fo' daylight, gwine 'long down de road, an' 'bout dinner-time hit begin, an' from dat time tell in de night, right down yander way, de whole uth wuz rockin'. You'd a-thought de wull wuz splittin' open, an' sometimes ef you'd listen right good you could heah 'em yellin', like folks in de harvest fiel' hollerin' after a ole hyah.

"De nex' day we know we all done scotch 'em, an' dee begin to bring de wounded an' put 'em in folks' houses. Dee bring 'em in amb'lances an' stretchers, tell ev'y room in de house wuz full up 'sep' on'y Mistis' chahmber an' Meh Lady' room an' Marse Phil' room. An' dyah wuz de grettest cuttin' up o' sheets an' linen an' things fur bandages an' lint you ever see. Mistis an' Meh Lady even cut up dee under-clo'es fur lint, 'cause you know dee wuz 'bleeged to have linen, an' Mistis an' Meh Lady teoh up dee under-clo'es tell dee got smack out. Hannah had to go 'long afterwards an' gi' 'em some dee done gi' her. Well, so 'twuz, de house wuz full like a hospittle, an' doctors goin' in an' out, an' ridin' back'ards an' for'ards, an' cuttin' off legs an' arms, an' hardly got time to tu'n 'roun'. 'Twuz mighty hard on Meh Lady, but she had grit to stan' it. Hi! de ve'y mornin' after de battle a doctor come out de room whar a wounded gent'man wuz, an' ketch sight o' Meh Lady parsin' th'oo de hall, an' say, 'I want you to help me,' an' she say, 'What you want me to do?' an' he say, 'You've got to hole a man's arm,' an' she say, 'To bandage it?' an' he say, 'No, to cut it off,' an' she say she cyarn' do it, an' he say she kin an' she must. Den she say she'll faint, an' he say ef she do he'll die, an' he ain' got a minute to spyah now. Den ef she ain' walk right in an' hole he arm, tell de doctor cut 't off an' dress it, an' den widout a wud she say, 'Is you done?' an' he say, 'Yes'; an' she walk out an' cross de yard to her mammy' house right quick, an' fall right dead down on de flo'. I wan' dyah, but Hannah sut'n'y wuz outdone 'bout dat thing, an', you know, she ain' nuver let Mistis

know a wud 'bout it, not nuver—she so feared she'd 'sturb her! Dat's de blood she wuz; an' dem wuz times folks wa'n't dem kind! Well, dat same evenin'—de day after de battle—Meh Lady she ax one de doctors ef many o' de cav'lry wuz into de fight an' he say she'd think so ef she'd been dyah, dat de cav'lry had meck some splendid charges bofe sides; dat de Yankey cav'lry had charge th'oo a bresh o' pines on de 'streme left spang up 'g'inst our breas'wucks, an' a young Yankey cap'n in de front o' all wid he cap on he s'o'de on a nick-tail bay, had led 'em, an' had spur he horse jam up to our line, an' bofe had fall up 'g'inst de breas'wucks. I tell you he sut'n'y wuz pleased wid him; he say he nuver see a braver feller; he had made a p'int to try an' save him (an' he'd like to 'a' had dat horse too), but he was shot so bad he fear'd 'tain' much show fur him, as he sort o' knocked out he senses when he fall as well as shot. An' he say, 'He sich a likely young feller, an' meck sich a splendid charge, I teck a letter out he pocket to 'dentify him, an' heah 'tis now,' he says; 'Cap'n Shelly Wilton,' he says, handin' it to Meh Lady.

"When he say dat, Meh Lady ain' say nuttin', and Mistis she tu'n 'roun' an' walk in Marse Phil' room right quick an' shet de do' easy. Den pres'n'y she come out an' ax Meh Lady to have de kerridge gitten, an' den she walk up to de doctor, an' ax him won' he go down wid her to de place whar he lef' dat young Yankey cap'n an' bring him dyah to her house. An' she say he her husband' cousin, an' she onder obligations to him. So dee went, honey, down to de battle-fiel' all roun' de road, an' 'twuz mos' wuss 'n when we all went down to de Peninsular after Marse Phil, de road wuz so full of wounded mens; an' when we fine him 'twuz right dyah at dat gap—he fall right dyah, an' dee had cyar'ed him over de hill; an' do' all say he 'bleeged to die, Mistis she had him tecken up an' brung right to her house, an' when we got home she lead de way an' went straight long th'oo de hall; an' befo' Gord! she open de do' herse'f an' cyar him right in an' lay him right down into Marse Phil' baid. Some say hit 'cause he marster's kinfolk; but Hannah, she know, an' she say hit 'cause Mistis grievin' 'bout Marse Phil. I ain' know huccome 'tis; but dyah *into* Marse Phil' baid dee put him, an' dyah he stay good, an' Mistis and Meh Lady to nuss him same like he wuz Marse Phil hisse'f. 'Twuz a spell do', I tell you! Dyah wuz all de turrs well an' gone befo' he know wherr he dead or 'live. Mistis, after de battle, an' all de 'citement sort o' let down ag'in, had to keep her room right constant, an' all de nussin' an' waitin' fall on Meh Lady an' Hannah, an' dee sut'n'y did do dee part faithful by all on 'em, till fust one an' den anurr went away; 'cause, you know, we couldn' tell when de Yankeys wuz gwine to come an' drive our mens back, an' our soldiers didn' want to be tecken pris'ners, an' moved 'way. An' pres'n'y dyah warn' none lef' but jes' Cap'n Wilton, an' he still layin' dyah in de baid, tossin' an' talkin' wid he eyes wide open an' ain' know nuttin'. De doctor say he wound better, but he got fever an' he cyarn' hole out much longer; say he'd been dead long ago but he so strong. An' one night he went to sleep, an' de doctor come over fum camp an' say he wan' nuver gwine wake no mo' he reckon, jes' a byah chance ef he ain't 'sturbed. An' he ax Meh Lady kin she keep him sleep she reckon, an' she say she'll try, an' she did, mon. Mistis she wuz sick in baid an dyah ain' nobody to nuss him, skusin' Meh Lady, an' she set by dat baid all dat night an' fan him right easy all night long; all night long she fan him, an' jes' befo' sun up he open he eyes an look at her. Hannah she'd jes' gone in dyah thinkin' de chile tired to death, an' she say jes' as she tip in he open he eyes an' he look at Meh Lady so cu'yus, settin' dyah by him watchin'; den he shet he eyes a little while an' sleep a little mo'; den he open 'em an' look ag'in an' sort o' smile like he know her; an' den he went to sleep good, an' Hannah she tuck de fan an' sont de chile to her own room to baid. Yes, suh, she did dat thing, she did! An' I heah him say afterwards, when he wake up, all he could think 'bout wuz he done git to heaven.

"Well, after dat Meh Lady she lef' him to Mistis an' Hannah, an' pres'n'y he git able to be holped out on de big po'ch and kivered up wid a shawl an' things in a big arm-cheer. And 'cause Mistis she mos' took to her baid, and keep her room right constant, Meh Lady she got to entertain him. Oh! she sut'n'y did pomper him, readin' to him out o' books, and settin' by him on de po'ch. You see he done git he pay-role, and she 'bleeged to teck keer on him den, 'cause she kind o' 'sponsible for him, and he sut'n'y wuz satisfied, layin' dyah wid he gray eyes follerin' her study ev'y-whar she tu'n, jes' like some dem pictures hangin' up in de parlor.

"I 'members de fust day he walked. He done notify her, and she try to 'swade him, but he monsus sot in he mind when he done meck it up, and she got to gi' in like women-folks after dee done spressify some; and he git up and walk down de steps, and 'cross de yard to a rose-bush nigh de gate wid red roses on it, she walkin' by he side lookin' sort o' anxious. When he git dyah dee talk a little while, den he breck one and gi' 't to her, and

dee come back. Well, he had n' git back to he cheer befo' heah come two or th'ee gent'-mens ridin' th'oo de place, one on 'em a gen-er'l, and turrs, dem whar ride wid him, our mens, and dee stop at de gate to 'quire de way to de hewn-tree ford down on de river, and Meh Lady she went down to de gate to ax 'em to 'light, and to tell 'em de way down by de pond; and when she standin' dyah shadin' de sun from her eyes wid a fan, and de rose in her hand ('cause she ain' got on no hat), de gener'l say:

"'You have a wounded soldier dyah?'

"'Yes, he's a wounded Federal officer on parole,' she say; and he say, teckin' off he hat:

"'Dee ain' many soldiers dat would n' envy him he prison.' And den she bows to him sort o' 'fusin' like, and her face mos' blushin' as de rose de Cap'n done gi' her what she holdin'; and when dee done rid 'long, an' ain' stop, she ain' gone back to de po'ch to-reckly; she come out, and gi' me a whole pare-cel o' directions 'bout spadin' de border whar I standin' heahin' 't all, wid de rose done stickin' in her bosom.

"You'd think de way Meh Lady read to him dyah on de big po'ch, she done forgit he her pris'ner and Virginia' enemy. She ain' do'; she jes' as rapid to teck up for de rebels as befo' he come; I b'lieve she rapider; she call herse'f rebel, but she ain' le' him name it. I 'member one mornin' she come in out de fiel' an' jump off her horse, an' set down by him in her ridin'-frock, and she call herse'f a rebel, an' pres'n'y he name us so too, an' she say he sha'n't call 'em so, an' he laugh an' call 'em so ag'in, jes' dyahsen, an' she git up an' walk right straight in de house, head up in de air. He tell her de rebels wuz 'treatin', but she ain' dignify to notice dat. He teck up a book an' pose hese'f, but he ain' read much; den he try to sleep, but de flies 'pear to pes-ter him might'ly; den Hannah come out, an' he ax her is she see Meh Lady in dyah. Hannah say, 'Nor,' an' den he ax her won't she please go an' ax her to step dyah a min-ute; an' Hannah ain' spicion nuttin' and went, an' Meh Lady say, 'No, she won't,' 'cause he done aggrivate her; an' den he write her a little note an' ax Hannah to gi' 't to her, an' she look at it an' send 't back to him widout any answer. Den he git mad. He twis' roun' in he cheer might'ly; but 'tain' do him no good, she ain' come back all day, not tell he had to teck he pencil an' write her a sho' 'nough letter; den pres'n'y she come out on de po'ch right slow, dressed all in white, and tell him sort o' forgivin' dat he ought to be 'shamed o' hisse'f, an' he sort o' laugh', an' look like he ain' 'shamed o' nuttin'.

"Dee sut'n'y wuz gittin' good neighborly 'long den. And he watch over her, jes' like she got her pay-role 'stid o' him. One day a party o' Yankeys, jes' prowlin' roun' after divilment, come gallopin' in th'oo de place, and down to de stable, and had meh kerridge-horses out befo' I know dee dyah. I run in de house and tell Meh Lady. De Cap'n he wuz in he room and he heah me, and he come out wid he cap on, bucklin' on Marse Phil' s'o'de whar he done teck down off de wall, and he order me to come 'long, and tell Meh Lady not to come out; and down de steps he stride and 'cross de yard out th'oo de gate in de road to whar de mens wuz wid meh horses at de fence, wid he face right set. He ax 'em one or two questions 'bout whar dee from dat mornin'; den he tell 'em who he is and dat dee cyarn' trouble nuffin' heah. De man wid meh horses see de Cap'n mighty pale an' weak-lookin', and he jes' laugh, an' gether up de halters gittin' ready to go, an' call de urrs to come 'long. Well, suh, de Cap'n' eye flash; he ain' say a wud; he jes rip out Marse Phil' s'o'de an' clap it up 'ginst dat man' side, an' cuss him once! You ought to 'a' seen him le' dem halters go! 'Now,' says de Cap'n, 'you men go on whar you gwine; dyah de road; I know you, an' ef I heah of you stealin' anything I'll have you ev'y one hung as soon as I get back. Now go.' An' I tell you, mon! dee gone quick enough.

"Oh! I tell you he sut'n'y had de favor o' our folks; he ain' waste no wuds when he ready; he quick to rar, an' rank when he got up, jes' like all our fam'bly; Norf or Souf, dee ain' gwine stand no projeckin'; dee's Jack Robinson.

"So 'twuz, Meh Lady sort o' got used to 'pendin' on him, an' 'dout axin' her he sort o' sensed when to 'vise her.

"Sometimes dee'd git in de boat on de pond, an' she'd row him while he'd steer, 'cause he shoulder ain' le' him row. I see 'em of a evenin' jes' sort o' floatin' down dyah onder de trees, nigh de bank, or 'mong dem cow-collards, pullin' dem water-flowers,—she ain' got no hat on, or maybe jes' a soldier's cap on her head,—an' hear 'em talkin' 'cross de water so sleepy, an' sometimes he'd meck her laugh jes' as clear as a bud. Dee war'n no pay-role den!

"All dis time, do', she jes' as good a rebel as befo' he come. De wagons would come an' haul corn, an' she'd 'tend to cookin' for de soldiers all night long, jes' same, on'y she ain' talk to him 'bout it, an' he sort o' shet he eye and read he book like he ain' see it. She ain' le' Cap'n Wilton nor Cap'n nuttin' else meck no diffunce 'bout dat; she jes' partic'lar to him 'cause he her cousin, dat's all, an' got he

pay-role; we all white folks al'ays set heap o' sto' by one nurr, dat's all she got in her mind.

"I almos' begin' to spicionate some'n' myse'f, but Hannah she say I ain' nuttin' but a ole nigger-fool, I ain' know' nuttin' 'bout white folks' ways; an' sho' 'nough, she done prove herse'f. Hit come 'long todes de larst o' fall, 'bout seedin'-wheat time; de weather been mighty warm mos' like summer, an' ev'ything sort o' smoky, hazy like folks bunnin' bresh; an' one day d' come fum de post-office a letter for de Cap'n, an' he face look sort o' comical when he open it, an' he put it in he pocket; an' pres'n'y he say he got to go home, he got he exchangement. Meh Lady ain' say nuttin'; but after while she ax, kind o' perlite, is he well enough yet to go. He ain' meck no answer, an' she ain' say no mo', den bofe stop talkin' right good.

"Well, dat evenin' dee come out, and set on de po'ch awhile, she wid her hyah done smoove; den he say some'n' to her, an' dee git up an' went to walk; an' fust he walk to dat red rose-bush an' pull two or th'ee roses, den dee went saunterin' right 'long down dis way, he wid de roses in he hand lookin' mighty handsome. Pres'n'y I hed to come down in de fiel', an' when I was gwine back to de house to feed, I strike for dis parf, an' I wuz walkin' 'long right slow ('cause I had a misery in dis hip heah), an' as I come th'oo de bushes I hyah somebody talkin', an' dyah dee wuz right at de gap, an' he wuz holdin' her hand, talkin' right study, lookin' down at her, an' she lookin' 'way fum him, ain' sayin' nuttin', jes' lookin' so miser'ble wid de roses done shatter all over in her lap an' on de groun'. I ain' know which way to tu'n, an' I hyah him say he wan' her to wait an' le' him come back ag'in, an' he call her by her name, an' say, 'Won't you?' an' she wait a little while an' den pull her hand away right slow; den she say, sort o' whisperin', she cyarn'. He say some'n' den so hoarse I ain' meck 't out, an' she say, still lookin' 'way fum him on de groun', dat she cyarn' marry a Union soldier. Den he le' go her hand an' rar hese'f up sort o' straight, an' say some'n' I ain' meck out 'sep' hit would 'a' been kinder ef she had let him die when he wuz wounded, 'stid o' woundin' him all he life. When he say dat, she sort o' squinch 'way from him like he mos' done hit her, an' say wid her back todes him he ought not to talk dat way, dat she know she been mighty wicked, but she ain' know 'bout it, an' maybe—,' I ain' know what she say, 'cause she start to cryin' right easy, an' he teck her han' ag'in an' kiss it, an' I slip roun' an' come home, an' lef' 'em dyah at de gap, she cryin' an' he kissin' her han'.

"I drive him over to de depot dat night, an' he gi' me a five dollars in gold an' say I must teck keer o' de ladies, I's dee main 'pendence; an' I tell him I is, an' he sut'n'y wuz sorry to tell me good-bye.

"An' Hannah say she done tell me all 'long de chile ain' gwine mortify herself 'bout no Yankey soldier, don' keer how pretty an' tall he is, an' how straight he hole he head, an' dat she jes' sorry he gone 'cause he her cousin. I ain' know so much 'bout dat do.' Dat what Hannah al'ays say she tell me.

"Well, suh, ef 'twarn' lonesome after dat! Hit 'peared like whip'o'will sing all over de place; ev'ywhar I tu'n I ain' see him. I didn' know till he gone how sot we all dun git on him; 'cause I ain' de on'y one dun miss him; Hannah she worryin' 'bout him, Mistis she miss him, an' Meh Lady she gwine right study wid her mouf shet close, but she cyarn' shet her eye on me: she miss him, an' she signify it too. She tell Mistis 'bout he done ax her to marry him some day an' to le' him come back, an' Mistis ax what she say, an' she tell her, an' Mistis git up out her cheer an' went over to her, an' kiss her right sorf; and Hannah say (she wuz in de chahmber an' she hyah 'em), she say she broke out cryin', an' say she know she ought to hate him, but she don't, an' she cyarn', she jes' hate an' 'spise herself, an' Mistis she try to comfort her; an' she teck up de plantation ag'in, but she ain' never look jes' like she look befo' he come dyah an' walk in de hall, so straight, puttin' up he s'o'de, an' when she ain' claim kin wid him back out an' say he cyarn' intrude on her, an' den ride thirty mile' to git dat paper an' come an' set on he horse at de gate so study and our mens gallopin' up in de yard to get him. She wuk mighty study, and ride Dixie over de plantation mighty reg'lar, 'cause de war dun git us so low wid all dem niggers to feed, she hed to tu'n roun' right swift to git 'em victuals an' clo'es; but she ain' look jes' like she look befo' dat, an' she sut'n'y do nuss dat rose-bush nigh de gate induschus. But dem wuz de een o' de good times.

"Hit 'peared like dat winter all de good luck done gone 'way fum de place; de weather wuz so severe, an' we done gi' de ahmy ev'ything, de feed done gi' out, an' 'twuz rank, I tell you! Mistis an' Meh Lady sent to Richmon' an' sell dee bonds, an' some dee buy things wid to eat, an' de rest dee gin de Gov'ment, an' teck Confed'ate money for 'em. She say she ain' think hit right to widhold nuttin', an' she teck Marster' bonds an' sell 'em fur Confed'ate Gunboat stock or some'n.' I use' to hyah 'em talkin' 'bout it.

"Den! de Yankeys come an' got my kerridge-horses! Oh! ef dat did n' hu't me! I ain' git over it yit. When we hyah dee comin' Meh Lady

tell me to hide de horses; hit jes' as well, she reckon. De fust time dee come, dee wuz all down in de river pahsture, an' dee ain' see 'em, but now dee wuz up at de house. An' so many been stealed I used to sleep in de stalls at night to watch 'em; so I teck 'em all down in de pines on de river, an' I down dyah jes' as s'cure as a coon in de holler, when heah dee come tromplin' and gallinupin', an' teck 'em ev'y one, an' 'twuz dat weevly black nigger Ananias done show 'em whar de horses is, an' lead 'em dyah. He always wuz a mean po' white folks nigger anyways, an' 'twuz a pity Mistis ain' sell him long ago. Ef I could n' a teoh him all to pieces dat day! I b'lieve Meh Lady mo' 'sturb 'bout 'Nias showin' de Yankeys whar de horses is den she is 'bout dee teckin' 'em. 'Nias he ain' nuver dyah show he face heah no mo', he went off wid 'em, an' so did two or th'ee mo' o' de boys. De folks see 'em when dee parse th'oo Quail Quarter, an' dee 'shamed to say dee gone off, so dee tell 'em de Yankeys cyar' 'em off, but 'twarn' nothin' but a lie; I know dee ain' cyar' me off; dee ax me ef I don' wan' go, but I tell 'em 'Nor.'

"Things wuz mons'ous scant after dat, an' me an' Meh Lady had hard wuck to meck buckle and tongue meet, I tell you. We had to scuffle might'ly dat winter.

"Well, one night a cu'yus thing happen. We had done got mighty lean, what wid our mens an' Yankeys an' all; an' de craps ain' come in, an' de team done gone, an' de fences done bu'nt up, an' things gettin' mighty down, I tell you. And dat night I wuz settin' out in de yard, jes' done finish smokin' and studyin' 'bout gwine to bed. De sky wuz sort o' thick, an' meh min' wuz runnin' on my horses, an' pres'n'y, suh, I heah one on 'em gallopin' tobucket, tobucket, tobucket right swif' 'long de parf 'cross de fiel', an' I thought to myself, I know Romilus' gallop; I set right still, an' he come 'cross de branch and stop to drink jes' a moufful, an' den he come up de hill. I say, 'Dat horse got heap o' sense; he know he hot, an' he ain' gwine hu't hese'f drinkin', don' keer how thusty he is. He gwine up to de stable now,' I say, 'an' I got to go up dyah an' le' him in'; but 'stid o' dat, he tu'n 'roun' by de laundry, an' come 'roun' de house to whar I settin', an' stop, an' I wuz jes' sayin', 'Well, ef dat don' beat any horse ever wuz in de wull; how he know I heah?' when somebody say, 'Good-evenin'.' I sut'n'y wuz disapp'inted; dyah wuz a man settin' dyah in de dark on a gre't black horse, an' say he wan' me to show him de way th'oo de place. He ax me ef I warn' sleep, an' I tell him, 'Nor, I jes' studyin''; den he ax me a whole parcel o' questions 'bout Mistis and Marse Phil an' all, an' say he kin to 'em, an' he used to know Mistis a long time ago. Den I ax him to alight an' tell him we'd all be mighty glad to see him; but he say he 'bleeged to git right on, an' he keep on axin' how dee wuz an' how dee been, an' ef dee sick an' all, an' so 'quisitive; pres'n'y I ain' tell him no mo' 'sep' dat dee all well 'skusin' Mistis; an' den he ax me to show him de way th'oo, an' when I start, he ax me cyarn he go th'oo de yard, dat de 'rection he warn' go, an' I tell him 'Yes,' an' le' him th'oo de back gate, an' he ride 'cross de yard on de grahss. As he ride by de rose-bush nigh de gate, he lean over, an' I thought he breck a switch off, an' I tell him not to breck dat; dat Meh Lady' rose-bush, whar she set mo' sto' by den all de res'; an' he say, ''Tis a rose-bush, sho' 'nough,' an' he come 'long to de gate, holdin' a rose in he hand. Dyah he ax me which is Mistis' room, and I tell him, 'De one by de po'ch,' an' he say he s'pose dee don' use upstyars much now de fam'bly so small; an' I tell him, 'Nor,' dat Meh Lady' room right next to Mistis' dis side, an' he stop an' look good; den he come 'long to de gate, an' when I ax him which way he gwine, he say, 'By de hewn-tree ford.' An' blessed Gord! ef de wud ain' bring up things I done mos' forgit,—dat gener'l ridin' up to de gate, an' Meh Lady standin' dyah shadin' her eyes, wid de rose de Cap'n done gi' her off dat same bush, an' de gener'l sayin' he envy him he prison. I see him jes' plain as ef he standin' dyah befo' me, an' heah him axin' de way to de hewn-tree ford; but jes' den I heah some'n' jingle, an' he jes' lean over an' poke some'n' heavy in my hand, an' befo' I ken say a wud he gone gallopin' in de dark. And when I git back to de light, I find six gre't big yaller gold pieces in meh hand, look' like gre't pats o' butter, and ef 't hadn' been for dat I'd 'mos' 'a' believe' 'twuz a dream; but dyah de money and dyah de horse-track, an' de limb done pull off Meh Lady' rose-bush.

"I hide de money in a ole sock onder de j'ice, and I 'pint to tell Meh Lady about it; but Hannah she say, I ain' know who 'tis—jes' s'picion (and so I ain' den); and I jes' gwine 'sturb Mistis wid folks ridin' 'bout th'oo de yard at night, and so I ain' say nuttin'; but when I heah Meh Lady grievin' 'bout somebody done breck her rose-bush an' steal one of her roses, I mighty nigh tell her who I b'lieve 'twuz, an' I would, on'y I don't orn' aggrivate Hannah. You know 'twon't do to aggrivate women-folks.

"Well, 'twarn' no gre't while after dat de war broke; 'twuz de nex' spring 'bout plantin'-corn time, on'y we ain' plant much 'cause de team so weak; stealin' an' Yankeys teckin'

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together done clean us up, an' Mistis an' Meh Lady had to gi' a deed o' struss on de lan' to buy a new team dat spring, befo' we could breck up de corn-land, an' we hadn' git mo' 'n half done fo' Richmon' fall an' de folks wuz all free; den de army parse th'oo an' some on 'em come by home, an' teck ev'y blessed Gord's horse an' mule on de place, 'sep' one mule — George, whar wuz bline, an' dee won' have him. Dem wuz turrible times, an' ef Meh Lady an' Mistis didn' cry! not 'cause dee teck de horses an' mules,— we done get use' to dat, an' dat jes' meck 'em mad an' high-spirited,— but 'cause Richmon' done fall an' Gener'l Lee surrendered. Ef dee didn' cry! When Richmon' fall dee wuz 'stonished, but dee say dat ain' meck no diffunce, Gener'l Lee gwine whip 'em yit; but when dee heah Gener'l Lee done surrender, dee gin up: fust dee wouldn' b'lieve it, but dee sut'n'y wuz strusted. Dee grieve 'bout dat mos' much as when Marse Phil die. Mistis she ain' nuver rekiver. She wuz al'ays sickly and in bed like after dat, and Meh Lady and Hannah dee use' to nuss her. After de fust year or so mos' o' de folks went away. Meh Lady she tell 'em dee better go, dat dee'll fine dem kin do mo' for 'em 'n she kin now; heap on 'em say dee ain' gwine 'way, but after we so po' dee went 'way, do' Meh Lady sell some Mistis' diamonds to buy 'em some'n' to eat while dee dyah.

"Well, 'twan' so ve'y long after dis, or maybe 'twuz befo', 'twuz jes' after Richmon' fall, Mistis get a letter fum de Cun'l,— dat's Cap'n Wilton; he done Cun'l den,— tellin' her he want her to le' him come down an' see her an' Meh Lady, an' he been love Meh Lady all de time sence he wounded heah in de war, an' al'ays will love her, an' won' she le' him help her any way; dat he owe Mistis an' Meh Lady he life. Hannah heah 'em read it. De letter 'sturb Mistis might'ly, an' she jes' put it in Meh Lady' han's an' tu'n 'way widout a wud.

" Meh Lady, Hannah say, set right still a minute an' look mighty solemn; den she look at Mistis sort o' sideways, an' den she say, ' Tell him no.' An' Mistis went over an' kiss her right sorf.

" An' dat evenin' I cyar de letter whar Mistis write to de office.

" Well, 'twarn' so much time after dat dee begin to sue Mistis on Marster's debts. We heah dee suin' her in de co't, an' Mistis she teck to her bed reg'lar wid so much trouble, an' say she hope she won' nuver live to see de place sold, an' Meh Lady she got to byah ev'ything. She used to sing to Mistis an' read to her an' try to pearten her up, meckin' out dat tain' meck no diffunce. Hit did do', an' she know it, 'cause we po' now, sho' 'nough; an' dee wuz po'er 'n Hannah an' me, 'cause de lan' ain' got nobody to wuck it an' no team to wuck it wid, an' we ain' know who it b'longst to, an' hit all done grow up in bushes an' blackberry briers; ev'y year hit grow up mo' an' mo', an' we git po'er an' po'er. Mistis she boun' to have flour, ain' been use' to nuttin' but de fines' bread, jes' as white as you' shu't, an' she so sickly now she got to have heap o' things, tell Meh Lady fyar at her wits' een to git 'em. Dat's all I ever see her cry 'bout, when she ain' got nuttin' to buy what Mistis want. She use to cry 'bout dat do'. But Mistis ain' know nothin' 'bout dat, she think Meh Lady got heap mo'n she is, bein' shet up in her room now all de time. De doctor say she got 'sumption, an' Meh Lady doin' all she kin to keep 't fum her how po' we is, smilin' an' singin' fur her. She jes' wyah herse'f out wid it, nussin' her, wuckin' fur her, singin' to her. Hit used to hu't me sometimes to heah de chile singin' of a evenin' things she use to sing in ole times, like she got ev'ything on uth same as befo' de war, an' I know she jes' singin' to ease Mistis' min', an' maybe she hongry right now.

" 'Twuz den I went an' git de rest o' de money de Cap'n gi' me dat night fum onder de j'ice (I had done spend right smart chance on it gittin' things, meckin' b'lieve I meck it on de farm), an' I put it in meh ole hat an' cyar it to Meh Lady, 'cause it sort o' hers anyways; an' her face sort o' light up when she see de gold shinin', 'cause she sut'n'y had use for it, an' she ax me whar I git so much money, an' I tell her somebody gi' 't to me, an' she say what I gwine do wid it. An' I tell her it hern, an' she say how, an' I tell her I owe it to her for rent, an' she bu'st out cryin' so she skeer me. She say she owe us ev'ything in de wull, an' she know we jes' stayin' wid 'em 'cause dee helpless, an' sich things, an' she cry so I upped an' tole her how I come by de money, an' she stop an' listen good. Den she say she cyarn' tech a cent o' dat money, an' she oodn't, mon, tell I tell her I wan' buy de mule; an' she say she consider him mine now, an' ef he ain' she gi' 't to me, an' I say, nor, I wan' buy him. Den she sey how much he wuth, an' I say a hunderd dollars, but I ain' got dat much right now, I kin owe her de res'; an she breck out laughin', like when she wuz a little girl an' would begin to laugh ef you please her, wid de tears on her face an' dress, sort o' April-like. Hit gratify me so, I keep on at it, but she say she'll teck twenty dollars for de mule an' no mo', an' I say I ain' gwine disqualify dat mule wid no sich price; den pres'n'y we 'gree on forty dollars, an' I pay it to her, an' she sont me up to

Richmon' next day to git things for Mistis, an' she al'ays meck it a p'int after dat to feed George a little some'n' ev'y day.

"Den she teck de school; did you know 'bout dat? Dat de school-house right down de road a little piece. I reckon you see it as you come 'long. I ain' b'lieve it when I heah 'em say Meh Lady gwine teach it. I say, 'She teach niggers! dat she ain'! not my young mistis.' But she laugh at me an' Hannah, an' say she been teachin' de colored chil'n all her life, ain' she? an' she wan' Hannah an' me to ease Mistis' min' 'bout it ef she say anything. I sut'n'y wuz 'posed to it do'; an' de colored chil'n she been teachin' wuz diffunt—dee b'longst to her. But she al'ays so sot on doin' what she gwine do, she meck you b'lieve she right don' keer what 'tis; an' I tell her pres'n'y, all right, but ef dem niggers impident to her, jes' le' me know an' I'll come down dyah an' wyah 'em out. So she went reg'lar, walk right 'long dis ve'y parf wid her books an' her little basket. An' sometimes I'd bring de mule for her to ride home ef she been up de night befo' wid Mistis; but she wouldn' ride much, 'cause she think George got to wuck.

"Tell 'long in de spring Meh Lady she done breck down, what wid teachin' school, an' settin' up, an' bein' so po', stintin' for Mistis, an' her face gittin' real white 'stid o' pink like peach-blossom, as it used to be, on'y her eyes dee bigger an' prettier'n ever, 'sep' dee look tired when she come out o' Mistis' chahmber an' lean 'g'inst de do', lookin' out down de lonesome road; an' de doctor whar come from Richmon' to see Mistis, 'cause de ain' no doctor in de neighborhood sence de war, tell Hannah when he went 'way de larst time 'tain' no hope for Mistis, she mos'gone, an' she better look mighty good after Meh Lady too; he say she mos' sick as Mistis, an' fust thing she know she'll be gone too. Dat 'sturb Hannah might'ly. Well, so 'twuz tell in de spring. I had done plant meh corn, an' it hed done come up right good; 'bout mos' eight acres, right below de barn whar de lan' strong (I couldn' put in no mo' 'cause de mule he wuz mighty ole); an' come a man down heah one mornin', ridin' a sway-back sorrel horse, an' say dee gwine sell de place in 'bout a mon'. Meh Lady hed gone to school, an' I ain' le' him see Mistis, nor tell him whar Meh Lady is nuther; I jes' teck de message an' call Hannah so she kin git it straight; an' when Meh Lady come home dat evenin' I tell her. She sut'n'y did tu'n white, an' dat night she ain' sleep a wink. After she put her ma to sleep, she come out to her mammy' house, an' fling herself on Hannah' bed an' cry an' cry. 'Twuz jes' as ef her heart gwine breck; she say 'twould kill her ma, an' hit did.

"Mistis she 'boun' to heah 'bout it, 'cause Meh Lady 'bleeged to breck it to her now; and at fust it 'peared like she got better on it, she teck mo' noticement o' ev'ything, an' her eyes look bright an' shiny. She ain' know not yit 'bout how hard Meh Lady been had to scuffle; she say she keep on after her to git herse'f some new clo'es, a dress an' things, an' she oont; an' Meh Lady would jes' smile tired like, an' say she teachin' now, an' don' want no mo' 'n she got, and her smile meck me mos' sorry like she cryin'.

"So hit went on tell jes' befo' de sale. An' one day Meh Lady she done lef' her ma settin' in her cheer by de winder, whar she done fix her good wid pillows, an' she done gone to school, an' Hannah come out whar I grazin' de mule on de ditch-bank, an' say Mistis wan' see me toreckly. I gi' Hannah de lines, an' I went in an' knock at de do', an' when Mistis ain' heah, I went an' knock at de chahmber do', an' she tell me to come in; an' I ax her how she is, an' she say she ain' got long to stay wid us, an' she wan' ax me some'n', an' she wan' me to tell her de truth, an' she say I al'ays been mighty faithful an' kind to her an' hern, an' she hope Gord will erward me an' Hannah for it, an' she wan' me now to tell her de truth. When she talk dat way, hit sut'n'y hu't me, an' I tole her I sut'n'y would tell her faithful. Den she went on an' ax me how we wuz gittin' on, an' ef we ain' been mighty po', an' ef Meh Lady ain' done stint herse'f mo' 'n she ever know; an' I tell her all 'bout it, ev'ything jes' like it wuz,—de fatal truth, 'cause I done promised her; an' she sut'n'y was grieved, I tell you, an' de tears roll down an' drap off her face on de pillow; an' pres'n'y she say she hope Gord will forgive her, an' she teck out her breast dem little rocks Marster gi' her when she married, whar hed been ole Mistis', an' she say she gin up all de urrs, but dese she keep to gi' Meh Lady when she married, an' now she feared 'twuz pride, an' Gord done punish her, lettin' her chile starve, but she ain' know hit 'zactly, an' ign'ance He forgive; an' she went on an' talk 'bout Marster an' ole times when she fust come home a bride, an' 'bout Marse Phil an' Meh Lady, tell she leetle mo' breck my heart, an' de tears rain down my face on de flo'. She sut'n'y talk beautiful. Den she gi' me de diamonds, an' dee shine like a handful o' lightnin'-bugs! an' she tell me to teck 'em an' teck keer on 'em, and gi' 'em to Meh Lady some time after she gone, an' not le' nobody else have 'em; an' would n' me an' Hannah teck good keer o' her, an' stay wid her, an' not le' her wuck so hard, an' I tell her we sut'n'y would do dat. Den her voice mos' gin out an' she 'pear mighty tired, but hit look like she got

some'n' still on her min', an' pres'n'y she say I mus' come close, she mighty tired; an' I sort o' ben' todes her, an' she say she wan' me after she gone, as soon as I kin, to git de wud to Meh Lady's cousin whar wuz heah wounded indurin' o' de war dat *she* dead, an' dat ef he kin help her chile, an' be her pertector, she know he'll do it; an' I ain' to le' Meh Lady know nuttin' 'bout it, not nuttin' 't all, an' to tell him he been mighty good to her, an' she lef' him her blessin'. Den she git so faint, I run an' call Hannah, an' she come runnin' an' gi' her some sperrits, and tell me to teck de mule an' go after Meh Lady toreckly, an' so I did. When she got dyah, do', Mistis done mos' speechless; Hannah hed done git her in de bed, which wan' no trouble, she so light. She know Meh Lady, do', an' try to speak to her two or th'ee times, but dee ain' meck out much mo' 'n dat Gord would bless her an' teck keer on her; an' she die right easy jes' befo' mornin'. An' Meh Lady ax me to pray, an' I did. She sut'n'y die peaceful, an' she look jes' like she smilin' after she dead; she sut'n'y wuz ready to go.

"Well, Hannah an' Meh Lady lay her out in her bes' frock, an' she sho'ly look younger'n I ever see her look sence Richmon' fell, ef she ain' look younger'n she look sence befo' de war; an' de neighbors, de few dat's left, an' de black folks roun' cum, an' we bury her de evenin' after in de gyardin' right side Marse Phil, her fust-born, whar we know she wan' be; an' her mammy she went in de house after dat to stay at night in de room wid Meh Lady, an' I sleep on de front po'ch to teck keer de house. 'Cause we sut'n'y wuz 'stu'bed 'bout de chile; she ain' sleep an' she ain' eat an' she ain' cry none, an' Hannah say dat ain' reasonable, which 'taint, 'cause womens dee cry sort o' 'natchel.

"But so 'twuz; de larst time she cry wuz dat evenin' she come in Hannah' house, an' fling herse'f on de bed, an' cry so grievous 'cause dee gwine sell de place, an' 'twould kill her ma. She ain' cry no mo'!

"Well, after we done bury Mistis, as I wuz sayin', we sut'n'y wuz natchelly tossified 'bout Meh Lady. Hit look like what de doctor say wuz sut'n'y so, an' she gwine right after her ma.

"I try to meck her ride de mule to school, an' tell her I ain' got no use for him, I got to thin de corn; but she oodn't; she say he so po' she don' like to gi' him no mo' wuck 'n necessary; an' dat's de fact, he wuz mighty po' 'bout den, 'cause de feed done gi' out an' de grass ain' come good yit, an' when mule bline an' ole he mighty hard to git up; but he been a good mule in he time, an' he a good mule yit.

"So she'd go to school of a mornin', an' me or Hannah one 'd go to meet her of a evenin' to tote her books, 'cause she hardly able to tote herse'f den; an' she do right well at school (de chil'n all love her); 'twuz when she got home she so sufferin'; den her mind sort o' wrastlin' wid itself, an' she'd jes' set down an' think an' study an' look so grieved. Hit sut'n'y did hu't me an' Hannah to see her sittin' dyah at de winder o' Mistis' chahmber, leanin' her head on her han' an' jes' lookin' out, lookin' out all de evenin' so lonesome, an' she look beautiful too. Hannah say she grievin' herself to death.

"Well, dat went on for mo' 'n six weeks, an' de chile jes' sittin' dyah ev'y night all by herse'f wid de moon-light shinin' all over her, meckin' her look so pale. Hannah she tell me one night I got to do some'n, an' I say, 'What 'tis?' An' she say I got to git de wud dat Mistis say to de Cap'n, dat de chile need a protector, an' I say, 'How?' And she say I got to write a letter. Den I say, 'I cyarn' neither read nor write, but I kin git Meh Lady to write it'; an' she say, nor, I cyarn', 'cause ain' Mistis done spressify partic'lar Meh Lady ain' to know nuttin' 'bout it? Den I say, 'I kin git somebody at de post-office to write it, an' I kin pay 'em in eggs'; an' she say she ain' gwine have no po' white folks writin' an' spearin' 'bout Mistis' business. Den I say, 'How I gwine do den?' An' she study little while, an' den she say I got to teck de mule an' go fine him. I say, 'Hi! Good Gord! Hannah, how I gwine fine him? De Cap'n live 'way up yander in New York, or somewhar or nuther, an' dat's further 'n Lynchbu'g, an' I'll ride de mule to death befo' I git dyah; besides I ain' got nothin' to feed him.'

"But Hannah got argiment to all dem wuds; she say I got tongue in meh head, an' I kin fine de way; an' as to ridin' de mule to death, I kin git down an' le' him res', or I kin lead him, an' I kin graze him side de road ef nobody oon le' me graze him in dee pahsture. Den she study little while, an' den say she got it now,—I must go to Richmon' an' sell de mule, an' teck de money an' git on de kyars an' fine him. Hannah, I know, she gwine wuck it, 'cause she al'ays a powerful han' to ravel anything. But it sut'n'y did hu't me to part wid dat mule, he sich a ambitious mule, an' I tell Hannah I ain' done sidin' meh corn; an' she say dat ain' meck no diff'unce, she gwine hoe de corn after I gone, an' de chile grievin' so she feared she'll die, an' what good sidin' corn gwine do den? she grievin' mo'n she 'quainted wid, Hannah say. So I wuz to go to Richmon' nex' mornin' but one befo' light, an' Hannah she wash meh shu't nex'

day, an' cook meh rations while Meh Lady at school. Well, I knock off wuck right early nex' evenin' 'bout two hours be sun, 'cause I wan' rest de mule, an' after grazin' him for a while in de yard, I put him in he stall, an' gi' him a half peck o' meal, 'cause dat de lahst night I gwine feed him; and soon as I went in wid de meal he swi'ch he tail and hump hese'f jes' like he gwine kick me; dat's de way he al'ays do when he got anything 'g'ins' you, 'cause you sich a fool or anything, 'cause mule got a heap o' sense when you know 'em. Well, I think he jes' aggrivated 'cause I gwine sell him, an' I holler at him right ambitious like I gwine cut him in two, to fool him ef I kin, an' meck him b'lieve 'tain' nothin' de matter.

"An' jes' den I heah a horse steppin' 'long right brisk, and I stop and listen, an' de horse come 'long de pahf right study an' up todes de stable. I say, 'Hi! who dat?' an' when I went to de stall do', dyah wuz a gent'man settin' on a strange horse wid two white foots, an' a beard on he face, an' he hat pulled over he eyes to keep de sun out'n 'em; an' when he see me he ride on up to de stable, an' ax me is Meh Lady at de house, an' how she is, an' a whole parcel o' questions; an' he so p'inted in he quiration I ain' had time to study ef I ever see him befo', but I don' think I is. He a mighty straight, fine-lookin' gent'man do', wid he face right brown like he been wuckin', an' I ain' able to fix him no ways. Den he tell me he heah o' Mistis' death, an' he jes' come 'cross de ocean, an' he wan' see Meh Lady partic'lar; an' I tell him she at school, but it mos' time for her come back; an' he ax whichaways, an' I show him de pahf, an' he git down an' ax me ef I cyarn' feed he horse, an' I tell him of co'se, do' Gord knows I ain' got nuttin' to feed him wid 'sep' grahss; but I ain' gwine le' him know dat, so I ax him to walk to de house an' teck a seat on de po'ch tell Meh Lady come, an' I teck he horse an' cyar him in de stable like I got de corn-house full o' corn. An' when I come out I look, an' dyah he gwine stridin' 'way 'cross de fiel' 'long de pahf whar Meh Lady comin'.

"'Well,' I say, 'hi! now he gwine to meet Meh Lady, an' I ain' know he name nur what he want,' an' I study a little while wherr I should go an' fin' Hannah or hurry myse'f an' meet Meh Lady. Not dat I b'lieve he gwine speak out de way to Meh Lady, 'cause he sut'n'y wuz quality, I see dat; I know hit time I look at him settin' dyah so straight on he horse, 'mindin' me o' Marse Phil, and he voice hit sholy wuz easy when he name Meh Lady' name and Mistis'; but I ain' know but what he somebody want to buy de place, an' I know Meh Lady ain' wan' talk 'bout dat, an' ain' wan' see strangers no way; so I jes' lip out 'cross de fiel' th'oo a nigher way to hit de pahf at dis ve'y place whar de gap wuz, an' whar I thought Meh Lady mighty apt to res' ef she tired or grievin'.

"An' I hurry 'long right swift to git heah befo' de white gent'man kin git heah, an' all de time I tu'nnin' in meh min' whar I heah anybody got voice sound deep an' cl'ar like dat, an' ax questions ef Meh Lady well, dat anxious, an' I cyarn' git it. An' by dat time I wuz done got right to de tu'n in de pahf dyah, mos' out o' breaf, an' jes' as I tu'nned round dat clump o' bushes, I see Meh Lady settin' right dyah on de 'bankment whar de gap use' to be, wid her books by her side on de groun', her hat off at her feet, an' her head leanin' for'ard in her han's, an' her hyah mos' tumble down, an' de sun jes' techin' it th'oo de bushes; an' hit all come to me in a minute, jes' as clear as ef she jes' settin' on de gap dyah yistidy wid de rose-leaves done shatter all on de groun' by her, an' Cap'n Wilton kissin' her han' to comfort her, an' axin' her oon' she le' him come back some time to love her. An' I say, 'Dyah! 'fo' Gord! ef I ain' know him soon as I lay meh eyes on him! De pertector done come!' Den I know huccome dat mule act so 'sponsible.

"An' jes' den he come walkin' 'long down de pahf, wid he hat on de back o' he head, an' he eyes on her right farst, an' he face look so tender hit look right sweet. She think hit me, an' she ain' move nor look up tell he call her name; den she mos' jump out her seat, an' look up right swift, an' give a sort o' cry, an' her face light up like she tu'n't to de sun, an' he retch out bofe he han's to her; an' I slip' back so he couldn' see me, an' come 'long home right quick to tell Hannah.

"I tell her I know him soon as I see him, but she tell me I lie, 'cause ef I had I'd 'a' come an' tell her 'bout hit, an' not gone down dyah interferin' wid white folks; an' she say I ain' nuver gwine have no sense 'bout not knowin' folks, dat he couldn' fool her, an' I don' b'lieve he could, a'tho' I ain' 'low dat to Hannah, 'cause hit don' do to 'gree wid wimens too much; dee git mighty sot up by it, an' den dee ain' al'ays want it nuther. Well, she went in de house, an' dus' ev'ything, an' fix all de furnitude straight, an' set de table for two, a thing ain' been done not sence Mistis tookin sick; an' den I see her gwine 'roun' Meh Lady' rose-bush mighty busy, an' when she sont me in de dinin'-room, dyah a whole parcel o' flowers she done put in a blue dish in de middle o' de table. An' she jes' as 'sumptious 'bout dat thing as ef 'twuz a fifty-cents somebody done gi' her. Well, den she

come out, an' sich a cookin' as she hed; ef she ain' got more skillets an' spiders on dat fire den I been see dyah fur I don' know how long. It fyah do' me good!

"Well, pres'n'y heah dee come walkin' mighty aged-like, an' I think it all right, an' dee went up on de po'ch an' shake hands a long time, an' den, meh Gord! you know he tu'n roun' an' come down de steps, an' she gone in de house wid her hankcher to her eyes cryin'. I call Hannah right quick an' say, 'Hi, Hannah, good Gord A'mighty! what de matter now?' an' Hannah she look; den widout a wu'd she tu'n roun' an' walk right straight 'long de pahf to de house, an' went in th'oo de dinin'-room an' into de hall, an' dyah she fin' de chile done fling herself down on her face on de sofa, cryin' like her heart broke; an' she ax her what de matter, and she say nuttin', an' Hannah say, 'What he been sayin' to you?' an' she say, 'Nuttin''; an' Hannah say, 'You done sen' him 'way?' an' she say, 'Yes.' Den Hannah she tell her what Mistis tell me de day she die, an' she say she stop cryin' sort o', but she cotch hold de piller right tight like she in agony, an' she say pres'n'y, 'Please go away,' an' Hannah come 'way an' come outdo's.

"An' de Cap'n when he come down de steps, he went to Meh Lady' rose-bush an' pull a rose off it, an' put 't in a little book in he pocket; and den he come down todes we house, an' he face mighty pale an' 'strusted lookin', an' he sut'n'y wuz glad to see me, an' he laugh' a little bit at me for lettin' him fool me; but I tell him he done got so likely an' agreeable lookin', dat de reason I ain' know him. An' he ax me to git he horse, an' jes' den Hannah come out de house, an' she ax him whar he gwine; an' he 'spon' he gwine home, an' he don' reckon he'll ever see us no mo'; an' he say he thought when he come maybe 't would be diff'unt, an' he had hoped maybe he'd 'a' been able to prove to Meh Lady some'n he wan' prove, an' git her to le' him teck keer o' her an' we all; dat's what he come ten thousand miles fur, he say; but she got some'n in her mine, he say, she cyarn' git over, an' now he got to go 'way, an' he say he want us to teck keer on her, an' stay wid her al'ays, an' he gwine meck it right, an' he gwine lef' he name in Richmon' wid a gent'man, an' gi' me he 'dress, an' I must come up dyah ev'y month an' git what he gwine lef' dyah, an' report how we all is; an' he say he ain' got nuttin' to do now but to try an' reward us all fur all our kindness to him, an' keep us easy, but he wa'n' nuver comin' back, he guess, 'cause he got no mo' hope now he know Meh Lady got dat on her min' he cyarn' git over. An' he look down in de gyardin todes de grave-yard when he say dat, an' he voice sort o' broke. Hannah she heah him th'oo right study, an' he face look mighty sorrowful, an' he voice done mos' gin out when he say Meh Lady got dat on her mine he cyarn' git over.

"Den Hannah she upped an' tole him he sut'n'y ain' got much sense ef he come all dat way he say, an' gwine 'way widout Meh Lady; dat de chile been dat pesterin' herse'f sence her ma die she ain' know what she wan' mos', an' got in her min'; an' ef he ain' got de dictation to meck her know, he better go 'long back whar he come fum, an' he better ain' never set he foot heah; an' she sey he sut'n'y done gone back sence he driv dem Yankeys out de do' wid he s'o'de, an' settin' dyah on he horse at de gate so study, an' she say ef 'twuz dat man he'd be married dis evenin'. Oh! she wuz real savigrous to him, 'cause she sut'n'y wuz outdone; an' she tell him what Mistis tell me de day she 'ceasted, ev'y wud jes' like I tell you settin' heah, an' she say now he can go 'long, 'cause ef he ain' gwine be pertector to de chile de plenty mo' sufferin' to be, dat dee pesterin' her all de time, an' she jes' oon have nuttin' 't all to do wid 'em, dat's all. Wid dat she tu'n 'roun' an' gone in her house like she ain' noticin' him, an' he, suh! he look like day done broke on 'im. I see darkness roll off him, an' he tu'n roun' an' stride 'long back to de house, an' went up de steps th'ee at a time.

"An' dee say when he went in, de chile wuz dyah on de sofa still wid her head in de pillow cryin', 'cause she sut'n'y did care for him all de time, an' ever sence he open he eyes an' look at her so cu'yus settin' dyah by him fannin' him all night to keep him fum dyin' when he layin' dyar wounded in de war. An' de on'y thing is she ain' been able to git her premission to marry him 'cause he wuz fightin' 'g'inst we all, an' 'cause she got 't in her min' dat Mistis don' wan' her to marry him for dat account. An' now he gone she layin' dyah in de gre't hall cryin' on de sofa to herse'f, so she ain' heah him come up de steps, tell he went up to her, and kneel down by her, an' put he arm 'roun' her an' talk to her lovin'.

"Hannah she went in th'oo de chahmber pres'n'y to peep an' see ef he got any sense yit an' when she come back she ain' say much, but she sont me to de spring, an' set to cookin' ag'in mighty induschus, an' she say he tryin' to 'swade de chile to marry him to-morrow. She oon tell me nuttin' mo' 'sep' dat de chile seem mighty peaceable, an' she don' know wherr she marry him toreckly or not, 'cause she heah her say she ain' gwine marry him *at all*, an' she cyarn' marry him to-morrow 'cause she got her school, an' she

ain' got no dress; but she place heap o' 'pendence in him, Hannah say, an' he gone on talkin' mighty sensible, like he gwine marry her wherr or no, an' he dat protectin' he done got her head on he shoulder an' talk to her jes' as 'fectionate as ef she b'longst to him, an'—she ain' say he kiss her, but I done notice partic'lar she ain' say he ain't; an' she say de chile sut'n'y is might' satisfied, an' dat all she gwine recite, an' I better go 'long an' feed white folk's horse 'stid o' interferin' 'long dee business; an' so I did, an' I gi' him de larst half peck o' meal Hannah got in de barrel.

"An' when I come back to de house, Hannah done cyar in de supper an' waitin' on de table, an' dee settin' opposite one nurr talkin', an' she po'in' out he tea, an' he tellin' her things to make her laugh an' look pretty, 'cross Hannah' flowers in de blue bowl twix' 'em. Hit meck me feel right young.

"Well, after supper dee come out an' went to walk 'bout de yard, an' pres'n'y dee stop at dat red rose-bush, and I see him teck out he pocket-book an' teck some'n' out it, and she say some'n', an' he put he arm—ne'm' min', ef Hannah ain' say he kiss her, I know—'cause de moon come out a little piece right den an' res' on 'em, an' she sut'n'y look beautiful wid her face sort o' tu'nned up to him, smilin'.

"You min', do', she keep on tellin' him she ain' promise to marry him, an' of co'se she cyarn' marry him to-morrow like he say; she ain' nuver move fum dat. But dat ain' 'sturb he min' now; he keep on laughin' study. Tell, 'bout right smart while after supper, he come out an' ax me cyarn' I git he horse. I say, 'Hi! what de matter? Whar you gwine? I done feed yo' horse.'

"He laugh real hearty, an' say he gwine to de Co'te House, an' he wan' me to go wid him; don' I think de mule kin stan' it? an' her mammy will teck keer Meh Lady.

"So in 'bout a hour we wuz on de road, an' de lahst thing Meh Lady say wuz she cyarn' marry him; but he come out de house laughin', an' he sut'n'y wuz happy, an' he ax me all sort o' questions 'bout Meh Lady, an' Marse Phil, an' de ole times.

"We went by de preacher's an' wake him up befo' day, an' he say he'll drive up dyah after breakfast; an' den we went on 'cross to de Co'te House, an' altogether 'twuz about twenty-five miles, an' hit sut'n'y did push ole George good, 'cause de Cun'l wuz a hard rider like all we all white folks; he come mighty nigh givin' out, I tell you.

"We got dyah befo' breakfast, an' wash up, an' pres'n'y de cluck, Mr. Taylor, come, an' de Cun'l went over to de office. In a minute he call me, an' I went over, an' soon as I git in de do' I see he mighty pestered. He say, 'Heah, Billy, you know you' young mistis' age, don't you? I want you to prove it.'

"'Hi! yes, suh, co'se I knows it,' I says. 'Mistis got her an' Marse Phil bofe set down in de book at home.'

"'Well, jes' meck oath to it,' says he easy like. 'She's near twenty-three, ain't she?'

"'Well, 'fo' Gord! Marster, I don' know 'bout dat,' says I. 'You know mo' 'bout dat 'n I does, 'cause you kin read. I know her age, 'cause I right dyah when she born; but how ole she is, I don' know,' I says.

"'Cyarn' you swear she's twenty-one?' says he, right impatient.

"'Well, nor, suh, dat I cyarn',' says I.

"Well, he sut'n'y looked aggrivated, but he ain' say nuttin', he jes' tu'n to Mr. Taylor an' say:

"'Kin I get a fresh horse heah, suh? I kin ride home an' get de proof an' be back heah in five hours, ef I can get a fresh horse; I'll buy him and pay well for him too.'

"'It's forty miles dyah an' back,' says Mr. Taylor.

"'I kin do it; I'll be back heah at half-past twelve o'clock sharp,' says de Cun'l, puttin' up he watch an' pullin' on he gloves an' tu'nnin' to de do'.

"Well, he look so sure o' what he kin do, I feel like I 'bleeged to help him, an' I say:

"'I ain' know wherr Meh Lady twenty-th'ee or twenty-one, 'cause I ain' got no learnin', but I know she born on Sunday de thrashin'-wheat time after Marse Phil wuz born, whar I cyar' in dese ahms on de horse when he wuz a baby, an' whar went in de ahmy, an' got kilt leadin' he bat'ry in de battle 'cross de oat-fiel' down todes Williamsbu'g, an' de gen'l say he ruther been him den President de Confederate States, an' he's 'sleep by he ma in de ole gyardin at home now; I bury him dyah, an' hit's "Cun'l" on he tomb-stone dyah now.'

"De Cun'l tu'n roun' an' look at Mr. Taylor, an' Mr. Taylor look out de winder ('cause he know 'twuz so, 'cause he wuz in Marse Phil' bat'ry).

"'You needn' teck you' ride,' says he, sort o' whisperin'. An' de Cun'l pick up a pen an' write a little while, an' den he read it, an' he had done write jes' what I say, wud for wud; an' Mr. Taylor meck me kiss de book, 'cause 'twuz true, an' he say he gwine spread it in de 'Reecord' jes' so, for all de wull to see.

"Den we come on home, I ridin' a horse de Cun'l done hire to rest de mule, an' I mos' tired as he, but de Cun'l he ridin' jes' as fresh as ef he jes' start; an' he bring me a nigh way whar he learnt in de war, he say, when he

used to slip th'oo de lines an' come at night forty miles jes' to look at de house an' see de light shine in Meh Lady' winder. . . .

"De preacher an' he wife wuz dyah when we git home; but you know Meh Lady ain' satisfied in her mind yit. She say she do love him, but she don' know wherr she ought to marry him, 'cause she ain' got nobody to 'vise her. But he say he gwine be her 'viser from dis time, an' he lead her to de do' an' kiss her; an' she went to git ready, an' de turr lady wid her, an' her mammy wait on her, while I wait on de Cun'l, an' be he body-servant, an' git he warm water to shave, an' he cut off all he beard 'sep' he mustache, 'cause Meh Lady jes' say de man she knew didn' hed no beard on he face. An' Hannah she sut'n'y wuz comical, she ironin' an' sewin', dyah so induschus she oon le' me come in meh own house.

"Well, pres'n'y we wuz ready, an' we come out in de hall, an' de Cun'l went in de parlor whar dee wuz gwine be married, an' de preacher he wuz in dyah, an' dee chattin' while we waitin' fur Meh Lady; an' I jes' slip out an' got up in de j'ice an' git out dem little rocks whar Mistis gin' me an' blow de dust off 'em good, an' good. Gord! ef dee didn' shine! I put 'em in meh pocket an' put on meh clean shu't an' come 'long back to de house. Hit right late now, todes evenin', an' de sun wuz shinin' all 'cross de yard an' th'oo de house, an' de Cun'l he so impatient he cyarn' set still, he jes' champin' he bit; so he git up an' walk 'bout in de hall, an' he sut'n'y look handsome an' young jes' like he did dat day he stand dyah wid he cap in he hand, an' Meh Lady say she ain' claim no kin wid him, an' he say he cyarn' intrude on ladies, an' back out de front do', wid he head straight up, an' ride to git her de letter, an' now he walkin' in de hall waitin' to marry her. An' all on a sudden Hannah fling de do' wide open, an' Meh Lady walk out! . . . .

"Gord! ef I didn' think 'twuz a angel. She stan' dyah jes' white as snow fum her head to way back down on de flo' behine her, an' her veil done fall roun' her like white mist, an' some roses in her han'. Ef it didn' look like de sun done come th'oo de chahmber do' wid her, an' blaze all over de styars, an' de Cun'l he look like she blin' him. An' twuz Hannah an' she, while we wuz 'way dat day, done fine Mistis' weddin' dress an' veil an' all, down to de fan an' little slippers 'bout big as two little white ears o' pop-corn; an' de dress had sort o' cobwebs all over it, whar Hannah say was lace, an' hit jes' fit Meh Lady like Gord put it dyah in de trunk for her.

"Well, when de Cun'l done tell her how beautiful she is, an' done meck her walk 'bout de hall showin' her train, an' she lookin' over her shoulder at it an' den at de Cun'l to see ef he proud o' her, he gin her he arm; an' jes' den I walk up befo' her an' teck dem things out meh pocket, an' de Cun'l drop her arm an' stan' back, an' I put 'em 'roun' her thote an' on her arms, an' gin her de res', an' Hannah put 'em on her ears, an' dee shine like stars, but her face shine wus'n dem, an' she leetle mo' put bofe arms 'roun' meh neck, wid her eyes jes' runnin' over. An' den de Cun'l gi' her he arm, an' dee went in de parlor, an' Hannah an' me behine 'em. An' dyah, facin' Mistis' picture an' Marse Phil's (tooken when he wuz a little boy), lookin' down at 'em bofe, dee wuz married.

"An' when de preacher git to dat part whar ax who give dis woman to de man, he sort o' wait an' he eye sort o' rove to me disconfused like, he ax me ef I know; an' I don' know huccome 'twuz, but I think 'bout Marse Jeems an' Mistis when he ax me dat, an' Marse Phil, whar all dead, an' all de scufflin' we done been th'oo, an' how de chile ain' got nobody to teck her part now 'sep' jes' me; an' now, when he wait an' look at me dat way, an' ax me dat, I 'bleeged to speak up, I jes' step for'ard an' say:

"'Ole Billy.'

"An' jes' den de sun crawl roun' de winder shetter an' res' on her like it pourin' light all over her.

"An' dat night when de preacher was gone wid he wife, an' Hannah done drapt off to sleep, I wuz settin' in de do' wid meh pipe, an' I heah 'em settin' dyah on de front steps, dee voice soun'in' low like bees, an' de moon sort o' meltin' over de yard, an' I sort o' got to studyin', an' hit 'pear like de plantation 'live once mo', an' de ain' no mo' scufflin', an' de ole times done come back ag'in, an' I heah meh kerridge-horses stompin' in de stalls, an' de place all cleared up ag'in, an' fence all roun' de pahsture, an' I smell de wet clover-blossoms right good, an' Marse Phil an' Meh Lady done come back, an' runnin' all roun' me, climbin' up on meh knees, callin' me 'Unc' Billy,' an' pesterin' me to go fishin', while somehow Meh Lady an' de Cun'l, settin' dyah on de steps wid dee voice hummin' low like water runnin' in de dark ——

. . . . . .

— An' dat Phil, suh," he broke off, rising from the ground on which we had been seated for some time, "dat Phil, suh, he mo' like Marse Phil 'n he like he pa; an' Billy — he ain' so ole, but he ain' fur behine him."

"Billy," I said, "he's named after ——?"

"Go 'way, Marster, who gwine name gent'man after a ole nigger?" he said deprecatingly; but the pleased look and laugh showed that at least there was one who would and had — his idol: Meh Lady.

Thomas Nelson Page.

"DE MOON COME OUT A LITTLE PIECE RIGHT DEN." (SEE PAGE 203.)

HALL AND STAIRWAY IN HOUSE OF SAMUEL GRAY WARD, ESQ., LENOX, MASS.

IN a former chapter I tried to point out some of the special difficulties and dangers which have always met us in this department of our architecture — to show some of the reasons why here even more than elsewhere it has been impossible to depend on formula and precedent for direct guidance, or to take current foreign practice as lawful text and binding rule. I tried to explain why our rural domestic work was forced to be peculiarly "American," and also why it happened to be peculiarly bad. I ventured to say that the two qualities had not yet been proved of necessity identical; to believe that we failed in our novel task simply because we went about it in the wrong way, because when cast loose from our anchorage we had no compass and no pilot and no well-trained crew, but drifted on the wind of lawless impulse — let thoughtless minds and unskilled hands and crude artistic aspirations sway us.

To-day, as I have also said, our results are very different — not because difficulty has decreased, and not because we ourselves have suddenly grown "more artistic," but because we have grown more intelligent in applying whatever natural faculties we possess to the meeting of all difficulties and the avoiding of all dangers. Our best new country homes are still the most "American" of any of our products; good or bad, I say, they hardly could be otherwise. But their individuality is now a thing we can contemplate with satisfaction, and in which we can read the signs of a greater satisfaction yet to come.

We must not look to them for examples of that almost palatial dignity and richness which we conceive, for instance, when we speak of the best country homes of England. We are not essentially a country-loving but a city-loving people; and our country homes are thus allotted, in the great majority of cases, but a secondary station. Our most frequent, most characteristic, most typical product is not the country residence in the old world acceptation of the term, but the mere *summer residence* built for those whose longer days are passed in a city home. Moreover, our gregarious tendencies are so strong that most (of course not by any means all) of our summer homes are more or less closely grouped together in colonies which have no exact parallel abroad. There is nothing abroad which really represents such a place as Newport, for

HALLWAY, LOOKING SOUTH, IN MR. WARD'S HOUSE.

example, or as Mt. Desert or Lenox, or any of those resorts which line the northern Massachusetts shore. The most "select" of English watering-places is a mere congeries of lodging-houses, intermixed with villas whose indwellers' thought is but for repose or recuperation. In the most modest of American watering-places, on the other hand, social ends have largely been considered.

The fact may seem unimportant, but it is vital enough to decree a wholly different architectural problem. Though in the majority of cases the owner's chief home is not his summer "cottage" (the term has survived its literal truth), yet this is none the less a *true* home, wherein he wishes not only to gain new life but to *live* — wishes to have his most private and personal needs as completely provided for as in town, and often to have his social needs quite as completely met. And this last point is not unapt to mean that his "cottage" must be big enough to house many guests as well as to provide for those transient demands which occur in cities.

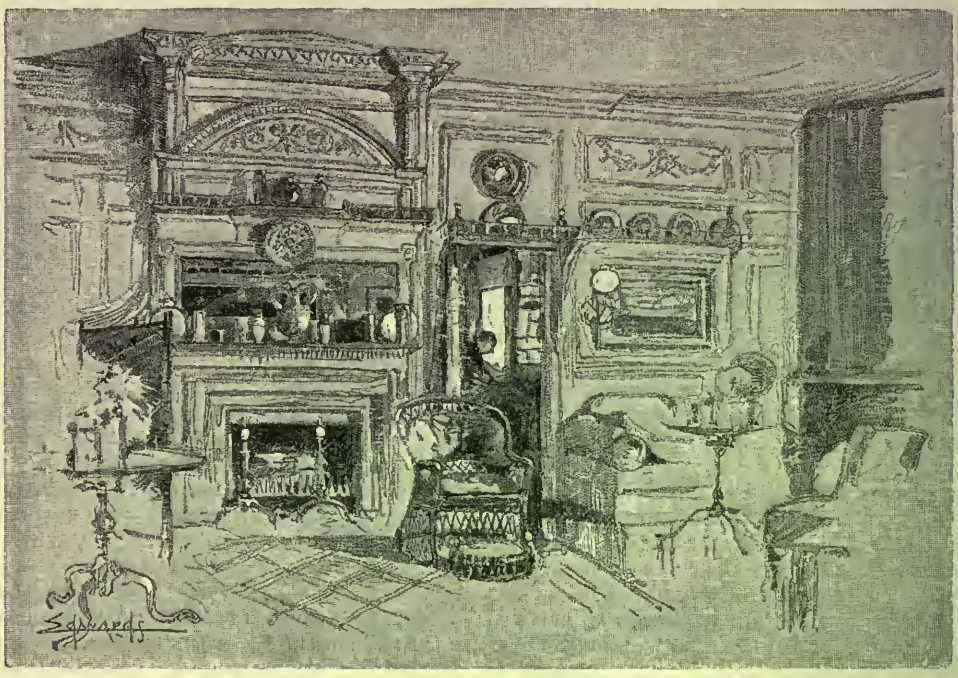
Does not all this indeed imply that for other reasons, as well as for those which lie in difference of climate, our most frequent and most characteristic summer homes cannot be patterned on any foreign scheme? And does it not also imply that the task of building them is extremely difficult? In truth, it is not easy to build on a restricted site, and amid clearly visible rivals, a house which shall be but a warm-weather home (and look like one), and yet in size and beauty, in comfort and in elegance, shall keep pace with the city home itself — nay, in size, at least, shall often far surpass it. Much that is elaborate, much that is ambitious and costly, must often be wrought within the house and expressed without; yet neither within nor without, neither in plan nor in form nor in decoration, must its merely summer purpose ever be denied, nor, of course, its non-independent station. It must not have a "citified" look, and neither may it have just such a look as is appropriate to a country home of the same pretensions when it stands in dignified solitude. Nor, once more, may it be too modest, too simple, too rustic of aspect, for thus it would sin against expressional truth and fitness in another way.

And even when these summer colonies are less ambitious, more modest and rural in their character, even when their units are small and simple and inexpensive, the difficulties are hardly less. The personality, so to say, of each house must be preserved; no common pattern can serve for all, as we are not building lodging-houses, but individual homes. And in each a certain amount of dignity, of refinement, even of elegance must be expressed; although the cottage in name is now a cottage in size, still it must not look like a cottager's cottage. It must look like a gentleman's home if it is meant to be one.

The problem, I say, is always difficult, and its difficulty constantly changes character. But it varies sensibly in degree as well according as one colony differs from another in the closeness of its grouping and the natural felicity of its site.

At Lenox, for example, in the beautiful

Berkshire country, there are many summer homes which are practically isolated — which have wide lands about them and are screened into privacy by the rise of the hills and the sweep of the forests. Deluded by these facts, some of them have taken upon themselves far too self-asserting, far too independently dignified an air; forgetting that though their relation to their neighbors is more a matter of one of extent as opposed to height, but also one of breadth as opposed to depth or to our former rectangular pattern. The nature of the site almost prescribed this; but an unintelligent designer either would not have ventured to choose such a site or would not have made a virtue of its necessities. (That is to say, an architectural necessity becomes a virtue when, as here, it is hidden from the eye by charm in



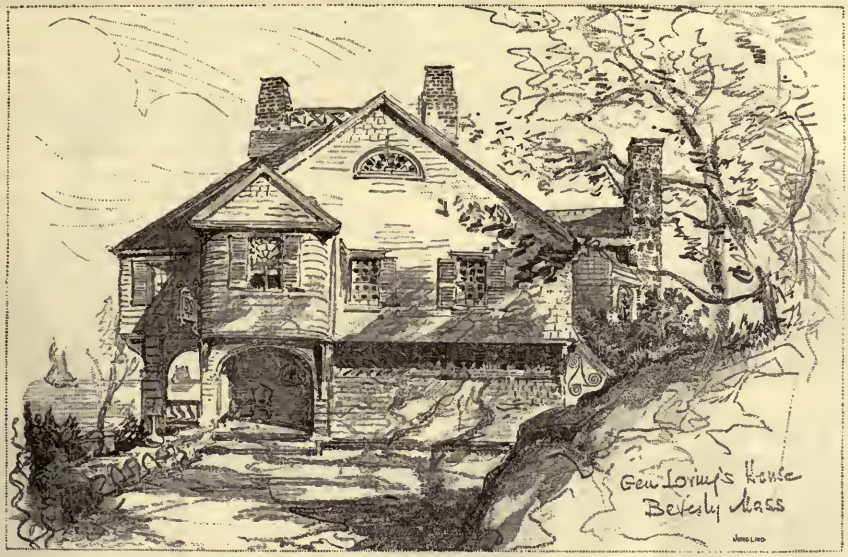
DRAWING-ROOM IN MR. WARD'S HOUSE.

imaginative than of ocular concern, it should nevertheless not have been ignored, not have remained unexpressed. They are not content to look just what they are — mere units, though outlying ones, in a summer colony of many such; and the discrepancy between look and fact is, I think, distressing to many an eye which perhaps does not clearly feel the cause of its distress.

For an example of a different kind, an example of a large and luxurious home in which the general expression is of just the proper sort,— neither so rural as to be affected and untruthful nor so ambitious as to be pretentious and, again, untruthful,— I may point to the house which Messrs. McKim, Mead & White have built for Mr. Ward. It is set on the side of a hill, so that the front, which looks out on the steep wooded slopes above, has but two stories, while the rear, which looks down over the broad and beautiful valley, has a basement story in addition. The design is not only the result and patent only to the analyzing thought.) The long hall has its length skillfully masked by diversities of trend, and by diversities of level too. Nor is there any monotony in the long succession of rooms which open out of it all on the same side; we merely think how fortunate it is that they all are placed so as to command the lovely valley landscape.

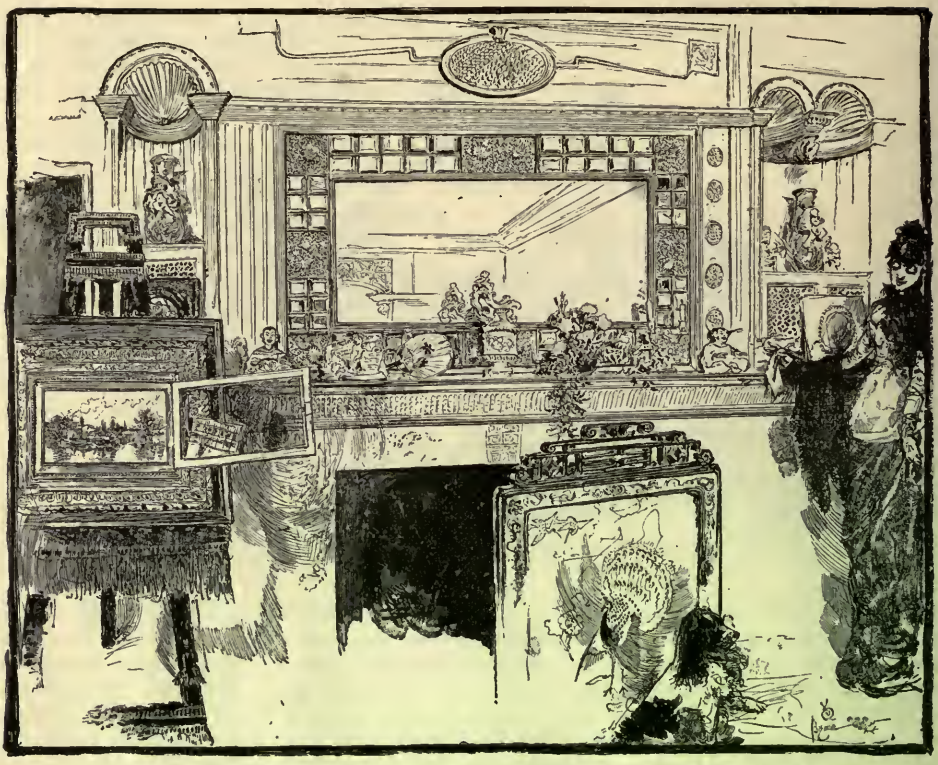
No interior could be better fitted for comfortable, refined, hospitable country living; and the exterior is perfectly in keeping. It tells plainly of the inside, and its quaint rusticity — suggested doubtless by a certain type of English farm-house — is not a thought too rustic. The model has been altered into greater refinement and dignity of expression, and has also been adapted in all its features to our new climatic needs.

All about Boston, and all along the beautiful rocky forest-fringed shore to the northward (near those early towns where so many of our



best colonial relics may be seen), lie summer colonies in thick succession; — some of them rich in the revelation of architectural eccentricity, but others yearly growing rich in better wealth. Here Mr. Emerson is at home, and here are many of his most successful essays in the branch of work to which he has almost exclusively devoted himself. One — a house for Mrs. Hemenway, near Manchester — was pictured in a former chapter. And herewith is given a quite insufficient sketch of another, which from the nature of its site could not be more adequately portrayed.

It stands near Pride's Crossing, on one of the narrowest and ruggedest of those high wooded promontories which, alternating with little valleys (also filled with forest to the very beach-edge), make the Beverly shore so uniquely lovely — on such a rocky and broken and limited site, indeed, that many thought it folly to talk of building there at all. It is hard to explain the charm of this house, for it is impossible to explain either the beauty or the difficulty of the site, or the way in which the structure adapts itself to the difficulty and harmonizes with the beauty. It was wisely felt that the natural features which made the spot so seductive in spite of all practical obstacles, should be preserved in their general effect and as far as possible in their details too. Not a rock or a tree or a shrub was injured save when no ingenuity could save it; and this, to Mr. Emerson's skill, meant singularly little alteration. In part the house seems a vital growth from the rocks themselves; in part it rests on the connecting brickwork which alone made the rocks an available foundation. Quaint irregularities of arrangement and diversities of level therefore show within, and the exterior outline is quite unsymmetrical and broken. The result charms by its picturesqueness rather than by architectural virtue of a stricter sort; yet the picturesqueness not only attracts but satisfies us because practical needs compelled it, because the aspect of the site makes it thoroughly appropriate, and because unity and harmony are preserved in its despite; and each of the varied interior features is delightful because each was dictated either by a material necessity or by the laudable desire to make the most of all contrasted points of outlook. Of course much of the picturesqueness had been wrought by Nature, and wrought in one of her most rarely artistic moods. But her gifts were hedged about with hindrances that from a practical point of view seemed all but prohibitory, or seemed to necessitate for their overcoming a great mutilation of her charm. Yet the house has been built and well built, and her charm is but increased by it. The spot could never have seemed so lovely while it lacked this house, which nestles on the one hand in the very heart of the woods and on the other sees the sky and the close-lying ocean over a foreground of rugged rocks and through a crowding tracery of pine-branches — its wide, low windows framing pictures such as we had only known before in some drawing from Japan. Even had the practical conditions been less difficult, it would still be great praise to say that while Mr. Emerson's house is thoroughly good *as* a house,— as a dwelling-place for its own especial owner,— it also seems



PARLOR FIRE-PLACE IN HOUSE OF H. VICTOR NEWCOMB, ESQ., SUNNY SANDS, ELBERON, N. J.

almost as much a part of nature's first intentions as do the rocks and trees themselves; to say that while it has material fitness it has also such artistic fitness that its site and its surroundings seem to have been designed for its sole sake and service.

In these two cases (which I cite as types of many more) nature gave rich gifts, but the designer had to mold them carefully to his purpose. But even when her aid is still more freely given, even when it is hampered by no patent difficulties, even then there is no smallest cause to underrate the designer's share in any ultimate success. For if a good chance always meant a good result, then Nature only would deserve the name of architect. When eyes are unintelligent and hands unskillful, a good chance merely means a chance for doubly sinful failure.

But, on the other hand, there are many times when even the intelligent, even the skillful and artistic designer is thrown back wholly on his own resources. Sometimes nature works directly against him. For example, in those summer colonies which fringe the northern New Jersey shore the sea has been the sole attraction; and this natural fact has brought with it, as a necessary consequence, an excessive contraction of site, such as is not compelled where the land as well as the water offers beauty to the eye.

And even were there no excessive crowding towards the water's edge, how difficult still would be the designer's task! For how shall he bring his work into harmony with nature's; how make it look as though it were an unforced growth, and not a forced bit of manufacture; how let it bear witness to man's community with all terrestrial things, and not merely to his casual presence on the earth — how, when nature herself is but sea and flat land, with no suggestive, helpful irregularities of surface, with no leafy backgrounds, with no "features" whatsoever that can be worked into an artist's scheme?

If we look at the cottages in and about Long Branch, we are only too glad to remember that their builders' task was difficult; for I doubt whether there is anywhere else on earth a panorama of such ugliness produced at such an outlay of inventive effort. Of course there are better units among the very bad; but their comparative excellence lies almost smothered in the mass of fantastic sin. We grow from astonishment to laughter and from laughter to despair. Is it possible that the thing can ever be well done when it has been tried so many times already, hope-

fully, eagerly, persistently, inventively, yet always with some degree of failure and most often with ludicrous defeat?

But that it is not an impossible thing to do well, that we cannot lay the whole burden of Long Branch on nature's shoulders, we may convince ourselves by a glance at one of the newer colonies near by — at Elberon, for instance, where the conditions are the same but the effect is very different. The hotel is neither a great bald barrack nor a flimsy gingerbread agglomerate, but a long, low, rural-looking inn, — a little too scattered and restless in design, perhaps, but yet refined, not vulgar, homelike, not barnlike, sensible, not stupid or fantastic. And its interior shows even more plainly than its exterior how great an architectural revolution is in progress — how we have improved both in the nature of our intentions and in the expedients with which we try to work them out. Almost all the private houses at Elberon are at least respectably good, too good to excite the scorn and laughter which move us at Long Branch. And some of them are quite as good as we have any right to ask, seeing that we cannot ask for that complete beauty which comes when Nature and the artist labor hand in hand.

Especially successful are some of those built by Messrs. McKim, Mead & White — the "Francklyn Cottage" (known by name at least to all the nation since the day when General Garfield died there), Mr. Horace White's house, and Mr. Victor Newcomb's. The last is perhaps the best of all, though as it is the largest and most ambitious it was doubtless the most embarrassing to design. A very just medium has been struck, I think, between that dignity which would have been too dignified for the environment and that utter simplicity which would have been out of character with the interior. And the house looks, moreover, as thoroughly as any house can which lies between a broadly magnificent ocean on the one side and a broadly monotonous stretch of flat land on the other, as though it belonged on the site it holds. It looks as though it stood firmly on its feet, as though it were rooted and grounded, as though it had *grown*, while too many of our seaside houses look as though they had not even been built in place, rather, as though they had been dropped down ready-made by accident, and might move off somewhere else with the first breath of a stormy wind.

But to the student of domestic architecture Newport is the most interesting of all our summer colonies. Its history is the longest, and the problems which it sets are the most widely varied among themselves. Colonial houses are abundant, both on outlying estates and farms and in the old closely built portions of the town itself. Its newer portions show a characteristic instance of that way

MAIN HALL IN MR. NEWCOMB'S HOUSE.

of village-planning which I have already spoken of as peculiarly American — wide streets of detached houses, each with its own small lawn and garden, and all overshadowed by thickset and lofty trees. Here the architecture includes every post-colonial type: the plain, square, piazzaed box; the "vernacular" villa with "French roof" and jig-saw fringing and abnormal hues of paint; the pseudo "Queen Anne" cottage; and that still later product which is again thoroughly American, but in a new and better way.

EXTERIOR OF MR. NEWCOMB'S COTTAGE.

Then, as we leave the town proper, and seek Bellevue Avenue and the adjacent roads which skirt or lead towards the sea, we find a long succession of more purely summer homes, standing now well screened by trees and well isolated in grounds that are sometimes of considerable extent, but now on treeless sites and in far closer contiguity. And here the architectural types are again of many kinds, while each kind shows more conspicuously and speaks with a more emphatic accent. Certain houses are built of substantial materials, and are very simple in form and finish; are unbeautiful, inartistic, if you will, but quiet, sensible, respectable, and occasionally even dignified in a prosaic sort of way. Certain others show the "vernacular" in its most riotous mood — as, for instance, a large wooden house well out on the west side of Bellevue Avenue, which may be identified by its curiously ugly gateways — the lich-gates of the burying-grounds of Wales translated into our local dialect and put to singular no-service. Here, too, the "Queen Anne" fashion shows its most emphatic, its most erratic face. In short, no place reveals so clearly as does Newport the extreme of each direction that our would-be art has taken; except, perhaps, the very best extreme of the most recent kind of effort.

In its summer garments it is a pretty place indeed. But its prettiness is due chiefly to nature, to nature and her ministrant, the gardener. Newport with bare trees and leafless vines and withered lawns and flower-beds, Newport when its architectural lines and colors stand simply on their own merits

and show clearly in their every detail,— Newport in winter,— is by no means a source of unmixed pride and joy. Of course, winter is not the time to see it, is not the time when it was meant to be seen and *is* seen. And of course the architect must think of nature when he builds, and may reckon largely on her charms when he is building summer homes; but he should depend on life and its own interior. And we find, too, that while nature again offers the artist no help in the way of details or backgrounds, she does not efface herself so completely. Instead of a mere wide monotony of sandy ground, she now supplies a line of broken cliff, lovely alike in form and color. But its loveliness being of a quiet, subtile, gentle sort, is easily marred by the touch of man. There

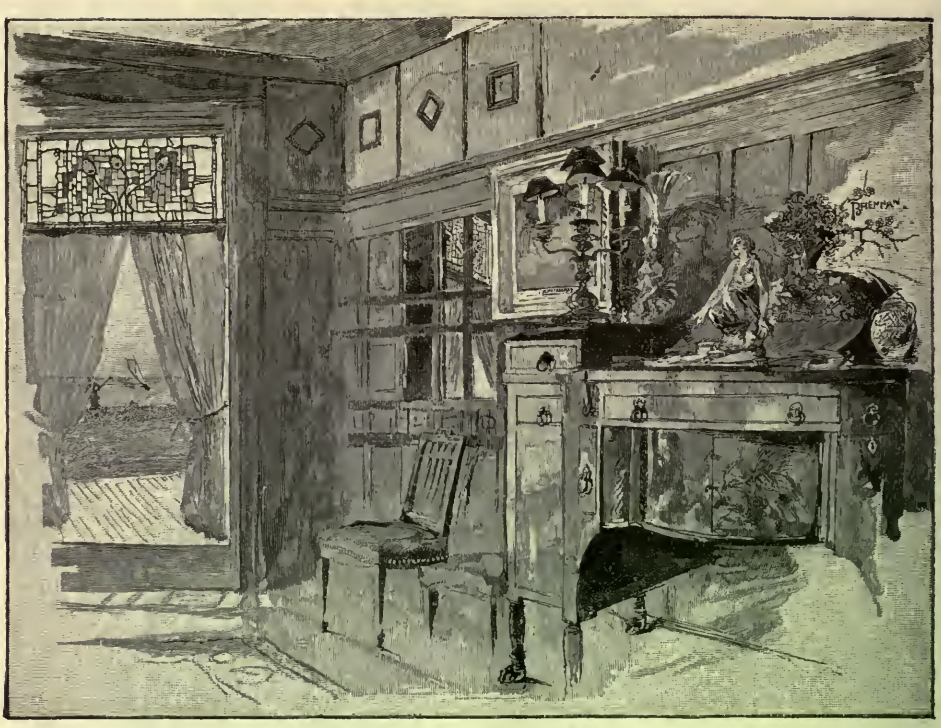
VESTIBULE IN MR. NEWCOMB'S COTTAGE.

them only to assist the general beauty of his work, not to hide its shortcomings or overshroud its sins.

In many parts of the town and of its outskirts we have failed to build well simply and solely because we have been stupid; there were no hindrances to the easy conquering of excellence. But in other parts there have been great difficulties to contend with. Far out on Bellevue Avenue, for instance, and all along the border of the Cliff, where there are no trees, and where the sites are comparatively small or are actually cramped and crowded, it is no easy thing even to imagine just what sort of work would be both appropriate and beautiful. The task is harder here, indeed, than in any other spot I know.

Compare the Newport Cliff with Elberon, for instance, and we find that as a rule the house must be still larger and more ambitious, and must have a still more strongly accented dignity of expression, if it is to interpret local are some cliffs where man might do his worst and not do much to injure nature; but here anything that is not entirely harmonious is a striking and distressing discord. Nowhere does nature tempt man more irresistibly to build; nowhere does she leave his result more conspicuous, and nowhere does she so imperatively demand that it shall have an impeccable artistic title to exist. Thus it is that when houses in this part of Newport are not very good they seem so very bad; thus it is that a degree of excellence, which would almost satisfy us elsewhere, here seems scarcely excellent at all.

It is instructive to compare two recent and very ambitious houses which stand near together on Ochre Point. One design would not be very good under any conditions; but its multitude of diverse features, its effect as of unmotived variety, its evident effort after superficial picturesqueness, and the flimsy look of certain of its features, are doubly distressing,



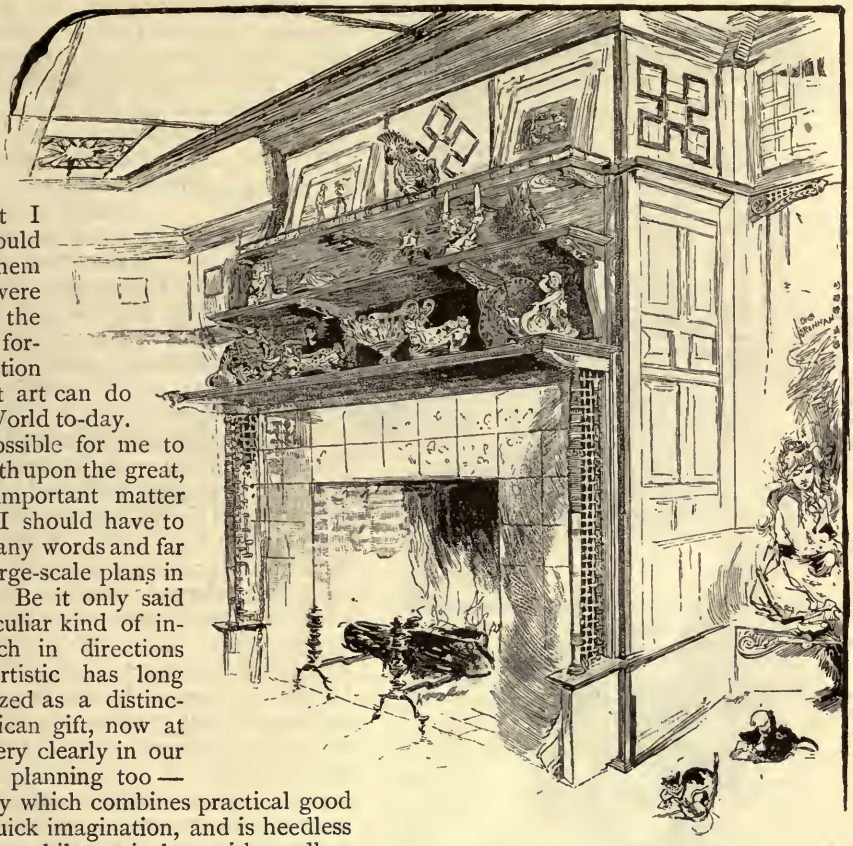
DINING-ROOM IN MR. NEWCOMB'S COTTAGE.

since they are executed on so large a scale and set on such a site as this. The other house is in many ways a very good one, or might be if transported somewhere else. Dignity, stateliness has now been the aim, and has been clearly expressed in its stone-built solidity and its monumental-looking features. But this aim — of course a good one, abstractly considered — has been followed too blindly, in too uncompromising a way, for the result to be "in character" as a mere summer home closely set about with alien neighbors. The house, in short, looks so out of place that its good qualities hardly please us more than do those which are less good. Both these houses transgress, we may say, by lack of discretion, of modesty, though the sinning of the one has been done in a wholly different fashion from the sinning of the other.

As we might expect, the best among the recent Newport houses do not stand on quite such exacting sites or deal with problems quite so ambitious. Some of the smaller homes built by Mr. Luce, by Mr. Emerson, by Messrs. Rotch & Tilden, and by Messrs. McKim, Mead & White are extremely sensible, attractive, and appropriate in design. The one which the last-named artists have built for Mr. Samuel Coleman, on Red Cross Lane, seems to me particularly happy in expression — dignified yet rural, simple yet refined, almost picturesque yet quiet, and wholly devoid of that affectation, that attitudinizing (so to say) which too often accompanies picturesqueness. The colonial roof has been cleverly adapted on the one hand and the "vernacular" piazza on the other. These points may be guessed from our illustration; but I am sorry to say it does not reveal the best qualities of the design, its pleasing outlines, its harmonious general effect, or the way in which a commonplace situation has been given individuality and dignity by a terrace which unites the house with the lawn below. It fails to show that it is a *good house*, and not merely a house with certain good features. But it is, I think, one of the very best in Newport, in spite of the fact that we can take exception to a few minor features here and there — as to the details of the piazza in the foreground of our print; and it is also one of those which are most distinctly "American" in effect.

It is time, however, that I should speak a little of the interior of our country homes. As a rule they are more entirely satisfactory than the exterior. Even some of those houses which most painfully affect the eye as features in the Newport landscape, are models within of intelligent design and artistic decoration. In truth, the interiors of

our country homes are getting to be so good, not only in exceptional but also in average examples, that I think I should point to them first of all, were I asked by the "intelligent foreigner" of fiction to show what art can do in the New World to-day.



DINING-ROOM FIRE-PLACE IN MR. NEWCOMB'S COTTAGE.

It is impossible for me to dwell at length upon the great, the vitally important matter of planning. I should have to use far too many words and far too many large-scale plans in illustration. Be it only said that that peculiar kind of ingenuity which in directions other than artistic has long been recognized as a distinctively American gift, now at last shows very clearly in our architectural planning too — that ingenuity which combines practical good sense with quick imagination, and is heedless of conventions while not in love with needless novelty.

I said in my last chapter that our general ideas with regard to what a country home should be are similar to those which prevail in England, dissimilar to those which rule in continental countries. But by *similar* I did not mean *identical*. I merely meant that we believe domestic comfort should be first considered and first expressed; that, therefore, a flexible variety in plan and in exterior form is preferred by us to that internal and external symmetry to which the French, for example, adhere in their love for the harmonious, the monumental, and the "grammatical" in art. When it comes to putting this general belief into practice, our specialized demands are apt to have a very un-English character of their own. In fact, it is with our planning as with our exterior design: we may learn much from English precedents, but we cannot copy them.

For a long time the most usual pattern followed in our country homes was symmetrical enough — not because we really cared for symmetry or even knew it by that name, but simply because we were too unintelligent to do more than build a rectangular box with a straight "entry" through the middle and two square rooms on each hand. If greater size was desirable, we added other rooms and "entries" on this side and on that, but gave the plan no center, no coherence, and no nicety of convenience or charm of architectural effect. Now, however, we go very differently to work. Our smallest cottages show an ever-varying irregularity of plan which might seem "unarchitectural" to a classically-minded, symmetry-loving French architect, unaccustomed to our different ideals, but which has, in truth, the great architectual virtue of perfect fitness to definite, highly specialized needs, and offers at least the beauty of evident comfort and a pretty pictorial effectiveness; and our larger homes are planned in a way which secures these qualities in higher potency, and adds to them a dignity, a stateliness amply expressive of our most luxurious and hospitable modes of living.

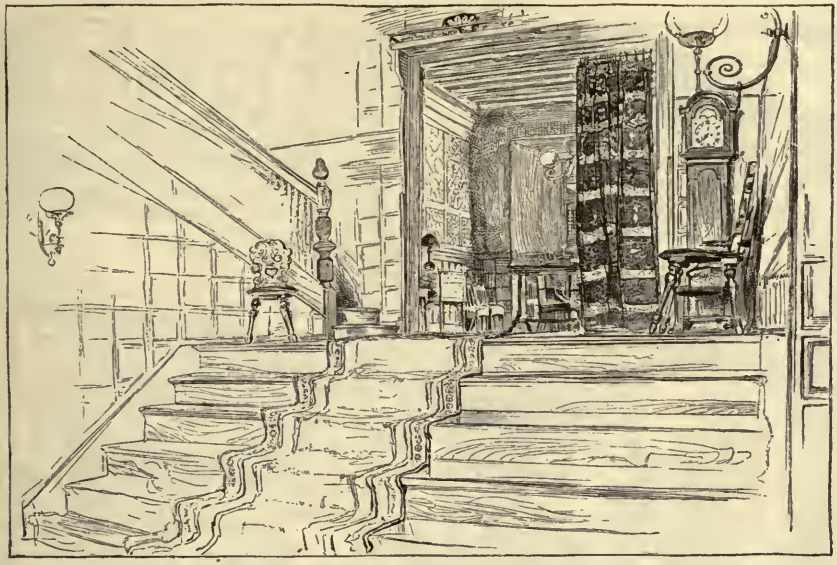
The chief point to be noted is the great importance now given to the hall. Colonial

EXTERIOR DECORATIONS OF THE COTTAGE OF CHARLES G. FRANCKLYN, ESQ., ELBERON, N. J.

architects made it very important and very charming, though not often in just the way which would be most desirable now. But in our transition period it fell into a condition which was not more deplorable than it was utterly inexcusable outside of city limitations. Even in the country, as I have just remarked, it was most often nothing more than a narrow "entry," an ugly, contracted passage-way, which occupied valuable space and gave us nothing in return but the mere means of access to the various apartments. Mr. Hunt, so far as I know, was the first to make this innovation. But now in homes of every size the tendency is to make the hall at once beautiful and useful, the most conspicuous feature in the architectural effect and the most delightful living-room of all; not a living-room like the others, but one with a distinct purpose and therefore a distinct expression of its own. In our climate and with our social ways of summer-living, we absolutely require just what it can give us — a room which in its uses shall stand midway between the piazzas on the one hand and the drawing-rooms and libraries on the other; perfectly comfortable to live in when the hour means idleness, easy of access from all points outside and in, largely open to breeze and view, yet with a generous hearth-stone where we may find a rallying-point in days of cold and rain; in short, a spacious yet cozy and informal lounging-place for times when we cannot lounge on our beloved piazzas. Try living in a house with a hall of the new yet already customary kind, and then remember how you used to live in a house which had nothing but an "entry," and do not forget that the space once wasted on that "entry" is now utilized in every inch; and you will see that the change in our methods of planning has not been prompted by caprice or even by the desire for beauty. Yet, as we might feel sure, a great gain in beauty has come hand in hand with the great gain in practical fitness. Not only the hall itself but the whole house profits by its alteration. It supplies what was lacking before, a logical center to the most extended and complicated design. It makes grouping possible; it divides and yet connects the various apartments; it unifies the plan while permitting it a far greater degree of variety than was possible with the old box-like scheme.

And with the rehabilitation of the hall has come the rehabilitation of that staircase which also our forefathers once treated so charmingly, and which also we long maltreated so abominably and inexcusably. Even in the tiniest cottage the staircase must now be seductive to the foot and pleasing to the eye; and in some of our larger homes it is a very splendid feature.

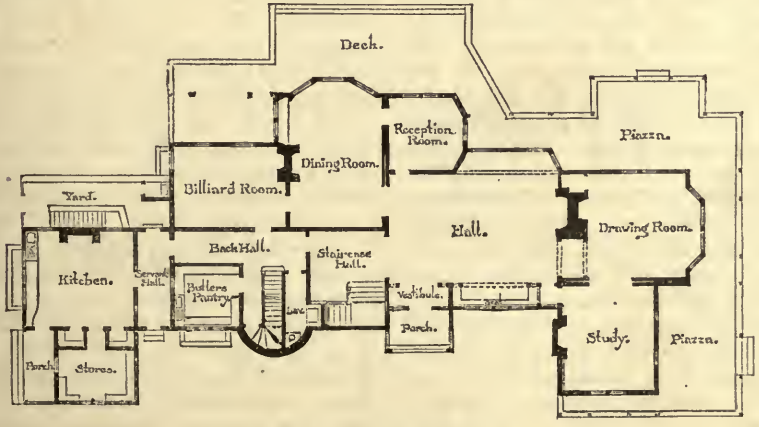
Of course the possibilities of treatment offered by hall and staircase are infinite in variety. In a hundred different ways the staircase may be made the chief feature, or a more subordinate feature, of the hall itself; in a hundred different ways it may be set a little apart from this and yet be sufficiently connected with it for architectural coherence and



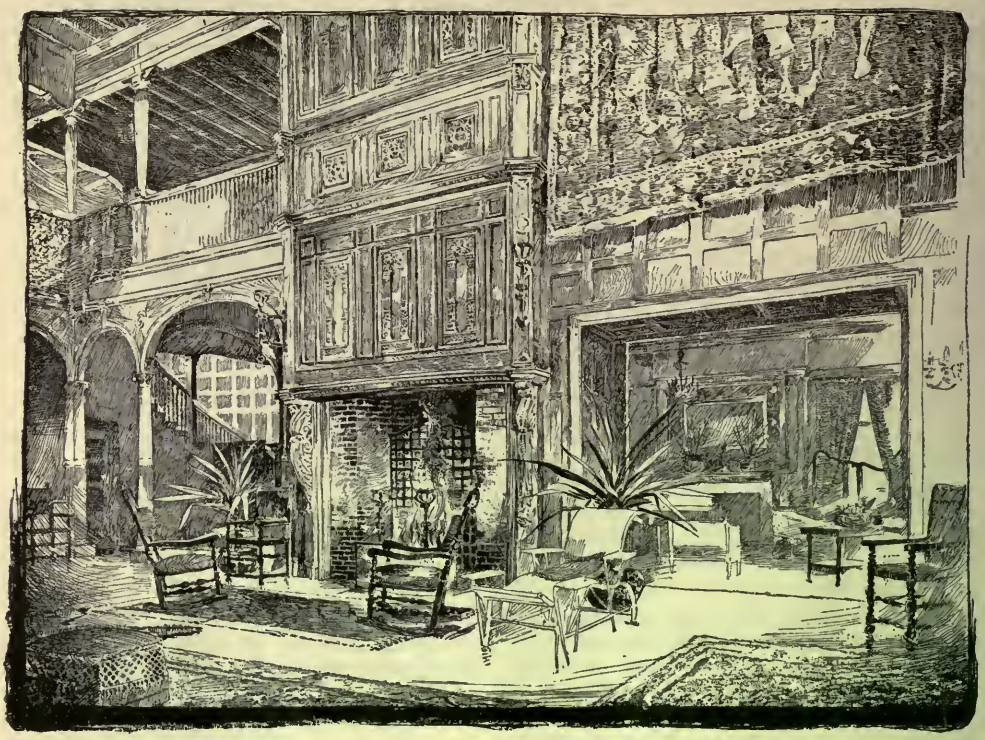
VIEW FROM THE HALL IN MR. FRANCKLYN'S COTTAGE.

for perfect comfort. And the expression secured may be merely snug and cheerful, or be of any degree of stateliness leading up to the very highest, and yet the effect as of a true hall and not a mere room still be preserved. If I could describe, for instance, those halls which may be seen in the houses which Messrs. McKim, Mead & White have built for Mr. Tilton and for Mr. Bell at Newport; in their Francklyn cottage and their Newcomb house at Elberon; in General Loring's smaller home, built by Mr. Emerson, at Pride's Crossing, and in a larger one built for Mrs. Bowler at Mt. Desert by Messrs. Rotch & Tilden (I cite but a few examples out of many just as worthy of citation), I should describe designs utterly different each from the other in conception and effect, each perfectly in keeping with the general character of the structure, each a delightful and most comfortable living-room, yet each very plainly to the eye a hall and *not* a room, its own due and proper purpose well preserved in plan, in features, and in decoration.

One of the finest halls we have yet to show is in the large house Messrs. McKim, Mead & White have built for Mr. Robert Goelet on the Cliff at Newport. It runs the whole depth of the house, with the entrance door at one end and wide windows looking on the ocean at the other, yet is wide in due proportion; and it runs up to the roof as well, and the beautiful curved staircase near the entrance leads to encircling galleries. Above the great fire-place rises a carved chimney-piece of oak



PLAN OF MR. NEWCOMB'S HOUSE.



HALL IN HOUSE OF ROBERT GOELET, ESQ., NEWPORT, R. I.

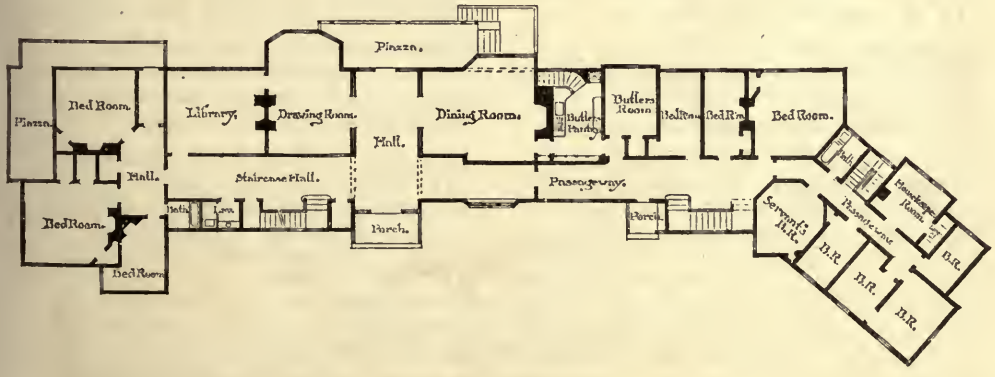
which once held its place in a French château. But its origin is not unduly apparent; it has not been left as an isolated, alien trophy, but is used as the key-note for the whole decorative scheme, the entire hall being paneled with oak to match and roofed with oaken beams. When I say *to match*, moreover, I am quite conscious of the force of the term; for the new carving strikes no note of discord with the old either in motive or in execution.

The decoration all through this house is very charming; and it is all conceived architecturally and carried out in harmony of design. And something similar may be said (although, of course, with very different degrees of emphasis and very different grades of praise) with regard to our new houses as a rule. The architect is now called upon to finish his task of house-building, not merely to begin it; to complete his interior, not merely to block it out. There is a change, indeed, since the days when we tried for no interior beauty whatsoever; as great a change since the days when we left the carpenter to work his will in machine-cut black-walnut monstrosities; and almost as great since those when we tried very hard for something better, but tried in the wrong way; when instead of a beautiful room we got merely a room full of pretty furnishings and ornaments and hangings. Then our one thought was to cover up the interior of our home as completely as we could; then all its charm would vanish with the exit of its owner. Now this charm *is built in*, is integrally part and parcel of the fabric. It is the architect's hand which has fashioned the richly screened or balustraded staircase; which has placed the cozy window-seats with an artist's eye for every item of loveliness the landscape offers; which has built the great hospitable fire-places and the graceful mantels —now part of the wall itself and not mere excrescences; which has designed every portion of the wood-work from kitchen up to attic; which has colored the walls and ceilings, and often has prescribed the colors and the forms and the materials of the furnishings which are to complete his scheme.

Nor when our new interiors are most simple are they by any means least interesting, least excellent. Indeed, there is no task more imperative, and none which some of our architects have taken up more intelligently and enthusiastically, than the task of showing that almost utter simplicity need not mean barrenness, that economy need not be synonymous

with poverty of effect or artistic dearth. Some of our new country homes (I cannot mention their creators' names; I should have to cite too many) are very admirable in the way they give just this valuable sort of evidence. They are chiefly dependent for their charm on good arrangement and good proportions, and the good placing and shaping of their necessary features. Yet they have been skillfully perfected by simple yet harmonious coloring, by a little delicate molding of inexpensive wood, a little graceful decoration — usually in adaptation of colonial motives — applied to chimney-piece and staircase. Such rooms demand no covering-up to make them livable, no mass of *bric-à-brac*, no crowd of furnishings and shroud of hangings to make them lovely. In truth, one of their greatest virtues is that, to the eye of any intelligent owner, they absolutely prescribe that their contents shall be simple — so distinct and so distinctly simple is their own architectural expression. Nor is this merely a negative virtue, saving the owner's pocket. It is a very positive virtue, preserving to his summer home that effect of air and space and unencumbered lightness which is the artistic voicing of the very purpose of its existence. Unfortunately it must be noted that not every owner *is* intelligent; not every one who is given a simply charming home to live in is wise enough to let it retain the accent a wise architect's hand has given. Too often its modest architectural charm is covered up with the upholsterer's devices, or with the motley trophies of foreign travel, or the plunderings of some antiquary-shop at home; with things beautiful in themselves, perhaps, but inartistic in effect, as any beauty must be which is out of place — and, especially, which hides and kills some other beauty that has a better right to show itself.

There seems even a wish, sometimes, to protest against the architectural completion of a home's interior; to say that architectural decoration means the adopting of some one definite "style," and that this means the proscribing of that variety, that contrast, that unlikeness of one room to another which the uneducated eye delights in almost as much as it delights in the accumulation of heterogeneous stores of artistic (and very inartistic) trifles. Not always, however, in these eclectic, catholic days of art need any one style be strictly adhered to in each and every apartment of a house. Yet when no pronounced variety is attempted, when the same style, the same spirit, the same motives, the same fundamental ideas prevail throughout, when there is architectural and decorative unity, with only that harmonious amount of variation which *any* style admits of, then the result is certainly best from an artistic point of view. And surely the degree of variety then permitted will seem quite sufficient to any eye which cares for beauty and appropriateness, and not for mere diversity as such; which cares to be charmed and satisfied, and not merely to be surprised and tickled. Look, for example, at the great oak-lined hall in Mr. Goelet's house which has already been referred to, and then at the exquisite drawing-room in ivory and gold. The same beautiful Renaissance style prevails throughout, but the contrast in color and material and in application of forms and details, and consequently in general effect, is as entire as it is harmonious. Nor need we fear to place in such an interior any *good* object of any period. All we need fear is so to crowd it with many objects — good or bad — that its own expression will be lost, or to intrude into its beauty things that are not things of art at all, but are merely showy, fashionable, costly, new. Shall I be believed when I say that in another white-and-gold drawing-room of a modified colonial pattern I once saw a chandelier formed of a hanging basket — gilded straw and artificial roses? For *such* things there is certainly no



PLAN OF MR. WARD'S HOUSE.

HOUSE OF SAMUEL COLEMAN, ESQ., NEWPORT, R. I.

home nor haven in our new architectural creations. Blessed be the fact, and soon may it impress itself more clearly than it does to-day upon that somewhat ungrateful beneficiary whom we call the client. Soon may he learn more thoroughly than he yet has learned that when a work of art is given into his keeping he has no right to ruin it — no, not even when it is the interior of his own home.

I have not half said all I wished to say and began to say about the exteriors of our newest houses, but the rest must now stand over to a final chapter.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

THE QUEEN'S BEAD.

FROM some old desert tomb they bring
A bead, the bauble of a queen
Long flown to the four winds, sole thing
Of all a splendor that has been.

Sole witness of an elder eld
Than thrice-blown ashes; with this bead
Between a thumb and finger held,
The heart halts shaking like a reed.

Deep in the dusk it has escaped;
Vague phantasms only may we mark,
Search as we will, and dimly shaped
Our own shade shadowed on the dark.

Here history falters, and a gap
Yawns black and full of nothingness.
What crowns, what kings, what empires wrap
Its gloom about them, who shall guess?

What mysteries in these gulfs belong,
What fierce ambitions, what despairs,
The dust of beauty, and the song
That lulled asleep a conqueror's cares.

Here, once by little fingers crushed,
The flower that fed a mother's grief,
Here blushes some sweet bride has blushed,
And here the hero's laurel leaf.

Ah, wherefore waste the sunshine then
For glamour of a glorious weed —
You fail, you vanish, and again
Only remains the queen's poor bead!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

TO avoid the necessity of frequent reference to the sources whence the facts and conclusions presented have been derived, the following statements are made.

In 1849 or 1850 I first saw performances in "animal magnetism." A "professor," of much fluency, fine appearance, and marked self-possession, lectured with illustrations; feeble men after being "magnetized" became strong, and persons ordinarily reticent spoke eloquently on subjects suggested by the audience. Great excitement arose, and the attention of medical men was attracted to the curative powers of "magnetism." A dentist, who was also a physician, acquired the art, and a paralytic when under "the influence" moved an arm which had long been useless. Persons whose teeth were extracted felt no pain during the operation.

Some years afterward, at boarding-school, a young man who was very devout occupied a room with me. A revival in the town extended to the school, and the devout young man was brought from a meeting in a "trance" and placed upon the bed. He was unconscious for some hours; his limbs were rigid, and it was possible to lift him by the head and feet without his body yielding in the least degree; nor could the strongest young man bend his arms. At length he opened his eyes, uttered some pious ejaculations, and then relapsed; this recurred at irregular intervals. By one o'clock in the morning he had resumed his natural state. Feeling that he had been the subject of an unusual manifestation of the favor of God, he was very happy for some days. Similar seizures occurred to him during his stay at the institution, whenever religious meetings were unusually fervent.

In 1856, when in college, I first saw the phenomena of spiritualism as displayed by a "trance medium" and "inspirational speaker." Soon afterward I visited the Perfectionist community established by John H. Noyes, where the cure of disease without medicine and the possibility of escaping death were expounded.

In 1857 I found certain "Millerites" or "Adventists" in the interior of Connecticut who claimed power to heal diseases by prayer and without medicine, and — if they could attain sufficient faith — to raise the dead. This they attempted in the case of a young lady who had died of fever, and continued in prayer for her until decomposition compelled the civil authorities to interfere. (This case has been paralleled several times during the past year.) Trances were also common among the Millerites at their camp-meetings, as they had been among the early Methodists, the Congregationalists in the time of Jonathan Edwards, and certain Presbyterians and Baptists in the early part of this century in the West and South.

In 1859 the famous Dr. Newton arrived in Boston on one of his visits, causing an extraordinary sensation. The lame who visited him leaped for joy, and left their crutches when they departed; in some instances blindness was cured; several chronic cases were greatly relieved, and some astonishing results were reported that confounded ordinary practitioners, and puzzled one or two medical men of national reputation. I made Dr. Newton's acquaintance and conversed with him at great length and with entire freedom. His disciples became numerous; and "healing mediums" and physicians who cure by "laying on of hands" still exist, increasing rather than diminishing in number.

The circumstance of meeting a person who had been in the habit of going into trances in religious meetings, was an easy subject for "mesmerizers," had been cured of diseases by a "healer," and who finally became a spiritualist and "trance medium," suggested the question whether there might not be a common susceptibility acted upon by a common law. Nothing which could shed light upon this problem has been knowingly neglected by the writer during the past thirty years.

Two root questions arise concerning the phenomena; they are the inquiries which lie at the foundation of all knowledge; "What?" and "How?" What are the facts, and how may they be explained?

THE FACTS.

THE career of Prince Hohenlohe, Roman Catholic Bishop of Sardica, is as well authenticated as any fact in history. Dr. Tuke, in his thoroughly scientific work on the "Influence of the Mind upon the Body," admits his cures as facts. The Prince, who was born in 1794, in Waldenburg, was a man of high position and broad education, having studied at several universities. When he was twenty-six years of age, he met with a peasant who had performed several astonishing cures, "and from him caught the enthusiasm which he subsequently manifested in healing the sick." I will quote two cases on the authority

of Professor Onymus of the University of Würtzburg. "Captain Ruthlein, an old gentleman of Thundorf, 70 years of age, who had long been pronounced incurable of paralysis which kept his hand clinched, and who had not left his room for many years, was perfectly cured. Eight days after his cure he paid me a visit, rejoicing in the happiness of being able to walk freely. . . . A student of Burglauer, near Murmerstadt, had lost for two years the use of his legs; and though he was only partially relieved by the first and second prayer of the Prince, at the third he found himself perfectly well."

Father Mathew was also very successful in relieving the sick, and after his death multitudes visited his tomb, and of these many were helped and left their crutches there.

In all parts of Roman Catholic countries, and in the Greek churches of Russia, great numbers of crutches, sticks, and splints may be seen, which have been left by those who, as Dr. Tuke says, "there is no reason to doubt, have been cured and relieved of contracted joints by the prayers offered at some shrine, or by the supposed efficacy of their relics." Similar results have been seen in Montreal within a few months, at the solemnities connected with the deaths of certain bishops, one of whom had performed many cures through a long career.

It cannot be denied that many cures have occurred at Knock Chapel in Ireland; and also at Lourdes in France, whose fame "is entirely associated with the grotto of Massavielle, where the Virgin Mary is believed, in the Catholic world, to have revealed herself repeatedly to a peasant girl in 1858." This place is resorted to by multitudes of pilgrims from all parts of the world, and their gifts have rendered possible the building of a large church above the grotto, "consecrated in 1876 in the presence of thirty-five cardinals and other high ecclesiastical dignitaries." The gifts have been made by devotees, many of whom claim to have been cured of diseases that defied medical treatment, and a large trade is carried on in the water of the fountain, which is distributed to all parts of the world. There is no ground to deny that many recoveries follow its use.

Nor is there any reason to doubt that Joseph Gassner, a Roman Catholic priest in Swabia, effected many cures.

Turning from the Roman Catholic and Greek churches to Protestantism, five or six names are very conspicuous in connection with the production of cures without the use of medicine, and in answer to prayer.

Dorothea Trudel, a woman living at Manheim long had an establishment there. Marvelous tales have been told of the cures, some of which have been thoroughly authenticated.

Another name widely known is that of the late Rev. W. E. Boardman, with whom I was acquainted for many years. He had an establishment in the north of London which is designated "Bethshan," and has created quite a sensation. There hundreds of remarkable cures are claimed of cancer, paralysis, advanced consumption, chronic rheumatism, and lameness; and the usual trophies in the shape of canes, crutches, etc., are left behind. They will not allow the place to be called a *hospital*, but the "Nursery of Faith." Their usual method is to anoint the sufferer with oil and then pray. They profess also to effect many cures by correspondence, and assert that the healing virtues claimed for French and Irish relics by Roman Catholics are not to be compared with those exercised in answer to their prayers.

Dr. Charles Cullis, of Boston, has long been noted in connection with healing diseases by faith and prayer, and has given Old Orchard, Maine, among his followers, a reputation as great as the grotto at Lourdes has among Roman Catholics. There is no reason to doubt that many cures have been effected.

The Rev. Mr. Simpson, formerly a Presbyterian minister, and now an Independent in the city of New York, has also become conspicuous, and there can be no doubt of the improvement in health of many of the persons for whom he has prayed. His devotees have enabled him to open a house here to which various persons, among them some ministers, resort when sick.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mix, a colored woman living in the State of Connecticut, also had great fame; having been the instrument of the cure of persons who have devoted themselves to faith-healing, attending conventions, and writing books, etc. Her recent death was bewailed by many most respectable persons, without distinction of creed, sex, age, or color, who believed that they had been cured through her prayers.

One of the elements of the notoriety of George O. Barnes, the "Mountain Evangelist," was his oft-announced power to heal.

Having admitted in general that real cures of real diseases are often made, it is necessary to consider more closely the subject of testimony.

TESTIMONY TO PARTICULARS.

All honest and rational persons are competent to testify whether they feel sick, and whether they seem better, or believe themselves to have entirely recovered after being prayed for and anointed by Boardman, Simpson, or Cullis; but their testimony as to what disease

they had, or whether they are entirely cured, is a very different matter, and to have any value it must be scrutinized in every case by persons competent to do it.

Diseases in general are internal or external. It is clear that no individual can know positively what any *internal* disease that he has, is. The diagnosis of the most celebrated physicians may be in error. Post-mortems in celebrated cases have often shown that there was an entire misunderstanding of the malady. Hysteria can simulate every known complaint: paralysis, heart disease, and the worst forms of fever and ague. Hypochondria, to which intelligent and highly educated persons of sedentary habits brooding over their sensations are liable, especially if in the habit of reading medical works and accounts of diseases and of their treatment, will do the same. Dyspepsia is of a variety of forms, and indigestion can produce symptoms of organic heart disease, while diseases of the liver have often been mistaken by eminent physicians for pulmonary consumption. Especially in women do the "troubles that they are most subject to" give rise to hysteria, in which condition they may firmly believe that they are afflicted with disease of the spine, of the heart, or, indeed, of all the organs. Thus I heard an intelligent woman "testify" that she had "heart disease, irritation of the spinal cord, and Bright's disease of the kidneys, and had suffered from them all for *ten years*." She certainly had some of the symptoms of all of them. A "regular" physician died within two years, the cause, as he supposed on the authority of several examinations, being consumption. A post-mortem showed his lungs sound, and his death to have been caused by diseases the result of the enormous quantities of food and of stimulants he had taken to "fight off consumption." The object of these observations is simply to show that the testimony that a person has been cured reflects no light upon the problem as to what he or she was cured of, if it was claimed to be an *internal* disease. The solemn assertion of a responsible person that he was cured of heart disease, can prove only that the symptoms of what he thought was heart disease have disappeared.

Also, in any state not accompanied with acute pain, testimony to an immediate cure is of no value without the test of time, unless the disease be of an external character and actually disappear before the eye of the witness. All other cures must have the test of time; hence the testimony given on the spot at the grave of Father Mathew, or at Lourdes, or at the camp-meeting at Old Orchard, or in the Tabernacle of Mr. Simpson, can prove only that then and there the witness was not conscious of pain or weakness, or of the symptoms of the disease which he believed he had.

The foregoing observations relate to internal diseases, but it is by no means easy to determine what an *external* disease is. Tumors are often mistaken for cancers, and cancers are of different species — some incurable by any means known to the medical profession, and others curable. It is by these differences in cancers and in tumors that quack cancer-doctors thrive. When the patient has anything that looks like a cancer, they promptly apply some salve, and if the patient gets well he signs a certificate saying that he was cured of a cancer of a most terrible character which would have been fatal in three months or six weeks; or when the *quack doctor himself writes the certificate for the patient to sign*, which is generally the case, the time in which the cancer would have proved fatal may be reduced to a few days. There is also a difference in tumors: some would under no circumstances cause death; others are liable to become as fatal as a malignant pustule.

In supposed injuries to the joints, the exact cause of the swelling is not always easily determined; and internal abscesses have sometimes been months in reaching a condition which would enable the most skillful physicians and surgeons to locate them, or even decide positively the cause of the swelling. The converse of this is true, that swellings have been supposed to be caused by abscesses, incisions have been made, and a totally different and comparatively harmless condition found. Hence it is by no means certain that an external disease is properly named. The patient and his attending physicians may be in serious error as to the exact character of what at a first glance it might be supposed easy to identify.

I have already spoken of the power of hysteria to simulate the symptoms of any internal disease. It may be new to some that it can produce very remarkable external developments. On the authority of Dr. Marvin R. Vincent, of this city, I give the following. Says Dr. Vincent: "I was told of a case at St. Luke's Hospital in this city: a woman with a swelling which was pronounced by the physicians to be an ovarian tumor, but which disappeared on the administration of ether, and was discovered to be merely the result of hysteria."

Consumption is a subject of painful interest to almost every family in the country. The peculiarity of this disease is that it advances and retreats. In the more common form there comes a time when what is commonly called softening of the tubercles takes place. The patient is then very ill; hectic fever with the succeeding chill occurs every day, and some-

times several times a day; night sweats, profuse expectoration, and other evidences and causes of debility complicate the situation, and the end is thought to be not far off. To the surprise of the friends, in a few days the patient greatly improves. Night sweats cease, the fever greatly diminishes or disappears, the cough lessens; he rejoices, and perhaps resumes his business and receives congratulations. Whatever he had been taking now has the credit,—whether what his physician prescribed or hypophosphites, cod-liver oil, balsams, pectorals, expectorants, "compound oxygen," benzoic; when the fact is that the tubercles have softened. As foreign bodies they produced fever and other symptoms; they have been eliminated by the coughing and other natural processes. Meanwhile others are forming which give no uneasiness except a slight increase of shortness of breath. When the second softening period comes the patient sinks lower than before; new remedies, of course, are tried, some radical change of diet is made, but if death does not end the scene a similar apparent recovery takes place. At either of these stages a visit to a grotto, the operations of "faith-healers," or a magnetic belt or pad, would seem to produce a great effect; but the decline would occur at the periods of softening, and the patient would afterward improve or sink beyond the possibility of recovery, if none of these things had been done.

A fact concerning consumption is known to medical men and stated in works on hygiene, but often when stated disbelieved. That fact is that pulmonary consumption, genuine and unmistakable, often terminates spontaneously in recovery, and often yields to hygienic methods. Indeed, it is the opinion of one of the most celebrated physicians of Europe that for every two cases of death from consumption there is one case that is either indefinitely prolonged, the patient living to be old, or entirely recovering and dying of old age, or of some entirely different disease. It may be asked how such a fact as this can be established. By two modes—one probable, the other conclusive. The probable mode is where the patient had all the external symptoms of the disease, and where examination of the lungs by competent specialists gave results which agreed with each other and with the external symptoms, and where the patient, by changing from a sedentary to an outdoor and active life, entirely recovers and lives for many years without a return of the symptoms. The possibility of error in the diagnosis of course remains, but where all these conditions exist it is reduced to a minimum. Such cases are numerous. Conclusive demonstration is found in post-mortem examinations. The late Prof. Austin Flint of New York, author of the "Practice of Medicine," was also the author of a "Clinical Report on Consumption," and describes sixty-two cases in which an arrest of the disease took place; in seven of these cases it occurred without any special medical or hygienic treatment, and in four of these seven he declares that the recovery was complete.

Prof. J. Hughes Bennett, of the Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh, in a lecture says: "Up to a recent period the general opinion has been that consumption almost always marches on to a fatal termination, and that the cases of those known to be restored were so few as to be merely an exception to the general rule. Morbid anatomy has now, I think, demonstrated that tubercles in an early stage degenerate and become abortive with extreme frequency, in the proportion of one-third to one-half of all the incurables who die over forty."

Both the Edinburgh "Journal of Medical Science" and the London "Lancet" indorse this conclusion. It is equivalent to saying that from one-third to one-half of all the incurables of Scotland who die over forty have had incipient consumption and got well of it. To meet those who would say that practically consumption does not mean the existence of a few isolated tubercles, but an advanced stage in which the lungs are in a state of ulceration, and the powers are so lowered that perfect recovery seldom or never takes place, Dr. Bennett proceeds to say that "Laennec, Andral, Cruveilhier, Kingston, Pressat, Boudet, and many others have published cases where all the functional symptoms of the disease, even in its most advanced state, were present, and yet the individual lived many years and ultimately died of some other disorder, and on dissection cicatrices and concretions have been found in the lungs." In that same lecture Prof. Bennett exhibited the lungs of a man who died suddenly of congestion of the brain, aged fifty years. At twenty-two he had been given up to die of pulmonary consumption, got well, lived nearly thirty years, and his lungs exhibited most indubitable marks of the progress and termination of the disease. It is easy to see that in such cases of recovery there came a time when the last tubercles softened; at such a time, any powerful mental stimulus, or pleasing change in circumstances, or physical stimulant compelling exercise in the open air, might be the element which would decide the question whether the system would rally or the process of innutrition and decay go on.

The heating of the minds of witnesses by a succession of testimonies must not be forgotten.

In one of the meetings conducted by the Rev. A. B. Simpson, I heard witnesses testify

to the healing power of God, and one witness, who seemed to be a pillar and was specially called upon by Mr. Simpson, testified, stating that no one had greater reason to praise God than he, "for during the past year I have *several* times been *miraculously* and *instantaneously* raised from the *jaws of death*."

At a meeting in Australia held in the Workmen's Hall in Adelaide, which was crowded, a Mrs. Morgan testified that for twenty years she had suffered from heart disease, but the moment "Mr. Wood laid his curative hands upon me, I felt a quiet within and was conscious I was cured." The Rev. W. B. Shorthouse tendered some wonderful testimony; he described his own career of weakness which interfered with his ministerial duties, but now he was completely restored to health. Only two weeks previous, he said, some of his congregation told him that he looked like death. As he grew warm in his testimony, he described several marvelous cases, *one of a man brought in dead* who walked away without assistance. He had seen hundreds "touch the border of Mr. Wood's garment," and finally concluded by saying he was himself "a *living example of miracles greater than those performed by the disciples of Christ*."

After seeing this in "Galignani's Messenger" in Paris, I ascertained from high authority in Australia that these narratives were greatly exaggerated, and that many relapses had occurred.

If such dangers exist in connection with the testimony of witnesses in religious meetings to *physical facts*, it may be thought that accounts of cases carefully written by honest men might be taken without so many grains of allowance. Having inquired into several of the most conspicuous with whose subjects I am acquainted, I have found that the condition of the patient *prior to the alleged cure* has been greatly exaggerated in the description. This has not been so in every case, but in most of the celebrated cases which I have personally investigated.

Many important facts have been omitted, sometimes because the witness did not regard them as important; in other cases, it must be confessed, because the luster of the cure would be dimmed by their recital. There is one famous instance of a lady, an evangelist, whose astonishing cure has been told to thousands, but she never mentions a surgical operation from which her friends know that she derived great benefit; and when asked why she did not tell of that, she replied, in substance, that she did not wish to divert attention from the great work that God had really wrought in her. In other instances the account of the *cure* has been exaggerated: relapses have not been published, the peculiar sensations which are still felt, and resisted, have been omitted from the description, and the mode of the cure has been restricted to a single act or a single moment of time, when in response to questions it appeared that it was weeks or months before the person could be said properly to be well. In all such cases it is obvious that the written testimony is of little value; indeed, it is seldom that a published account in books supporting marvels of this kind shows any signs of being written by a person who took the pains, if he possessed the capacity, to investigate the facts accurately. Of course the frequent quotation of such accounts adds nothing to their credibility or value.

But after all deductions have been made, the fact that most extraordinary recoveries have been produced, some of them instantaneously, from disease in some cases generally considered to be incurable by ordinary treatment, in others known to be curable in the ordinary process of medicine and in surgery only by slow degrees, must be admitted.

The object of these remarks is not to discredit all testimony, but to show the conditions upon which its value depends.

EXPLANATION OF THE FACTS.

HAVE these facts a common cause or diverse causes? To solve the problem requires us to ascertain whether the effects are the same, and the limitations of the cause or causes are the same? Do the recoveries under the prayers and anointings of Dr. Cullis surpass, in the nature of disease, the rapidity of cure, and the proportion of recoveries to the whole number of persons prayed for, those attested in connection with Mrs. Elizabeth Mix or those of the Rev. A. B. Simpson? Is there any reason to believe that Dr. Newton was less successful in the number, character, or permanence of the cures attributed to his touch and voice than Dr. Cullis, the Rev. A. B. Simpson, and Mrs. Elizabeth Mix? Again, is there any testimony that these persons have achieved greater success than "Bethshan" in London? Further, can these be proved to have done any more than Prince Hohenlohe, or the priest Gassner, or the water of Lourdes? The subjects of these cures will, of course, chant the praises of the respective schools; but does the impartial student of the testimony see any reason to distinguish between them as to the number or character of the effects? They all sometimes cure paralysis, convulsions, cancers, tumors, spinal diseases, diseases peculiar to women, and relieve or cure chronic diseases frequently, especially rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, and kindred maladies.

They also succeed in some forms of acute disease. I have personally seen subjects of spiritualist healers, mesmeric and magnetic healers, Roman Catholic and Russo-Greek miracles, and of the most conspicuous "faith-healers" and "mind-curers" in this country, and find no reason to believe that any of them has been more or less successful than the others.

A very important question is whether their *limitations* are the same. The limitations must have respect to what they cure, how they cure, and the permanence of the cure. It will be noted that none of them can raise the dead, or if any of them claim to be able to raise the dead, or by prayer to restore a person absolutely dead, the rest of them will unite to deny the claim of the others, and so fully support our view. Neither the Roman Catholic, the Spiritualist, the Magnetizer, nor the Protestant who professes to be the instrument in the hands of God of producing cures of diseases, can raise the dead. Nor can they give sight to one born blind, nor healing to one born deaf, where the cause of deafness is the absence of any of the organs necessary to hearing. Instances have been published where children who had lost their hearing by scarlet fever or other disease, have been made to hear by the manipulations of spiritualists or by the prayers of Catholics or Protestants; but whether true or not, no case which can be shown to be one of congenital deafness or blindness can be attested where sight or hearing has been made possible by any other than a surgical cause. Further, none of them can restore a limb that has been cut off, or an eye that has been lost.

In mental derangement it is to be admitted that all have been successful in some cases of a functional character, and in some instances of protracted melancholia; but no authentic account has been adduced of the cure or relief of dementia or idiocy.

Another limitation common to all is the existence of many cases of the same disease in which cures are effected, which they cannot relieve in the least. Some of the most pitiful instances could be detailed of persons who have traveled long distances, or have believed in the water, or the power of a dead body of an ecclesiastic, or of prayers at his tomb, or of the mystic touch of Newton, or of Dr. Cullis himself, or of a coterie of persons who have made their headquarters at a famous resort on the coast of the Atlantic, and have died bitterly disappointed. Other instances could be presented of those who have died while firmly believing that God would heal them, and that they were not going to die. Neither Catholic, Spiritualist, nor Protestant has any preëminence with regard to this limitation.

A remarkable attempt to Christianize the interior of Africa is now proceeding under the auspices of William Taylor, a missionary bishop. One of the company which he took out was an obstinate believer in the power of faith to bring forth from God such help as to enable him to dispense with medicine. This young man fanatically refused to take any medicine, and died a martyr to superstition which he mistook for faith. The last entry in the young man's diary was: "I haven't the fever, but a weak feeling; but I take the promise 'He giveth power to the faint,' and I do receive the fact." The testimony of his medical adviser to his last conversation is: "Charlie, your temperature is 105, and pulse 130; normal is 98; the dividing line between life and death is 103. You are now dying. It is only a question of time; and if you do not take something to break up this fever, it will surely kill you." The reply of the misguided youth was, "Well, then, I'll die; for I won't take any medicine." The Rev. William Taylor himself does not hold the view which, consistently carried out, practically caused the suicide of this young man. Almost the entire party had the African fever, and with the use of medical skill recovered.

In further illustration of the limitations common to all, I will narrate a case, the account of which I received in writing from the eminent physician who had it in charge until its fatal termination. A minister of the gospel and his wife, widely known both in Europe and America, had a daughter-in-law to whom they were greatly attached, she being the widow of a beloved son. Her health began to fail, and all that medical skill could do was done without availing anything. The diagnosis was one of ovarian tumor, and little hope was offered either to the invalid or to her friends. Finally it was made a subject of prayer by the minister and his wife, who earnestly besought God to heal the disease. They received an evidence in answer to their prayers that she would be cured; but as they were about to make a long evangelizing tour throughout the world, they prayed that if she was certainly to get well, they might receive a certain sign which they suggested in prayer, and the event was in harmony with the suggestion. Thoroughly persuaded that she would recover, they made her a farewell visit and had a season of prayer in which both they and she received "the assurance" that the disease was checked and that she would finally recover. Previous to their embarking on the voyage, at a meeting which was attended by thousands, her case was spoken of and prayers were offered for her recovery, and this happened on several occasions during the long tour following. But

the disease proceeded according to the prognosis given by the physician, who himself is a Christian, and ended in death. These facts are narrated to show the deceptive character of the assurances which many claim to receive on matters of fact of this kind.

There is another element of limitation which has respect to relapses. In many cases persons who suppose that they have been cured relapse and die of the malady of which they testified they had been cured. This is true of the results of medical practice, and is a consequence of the law of human mortality and the general limitations of human knowledge; but it is specially true of quack medicines involving anodynes, alcohol, or other stimulants which disguise symptoms, develop latent energy, or divert attention.

Lord Gardenstone, himself a valetudinarian, spent a great deal of time "inquiring for those persons who had actually attested marvelous cures, and found that more than two-thirds of the number died very shortly after they had been cured." That the proportion of relapses among persons who have attested cures under the Spiritualists, Magnetizers, Roman Catholics, and Protestants is as great as this, I do not affirm; but I have no doubt that it is greater than among those who have supposed themselves to be cured either by hygienic means without medicine, or under the best attainable medical treatment, which always attends to hygiene in proportion to the removal of the physician from the sphere of quackery.

Some years since a member of the Christian church in the city of Boston solemnly testified that he had been entirely cured of pulmonary consumption through the anointing and prayer of Dr. Cullis. In less than six months afterward he died of consumption. "Zion's Herald," a paper published in the same city, in an editorial upon the results of a faith-healing convention at Old Orchard, says: "We are not surprised to learn that some who esteemed themselves healed are suffering again from their old infirmities, in some instances more severely than before." Such instances are exceedingly numerous, but they are not published; the jubilant testimonies are telegraphed throughout the land and dilated upon in books; the subsequent relapses are not spoken of in religious meetings nor published anywhere, but a little pains enabled me in a single year to collect a large number. It is true, however, that the cures are often permanent.

If we are not able to conclude a common cause from these concurrences in effects, limitations, and relapses, neither the deductive nor the inductive process is of any value, and all modes of acquiring knowledge or tracing causes would seem to be useless.

But what is that common cause? Can these effects be proved to be natural by tracing their causes and constructing a formula by which they can be produced? If there be phenomena in which the effects cannot be traced to their cause, can those effects be shown to be similar to other effects whose causes can be thus traced?

In investigating phenomena, some of which claim a connection with religion and others with occult forces, it is necessary to proceed by a careful study of the facts, *without regard to the question of religion*, in determining whether the phenomena can be accounted for upon natural principles, and paralleled by the application of those principles.

In searching for analogies I avail myself of the authentic cases found in John Hunter, in Dr. Tuke's work previously referred to, in the "Mental Physiology" of Dr. Carpenter, and in the psychological researches of Sir Benjamin Brodie and Sir Henry Holland; taking, however, only such facts as have been paralleled under my own observation.

First. Cases where the effect is unquestionably produced by a natural mental cause.

(a) The charming away of warts is well established. Dr. Tuke says of them: "They are so apparent that there cannot be much room for mistake as to whether they have or have not disappeared, and in some instances within my own knowledge their disappearance was in such close connection with the psychical treatment adopted, that I could hardly suppose the cure was only *post hoc*. In one case, a relative of mine had a troublesome wart on the hand, for which I made use of the usual local remedies, but without effect. After they were discontinued, it remained *in statu quo* for some time, when a gentleman 'charmed' it away in a few days." He then tells of a case the particulars of which he received of a surgeon. His daughter had about a dozen warts on her hands, and they had been there about eighteen months; her father had applied caustic and other remedies without success. A gentleman called, noticed her warts, and asked how many she had. She said she didn't know, but she thought about a dozen. "Count them, will you?" said he, and solemnly took down her counting, remarking, "You will not be troubled with your warts after next Sunday." Dr. Tuke adds, "It is a fact that by the day named the warts had disappeared and did not return." Francis Bacon had a similar experience, including the removal of a wart which had been with him from childhood, on which he says: "At the rest I did little marvel, because they came in a short time, and might go away in a short

time again; but the going away of that which had staid so long doth yet stick with me."

(b) Blood diseases, such as scurvy, have been cured in the same way. At the siege of Breda in 1625, scurvy prevailed to such an extent that the Prince of Orange was about to capitulate. The following experiment was resorted to: "Three small phials of medicine were given to each physician, not enough for recovery of two patients. It was publicly given out that three or four drops were sufficient to impart a healing virtue to a gallon of liquor." Dr. Frederic Van der Mye, who was present and one of the physicians, says: "The effect of the delusion was really astonishing; for many quickly and perfectly recovered. Such as had not moved their limbs for a month before were seen walking the streets, sound, upright, and in perfect health." Dr. Van der Mye says that before this happy experiment was tried they were in a condition of absolute despair, and the scurvy and the despair had produced "fluxes, dropsies, and every species of distress, attended with a great mortality."

(c) Van Swieten and Smollett speak of consumptive patients recovering their health from falling into cold water. Dr. Tuke says that Dr. Rush refers to these cases, and "inclines to think that fright and the consequent exertion produced a beneficial result."

(d) Abernethy gives a case of a woman who was permanently cured of dropsy by being frightened by a bull, the relief coming through the kidneys.

(e) Of the famous metallic tractors of Dr. Perkins, which produced most extraordinary results, attracting the attention of the medical world, the effects of the use of the tractors being attributed to Galvanism, and of the production of the same effects by two wooden tractors of nearly the same shape, and painted so as to resemble them in color, it is hardly necessary to say anything. But the wooden and the metallic were equally efficient, and cured cases of chronic rheumatism in the ankle, knee, wrist, and hip, where the joints were swollen and the patient had been ill for a long time; and even a case of lockjaw of three or four days' standing was cured in fifty minutes, when the physicians had lost all hope.

(f) I have frequently tested this principle. The application of a silver dollar wrapped in silk to ulcerated teeth, where the patient had been suffering for many hours, and in some instances for days, relieved the pain, the patient supposing that it was an infallible remedy. After I had explained to the parties that the effect was wholly mental, the magic power of the remedy was gone.

(g) In 1867 a well-known public singer was taken dangerously ill on the evening of his concert, having great nausea and intense headache; two applications of the silver dollar to his forehead entirely relieved him, and he performed a full programme with his usual energy. Anything else would have been as effectual as the dollar, which was used merely because it was at hand.

(h) The following case is taken from a pamphlet by the present writer, now out of print, published in 1875, entitled "Supposed Miracles."

In company with the Rev. J. B. Faulks (now of Paterson, N. J.), I called at a place on the shore of the Hudson River, near Englewood, N. J., to procure a boat. There was a delay of half an hour, and the day being chilly, we repaired to a house near by and there saw a most pitiable spectacle. The wife and mother of the family was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism in its worst form. She could not move, was terribly swollen, and could not bear to be touched. I said to Mr. Faulks, to whom I refer for the absolute truth of this narrative in its minutest particulars, "You shall now have an illustration of the truth of the theory you have so often heard me advance." He mildly demurred, and intimated that he did not wish to be mixed up in anything of the kind. But, after making various remarks solely to inspire confidence and expectation, I called for a pair of knitting-needles. After some delay, improved by me to increase confidence and surround the proceedings with mystery, operations were begun. One of the hands of the patient was fearfully swollen, so that the fingers were as large very nearly as the wrist of an ordinary child three years of age. In fact, nearly all the space naturally between the fingers was occupied, and the fist was clinched. It is plain that to open them voluntarily was impossible, and to move them intensely painful. The daughter informed us that the hand had not been opened for several weeks. When all was ready I held the needles about two inches from the end of the woman's fingers, just above the clinched hand, and said, "Now, madam, do not think of your fingers, and above all do not try to move them, but fix your eyes on the ends of these needles." She did so, and to her own wonder and that of her daughter the fingers straightened out and became flexible without the least pain. I then moved the needles about, and she declared that all pain left her hand except in one spot about half an inch in length.

(i) The efficacy of the touch of the king to cure scrofula is authenticated beyond question. Charles II. touched nearly 100,000 persons; James in one of his journeys touched

800 persons in Chester Cathedral. Macaulay's History shows how, when William III. refused to exercise this power, it brought upon him "an avalanche of the tears and cries of parents of the children who were suffering from scrofula. Bigots lifted up their hands and eyes in horror at his impiety." His opponents insinuated that he dared not try a power which belonged only to legitimate sovereigns; but this sarcasm was without basis, as an old author says: "The curing of the king's evil by the touch of the king does much puzzle our philosophers, *for whether our kings were of the house of York or Lancaster*, it did cure for the most part." This reminds the student of ecclesiastical history of the consternation of the Jesuits when the extraordinary "miracle" was wrought upon the niece of the famous Blaise Pascal.

(j) The daughter of an eminent clergyman in this city had been sick for a long time, entirely unable to move and suffering intense pain. One of the most famous surgeons of New York declared, after a careful examination, that she had diseases of the breast-bone and ribs which would require incisions of so severe a character as to be horrible to contemplate. Three times the surgeon came with his instruments to perform the operation, but the parents could not bring themselves to consent to it, and it was postponed. At last the late Dr. Krackowitzer was called in; he solemnly and very thoroughly examined her from head to foot, taking a long time, and at last suddenly exclaimed, "Get out of bed, put on your clothes, and go downstairs and meet your mother in the parlor!" The young lady automatically arose and obeyed him. The next day she took a walk with her mother, and soon entirely recovered. Dr. Krackowitzer stated that he recognized in her an obstinate case of hysteria, which needed the stimulus of sudden command from a stronger will than her own. I received this narrative from the young lady's father; she has never had a relapse, and is still living in excellent health. Had she been cured by a faith-healer believed in by the family the mistaken diagnosis of the eminent surgeon would have been heralded far and wide, and the cure considered a miracle.

(k) The cure of obstinate constipation when all medicine had lost its effect, by a medical man who required the patient to uncover the abdomen and direct his thoughts entirely to the sensations experienced in that region, is vouched for by Dr. Carpenter.

(l) The cure of a case of paralysis by Sir Humphrey Davy is a scientific fact of the first importance. He placed a thermometer under the tongue of the patient simply to ascertain the temperature; the patient at once claimed to experience relief, so the same treatment was continued for two weeks, and by that time the patient was well. In this case the imagination of the patient was not assisted by an application to the affected part.

In all the foregoing cases the cure or relief was a natural result of mental or emotional states. As long ago as the time of John Hunter, it was established by a variety of experiments and by his own experience that the concentration of attention upon any part of the human system affected first the sensations, then produced a change in the circulation, next a modification of the nutrition, and finally a change in structure.

Second. Cases in which the operation of occult causes is claimed. These will be treated *only so far as they reflect light upon "faith-cures."*

(a) That trances and cures of many diseases occurred under the performances of Mesmer is as well established as any fact depending upon testimony. French scientists who investigated the subject divided into two hostile parties upon the explanation and upon some cases as to whether they were genuine or fraudulent, but they agreed as to the genuineness of many of the cures. The Government established a commission of physicians and members of the Academy of Sciences to investigate the phenomena. Benjamin Franklin, who was at that time in Paris in the interest of the United States, and the distinguished J. S. Bailly were members of that commission, with Lavoisier, Darcet, and others. They made an elaborate report, specifically admitting many of the facts but denying the necessity of assuming "animal magnetism." Forty years afterward, namely, on October 11, 1825, the Royal Academy of Medicine in Paris was addressed by a noted physician, Foissac, calling its attention to the importance of a new inquiry. After a long debate the Academy appointed a committee to inquire whether it would or would not become the Academy to investigate "animal magnetism." The report was favorable, and was debated at great length; finally it was decided to investigate, and the Academy, by a majority of ten in a total vote of sixty, appointed a permanent committee on the subject. This committee reaffirmed the facts, and did not divide as in the former instance, two of the members merely declining to sign the report because they were not present at the experiments. The subject was reopened in 1837, and further reports and discussions of great importance resulted. These are referred to here simply to show the amount of testimony to certain facts of trance conditions, so called, and cures.

The following case is given on the authority

of Dr. Tuke, who says, "It is afforded by a highly respectable surgeon and attributed by him to mesmerism." It is the case of Edward Wine, aged seventy-five, who had been paralyzed two years in one arm and leg. The left arm was spasmodically fixed to the chest, the fingers drawn toward the palm of the hand and wasted, quite incapable of holding anything; walked with a crutch, drawing the left leg after him. After several mesmerizing operations the surgeon put "a nosegay in his coat and posted him off to church, and he tells me he walked like a gentleman down the aisle, carrying his stick in his lame arm."

The noted Mr. Braid in many authentic instances restored sight which had been lost, greatly improved the condition of the paralyzed, in some instances entirely curing the patient, and had very little difficulty with most cases of rheumatism. Dr. W. B. Carpenter investigated many of the cases.

But what is mesmerism, magnetism, electro-biology, etc.? It is a subjective condition. The notion that a magnetic fluid passes from the body, or that passes are of utility in producing the state except as they act upon the mind of the candidate, was exploded long since; and both in Europe and America the discovery of the real principle was accidental and was made by a number of persons. About forty-five years ago an itinerant lecturer on these phenomena, who had great success in experiments, used an old-fashioned cylinder electrical machine. The "subjects" took hold of the wire. He gave them a slight electrical shock, and "concentrated his will upon them." Those that were susceptible passed into the trance state. On a certain occasion, when trying the experiment with several gentlemen in a private room, the operator was called out just as the candidates had taken hold of the wire. He remained twenty minutes, not supposing that the experiment was being tried; on his return, to his great surprise, he found three of them as much "magnetized," "mesmerized," "electro-biologized," "hypnotized," or "psychodynamized" as any he had ever seen. This showed that the entire effect was caused by their own mental states. Further experiments made it clear that neither the will of the operator, nor any "magnetism" from his body, nor electricity, nor the influence of the candidates upon each other had anything to do with the result. Mesmer himself used magnets until he fell in with the Roman Catholic priest Gassner, before mentioned, and perceiving that he used none, he renounced magnets and afterward depended solely on manipulation.

About fifteen years ago I was present at a private meeting of twenty-five ladies and gentlemen, at the residence of Mr. Henry R. Towne, president of the Yale and Towne Manufacturing Company. On two successive evenings these phenomena had been explained. It had been maintained that all the results were subjective, arising from the concentrated attention, "expectancy and reverence" of the persons trying the experiment. At the close of the two lectures, after I had divested the subject of all mystery, and, as it seemed, had rendered it impossible to produce reverence or confidence, I was urged to prove the theory by experiment. Accordingly eight gentlemen and ladies were requested to rise, stand without personal contact with one another or myself, close their eyes, and clasp their hands. In a very few minutes five of them passed more or less fully into the trance state, two of them becoming unconscious of their surroundings and the others exhibiting very peculiar phenomena. One of the gentlemen thus affected was a prominent lawyer of the city of New York, another a recent graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School, and the third the bookkeeper in a large establishment. *Nothing* was done by the experimenter during the interval after these persons closed their eyes and clasped their hands, save to wait in silence and to require silence from the spectators. Among the persons who witnessed and critically studied these phenomena with the writer were Professor Fuertes,* Dean of the Department of Civil Engineering, whose letter is subjoined, in Cornell University, Mr. Henry R. Towne, above referred to, the Rev. Dr. A. S. Twombly, pastor of the Winthrop Congregational Church of Charlestown, Mass., and J. B. Williams, Esquire, of the city of New York.

On the 14th of April, 1868, in the City Hall of Dover, New Hampshire, in the pres-

* DR. J. M. BUCKLEY. DEAR SIR: My recollection of the "séance" referred to in your letter of the 25th ult. is not as distinct in some points as in others you do not mention. The study of psychology is so important that it is necessary to be exact beyond measure in order not to mislead. An immense amount of rubbish has been piled upon slender foundations in the study of psycho-genesis, and no progress can be made so long as people assent easily to become witnesses with external aid to recollect facts which happened long ago. I am very positive as to the truth of the following facts: I belonged to a literary club, composed of the most cultivated people residing in Stamford in 1864-71. At one of our meetings, I was present when you performed some experiments upon ten or fifteen of its members by asking them to stand in a circle, with closed eyes, and holding their hands before their faces as in the conventional attitude for praying; the gas was partly turned down. Some of the members of this group laughed, and you peremptorily excluded them from the circle, as previously agreed upon. A short time afterwards one of my neighbors began to breathe hard, and he was followed by several others, who gave indications, plainly visible, that something unusual was happening to them.

If human testimony is to be depended upon at all,

ence of a thousand persons, the same principles were set forth. At the close Dr. L. G. Hill, one of the oldest physicians of that city, called for the proof of the theory that the effects attributed to animal magnetism were the result of subjective mental condition. The result, as described in the "Dover Gazette" of Friday, April 17, 1868, by the leading editor, who refers to himself in the account, is as follows: "Ten or twelve gentlemen at his (the lecturer's) request took the platform and were requested to shut their eyes, close their hands, and remain quiet. They did so. One complete trance medium and two partial ones at once developed. Three of the other gentlemen, among whom was the writer of this article, felt the trance force in a slight degree. The completely developed medium was in the most perfect trance; could be convinced of anything at once; was clairvoyant, ecstatic, mesmeric, somnambulic, and in fact took any form of ideomania at will. We have been at perhaps over a hundred séances of mesmeric, biologic, and so-called spiritual subjects or mediums, but have never seen so perfect a subject so soon developed and upon so pure a principle." I am not responsible for this phraseology, some of which, regarded scientifically, is very inexact; but the facts are as stated. These cases are adduced to show the effect of the mind upon the body, and of the mind upon its own faculties. This young man could have had every tooth extracted, or even a limb amputated, without consciousness. After he had resumed his normal state, such was his susceptibility that a word would have sent him back to sleep. If he had been sick of any disease which "faith-healers" or "magnetizers" could relieve he would have received equal help. While these persons were standing and the susceptible were passing "under the influence," I was *simply waiting*, "only this and nothing more," with mind and body.

(b) As for causing the bedridden to rise, and breaking up morbid conditions that had defied medicine while being greatly aggravated by it, these are among the simplest applications of the principle involved. The confidence of those unfamiliar with the subject would be taxed beyond endurance by the narration in its simplest form of cases to which there is abundant testimony and which can be paralleled easily.

(c) Intelligent missionaries and travelers in heathen lands, where they have given any investigation to the subject, are a unit in testifying that extraordinary cures follow the enchantments and superstitious ceremonies and magical rites of various kinds employed by priests and physicians claiming supernatural powers.

(d) The power of witch-doctors among the negroes of Africa, both to produce disease and cure it, is as well authenticated as any facts concerning the "Dark Continent"; nor is it necessary to go there for illustrations, which can be found in great numbers in the South. Not very long since an entire community in the vicinity of Atlanta, Georgia, were greatly excited by the terrible diseases which followed the threats made by a doctor of this sort. Voodooism has power to bring on diseases and also to cure diseases; nor need this burden be placed upon the negroes and Ameri-

I am sure that the social position of the persons so affected, their high culture, refinement, and surroundings, entitled their actions to be believed, as representing truthfully the conditions causing their strange behavior, even if the following circumstances did not reënforce the necessity of believing their candid sincerity in this question. One of the first "subjects," was a young lady, who was made to believe that she was writing a letter to a friend, and immediately began to simulate the act of writing; but other subjects proving to be most amusingly affected, she was, unfortunately, forgotten, and allowed to go on "writing" for nearly three hours consecutively, earnestly engaged at her task, oblivious of her surroundings, neither laughing, nor apparently caring for what was going on. The effect of holding her hand in mid-air for so long a time and moving her fingers all the time, is a feat of endurance of which she was not physically able, if conscious. Her arm and shoulder were swollen and lame for several days after this performance. [Owing to the crowded condition of the room, I did not observe this till the interview terminated.] Another subject was a young lady who had recently lost a friend. The mother of her dead friend had also recently arrived from Europe and was present in the room; and after the young lady affected had expressed her ability to go to heaven and described what she saw there, she paused a moment, as if surprised and filled with terror; then, uttering a piercing scream, moved forward as if to embrace the dead friend whose name she mentioned, in a manner so tragic and out of keeping with her usual lovely and bashful demeanor that the impression produced on the company was quite profound. This behavior, both brutal and coarse, and cruel to the mother of the dead young girl, is, I am very sure, incompatible with any theory of Miss —— being in her usual senses. In fact she was made ill by this circumstance, and conceived the greatest aversion towards you. Her friend had been buried but a few days. [These facts were unknown to me, and as soon as possible her attention was diverted from them. As the whole was imaginary, this was easily done.]

One of the most amusing incidents was the honest conviction with which a prominent lawyer believed himself sitting on a log looking into the muddy bottom of a stream of water. Another, that of a young man whose trembling legs were made to bend under the enormous weight of an envelope placed over his head, when told it weighed a ton. The above are a few of the things I saw about which I am positive my memory of the events is perfect. Also, that you stated that you would not and did not exercise any act of volition, or influence upon your "subjects," but merely waited for them to fall into the hypnotic state giving rise to the phenomena described.

Believe me, sincerely,

E. A. Fuertes.

ITHACA, NEW YORK, January 30, 1886.

can Indians exclusively. In various parts of Austria, Germany, and Russia, among the peasantry and ignorant classes, the belief in witchcraft, and the coincidences which sustain it, still exists; and on the authority of some of the most distinguished physicians and surgeons in those countries, I may state that the results both in inflicting and in removing what they never inflicted, which follow the operations of these witch-doctors, are often astonishing.

(e) There is an old proverb that "when rogues fall out, honest men get their dues." It is also true that when quacks fall to discrediting each other, principles may be discovered. In 1865 there came to the city of Detroit, where I then resided, a pupil of Dr. Newton, Bryant by name, who performed cures apparently as well as Newton himself. In company with Dr. J. P. Scott, a Presbyterian minister there, I visited Dr. Bryant, and saw him operate upon a score or more of patients (one of whom had been supposed to be doomed to a speedy death with ovarian tumor, and whom I had frequently visited; Dr. Bryant removed the tumor, after which she lived some months and died of debility). To comprehend his methods fully I was operated upon myself. About a year later, returning from New Orleans to Memphis, Tennessee, I found on board the steamer Dr. Newton, who had just come from Havana. He told me that eight hundred persons had applied to him in that city in one day. On the same steamer was Dr. B—— of St. Louis, an aged physician who had been to Havana with a wealthy patient. I inquired of Dr. B—— and others whether such great numbers had visited Dr. Newton, and was told that such was the report, that vast crowds had surrounded him from the day he arrived till he embarked, and that marvelous tales were told of the cures he performed. For several hours a day during four days I conversed with him about his career and principles. My conviction is that he believed in himself, and also that he would use every possible means to accomplish the end he had in view. He would glide from fanaticism into hypocrisy, then into fanaticism, and from that into common sense, with the rapidity of thought. He said that he was influenced by spirits who told him what to say. He would use the name of Jesus Christ in what would seem a blasphemous manner; standing before an audience he would say, "I am now about to send forth shocks of vitality." He would move his arms backward and forward and exclaim, "In the name of Jesus Christ, I order the diseases in the persons now present to disappear!" He would go to the paralytic or lame person and exclaim, "In the name of Jesus Christ, be healed of your infirmity." When I mentioned having seen "Dr." Bryant, Dr. Newton instantly denounced him as an "unmitigated fraud who had no genuine healing power." He claimed that he had cured Bryant of a malignant disease with which he found him suffering in a hospital; that the said Bryant had acted as his amanuensis for some time, and then left him, and had since been acting in opposition to him. Knowing that the manipulations by Bryant had been followed by some wonderful results in Detroit, I said to Dr. Newton:

"If Bryant be an unmitigated fraud, how do you account for the cures that he makes?"

"Oh!" said the doctor, "they are caused by the faith of the people and the concentration of their minds upon his operations, with the expectation of being cured. Now," said he, "nobody would go to see Bryant unless they had some faith that he might cure them, and when he begins his operations with great positiveness of manner, and when they see the crutches he has there, and hear the people testify that they have been cured, it produces a tremendous influence upon them; and then he gets them started in the way of exercising, and they do a good many things that they thought they could not do; their appetites and spirits revive, and if toning them up can possibly reduce the diseased tendency, many of them will get well."

Said I, "Doctor, pardon me, is not that a correct account of the manner in which you perform your wonderful works?"

"Oh, no," said he; "the difference between a genuine healer and a quack like Bryant is as wide as the poles."

To question him further upon this line would have put an end to the conversation sooner than I desired.

But testing fundamentally the same methods before and since that interview on many occasions, and always under the great disadvantage of not being able truthfully to profess supernatural aid, either of spirits or of God, and thus shut up to affecting the mind by the laws of suggestion and association, and by the manner assumed, and finding a result similar in kind, and in some cases equal in extent, to any produced by Newton or others, I know that when he was explaining to me the success of Bryant upon the assumption that he had no healing power, he gave inadvertently the whole explanation of the healing as far as it is independent of mere physical manipulation. Dr. Newton had been to Havana with his daughter, very low with consumption. He was taking her back, doubtful if she would reach home alive. When I said, "Doctor, why could you not heal her?" he mournfully

replied, "It seems as if we cannot always affect our own kindred!"

(f) The Mormons are fully equal in working miraculous cures to the Roman Catholics or Protestants. In Europe one of their chief methods of making converts is praying with the sick, who often recover; and the same thing has happened in this country on many occasions. The Rev. Nathaniel Mead, a highly respected clergyman, to whom Dr. Baird refers in his "History of the Town of Rye," authorizes me to communicate to the public, with the sanction of his name, the following facts.

About the year 1839 a Mormon priest came to the neighborhood where Mr. Mead resided, and obtained access to the room of an intelligent member of a Christian church, who had long been hopelessly ill. He asked permission to pray for her. Catching at anything, she consented. He prayed with great earnestness, and she at once began to improve and recovered with surprising rapidity. Convinced by the miracle that God was with the Mormon priest, she left the Christian church and identified herself with the Mormons to the extent of leaving friends and home.

In the same locality a gentleman, another member of a Christian church, had been severely injured by a bar of iron which fell upon his foot, mangling and crushing it. The same Mormon priest prayed with him, with a similar result; the wound healed very soon, and the man was converted to Mormonism.

So great was the faith of certain Mormon converts in Europe that the priesthood could work miracles, that one of them who had lost a leg and could not secure another through the prayers of the Mormon missionaries, crossed the Atlantic and made a pilgrimage to Salt Lake City, where he had an interview with Brigham Young. This fox-like prophet and miracle-worker, who could cope with Horace Greeley or any other visitor in intellectual keenness, said to him, "It would be easy for me to give you another leg, but it is my duty to explain to you the consequences. You are now well advanced in life. If I give you another leg, you will indeed have two legs until you die, which will be a great convenience; but in the resurrection, not only will the leg which you lost rise and be united to your body, but also the one which I now give you; thus you will be encumbered with three legs throughout eternity. It is for you to decide whether you would prefer the transient inconvenience of getting along with one leg till you die, or the deformity of an extra leg forever." The pilgrim concluded to remain maimed in this life, that he might not be deformed in that which is to come. This may be a myth, but it falls in well with Brigham Young's known character, and is as worthy of respect as the reasons given by professedly Christian faith-healers for not working miracles of this kind, which are that they do not find "any special promise for such cases," and that "they find no instance where the apostles gave new limbs."

INDUCTIONS.

THE inductions from these cases, and from the fact that they are constantly paralleled, are:

(1) That subjective mental states, as concentration of the attention upon a part with or without belief, can produce effects either of the nature of disease or cure.

(2) Active incredulity in persons not acquainted with these laws, but willing to be experimented upon, is often more favorable to sudden effects than mere stupid, acquiescent credulity. The first thing the incredulous, hard-headed man, who believes that "there is nothing in it," sees, that he cannot fathom, may lead him to succumb instantly and entirely to the dominant idea.

(3) That concentrated attention, with faith, can produce very great effects; may operate powerfully in acute diseases, with instantaneous rapidity upon nervous diseases, or upon any disease capable of being modified by direct action through the nervous or circulatory system.

(4) That cures can be wrought upon diseases of accumulation, such as dropsy and tumors of various kinds, with great rapidity, where the increased action of the various excretory functions can eliminate the accumulations from the system.

(5) That rheumatism, sciatica, gout, neuralgia, contraction of the joints, and certain inflammatory conditions, may disappear under similar mental states suddenly, so as to admit of helpful exercise, which exercise by its effect upon the circulation, and through it upon the nutrition of diseased parts, may produce a permanent cure.

(6) That the "mind-cure," apart from the absurd philosophy of the different sects into which it is already divided, and its repudiation of all medicine, has a basis in the laws of nature. The pretense of mystery, however, is either honest ignorance or consummate quackery.

(7) That all are unable to dispense with surgery, where the case is in the slightest degree complex and mechanical adjustments are necessary; also that they cannot restore a limb, or eye, or finger, or even a tooth which has been lost. But in certain displacements of internal organs the consequence of nervous debility, which are sometimes aided by sur-

gery, they all sometimes succeed by developing latent energy through mental stimulus.

THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

We find that in comparison with the Mormons, Spiritualists, Mind-Curers, Roman Catholics, and Magnetizers, the Protestant Faith-Healers can accomplish as much, but no more; that they have the same limitations as to diseases that they cannot heal, and injuries that they cannot repair, as to particular cases of diseases that they can generally cure, which defy them, and as to their liability to relapses. We also find that their phenomena can be paralleled under the operation of laws with which "experts" upon the subject, whether medical or otherwise, are acquainted, but which are not recognized by the general public, in which general public are included many physicians of various schools, clergymen, lawyers, educators, and literary persons of both sexes.

It is necessary now to examine the New Testament, to see whether Christ was subject to the limitations which have marked all these. The record states that *he* healed "*all* manner of disease, and all manner of sickness." It declares that "they brought unto him *all* that were sick, holden of divers diseases and torments, possessed with devils, and those that were lunatic [new version, epileptic] and palsied; and he healed them." He did these things uniformly, and sent word to John, "The *blind* receive their sight and the *lame* walk, the *lepers* are cleansed and the *deaf* hear, and the *dead are raised up*." He restored the withered hand, not by the slow process of a change in the circulation, and gradual change in the nutrition, followed by structural alteration; but it was instantly made "whole like as the other." Not only so, he restored limbs that had been cut off. See New Revision, Matthew xv. 30: "And there came unto him great multitudes having with them the lame, blind, dumb, *maimed*, and many others, and they cast them down at his feet; and he healed them; insomuch that the multitude wondered, when they saw the dumb speaking, the *maimed whole*, and the lame walking, and the blind seeing." The last miracle that Christ wrought before his crucifixion, according to St. Luke, was one that could defy all these "faith-healers" of every species to parallel. See New Revision, Luke xxii. 50: "And a certain one of them smote the servant of the high priest and *struck off his right ear*. But Jesus answered and said, Suffer ye thus far. And he touched his ear and *healed him*."

Rational men familiar with the laws expounded in this paper could not believe this record if those mighty works told of Christ and the apostles were comprised simply in an account of wonderful tales. They would reason that it is much more probable that those who testified to these things were deceived or exaggerated, or that those who received them added to them, than that they should have happened. But when those who make the record convey to us ancient prophecies attested and still preserved by the Jews and fulfilled in the character and works of Christ; the account of his rejection and crucifixion by the Jews; the Sermon on the Mount; the parable of the prodigal son; the Golden Rule; the sublime and spiritual doctrines taught by Christ; and the picture of a life and of a death scene that have no parallel in human history or fiction, and declare that he who taught us these things did such and such mighty works before us, we saw them and were convinced, by the miracles that he did, "that he was a teacher come from God," it is no longer a question simply of believing things not included in the laws of nature. When these doctrines are applied to men's own needs and lives, they prove their divine origin by the radical and permanent changes which they make in the character. Then the subjects of these changes easily accept the truthfulness of the record,—believing the truth of past things which they cannot now test upon the authority of the spiritual truths which they are capable of subjecting to the test of practical experience.

THE MIRACLES OF THE APOSTLES.

Some allege that even the apostles could not restore limbs that had been cut off, or that had been wanting from birth. The record shows that the apostles made no distinction of cases. Ananias prayed for Paul, and "straightway there fell from his eyes as it had been scales." When Tabitha lay dead, Peter, after prayer, "turning to the body said, 'Tabitha, arise,'" and he "presented her alive." The chains fell off from Peter in the prison, and "the iron gate opened for him and the angel of its own accord." As Peter had, in the first miracle after Pentecost, given strength to a man who had been *lame from his mother's womb*, so Paul, seeing a man at Lystra, "a cripple from his mother's womb who had never walked," said, "with a loud voice, 'Stand upright on thy feet,' and he leaped up and walked." They cast out devils wherever it was necessary, and when Eutychus fell from the third story, and "was taken up dead," Paul restored him to life again. On the island of Melita, a viper hung upon the hand of Paul, and "when the barbarians saw the beast

hanging from his hand, they said one to another, No doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped from the sea, yet justice hath not suffered to live"; but when they remained long in expectation and beheld nothing amiss come to him, they changed their minds and said he was a "god." The record says that after that the diseases of the entire population of the island were healed.

CLAIMS OF "CHRISTIAN FAITH-HEALERS," TECHNICALLY SO CALLED, EFFECTUALLY DISCREDITED.

In examining the healing works both by Christ and the apostles, it appears that there is not a uniform law that the sick should exercise faith, nor that it was necessary that their friends should exercise it, nor that either they or their friends should do so. Sometimes the sick alone believed; at others, their friends believed and they knew nothing about it; again, both the sick and their friends believed, and on some occasions neither the sick nor the friends. Not one word of failure on the part of Christ to cure *any* case that he undertook, nor of the apostles failing after the ascension of Christ, can be found in the record. Nor is there a syllable concerning any *relapse* or the danger of such a thing, nor can any cautions to the cured, "*not to mind sensations*," that "*sensations are tests of faith*," nor any other such quackery, be found in the New Testament.

The claims of Christian faith-healers to supernatural powers are discredited by three facts:

(1) They can exhibit no supremacy over pagans, spiritualists, magnetizers, mind-curers, etc.

(2) They cannot parallel the mighty works that Christ produced, or the works of the apostles.

(3) All that they really accomplish can be paralleled without assuming any supernatural cause, and a formula can be constructed out of the elements of the human mind which will give as high average results as their prayers or anointings.

That formula in its lowest form is "*concentrated attention*." If to this be added reverence, whether for the true and ever-living God, false gods, spirits, the operator, witches, magnetism, electricity, or simple unnamed *mystery*, the effect is increased greatly. If to that be added confident expectancy of particular results, the effect in causing sickness or relieving it, for life or death, may be appalling. Passes, magnets, anointings with oil, are useful only as they produce concentration of attention, reverence, and confident expectancy. Those whose reputation or personal force of thought, manner, or speech can produce these mental states, may dispense with them all, as Mesmer finally did with the "magnets," and as many faith-healers and the Roman Catholics do with the oil.*

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF ANSWER TO PRAYER.

Is there then no warrant in the New Testament for the ordinary Christian to pray for the sick, and is there no utility in such prayers? The operation of the providence of God upon the minds of men and upon their bodies, through the order of cause and effect which he has established, has not come under review. The New Testament affirms that "All things work together for good to them that love God." It also teaches that the highest good is the knowledge and love of God. It teaches that the Spirit of God has constant access to the minds of men, and sets forth an all-inclusive doctrine of Providence without which not even a sparrow falls. It does *not* say that prayer will always secure the recovery of the sick, for it gives the case of Paul who had a "thorn in the flesh," and who said, "I besought the Lord thrice that this thing should depart from me," but received, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

None can demonstrate that God cannot work through second causes, bringing about results which, when they come, appear to be entirely natural, but which would not have come except through special providence, or in answer to prayer. The New Testament declares that he does so interfere "according to his will." It was not his will in the case of Paul, and he did not interfere, but gave spiritual blessings instead. No one can tell when he will interfere. But prayer for the sick is one of the most consoling privileges, and it would be a strange omission if we were not entitled to pray for comfort, for spiritual help, for such graces as will render continued chastening unnecessary, and for recovery, when the thing prayed for is in harmony with the will of God. The belief that when the prayer is in accordance with the mind of God, "the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up," is supported by many explicit promises. But as all who die must die from disease, old age, accident, or intentional violence, *every person* must at some time be in a state when *prayer cannot prolong his life*.

When we or others are sick, the Christian doctrine is that we are to use the best means at command, and to pray, "Father, if it be pos-

* The Roman Catholics use oil in the "sacrament of extreme unction," which is administered in view of death.

sible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." The prayer may be answered by its effect upon the mind of the patient; by directing the physician, the nurse, or the friends to the use of such means as may hasten recovery; or, for aught we know, by a direct effect produced upon the physical system, behind the visible system of causes and effects, but reaching the patient through them; then, if the patient recovers, it will seem as though he recovered naturally, though it may be in an unusual manner. The Christian in his personal religious experience may believe that his prayer was the element that induced God to interfere and prolong life. Assuming that there is a God, who made and loves men, none can show his faith irrational or unscriptural; but such testimony can be of no value to demonstrate to others a fact in the plane of science. When the time comes that the Christian is to die, he must then rest, even while praying for life, upon the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

The faith-healers represent God as interfering constantly, not by cause and effect in the order of nature, but affecting the result directly. Their want of superiority to those who are not Christians, but use either false pretenses or natural laws, and their inferiority to Christ and the apostles, condemn their pretensions. Nor does it avail them to say, "Christ would not come down from the cross when taunted by unbelievers." They might perhaps with propriety refuse a test for *the test's sake*, though Elijah forced one. But in a close observation of their works the radical difference between them and those who they say have no divine help should be manifest. Some of them affirm that the Mormons, Newton, and others do their mighty works by the aid of devils. If so, since casting out devils was a miracle-working power of a very low grade, it is wonderful that none of these persons have been able to cast out the devils from any of the great number who are working in this way, and thus demonstrate their superiority as the apostles vindicated their claims against Simon the sorcerer and others.

Faith-cure, technically so called, as now held by many Protestants, is a pitiable superstition, dangerous in its final effects.

It may be asked, what harm can result from allowing persons to believe in "faith-healing"? Very great indeed. Its tendency is to produce an effeminate type of character which shrinks from any pain and to concentrate attention upon self and its sensations. It sets up false grounds for determining whether a person is or is not in the favor of God. It opens the door to every superstition, such as attaching importance to dreams, signs, opening the Bible at random, expecting the Lord to make it open so that they can gather his will from the first passage they see, "impressions," "assurances," etc. Practically it gives great support to other delusions which claim a supernatural element. It greatly injures Christianity by subjecting it to a test which it cannot endure. It directs attention from the moral and spiritual transformation which Christianity professes to work, a transformation which wherever made manifests its divinity, so that none who behold it need any other proof that it is of God. It destroys the ascendency of reason in the soul, and thus, like similar delusions, it is self-perpetuating; and its natural, and in some minds, its irresistible tendency is to mental derangement.

Little hope exists of freeing those already entangled, but it is highly important to prevent others from falling into so plausible and luxurious a snare, and to show that Christianity is not to be held responsible for aberrations of the imagination which belong exclusively to no party, creed, race, clime, or age.

J. M. Buckley.

A SONNET.

TAKE all of me,—I am thine own, heart—soul—
Brain, body—all; all that I am or dream
Is thine forever; yea, though space should teem
With thy conditions, I'd fulfill the whole—
Were to fulfill them to be loved of thee.
Oh, love me!—were to love me but a way
To kill me—love me; so to die would be
To live forever. Let me hear thee say
Once only, "Dear, I love thee"—then all life
Would be one sweet remembrance,—thou its king:
Nay, thou art that already, and the strife
Of twenty worlds could not uncrown thee. Bring,
O Time! my monarch to possess his throne
Which is my heart and for himself alone.

Amélie Rives.

HARVARD'S BOTANIC GARDEN AND ITS BOTANISTS.

THOSE horse-cars which leave Bowdoin Square, Boston, every half-hour for Mt. Auburn by the way of Garden street, Cambridge, take the visitor nearest to the Botanic Garden of Harvard University, and the residence of the venerable botanist, Dr. Asa Gray. Having passed Harvard Square and the Washington Elm, you leave the car at the Arsenal, and walk up Garden street, following the track which the British soldiers took in 1775 when they started for Lexington and Concord.

The houses along the street are pleasant homes, with wide shrubbery-filled spaces between, and the gravel sidewalks are continuously canopied by maples, ashes, and elms. At the corner of Linnæan street the thirsty visitor halts, and, reaching through the fence, drinks from a tin cup at a spring of the coldest, clearest water in Cambridge. A few steps farther on a low gate, free to all, admits to the garden at the door of Professor Gray's modest house, where wistaria, forsythia, and pipe-vine intertwine their varying greenery, and hang their flowers above the porch.

THE PINES ON GARDEN STREET.

Altogether, the Botanic Garden covers a space of about eight acres stretching northward from Linnæan street — suggestive name! — between Garden and Raymond. Rather northward of the middle of this tract, a chain of buildings — herbarium, lecture-rooms, greenhouses, etc. — extends from the professor's house nearly across to Raymond street, occupying a raised terrace and facing southward. In the rear of these is the less cultivated part of the establishment, where are placed the storehouses and nurseries, while in front lies the garden proper,— a combination of scientific order and picturesque effect that makes one forget that the object is system and instruction, rather than studied confusion or tasteful display.

Up to the beginning of the present century Harvard appears to have given no regular instruction worth mentioning in any branch of natural history. But in 1805 there was founded the Massachusetts Professorship of Natural History, and William Dandridge Peck was formally inducted into its duties; "afterward," says the record, "they sat down to a decent dinner in the Hall." To this professorship was attached a botanic garden, land having been given for that purpose by Mr. Craigie, whose name belongs to a prominent street in the neighborhood, and thus the present garden originated.

According to the sketch in the "Harvard Book," Dr. Peck laid out the grounds that

year, and built a single greenhouse out of funds supplied by subscription and by a grant from the State of some wild lands in Maine. In 1810 the professor's house — at present occupied by Gray — was built, and a loan of $5000 obtained from the Corporation of the University.

At Dr. Peck's death in 1822 the professorship was vacated, but the garden continued in existence. Thomas Nuttall, botanist, ornithologist, and mineralogist, abandoning his occupation in England as a compositor in a printing-office that he might indulge his taste for travel and exploration in this country, and who had already penetrated as far as was then practicable towards the sources of the Missouri and the Arkansas, was brought from Philadelphia and established as curator. To him was assigned such instruction in natural history as he chose to give to such students as chose to have it. Not much, probably, at least in a systematic way; for Nuttall seems to have been even shyer of the lecturer's desk than his predecessor, though, like him, ready with information for those who privately sought it.

The last result of Nuttall's residence at Cambridge was his "Manual of the Ornithology of the United States," in two small volumes, a classic in that department, now most rare and correspondingly costly. Its descriptions are remarkable for a close knowledge of both the affinities and the habits of our birds, together with a highly poetic appreciation of their manners. No one has portrayed so fully their songs, or so charmingly described their domestic life. His preface is one of the most admirable essays in the literature of ornithology. This book, I am told, was proposed and incited by the late Mr. James Brown, one of the founders of the Boston publishing firm of Little & Brown, who took charge of its publication. He was a good friend of Nuttall's and a lover of ornithology.

After ten quiet years at Cambridge the desire for exploration grew strong, and an opportunity for indulging it occurred. Nathaniel Wyeth of Cambridge had crossed to the Pacific and returned by way of the upper Missouri, upon a speculative enterprise. He was about to recross the continent by a more southern route, and offered to collect botanical specimens for Nuttall, as he had done on his former trip. Nuttall, instead, offered himself as one of the party, suddenly left Cambridge, crossed to Oregon and California, visited the Sandwich Islands, and returned by way of Cape Horn in the vessel which had for one of its crew the author of "Two Years before the Mast." Taking up his residence in Philadelphia, he devoted two or three years to the study of his botanical collections and the publication of the results, edited a supplement to Michaux's "Sylva," and, on the death of an uncle who left him a life interest in a fine landed estate in Lancashire, returned to England. It was made a condition in the bequest that Nuttall should not be absent from the estate above three months in the year; but, by taking the last three months of one year and the first three of the next, he managed to make a six months' stay in this country upon one occasion. He died at his home in 1859, at the age of eighty-three.

A man of very simple ways was Nuttall. The wife of one of his scientific friends, who sometimes entertained him, remarked that in one respect Nuttall was the exemplar of the hero of romance: he always came and went without luggage. For an ornithologist he was very timid with fire-arms, and was never known to fire a gun when it was possible to have it done by others. It is related that in his journey across the Rocky Mountains, in which the whole party had need to be armed, when, upon a sudden danger, guns were made ready for action, Nuttall's fowling-piece was inspected. It was found quite innocent of powder and lead, but stuffed to the muzzle with bulbs of new, or at that time very rare, species. He was doubtless the original of *Dr. Battius*, the naturalist of one of Cooper's prairie-life novels, but the likeness is not well drawn.

To return to our garden; many still remember it as it was left by Nuttall, and as it remained until after the coming of the present professor. Nuttall occupied two rooms in the professor's house, one on the ground floor, from which he cut a special entrance into the garden merely to avoid the chance of meeting anybody at the adjacent front door. For greater seclusion he avoided the stairs, and reached his sleeping-apartment above by means of a trap-door in the floor of the superimposed closets and by the aid of a step-ladder; and a panel, hung on hinges in the door which connected with the kitchen, served for the passage back and forth of a tray upon which his daily food was handed through. Traces of most of these Nuttallian fixtures remain; but the close fence, coeval with the garden, containing Nuttall's special postern gate, was long ago replaced by the present pickets, and an extension of the house did away with his private door.

From 1834 to 1842 a modicum of instruction in botany and other natural history was given, sometimes by the late Dr. Harris, entomologist, author of the classical volume on the "Insects Injurious to Vegetation," and librarian of the University; sometimes by

THE HERBARIUM.

Dr. A. A. Gould, of equal fame as an invertebrate zoölogist of the last generation.

Meanwhile the garden remained under the care of William Carter, who had been gardener almost from the first, and who is remembered as something of a character. Being a Yorkshireman, he had a tendency to aspirate his vowels, and alarmed the late Dr. Worcester, author of the dictionary, whose residence was not far away, by telling him when he was rebuilding his house that he was going to make a hell of it. The L-shaped house still stands, but removed from its old site to a position on Raymond street.

In 1842, however, a new era of prosperity dawned. The times of struggling against poverty and of desultory and partial usefulness were passed, and recognition and growth ahead. That which made this happy future possible were the legacy of Dr. Fisher of Beverly, Massachusetts, endowing a Professorship of Natural History in his name, and the appointment to its chair of Dr. Asa Gray.

Dr. Gray was then thirty-two years old. He had pursued his preparatory studies in Clinton Grammar School, not far from his native place,— Paris, Oneida County, New York,— and at Fairfield Academy in an adjacent county. Then, without entering college, he had begun medical studies in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Western District of New York, and with Dr. J. F. Trowbridge of Bridgewater, New York, received his medical degree in 1831. Although soon appointed botanist of the great United States Exploring Expedition, and Professor of Botany in Michigan University, he did not engage in the duties of either of these positions, but devoted himself to a study of American plants, publishing two elementary books, and beginning, conjointly with Dr. Torrey of New York, the "Flora of North America," intended to be a complete analytic account of the botany of the continent. It was after his return from a visit to Europe to study American plants in foreign herbaria, in the further preparation of this work, that he accepted the Fisher Professorship, and entered upon his residence at the garden.

Classes were at once formed, and botanical instruction regularly given, with such glowing interest that it was soon necessary to build a wing upon the eastern side of the professor's house for the growing herbarium; though long since abandoned for the collections, the light and airy room is still Professor Gray's "study." Its walls are lined with neat plant-cases, now mainly used for the professor's papers. At

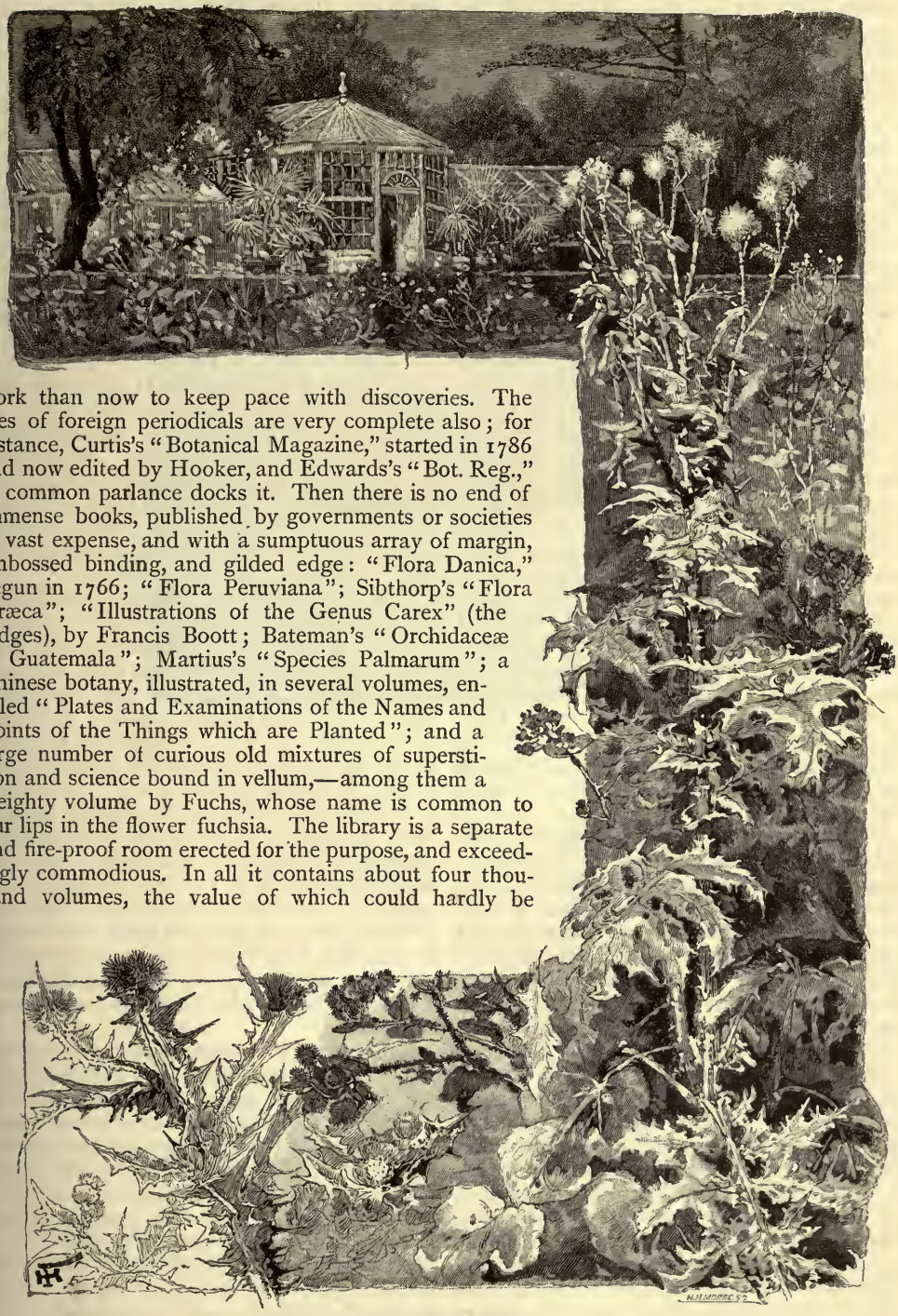
THE POND AND THE GREENHOUSES.

one end of the room a doorway leads into a corridor communicating with the library and the herbarium.

In 1862 Dr. Gray offered to present to the University his herbarium, comprising over two hundred thousand plants, and his library of twenty-two hundred botanical works, if a fire-proof building should be provided. The condition was supplied by the late Nathaniel Thayer of Boston, whose liberality was repeatedly manifested toward Agassiz and his Museum of Zoölogy. It was finished in 1864, at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars, and a subscription fund of ten thousand dollars was raised for its support. Dr. Gray's precious collection of specimens of the American flora was thus made safe and easily accessible to all students, and it accumulated rapidly. This herbarium occupies an oblong room, well lighted, and heated by steam. At the height of a dozen feet a gallery runs all the way round, and on every side from floor to ceiling stand the cases which contain this vast and precious *hortus siccus*. Of course it is all systematized in the most complete way. The sheets upon which the pressed specimens of stalk, leaf, and flower are glued are all of the same size and quality (made specially for the purpose), and the portfolios are precisely similar. Taking the most approved arrangement as a guide, the hundreds of orders are arranged in botanical sequence, while the sub-arrangement of each case is equally careful, and an alphabetical index at once aids the memory and roughly catalogues the collection. More than three hundred thousand specimens repose on those shelves now, and their ranks are continually recruited by gift and exchange. A large proportion of these rare and unique specimens are "types," — that is, the identical plants from which species new to science have been described, and which are thus, of course, particularly precious as the unalterable standard for identification, particularly in reference to American species. For several years the collection has been in charge of Sereno Watson.

All about the herbarium walls hang portraits of botanists. In the window recess opposite the door are busts of Sir William Hooker and Robert Brown, at the other end of the room one of Dè Candolle (père), while a life-sized medallion of Dr. Torrey, New York's famous botanist and Gray's associate in much work, occupies a prominent place. Here are an oil-painting and several different engravings of Linnæus, together with a portrait of him which was painted by Madame Andersen, the wife of the late professor of botany at the Royal Gardens in Stockholm, and presented by her husband to Professor Gray. Here, also, are pictures of Sullivant, whose unrivaled collection of mosses is kept separate from the rest as his legacy; and portraits of a score of other specialists at home and abroad.

Passing out of the herbarium into the library, the hungry botanist will find it hard to go farther. No collection of botanical books in this country approaches it, and few in Europe could be of greater practical service. Here are all the original editions of Linnæus, who builded so well that the majority of his names survive, little altered in their application to this day. Then a whole shelf is given to the De Candolles, whose ambitious work was carried on through three generations, and is still continued,— all claiming to be only an elaboration of Linnæus. Publishers fifty years ago found it even harder



work than now to keep pace with discoveries. The files of foreign periodicals are very complete also; for instance, Curtis's "Botanical Magazine," started in 1786 and now edited by Hooker, and Edwards's "Bot. Reg.," as common parlance docks it. Then there is no end of immense books, published by governments or societies at vast expense, and with a sumptuous array of margin, embossed binding, and gilded edge: "Flora Danica," begun in 1766; "Flora Peruviana"; Sibthorp's "Flora Græca"; "Illustrations of the Genus Carex" (the sedges), by Francis Boott; Bateman's "Orchidaceæ of Guatemala"; Martius's "Species Palmarum"; a Chinese botany, illustrated, in several volumes, entitled "Plates and Examinations of the Names and Points of the Things which are Planted"; and a large number of curious old mixtures of superstition and science bound in vellum,—among them a weighty volume by Fuchs, whose name is common to our lips in the flower fuchsia. The library is a separate and fire-proof room erected for the purpose, and exceedingly commodious. In all it contains about four thousand volumes, the value of which could hardly be

AMONG THE THISTLES.

appraised, since it would be impossible to replace many of them.

Having glanced through this crowded mausoleum of dead plants and monuments of research and learning, the visitor steps down into a large room filled with cases, tables, chairs, sections of wood and bark, pressed plants, etcetera, that at once proclaim the

place a laboratory for botanical work; and beyond this is Professor Goodale's lecture-room for systematic botany, where the University classes assemble to receive instruction. All this part of the establishment is comparatively new, and fitted with the most approved appliances for study. The seats in the lecture-room are on a curve, one rank above another as in an amphitheater, the high back of each tier supporting a little desk for the person sitting in the next behind. On the floor a long table runs in front of the windows, where the microscopic dissections can be done in the best possible light.

Until 1874 Dr. Gray himself gave lectures in this class-room. The instruction was always simple, but rapidly uttered, the doctor at the same time keeping his fingers busy with a branch, or nervously handling the specimens on the table before him, and rarely looking at his hearers. It was not easy to take notes fast enough, and he was the least bit impatient of questions. There was, however, no assumption of dignity to chill us, but always an eager, incessant attention to work, which showed how valuable he esteemed time, and a boyish, almost jolly enthusiasm about it all. Yet I imagine a very dreadful severity could have been exercised by this pleasant professor had due occasion arisen. Thirteen years ago, however, Professor Gray gave up the labor of instruction, in order that he might devote himself wholly to the completing of his unfinished works, the long-delayed "Flora" among the rest.

The classes were thereupon placed in the hands of Professor George L. Goodale, a graduate of the Harvard Medical School, who for some years had filled the Chair of Natural History at Bowdoin College. Goodale is a born college professor, having all the requisite gifts and graces both for instruction and management. Wide and encyclopædic in his knowledge, but specially an adept in vegetable physiology, a clear and orderly lecturer, painstaking and patient to the last degree, very genial but very firm, thus bringing work out of the students, he is a real acquisition to that band of distinguished instructors whose ambition is for the prosperity of the University and the advancement of every single one of the youth under their tutelage. To him Dr. Gray has yielded with confidence and pleasure all the instruction in phanerogamic botany. The field occupied by botany is nowadays so large that it is conveniently divided into phanerogamic botany, which treats of flowering plants, and cryptogamic botany, which deals with the lower or flowerless plants. Instruction in the latter is for the most part given in a special laboratory at the Agassiz Museum, by Professor Farlow. Here the seaweeds, mushrooms, destructive fungi, and the like are studied with the best appliances. The private collection of cryptogamic plants is kept in this room. Professor Farlow pursued his general botanical studies under Dr. Gray, and his special studies in the laboratory of De Bary of Strasburg, and of the lamented Thuret at Antibes. He has a high reputation as an original investigator, and is widely known as an authority in his department. The Chair of Cryptogamic Botany which he occupies is not only the first one established in this country, but the only one we know of specifically so in any university.

During a part of the long vacation the lecture-room and laboratory at the garden are filled with summer students who pursue a special course. The lectures and laboratory work are open to both sexes. The facilities which college seniors and juniors enjoy for prosecuting their work in this department are available to all who attend the summer course; and, as might be expected, the advantages are fully improved by the eager students.

The study of botany here is conducted in the most practical way. As little time as possible is devoted to oral instruction, and less to book-learning, the main effort being to familiarize the student with form and structure by the actual examination and dissection of the plants themselves. Knife and microscope are thus from the first the close adjuncts of note- and text-books.

Until 1879 the garden was for several years in charge of Professor Sargent, and many improvements in arrangement are due to his energy. When, in that year, he was called to assume the duties of the Chair of Arboriculture and of the Arnold Arboretum, its direction here reverted to the botanical department, and is now in charge of Professor Goodale. The garden itself we are next to examine.

From the lecture-room you may pass directly into the conservatory, or, what is pleasanter, you may walk out around the big hickory on the terrace and enter the rounded front of the central greenhouse, where an ambitious bamboo almost fills the doorway with masses of dark-green drooping leaves.

These glass structures have recently in part replaced similar ones erected in 1862. They make very little pretense to architectural glory, but the regulations for preserving the proper temperature, humidity, etc., are upon the most approved plan. There are several distinct compartments, so as to suit the different requirements of the tropical and sub-tropical plants here brought together from all parts of the world. The gaudy ornaments of the florist's

A TANGLE IN THE PALM-HOUSE.

shop, azaleas, camellias, carnation pinks, bouvardias, pelargoniums, and the like, may perhaps be missed; the room they would take is wanted for rarities, and many of these are only of scientific interest. The fourteen hundred species grown insure a goodly supply of blossoms at all seasons of the year, and hundreds of kinds not found in other greenhouses. This not only confers perennial beauty, but has the practical advantage — no small one — of affording fresh material for botanical instruction throughout the winter.

In the central house, the "swell front" and domed roof of which make it somewhat more pretentious than the wings, are feather and fan palms, and other youthful representatives of tropical giants. Here are the traveler's tree of Madagascar, in the axils of the gigantic leaves of which the dusty pilgrim finds a font of pure water preserved through the weary drought; the Indian bamboo, shooting up forty or fifty feet in a year, and pushing through the roof unless continually pruned; a young banyan from India supported on a tripod of side-roots, and dropping a hundred aërial roots like whipcords from its branches, which, if allowed, would support an enormous canopy of foliage upon hundreds of living columns around an aged bole. But it would be impossible to refer to all or half the interesting plants crowded almost to suffocation in this artificial jungle for lack of the means and room properly to distribute them. They run all the way from the massive scarlet and pink blossoms of the cactuses, recalling to my mind arid Arizona and days in the saddle, to Nepenthe's weeping pitchers and Venus's treacherous fly-trap. Then there are the orchids. Coming from all climates and latitudes, and two hundred and ten in number of species, epiphytal and terrestrial, their ranks are ever adorned, but in early June the fantastic and pretty flowers are especially numerous. Preference is given, however, to plants of economic value, and among these the botanist will recognize, and the visitor be glad to be shown, the natural growth of a large number of the familiar products to be found at the grocer's or apothecary's shops.

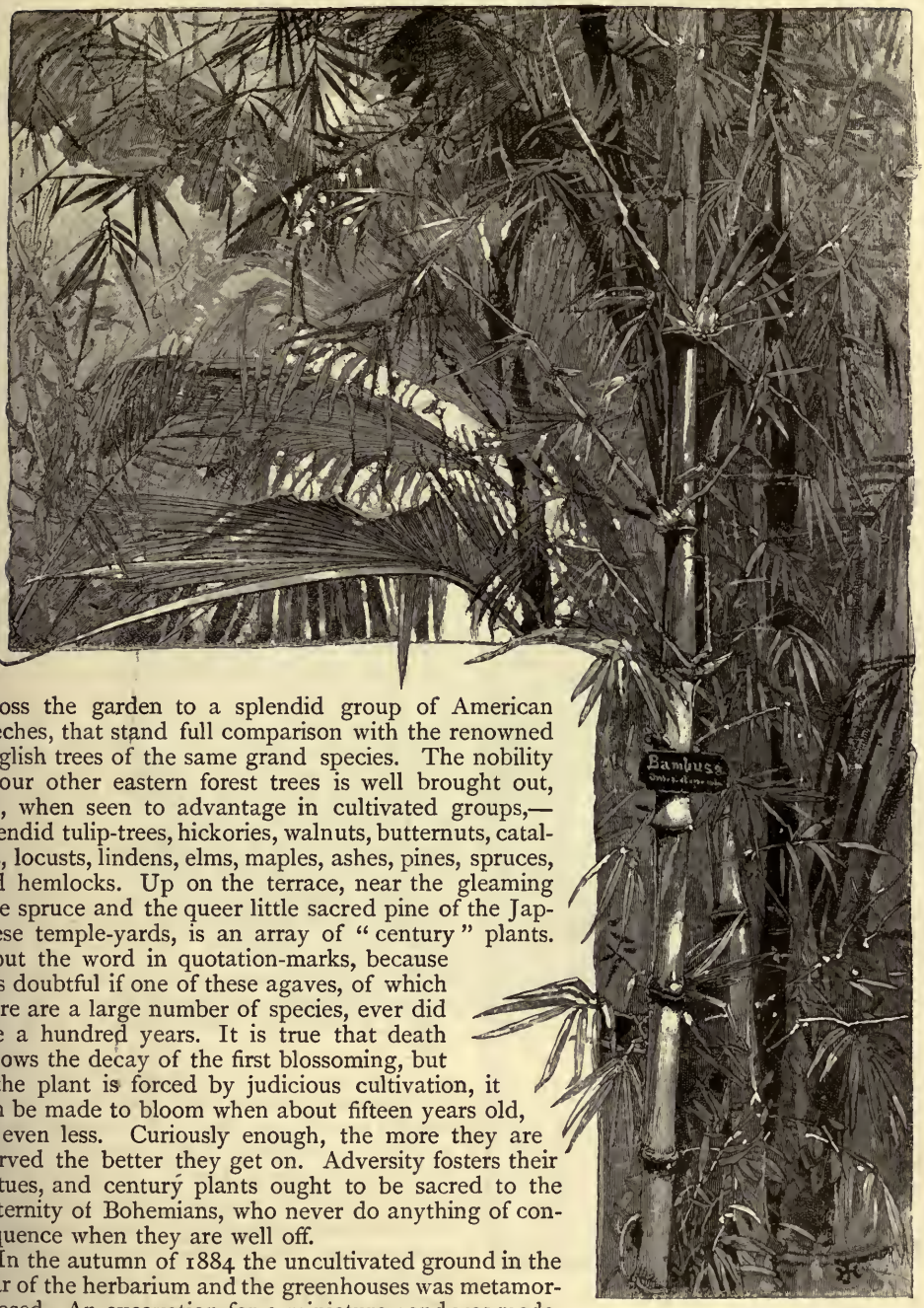
Half a dozen steps downward from the terrace and conservatory bring you to the level of the outdoor garden, which has been completely rearranged. By the old scheme of immense plots it was difficult to examine many of the inferior plants from the walks; now, however, these walks, laid concentrically around a pond in the center of the garden with radiating paths at intervals, separate

DR. ASA GRAY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.)

series of narrow beds with grass-turf between, in which the plants are arranged in their natural orders. One would think that so arbitrary an arrangement would be fatal to both convenience and picturesque effect, which, it must be remembered, is constantly subordinate to scientific disposition, but really it is not noticeably so. The garden is never quite bare. From earliest spring till late autumn something is blossoming. Beside each growth is thrust into the ground a little tablet containing the scientific and common names of the plant, and its habitat, while to the trees are nailed small tin signs containing a similar "pedigree."

To mention a tithe of the gay flowers that lift their pretty heads and breathe their sensuous odors at high noon of the floral day, is beyond my space or power. Every corner of the world sends representatives, but none outvie in delicacy or richness of tint, or in sweetness of smell, our own wild flowers, of which the garden has a wonderful variety. How easy it must be to study botany in Cambridge! All day long and every day one may freely bring here treasures of his woodland search, and find their names not by picking them to pieces and laboriously searching among the dry technicalities of a dusty volume, but by comparison with their living brethren. Yet it must be confessed that the visitors are very few, and perhaps half the citizens of this cultured University town scarcely know of the existence of its Botanic Garden.

Down at the corner of Garden and Linnæan streets is one of the prettiest nooks. Here the director has utilized the overflow of the little spring referred to before, to make a wet place where ferns and plants that love moisture grow in comfort beneath the shade of noble trees so carelessly grouped that one forgets they are a "collection." In what used to be waste ground Mr. Sargent built rockeries and planted innumerable spring-blossoming herbs, which come into flower before the foliage of the trees is dense enough to cut off the sun. From the ferns, orchids, lilies, and so on, in this charming corner, the eye wanders



STEMS OF BAMBOO IN THE PALM-HOUSE.

across the garden to a splendid group of American beeches, that stand full comparison with the renowned English trees of the same grand species. The nobility of our other eastern forest trees is well brought out, too, when seen to advantage in cultivated groups,—splendid tulip-trees, hickories, walnuts, butternuts, catalpas, locusts, lindens, elms, maples, ashes, pines, spruces, and hemlocks. Up on the terrace, near the gleaming blue spruce and the queer little sacred pine of the Japanese temple-yards, is an array of "century" plants. I put the word in quotation-marks, because it is doubtful if one of these agaves, of which there are a large number of species, ever did live a hundred years. It is true that death follows the decay of the first blossoming, but if the plant is forced by judicious cultivation, it can be made to bloom when about fifteen years old, or even less. Curiously enough, the more they are starved the better they get on. Adversity fosters their virtues, and century plants ought to be sacred to the fraternity of Bohemians, who never do anything of consequence when they are well off.

In the autumn of 1884 the uncultivated ground in the rear of the herbarium and the greenhouses was metamorphosed. An excavation for a miniature pond was made, hills were thrown up, and suitable places were selected for the wild plants of our fields and forests. Only native plants find their home here, and they are massed so effectively that from the latest snow to autumn frosts there can be found a succession of American herbs and shrubs in flower.

In one corner of this plot devoted to American plants, a few waifs and strays have found a congenial soil; these are the ballast plants and "escapes" which would be weeds if they could once gain a foothold, but as yet they are only casual visitors.

A little pond near Raymond street is surrounded by willows, and is designed to bear a

body of sedges and other aquatic plants; but its sources and drainage are both inadequate, and it is neither successful nor pretty. The only thing of interest about it is the yellow lily, which vindicates Audubon's word that he saw such a one on the Gulf coast,— a statement that has been assiduously denied ever since, on the ground that there was not and never could be a yellow water-lily! Finally one came to the garden, was planted, grew, and annually asserts itself despite the closet botanists. *Verb. sap.!* In spring thousands of toads are bred in this pond, and for a few days swarm everywhere in countless abundance. Suddenly nine-tenths of them disappear — whither no one knows. There is something uncanny about it. However, there are enough left everywhere to keep destructive insects well in check, and they are not disturbed.

THE BEECHES.

But, after all, the mainspring and central fact about the garden is Dr. Gray himself. Though now in his 75th year, this kindly professor and wise investigator possesses to an admirable degree the activity and alertness of his younger days, when an expedition with him was a pedestrian feat to be proud of; and he has added to his quick wit and keen perception such breadth and ripeness of judgment, such fruit of large experience as make him not only *facile princeps* among our botanists, but give him foremost rank among the critics of all branches of biological science. From the beginning of his career his name has been associated with the progress of botany in the United States. In his writings, the outcome of untiring industry, "he has shown equal ability in communicating elementary knowledge and in elucidating recondite theory."

Perhaps no attempt at popularizing science was evermore successful than that which took shape in his "First Lessons," where the most abstruse points of vegetable physiology are stated in such a simple, matter-of-fact way as to be clear to the dullest student. In what charming chapters he tells us "How Plants Grow" (*How plants grow gray*, we used to read the title!), and "How Plants Behave,"— little volumes for little people, but brimful of large ideas for older heads. An incessant worker, early and late, at home, in the laboratory, in the street or railway cars, everywhere, Dr. Gray has managed not only to describe more species and clarify more confused classifications in the American flora than any other man, but at the same time to serve as president of various august societies and academies of science, where meetings were to be frequently attended and addresses to be given; to write many notable essays on scientific and critical matters for the different reviews and magazines, largely anonymously; and for forty years to act as associate editor of the "American Journal of Science and Arts." Lately a number of these essays and reviews, mainly referring to the hypothesis of evolution and natural selection as applied to plants, have been reprinted in a volume under the title of "Darwiniana." In England Dr. Gray is looked upon as one of Mr. Darwin's keenest critics, and at the same time most powerful champions.

Notwithstanding all these demands upon his time, and the weight of his college duties, Dr. Gray has found time for a vast amount of studied writing. In 1838, following several previous contributions to botanical liter-

GARDEN CORNERS.

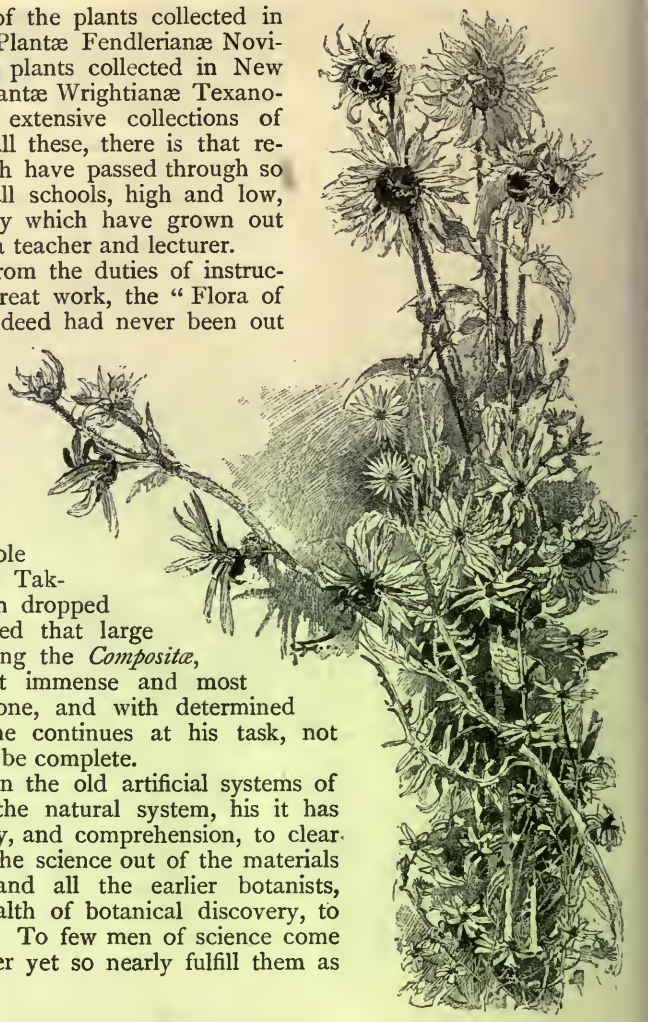
ature, especially one on the sedges, appeared the first part of "The Flora of North America," under the joint authorship of John Torrey and Asa Gray. It was intended to give "abridged descriptions of all the known indigenous and naturalized plants growing north of Mexico." This was published in numbers from time to time, but when half completed was suspended at the end of *Compositæ*, owing to the rapid increase of the material to be studied, and to provide time for the work of instruction at Cambridge, just then begun. How thoroughly it was executed, and, though unfinished, how valuable it is, is known to every working botanist, who turns to "Torrey and Gray" as to an almost infallible authority. Ten years later came the first volume of "Gray's Genera," the object of which was to figure a typical specimen of one or more species of each genus of North American plants, with accurate analysis. After two volumes containing one hundred plates had been issued, this work also was suspended for the same reasons that induced a discontinuance of the "Flora." Writing on exotic botany with the same power which he shows in discussing our indigenous plants, Dr. Gray's most voluminous, and in some respects important, contributions to science relate to foreign regions, and are mainly contained in the splendid reports of the United States Exploring Expedition under Captain Wilkes. Among other conspicuous works there may be mentioned his "Plantæ Lind-

heimerianæ," giving an account of the plants collected in Western Texas by Lindheimer; "Plantæ Fendlerianæ Novi-Mexicanæ," a description of the plants collected in New Mexico by Fendler; and the "Plantæ Wrightianæ Texano-Neo-Mexicanæ," describing the extensive collections of Charles Wright, A. M. Besides all these, there is that remarkable series of text-books, which have passed through so many editions, and are used in all schools, high and low, in the country—lessons in botany which have grown out of the author's own experience as a teacher and lecturer.

In later years, when relieved from the duties of instruction, he resumed in earnest his great work, the "Flora of North America," a work which indeed had never been out of mind and to which his numerous contributions to American botany had all pointed. The parts already published were now long out of date and needed complete reconstruction; the untouched portion was much of it in a state of comparative chaos, and the whole was sure to demand years of labor. Taking it up where the work had been dropped thirty years before, he first finished that large portion of the *Gamopetalæ* following the *Compositæ*, and then turned to revise that immense and most difficult order. This is now done, and with determined courage and untiring industry he continues at his task, not content to rest till the whole shall be complete.

Coming forward at a time when the old artificial systems of botany were giving way before the natural system, his it has been, by his precision, perspicacity, and comprehension, to clear away encumbrances, reconstruct the science out of the materials afforded by Michaux, Nuttall, and all the earlier botanists, and, adding to this his own wealth of botanical discovery, to recoin the whole with a new die. To few men of science come so grand opportunities; and fewer yet so nearly fulfill them as has Dr. Asa Gray.

Ernest Ingersoll.



A GROUP OF COMPOSITÆ.

TO JOHN G. SAXE.

O GENIAL Saxe, whose radiant wit
Flashed like the lightning from the sky,
But, though each flash as keenly hit,
Wounded but what deserved to die —

Alas! the cloud that shrouds thy day
In gathering darkness, fold on fold,
Serves not as background for the play
Of those bright gleams that charmed of old;

For, from its depths where terrors hide,
There crashed a bolt of dreadful tone;
Scattered thy household treasures wide,
And left thee silent, bruised, alone.

We miss thy song this pleasant May;
And, in the meadows, pause to think:
"What if, amid their bright array,
We heard no voice of Bobolink!"

Yet charms not now his blithesome lay,
Nor flowery mead "in verdure clad."
The world that laughed when thou wast gay,
Now weeps to know that thou art sad.

C. S. Percival.

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

XIV.

SEWELL chanced to open his door to go out just as Miss Vane put her hand on the bell-pull, the morning after she had dismissed Lemuel. The cheer of his Monday face died out at the unsmiling severity of hers; but he contrived to ask her in, and said he would call Mrs. Sewell, if she would sit down in the reception-room a moment.

"I don't know," she said, with a certain look of inquiry, not unmixed with compassion. "It's about Lemuel."

The minister fetched a deep sigh. "Yes, I know it. But she will have to know it sooner or later." He went to the stairway and called her name, and then returned to Miss Vane in the reception-room.

"Has Lemuel been here?" she asked.

"No."

"You said you knew it was about him —"

"It was my bad conscience, I suppose, and your face that told me."

Miss Vane waited for Mrs. Sewell's presence before she unpacked her heart. Then she left nothing in it. She ended by saying, "I have examined and cross-examined Sibyl, but it's like cross-questioning a chameleon; she changed color with every new light she was put into." Here Miss Vane had got sorrowfully back to something more of her wonted humor, and laughed.

"Poor Sibyl!" said Mrs. Sewell.

"Poor?" retorted Miss Vane. "Not at all! I could get nothing out of either of them; but I feel perfectly sure that Lemuel was not to blame."

"It's very possible," suggested Mrs. Sewell, "that he did say something in his awkward way that she misconstrued into impertinence."

Miss Vane did not seem to believe this. "If Lemuel had given me the slightest satisfaction," she began in self-exculpation. "But no," she broke off. "It had to be!" She rose. "I thought I had better come and tell you at once, Mr. Sewell. I suppose you will want to look him up, and do something more for him. I wish if you find him you would make him take this note." She gave the minister a ten-dollar bill. "I tried to do so, but he would not have it. I don't know what I shall do without him! He is the best and most faithful creature in the world. Even in this little time I had got to relying implicitly upon his sense, his judgment, his goodness, his —— Well! good-morning!"

She ran out of the door, and left Sewell confronted with his wife.

He did not know whether she had left him to hope or to despair, and he waited for his wife to interpret his emotion, but Mrs. Sewell tacitly refused to do this. After a dreary interval he plucked a random cheerfulness out of space, and said: "Well, if Miss Vane feels in that way about it, I don't see why the whole affair can't be arranged and Barker reinstated."

"David," returned his wife, not vehemently at all, "when you come out with those mannish ideas I don't know what to do."

"Well, my dear," said the minister, "I should be glad to come out with some womanish ideas if I had them. I dare say they would be better. But I do my poor best, under the circumstances. What is the trouble with my ideas, except that the sex is wrong?"

"You think, you men," replied Mrs. Sewell, "that a thing like that can be mended up and smoothed over, and made just the same as ever. You think that because Miss Vane is sorry she sent Barker away and wants him back, she can take him back."

"I don't see why she can't. I've sometimes supposed that the very highest purpose of Christianity was mutual forgiveness — forbearance with one another's errors."

"That's all very well," said Mrs. Sewell. "But you know that whenever I have taken a cook back, after she had shown temper, it's been an entire failure; and this is a far worse case, because there is disappointed good-will mixed up with it. I don't suppose Barker is at all to blame. Whatever has happened, you may be perfectly sure that it has been partly a bit of stage-play in Sibyl and partly a mischievous desire to use her power over him. I

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foresaw that she would soon be tired of reforming him. But whatever it is, it's something that you can't repair. Suppose Barker went back to them; could they ignore what's happened?"

"Of course not," Sewell admitted.

"Well, and should he ask her pardon, or she his?"

"The Socratic method is irresistible," said the minister sadly. "You have proved that nothing can be done for Barker with the Vanes. And now the question is, what *can* be done for him?"

"That's something I must leave to you, David," said his wife dispiritedly. She arose, and as she passed out of the room she added, "You will have to find him, in the *first* place, and you had better go round to the police stations and the tramps' lodging-houses and begin looking."

Sewell sighed heavily under the sarcastic advice, but acted upon it, and set forth upon the useless quest, because he did not know in the least what else to do.

All that week Barker lay, a lurking discomfort, in his soul, though as the days passed the burden grew undeniably lighter; Sewell had a great many things besides Barker to think of. But when Sunday came, and he rose in his pulpit, he could not help casting a glance of guilty fear toward Miss Vane's pew and drawing a long breath of guilty relief not to see Lemuel in it. We are so made, that in the reaction the minister was able to throw himself into the matter of his discourse with uncommon fervor.

It was really very good matter, and he felt the literary joy in it which flatters the author even of a happily worded supplication to the Deity. He let his eyes, freed from their bondage to Lemuel's attentive face, roam at large in liberal ease over his whole congregation; and when, toward the close of his sermon, one visage began to grow out upon him from the two or three hundred others, and to concentrate in itself the facial expression of all the rest, and become the only countenance there, it was a perceptible moment before he identified it as that of his inalienable charge. Then he began to preach at it as usual, but defiantly, and with yet a haste to be through and to get speech with it that he felt was ludicrous, and must appear unaccountable to his hearers. It seemed to him that he could not bring his sermon to a close; he ended it in a cloudy burst of rhetoric which he feared would please the nervous, elderly ladies — who sometimes blamed him for a want of emotionality — and knew must grieve the judicious. While the choir was singing the closing hymn, he contrived to beckon the sexton to the pulpit, and described and located Lemuel to him as well as he could without actually pointing him out; he said that he wished to see that young man after church, and asked the sexton to bring him to his room. The sexton did so to the best of his ability, but the young man whom he brought was not Lemuel, and had to be got rid of with apologies.

On three or four successive Sundays Lemuel's face dawned upon the minister from the congregation, and tasked his powers of impersonal appeal and mental concentration to the utmost. It never appeared twice in the same place, and when at last Sewell had tutored the sexton carefully in Lemuel's dress, he was driven to despair one morning when he saw the boy sidling along between the seats in the gallery, and sitting down with an air of satisfaction in an entirely new suit of clothes.

After this defeat the sexton said with humorous sympathy, "Well, there ain't anything for it now, Mr. Sewell, but a detective. Or else an advertisement in the Personals."

Sewell laughed with him at his joke, and took what comfort he could from the evidence of prosperity which Lemuel's new clothes offered. He argued that if Barker could afford to buy them he could not be in immediate need, and for some final encounter with him he trusted in Providence, and was not too much cast down when his wife made him recognize that he was trusting in luck. It was an ordeal to look forward to finding Lemuel sooner or later among his hearers every Sunday; but having prepared his nerves for the shock, as men adjust their sensibilities to the recurrent pain of a disease, he came to bear it with fortitude, especially as he continually reminded himself that he had his fixed purpose to get at Lemuel at last and befriend him in any and every possible way. He tried hard to keep from getting a grudge against him.

At the hotel, Lemuel remained in much of his original belief in the fashion and social grandeur of the ladies who formed the majority of Mrs. Harmon's guests. Our womankind are prone to a sort of helpless intimacy with those who serve them; the ladies had an instinctive perception of Lemuel's trustiness, and readily gave him their confidence and much of their history. He came to know them without being at all able to classify them with reference to society at large, as of that large tribe among us who have revolted from domestic care, and have skillfully unseated the black rider who remains mounted behind the husband of the average lady-boarder. Some of them had never kept house, being young and newly married, though of this sort there were those who had tried it in flats, and had reverted to their natural condition of boarding.

They advised Lemuel not to take a flat, whatever he did, unless he wanted to perish at once. Other lady boarders had broken up housekeeping during the first years of the war, and had been boarding round ever since, going from hotels in the city to hotels in the country, and back again with the change of the seasons; these mostly had husbands who had horses, and they talked with equal tenderness of the husbands and the horses, so that you could not always tell which Jim or Bob was; usually they had no children, but occasionally they had a married daughter, or a son who lived West. There were several single ladies: one who seemed to have nothing in this world to do but to come down to her meals, and another a physician who had not been able, in embracing the medical profession, to deny herself the girlish pleasure of her pet name, and was lettered in the list of guests in the entry as Dr. Cissie Bluff. In the attic, which had a north light favorable to their work, were two girls, who were studying art at the Museum; one of them looked delicate at first sight, and afterwards seemed merely very gentle, with a clear-eyed pallor which was not unhealth. A student in the Law School sat at the table with these girls, and seemed sometimes to go with them to concerts and lectures. From his talk, which was almost the only talk that made itself heard in the dining-room, it appeared that he was from Wyoming Territory; he treated the young ladies as representative of Boston and its prejudices, though apparently they were not Bostonians. There were several serious and retiring couples, of whom one or other was an invalid, and several who were poor, and preferred the plated gentility of Mrs. Harmon's hotel — it was called the St. Albans; Mrs. Harmon liked the name — to the genuine poverty of such housekeeping as they could have set up. About each of these women a home might have clung, with all its loves and cares; they were naturally like other women; but here they were ignoble particles, without attraction for one another, or apparently joy for themselves, impermanent, idle, listless; they had got rid of the trouble of housekeeping, and of its dignity and usefulness. There were a few children in the house, not at all noisy; the boys played on the sidewalk, and the little girls staid in their rooms with their mothers, and rarely took the air oftener than they.

They came down rather later to breakfast, and they seemed not to go to school; some of them had piano lessons in their rooms. Their mothers did not go out much; sometimes they went to church or the theater, and they went shopping. But they had apparently no more social than domestic life. Now and then they had a friend to lunch or dinner; if a lady was absent, it was known to Mrs. Harmon, and through her to the other ladies, that she was spending the day with a friend of hers at a hotel in Newton, or Lexington, or Woburn. In a city full of receptions, of dinner-giving, and party-going, Mrs. Harmon's guests led the lives of cloistered nuns, so far as such pleasures were concerned. Occasionally a transient had rooms for a week or two, and was continually going, and receiving visits. She became the object of a certain unenvious curiosity with the other ladies, who had not much sociability among themselves; they waited a good while before paying visits at one another's rooms, and then were very punctilious not to go again until their calls had been returned. They were all doctoring themselves; they did not talk gossip or scandal much; they talked of their diseases and physicians, and their married daughters, and of Mrs. Harmon, whom they censured for being too easy-going. Certain of them devoured novels, which they carried about clasped to their breasts with their fingers in them at the place where they were reading; they did not often speak of them, and apparently took them as people take opium.

The men were the husbands or fathers of the women, and were wholly without the domestic weight or consequence that belongs to men living in their own houses. There were certain old bachelors, among whom were two or three decayed branches of good Boston families, spendthrifts, or invalided bankrupts. Mr. Evans was practically among the single gentlemen, for his wife never appeared in the parlor or dining-room, and was seen only when she went in or out, heavily veiled, for a walk. Lemuel heard very soon that she had suffered a shock from the death of her son on the cars; the other ladies made much of her inability to get over it, and said nothing would induce them to have a son of theirs go in and out on the cars.

Among these people, such as they were, and far as they might be from a final civilization, Lemuel began to feel an ambition to move more lightly and quickly than he had yet known how to do, to speak promptly, and to appear well. Our schooling does not train us to graceful or even correct speech; even our colleges often leave that uncouth. Many of Mrs. Harmon's boarders spoke bad grammar through their noses; but the ladies dressed stylishly, and the men were good arithmeticians. Lemuel obeyed a native impulse rather than a good example in cultivating a better address; but the incentive to thrift and fashion was all about him. He had not been ignorant that his clothes were queer in cut and out of date,

and during his stay at Miss Vane's he had taken much counsel with himself as to whether he ought not to get a new suit with his first money instead of sending it home. Now he had solved the question, after sending the money home, by the discovery of a place on a degenerate street, in a neighborhood of Chinese laundries, with the polite name of Misfit Parlors, where they professed to sell the failures of the leading tailors of Boston, New York, and Chicago. After long study of the window of the Parlors, Lemuel ventured within one day, and was told, when he said he could not afford the suit he fancied, that he might pay for it on the installment plan, which the proprietor explained to him. In the mirror he was almost startled at the stylishness of his own image. The proprietor of the Parlors complimented him. "You see, you've got a good figure for a suit of clothes — what I call a ready-made figure. *You* can go into a clothing-store anywheres and fit you."

He took the first installment of the price, with Lemuel's name and address, and said he would send the clothes round; but in the evening he brought them himself, and no doubt verified Lemuel's statement by this device. It was a Saturday night, and the next morning Lemuel rose early to put them on. He meant to go to church in them, and in the afternoon he did not know just what he should do. He had hoped that some chance might bring them together again, and then he could see from the way Miss Dudley and 'Manda Grier behaved just what they thought. He had many minds about the matter himself, and had gone from an extreme of self-abhorrence to one of self-vindication, and between these he had halted at every gradation of blame and exculpation. But perhaps what chiefly kept him away was the uncertainty of his future; till he could give some shape to that, he had no courage to face the past. Sometimes he wished never to see either of those girls again; but at other times he had a longing to go and explain, to justify himself, or to give himself up to justice.

The new clothes gave him more heart than he had yet had, but the most he could bring himself to do was to walk towards Pleasant Avenue the next Sunday afternoon, which Mrs. Harmon especially gave him, and to think about walking up and down before the house. It ended in his walking up and down the block, first on one side of the street and then on the other. He knew the girls' window; Miss Dudley had shown him it was the middle window of the top story when they were looking out of it, and he glanced up at it. Then he hurried away, but he could not leave the street without stopping at the corner, to cast a last look back at the house. There was an apothecary's at that corner, and while he stood wistfully staring and going round the corner a little way, and coming back to look at the things in the apothecary's window, he saw 'Manda Grier come swiftly towards him. He wanted to run away now, but he could not; he felt nailed to the spot, and he felt the color go out of his face. She pretended not to see him at first; but with a second glance she abandoned the pretense, and at his saying faintly "Good-afternoon," she said, with freezing surprise, "Oh! good-afternoon, Mr. Barker!" and passed into the apothecary's.

He could not go now, since he had spoken, and leave all so inconclusive again; and yet 'Manda Grier had been so repellent, so cutting, in her tone and manner, that he did not know how to face her another time. When she came out he faltered, "I hope there isn't anybody sick at your house, Miss Grier."

"Oh, nobody that you'll care about, Mr. Barker," she answered airily, and began to tilt rapidly away, with her chin thrust out before her.

He made a few paces after her, and then stopped; she seemed to stop too, and he caught up with her.

"I hope," he gasped, "there ain't anything the matter with Miss Dudley?"

"Oh, nothing 't *you'll* care about," said 'Manda Grier; and she added with terrible irony, "You've b'en round to inquire so much that you hain't allowed time for any *great* change."

"Has she been sick long?" faltered Lemuel. "I didn't dare to come!" he cried out. "I've been wanting to come, but I didn't suppose you would speak to me — any of you." Now his tongue was unlocked, he ran on: "I don't know as it's any excuse — there *ain't* any excuse for such a thing! I know she must perfectly despise me, and that I'm not fit for her to look at; but I'd give anything if I could take it all back and be just where I was before. You tell her, won't you, how I feel?"

'Manda Grier, who had listened with a killingly averted face, turned sharply upon him. "You mean about stayin' away so long? I don't know as she cared a great deal, but it's a pretty queer way of showin' you cared for her."

"I didn't mean that!" retorted Lemuel; and he added by an immense effort, "I meant — the way I behaved when I was there; I meant ——"

"Oh!" said 'Manda Grier, turning her face away again; she turned it so far away that the back of her head was all that Lemuel could see. "I guess you better speak to Statira about that."

By this time they had reached the door of the boarding-house, and 'Manda Grier let herself in with her latch-key. "Won't you walk in, Mr. Barker?" she said in formal tones of invitation.

"Is she well enough to see — company?" murmured Lemuel. "I shouldn't want to disturb her."

"I don't believe but what she can see you," said 'Manda Grier, for the first time relentingly.

"All right," said Lemuel, gulping the lump in his throat, and he followed 'Manda Grier up the flights of stairs to the door of the girls' room, which she flung open without knocking.

"S'tira," she said, "here's Mr. Barker." And Lemuel, from the dark landing, where he lurked a moment, could see Statira sitting in the rocking-chair in a pretty blue dressing-gown. After a first flush she looked pale, and now and then put up her hand to hide a hoarse little cough.

XV.

"WALK right in, Mr. Barker," cried 'Manda Grier, and Lemuel entered, more awkward and sheepish in his new suit from the Misfit Parlors than he had been before in his Willoughby Pastures best clothes.

Statira merely said, "Why, Mr. Barker!" and stood at her chair where she rose. "You're quite a stranger. Won't you sit down?"

Lemuel sat down, and 'Manda Grier said, politely, "Won't you let me take your hat, Mr. Barker?" and they both treated him with so much ceremony and deference that it seemed impossible he could ever have done such a monstrous thing as kiss a young lady like Miss Dudley; and he felt that he never could approach the subject even to accept a just doom at her hands.

They all talked about the weather for a minute, and then 'Manda Grier said, "Well, I guess I shall have to go down and set this boneset to steep"; and as he rose, and stood to let her pass, she caught his arm and gave it a clutch. He did not know whether she did it on purpose, or why she did it, but somehow it said to him that she was his friend, and he did not feel so much afraid.

When she was gone, however, he returned to the weather for conversation; but when Statira said it was lucky for her that the winter held off so, he made out to inquire about her sickness, and she told him that she had caught a heavy cold; at first it seemed just to be a head-cold, but afterwards it seemed to settle on the lungs, and it seemed as if she never *could* throw it off; they had had the doctor twice; but now she was better, and the cough was nearly *all* gone.

"I guess I took the cold that day, from havin' the window open," she concluded; and she passed her hand across her lap, and looked down demurely, and then up at the ceiling, and her head twitched a little and trembled.

Lemuel knew that his hour had come, if ever it were to come, and he said hoarsely: "I guess if I made you take cold that day, it wasn't all I did. I guess I did worse than that."

She did not look at him and pretend ignorance, as 'Manda Grier would have done; but lifting her moist eyes and then dropping them, she said, "Why, Mr. Barker, what can you mean?"

"You know what I mean," he retorted, with courage astonishing to him. "It was because I liked you so much." He could not say loved; it seemed too bold. "There's nothing else can excuse it; and I don't know as *that* can."

She put up her hands to her eyes and began to cry, and he rose and went to her and said, "Oh, don't cry, don't cry!" and somehow he took hold of her hands, and then her arms went round his neck, and she was crying on his breast.

"You'll think I'm rather of a silly person, crying so much about nothing," she said, when she lifted her head from his shoulder to wipe her eyes. "But I can't seem to help it," and she broke down again. "I presume it's because I've been sick, and I'm kind of weak yet. I know you wouldn't have done that, that day, if you hadn't have cared for me; and I wasn't mad a bit — not half as mad as I ought to have been; but when you staid away so long, and never seemed to come near any more, I didn't know what *to* think. But now I can understand just how you felt, and I don't blame you one bit; I should have done just so myself if I'd been a man, I suppose. And now it's all come right, I don't mind being sick, or anything; only when Thanksgiving came, we felt sure you'd call, and we'd got the pies nicely warmed. Oh dear!" She gave way again, and then pressed her cheek tight against his to revive herself. "'Manda said she just knew it was because you was kind of ashamed, and I was too sick to eat any of the pies, any way; and so it all turned out for the best; and I don't want you to believe that I'm one to cry over spilt milk, especially when it's all gathered up again!"

Her happy tongue ran on, revealing, divining everything, and he sat down with her in his arms, hardly speaking a word, till her heart was quite poured out. 'Manda Grier left them a long time together, and before she came back he had told Statira all about himself since their last meeting. She was

very angry at the way that girl had behaved at Miss Vane's, but she was glad he had found such a good place now, without being beholden to any one for it, and she showed that she felt a due pride in his being a hotel clerk. He described the hotel, and told what he had to do there, and about Mrs. Harmon and the fashionableness of all the guests. But he said he did not think any of the ladies went ahead of her in dress, if they came up to her; and Statira pressed her lips gratefully against his cheek, and then lifting her head held herself a little away to see him again, and said, "*You're* splendidly dressed, *too*; I noticed it the first thing when you came in. You look just as if you had always lived in Boston."

"Is that so?" asked Lemuel; and he felt his heart suffused with tender pride and joy. He told her of the Misfit Parlors and the installment plan, and she said, well, it was just splendid; and she asked him if he knew she wasn't in the store any more; and "No," she added delightedly, upon his confession of ignorance, "I'm going to work in the box-factory, after this, where 'Manda Grier works. It's better pay, and you have more control of your hours, and you can set down while you work, if you're a mind to. I think it's going to be splendid. What should you say if 'Manda Grier and me took some rooms and went to housekeepin'?"

"I don't know," said Lemuel; but in his soul he felt jealous of her keeping house with 'Manda Grier.

"Well, I don't know as we shall do it," said Statira, as if feeling his tacit reluctance.

'Manda Grier came in just then, and cast a glance of friendly satire at them. "Well, I declare!" she said, for all recognition of the situation.

Lemuel made an offer to rise, but Statira would not let him. "I guess 'Manda Grier won't mind it much."

"I guess I can stand it if you can," said 'Manda Grier; and this seemed such a witty speech that they all laughed, till, as Statira said, she thought she should die. They laughed the more when 'Manda Grier added dryly, "I presume you won't want your boneset now." She set the vessel she had brought it up in on the stove, and covered it with a saucer. "I do' know as *I* should if I was in your place. It's kind o' curious I should bring *both* remedies home with me at once." At this they all laughed a third time, till 'Manda Grier said, "'Sh! 'sh! Do you want to raise the roof?"

She began to bustle about, and to set out a little table, and cover it with a napkin, and as she worked she talked on. "I guess if you don't want any boneset tea, a little of the other kind won't hurt any of us, and I kinder want a cup myself." She set it to steep on the stove, and it went through Lemuel's mind that she might have steeped the boneset there too, if she had thought of it; but he did not say anything, though it seemed a pretty good joke on 'Manda Grier. She ran on in that way of hers so that you never could tell whether she really meant a thing or not. "I guess if I have to manage many more cases like yours, S'tira Dudley, I shall want to lay in a whole chest of it. What do you think, Mr. Barker?"

"*Mr. Barker!*" repeated Statira.

"Well, I'm afraid to say Lemuel any more, for fear he'll fly off the handle, and never come again. What do you think, Mr. Barker, of havin' to set at that window every Sunday for the last three weeks, and keep watch of both sidewalks till you get such a crick in your neck, and your eyes so set in your head, you couldn't move either of 'em?"

"Now, 'Manda Grier!" said Statira from Lemuel's shoulder.

"Well, I don't say I had to do it, and I don't say who the young man was that I was put to look out for ——"

"'*Manda!*"

"But I *do* say it's pretty hard to wait on a sick person one side the room, and keep watch for a young man the other side, both at once."

"'Manda Grier, you're *too* bad!" pouted Statira. "Don't you believe a word she says, Mr. Barker."

"*Mr. Barker!*" repeated 'Manda Grier.

"Well, I don't care!" said Statira. "I know who I mean."

"*I* don't," said 'Manda Grier. "And I didn't know who you meant this afternoon when you was standin' watch't the window, and says you, 'There! there he is!' and I had to run so quick with the dipper of water I had in my hand to water the plants that I poured it all over the front of my dress."

"*Do* you believe her?" asked Statira.

"And I didn't know who you meant," proceeded 'Manda Grier, busy with the cups and saucers, "when you kept hurryin' me up to change it; 'Oh, quick, quick! How long you are! I know he'll get away! I *know* he will!' and I had to just *sling* on a shawl and rush out after this boneset."

"There! Now that *shows* she's makin' it all up!" cried Statira. "She put on a sack, and I helped her on with it myself. So there!"

"Well, if it *was* a sack! And after all, the young man was gone when I got down int' the street," concluded 'Manda Grier solemnly.

Lemuel had thought she was talking about him; but now a pang of jealousy went through him, and showed at the eyes he fixed on her.

"I don't know what I sh'd 'a' done," she resumed demurely, "if I hadn't have found Mr. Barker at the apothecary's, and got *him* to come home 'th me; but of course 'twan't the same as if it was the young man!"

Lemuel's arm fell from Statira's waist in his torment.

"Why, Lemuel!" she said in tender reproach.

"Why, you coot!" cried 'Manda Grier in utter amazement at his single-mindedness, and burst into a scream of laughter. She took the teapot from the stove, and set it on the table. "There, young man—if you *are* the young man—you better pull up to the table, and have something to start your ideas. S'tira! let him come!" and Lemuel, blushing for shame at his stupidity, did as he was bid.

"I've got the greatest mind in the world to set next to S'tira myself," said 'Manda Grier, "for fear she should miss that young man!" and now they both laughed together at Lemuel; but the girls let him sit between them, and Statira let him keep one of her hands under the table, as much as she could. "I never saw such a jealous piece! Why, I shall begin to be afraid for myself. What should you think of S'tira's going to housekeeping with me?"

"I don't believe he likes the idea one bit," Statira answered for him.

"Oh, yes, I do!" Lemuel protested.

"'D you tell him?" 'Manda Grier demanded of her. She nodded with saucy defiance. "Well, you *have* got along! And about the box-factory?" Statira nodded again, with a look of joyous intelligence at Lemuel. "Well, what *hain't* you told, I wonder!" 'Manda Grier added seriously to Lemuel, "I think it'll be about the best thing in the world for S'tira. I see for the last six months she's been killin' herself in that store. She can't ever get a chance to set down a minute; and she's on her feet from morning till night; and I think it's more'n half that that's made her sick; I don't *say* what the other four-fifths was!"

"Now, 'Manda Grier, stop!"

"Well, that's over with now, and now we want to keep you out that store. I been lookin' out for this place for S'tira a good while. She can go onto the small boxes, if she wants to, and she can set down all the time; and she'll have a whole hour for her dinner; and she can work by the piece, and do as much or as little as she's a mind to; but if she's a mind to work she can make her five and six dollars a week, easy. Mr. Stevens 's *real* nice and kind, and he looks out for the girls that ain't exactly strong—not but what S'tira's as strong as anybody, when she's well—and he don't put 'em on the green paper work, because it's got arsenic in it, and it makes your head ache, and you're liable to blood-poisonin'. One the girls fainted and had spasms, and as soon as he found it out he took her right off; and he's just like clockwork to pay. I think it'll do everything for S'tira to be along 'th me there, where I can look after her."

Lemuel said he thought so too; he did not really think at all, he was so flattered at being advised with about Statira, as if she were in his keeping and it was for him to say what was best for her; and when she seemed uncertain about his real opinion, and said she was not going to do anything he did not approve of, he could scarcely speak for rapture, but he protested that he did approve of the scheme entirely.

"But you shouldn't want we girls to set up housekeeping in rooms?" she suggested; and he said that he should, and that he thought it would be more independent and homelike.

"We're half doin' it now," said 'Manda Grier, "and I know some rooms—two of 'em—where we could get along first-rate, and not cost us much more'n half what it does here."

After she cleared up the tea-things she made another errand down-stairs, and Lemuel and Statira went back to their rocking-chair. It still amazed him that she seemed not even to make it a favor to him; she seemed to think it was favor to her. What was stranger yet was that he could not feel that there was anything wrong or foolish about it; he thought of his mother's severity about young folks' sickishness, as she called it, and he could not understand it. He knew that he had never had such right and noble thoughts about girls before; perhaps Statira was better than other girls; she must be; she was just like a child; and he must be very good himself to be anyways fit for her; if she cared so much for him, it must be a sign that he was not so bad as he had sometimes thought. A great many things went through his mind, the silent comment and suggestion of their talk, and all the time while he was saying something or listening to her, he was aware of the overwhelming wonder of her being so frank with him, and not too proud or ashamed to have him know how anxious she had been, ever since they first met, for fear he did not care for her. She had always appeared so stylish and reserved, and now she was not proud at all. He tried to tell her how it had been with him the last three weeks; all that he could say was that he had been afraid to come. She laughed, and said, the idea of his being afraid of *her!* She said that she was

glad of everything she had gone through. At times she lifted herself from his shoulder, and coughed; but that was when she had been laughing or crying a little. They told each other about their families. Statira said she had not really any folks of her own; she was just brought up by her aunt; and Lemuel had to tell her that his mother wore bloomers. Statira said she guessed she should not care much for the bloomers; and in everything she tried to make out that he was much better than she was, and just exactly right. She already spoke of his sister by her first name, and she entered into his whole life, as if she had always known him. He said she must come with him to hear Mr. Sewell preach, some time; but she declared that she did not think much of a minister who could behave the way he had done to Lemuel. He defended Sewell, and maintained that if it had not been for him he might not have come to Boston, and so might never have seen her; but she held out that she could not bear Mr. Sewell, and that she knew he was double-faced, and everything. Lemuel said well, he did not know that he should ever have anything more to do with him; but he liked to hear him preach, and he guessed he tried to do what was about right. Statira made him promise that if ever he met Mr. Sewell again, he would not make up to him, any way; and she would not tolerate the thought of Miss Vane.

"What you two quar'lin' about?" demanded 'Manda Grier, coming suddenly into the room; and that turned their retrospective griefs into joy again.

"I'm scoldin' him because he don't think enough of himself," cried Statira.

"Well, he seems to take it pretty meekly," said 'Manda Grier. "I guess you didn't scold very hard. Now, young man," she added to Lemuel, "I guess you better be goin'. It's five o'clock, and if you should be out after dark, and the bears should get you, I don't know what S'tira would do."

"'T'ain't five yet!" pleaded Statira. "That old watch of yours is always tryin' to beat the town clock."

"Well, it's the clock that's ahead this time," said 'Manda Grier. "My watch says quarter of. Come, now, S'tira, you let him go, or he sha'n't come back any more."

They had a parting that Lemuel's mother would have called sickish, without question; but it all seemed heavenly sweet and right. Statira said now he had got to kiss 'Manda Grier too; and when he insisted, her chin knocked against his and saved her lips, and she gave him a good box on the ear.

"There, I guess that'll do for one while," she said, arranging her tumbled hair; "but there's more kisses where that came from, for both of you, if you want 'em. Coots!"

Once, when Lemuel was little, he had a fever, and he was always seeming to glide down the school-house stairs without touching the steps with his feet. He remembered this dream now, when he reached the street; he felt as if he had floated down on the air; and presently he was back in his little den at the hotel, he did not know how. He ran the elevator up and down for the ladies who called him from the different floors, and he took note of the Sunday difference in their toilet as they passed in to tea, but in the same dreamy way.

After the boarders had supped, he went in as usual with Mrs. Harmon's nephew, less cindery than on week-days, from the cellar, and Mrs. Harmon, silken smooth for her evening worship at the shrine of a popular preacher from New York. The Sunday evening before, she had heard an agnostic lecture in the Boston Theater, and she said she wished to compare notes. Her tranquillity was unruffled by the fact that the head-waitress had left, just before tea; she presumed they could get along just as well without her as with her; the boarders had spoiled her, anyway. She looked round at Lemuel's face, which beamed with his happiness, and said she guessed she should have to get him to open the dining-room doors and seat the transients the next few days, till she could get another head-waitress. It did not seem to be so much a request as a resolution; but Lemuel willingly assented. Mrs. Harmon's nephew said that so long as they did not want him to do it, he did not care who did it; and if a few of them had his furnace to look after, they would not be so anxious to kick.

XVI.

LEMUEL had to be up early in the morning to get the bills of fare, which Mrs. Harmon called the Meanyous, written in time for the seven o'clock breakfasters; and after opening the dining-room doors with fit ceremony, he had to run backward and forward to answer the rings at the elevator, and to pull out the chairs for the ladies at the table, and slip them back under them as they sat down. The ladies at the St. Albans expected to get their money's worth; but their exactions in most things were of use to Lemuel. He grew constantly nimbler of hand and foot under them, and he grew quicker-witted; he ceased to hulk in mind and body. He did not employ this new mental agility in devising excuses and delays; he left that to Mrs. Harmon, whose conscience was easy in it; but from seven o'clock in the morning till eleven at night, when the ladies came in from the thea-

ter, he was so promptly, so comfortingly at their service, that they all said they did not see how they had ever got along without him.

His activities took the form of interruptions rather than constant occupation, and he found a good deal of broken-up time on his hands, which he passed in reading and in reveries of Statira. At the hours when the elevator was mostly in use he kept a book in it with him, and at other times he had it in the office, as Mrs. Harmon called his little booth. He remained there reading every night after the house quieted down after dinner, until it was time to lock up for the night; and several times Mr. Evans stopped and looked in at him where he sat in the bad combustion of the gas that was taking the country tan out of his cheeks. One night when he came in late, and Lemuel put his book down to take him up in the elevator, he said, "Don't disturb yourself; I'm going to walk up"; but he lingered at the door, looking in with the queer smile that always roused the ladies' fears of tacit ridicule. "I suppose you don't find it necessary," he said finally, "to chase a horse-car now, when you want to find your way to a given point?"

Lemuel reddened and dropped his head; he had already recognized in Mr. Evans the gentleman from whose kindly curiosity he had turned, that first day, in the suspicion that he might be a beat. "No," he said; "I guess I can go pretty near everywhere in Boston, now."

"Well," said Mr. Evans, "it was an ingenious system. How do you like Boston?"

"I like it first-rate, but I've not seen many other places," answered Lemuel cautiously.

"Well, if you live here long enough you won't care to see any other places; you'll know they're not worth seeing." Lemuel looked up as if he did not understand exactly, and Mr. Evans stepped in and lifted the book he had been reading. It was one he had bought at second hand while he was with Miss Vane: a tough little epitome of the philosophies in all times, the crabbed English version of a dry German original. Mr. Evans turned its leaves over. "Do you find it a very exciting story?" he asked.

"Why, it isn't a story," said Lemuel, in simple surprise.

"No?" asked Mr. Evans. "I thought it must be. Most of the young gentlemen who run the elevators I travel in read stories. Do you like this kind of reading?"

Lemuel reflected, and then he said he thought you ought to find out about such things if you got a chance.

"Yes," said the editor, musingly, "I suppose one oughtn't to throw any sort of chance away. But you're sure you don't prefer the novels? You'll excuse my asking you?"

"Oh, perfectly excusable," said Lemuel. He added that he liked a good novel too, when he could get hold of it.

"You must come to my room some day, and see if you can't get hold of one there. Or if you prefer metaphysics, I've got shelves full that you're welcome to. I suppose," he added, "you hadn't been in Boston a great while when I met you that day?"

"No," said Lemuel, dropping his head again; "I had just come."

As if he saw that something painful lurked under the remembrance of the time for Lemuel, the editor desisted.

The next morning he stopped on his way to breakfast with some books which he handed to Lemuel. "Don't feel at all obliged to read them," he said, "because I lend them to you. They won't be of the least use to you, if you do so."

"I guess that anything you like will be worth reading," said Lemuel, flattered by the trouble so chief a boarder as Mr. Evans had taken with him.

"Not if they supplied a want you didn't feel. You seem to be fond of books, and after a while you'll be wanting to lend them yourself. I'll give you a little hint that I'm too old to profit by: remember that you can lend a person more books in a day than he can read in a week."

His laugh kept Lemuel shy of him still, in spite of a willingness that the editor showed for their better acquaintance. He seemed to wish to know about Lemuel, particularly since he had recognized the pursuer of the horse-car in him, and this made Lemuel close up the more. He would have liked to talk with him about the books Evans had lent him. But when the editor stopped at the office door, where Lemuel sat reading one of them, and asked him what he thought of it, the boy felt that somehow it was not exactly his opinion that Mr. Evans was getting at; and this sense of being inspected and arranged in another's mind, though he could not formulate the operation in his own, somehow wounded and repelled him. It was not that the editor ever said anything that was not kind and friendly; he was always doing kind and friendly things, and he appeared to take a real interest in Lemuel. At the end of the first week after Lemuel had added the head-waitership to his other duties, Evans stopped in going out of the dining-room and put a dollar in his hand.

"What is it for?" asked Lemuel.

"For? Really, I don't know. It must be tribute money," said the editor in surprise, but

with a rising curiosity. "I never know what it's for."

Lemuel turned red, and handed it back. "I don't know as I want any money I haven't earned."

That night, after dinner, when Evans was passing the office door on his way out of the hotel, Lemuel stopped him and said with embarrassment, "Mr. Evans, I don't want you should think I didn't appreciate your kindness this morning."

"Ah, I'm not sure it was kindness," said Evans with immediate interest. "Why didn't you take the money?"

"Well, I told you why," said Lemuel, overcoming the obscure reluctance he felt at Evans's manner as best he could. "I've been thinking it over, and I guess I was right; but I didn't know whether I had expressed it the best way."

"The way couldn't be improved. But why did you think you hadn't earned my dollar?"

"I don't do anything but open the doors, and show people to their places; I don't call that anything."

"But if you were a waiter and served at table?"

"I wouldn't *be* one," said Lemuel, with a touch of indignation; "and I shouldn't take presents, anyway."

Evans leaned against the door-jamb.

"Have you heard of the college students who wait at the mountain hotels in vacation? They all take fees. Do you think yourself better than they are?"

"Yes, I do!" cried Lemuel.

"Well, I don't know but you are," said the editor thoughtfully. "But I think I should distinguish. Perhaps there's no shame in waiting at table, but there is in taking fees."

"Yes; that's what I meant," said Lemuel, a little sorry for his heat. "I shouldn't be ashamed to do any kind of work, and to take my pay for it; but I shouldn't want to have folks giving me money over and above, as if I was a beggar."

The editor stood looking him absently in the face. After a moment he asked, "What part of New England did you come from, Mr. Barker?"

"I came from the middle part of the State —from Willoughby Pastures."

"Do those ideas — those principles — of yours prevail there?"

"I don't know whether they do or not," said Lemuel.

"If you were sure they did, I should like to engage board there for next summer," said the editor, going out.

It was Monday night, a leisure time with him, and he was going out to see a friend, a minister, with whom Monday night was also leisure time.

After he was gone, some of the other boarders began to drop in from the lectures and concerts which they frequented in the evening. The ladies had all some favor to ask of Lemuel, some real or fancied need of his help; in return for his promise or performance, they each gave him advice. What they expressed collectively was that they should think that he would put his eyes out reading by that gas, and that he had better look out, or he would ruin his health anyway, reading so much. They asked him how much time he got for sleep; and they said that from twelve till six was not enough, and that he was just killing himself. They had all offered to lend him books; the least literary among them had a sort of house pride in his fondness for books; their sympathy with this taste of his amused their husbands, who tolerated it, but in their hearts regarded it as a womanish weakness, indicating a want of fiber in Lemuel. Mrs. Harmon, as a business woman, and therefore occupying a middle ground between the sexes, did not exactly know herself what to make of her clerk's studiousness; all that she could say was that he kept up with his work. She assumed that before Lemuel's coming she had been the sole motive power of the house; but it was really a sort of democracy, and was managed by the majority of its inmates. An element of demagoguery tampered with the Irish vote in the person of Jerry, nominally porter, but actually factotum, who had hitherto, pending the strikes of the different functionaries, filled the offices now united in Lemuel. He had never been clerk, because his literature went no further than the ability to write his name, and to read a passage of the Constitution in qualifying for the suffrage. He did not like the new order of things, but he was without a party, and helpless to do more than neglect the gong-bell when he had reason to think Lemuel had sounded it.

About eleven o'clock the law-student came in with the two girl art-students, fresh from the outside air, and gay from the opera they had been hearing. The young man told Lemuel he ought to go to see it. After the girls had opened their door, one of them came running back to the elevator, and called down to Lemuel that there was no ice-water, and would he please send some up.

Lemuel brought it up himself, and when he knocked at the door, the same girl opened it and made a pretty outcry over the trouble she had given him. "I supposed, of course, Jerry would bring it," she said contritely; and as if for some atonement she added, "Won't you come in, Mr. Barker, and see my picture?"

Lemuel stood in the gush of the gas-light hesitating, and the law-student called out to him, jollily, "Come in, Mr. Barker, and help me play art-critic." He was standing before the picture, with his overcoat on and his hat in his hand. "First appearance on any stage," he added, and as Lemuel entered, "If I were you," he said, "I'd fire that porter out of the hotel. He's outlived his usefulness."

"It's a shame, your having to bring the water," said Miss Swan; she was the girl who had spoken before.

The other one came forward and said, "Won't you sit down?"

She spoke to Lemuel; the law-student answered, "Thank you; I don't care if I do."

Lemuel did not know whether to stay, nor what to say of Miss Swan's picture, and he thanked the young lady and remained standing.

"Oh, Jessie, *Jessie*, Jessie!" cried Miss Swan.

The other went to her, tranquilly, as if used to such vehement appeals.

"Just *see* how my poor cow looks since I painted out that grass! She hasn't got a leg to stand on!"

The law-student did nothing but make jokes about the picture. "I think she looks pretty well for a cow that you must have had to study from a milk-can — nearest you could come to a cow in Boston."

Miss Carver, the other young lady, ignored his joking, and after some criticisms on the picture left him and Miss Swan to talk it over. She talked to Lemuel, and asked him if he had read a book he glanced at on the table, and seemed willing to make him feel at ease. But she did not. He thought she was very proud, and he believed she wanted him to go, but he did not know how to go. Her eyes were so still and pure; but they dwelt very coldly upon him. Her voice was like that look put into sound; it was rather high-pitched, but very sweet and pure and cold. He hardly knew what he said; he felt hot, and he waited for some chance to get away.

At last he heard Miss Swan saying, "*Must* you go, Mr. Berry? So *soon!*" and saw her giving the student her hand, with a bow of burlesque desolation.

Lemuel prepared to go, too. All his rusticity came back upon him, and he said, "Well, I wish you good-evening."

It seemed to him that Miss Carver's still eyes looked a sort of starry scorn after him. He found that he had brought away the book they had been talking about, and he was a long time in question whether he had better take it back at once, or give it to her when she came to breakfast.

He went to bed in the same trouble of mind. Every night he had fallen asleep with Statira in his thoughts, but now it was Miss Carver that he thought of, and more and more uncomfortably. He asked himself what she would say if she saw his mother in the bloomers. She was herself not dressed so fashionably as Statira, but very nicely.

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

CIRCLING FANCIES.

AROUND this tree the floating flies
Weave their mysterious webs of light;
The scent of my acacia lies
About the circle of their flight;
They never perch nor drop from sight,
But, flashing, wheel in curves of air,
As if the perfume's warm delight
In magic bondage held them there.

I watch them till I half confound
Their motions with these thoughts of mine
That no less subtle bonds have bound
Within a viewless ring divine;
Clasped by a chain that makes no sign
My hopes and wheeling fancies live;
Desires, like odors, still confine
The heart that else were fugitive.

Then flash and float thro' tides of June,
Ye summer phantoms of my love!
Let all the woodlands join in tune
While on your gauzy wings ye move!
With odor round, and light above,
Your aery symbol-circle keep,
Till night descends; then may I prove
More constant, circling still in sleep.

Edmund Gosse.

"*The rest, residue, and remainder of all my books, manuscripts, and papers I do give to my grandson William Temple Franklin.*"

BY this clause in the will of Dr. Franklin the most precious and important collection of manuscript literature ever bequeathed by an American passed into the hands and absolute control of the only son of Dr. Franklin's only son surviving him on the 17th of April, 1790. The same year William Temple Franklin embarked for London, taking with him his manuscript heritage, with the intention, as he avowed in his correspondence, to devote himself at once to the preparation and publication of a complete edition of his grandsire's works. For a variety of reasons, some of which are scarcely susceptible of a construction altogether favorable to the grandson, twenty-seven years elapsed before his editorship bore any fruit. In 1817–1819 appeared simultaneously in London and Philadelphia an edition in six volumes of "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin, LL. D., F. R. S., Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of North America at the Court of France and for the Treaty of Peace and Independence, etc., with Great Britain, written by himself to a late period, and continued to the time of his death by his grandson William Temple Franklin. Now first published," etc.*

This edition of Franklin's works absorbed only a portion of the material in the editor's hands. The tradition goes that five or six additional volumes would have been required to hold the reserved material which it was intended to give in a second edition. The publishers, however, found that either the sale or the surplus material, or both, did not warrant any expansion of the work.

William Temple Franklin, almost immediately after the publication of the six volumes, went to Paris, where he married, and where five years later, in 1823, he died, leaving no will nor instructions in regard to his manuscript possessions. His wife administered upon his estate, and on the 27th of September of the same year removed from the bank of Herries, Farquhar and Co., 16 St. James's street, London, the chest in which the Franklin manuscripts are said to have been deposited by her husband for safe keeping. Seventeen years later, in 1840, these manuscripts, the published as well as the unpublished, tied up in bundles, occupied the top shelf in a room over a tailor's shop in St. James's street, where William Temple had at one time lodged. They were found there by one of the grandson's old acquaintances and fellow-lodgers, who appears to have in some way acquired a title to them, though what kind of a title beyond that of possession has never transpired.

Their new proprietor kept these manuscripts for ten or twelve years, offering them from time to time for sale, but unsuccessfully. The British Museum is said to have declined his proposals; Lord Palmerston, also, and a succession of American Ministers from 1840 to 1851, "passed them by on the other side." At last, in 1851, he offered them to Abbot Lawrence, then Minister of the United States in London, whose large wealth and Boston associations encouraged an expectation that he would take them. Mr. Lawrence, however, was a better judge of cotton prints than of literary reliques, and Boston, as Dr. Franklin was one of the first to discover, was slow in appreciating its most illustrious production. The Minister declined the opportunity, but recommended the owner of the manuscripts to apply to the late Henry Stevens, an American bibliopole then residing in London, who was not long in ascertaining the value of the papers and making them his own. This occurred in 1851.

Thirty-two years later these manuscripts, which meantime had been hypothecated by Mr. Stevens to a Mr. Charles Whittingham in London, were offered for sale by his executors to close the estate, and were bought by Congress. They now, after an exposure for nearly a century to perils by sea and perils by land, perils such as with the single exception of Aristotle's writings no literary treasures of equal value ever survived, form a by no means insignificant part of the wealth of the State Department at Washington, where at last they may be said "to rest from their labors."

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that during the ninety-five years that have elapsed since these manuscripts began their wanderings under the chaperonage of William Temple Franklin, none of the documents and letters designed for the second edition and constitut-

* This title did not augur very well for the editorial faculty employed on the work. The critical reader might ask whether the volumes were to contain a memoir of the writings or the writings themselves, and also whether the Doctor's writings as well as his memoirs had been continued by his grandson.

ing nearly half of the aggregate should have found their way into print, with the exception of extracts from three or four letters published by Mr. Stevens with a view to pique public curiosity and to promote the sale of the collection. While held for sale, their proprietors naturally did not wish to impair their commercial value by giving them to the public, nor perhaps to furnish the public with an opportunity of testing it. Since reaching the State Department access to them has been very properly placed under restrictions unfavorable to the gratification of idle curiosity.

It is fit, however, that the public should know something more definite of the character and worth of a property which has cost them from thirty-five to forty thousand dollars, and which embraces the unpublished writings of one of the most popular writers that the English-speaking race has yet produced.

To satisfy the legitimate curiosity of the public, and in a measure to repair the injustice which the most eminent of Americans has sustained at the hands of his shiftless executor, we have profited by an opportunity extended to us by the courtesy of the Secretary of State to inspect the Stevens collection, and propose now to give in these pages as many extracts from the unpublished portion of it as a monthly miscellany like THE CENTURY can afford to extend its hospitality to.

Franklin was commissioned a second time to go to England as an agent of the colonies in November, 1765 — this time as the special agent of Pennsylvania, to present and enforce a petition for a deliverance from the Proprietary Government, as it was called, and from the exactions of the Penn family. He remained there until the breaking out of hostilities at home in 1775. The following letter was written in London three years before his return:

Franklin to Mr. Maseres.

COÖPERATIVE ASSOCIATION AS PRACTICED A CENTURY AGO.

"CRAVEN STREET, June 17, 1772.

"SIR: I thank you for the Pamphlets proposing to establish Life Annuities in Parishes, etc. I think it an excellent one. In compliance with your wish, pages 25, 26, I send it back with a few marginal notes (perhaps of no great importance), made in reading it, requesting it may be returned to me.

"In page 118 of Dr. Price's Book on Annuities, 2d Edition, you will find mention made of an Institution in Holland. He had that information from me. Those Houses are handsome neat buildings, with very comfortable Apartments; some form the sides of a square, with grass plats, and gravel walks, flowers, &c., and some have little separate gardens behind each Apartment. Those for men are called *Oude Mannen Huyzen;* for women, *Oude Vrouwen Huyzen.* I think the different kinds sometimes make different sides of the same square. There is a Chapel for prayers, a common kitchen, and a common hall in which they dine together. Two persons, such as best like one another, and choose so to associate, are generally lodged in one apartment, tho' in separate beds, that they may be at hand to assist each other in case of sudden illness in the night, and otherwise be mutually helpful.

"The Directors have also a room to meet in, who form rules for the government of the House, hear complaints and rectify what is amiss. Gentlemen are Directors of the Oude Mannen Huys, Ladies of the Oude Vrouwen Haus. A committee of two are chosen every year, who visit often, see the rules observed, and take care of the management. At the end of the year, these are thanked off, and as an Honourable Memorial of their services, their names, with the year they served, are added to the Gold Letter List on the walls of the room. All the furniture is neat and convenient, the beds and rooms kept clean and sweet by the Servants of the House; and the People appear to live happily.

"These Institutions seem calculated to prevent poverty, which is rather a better thing than Relieving it. For it keeps always in the Public Eye a state of comfort and repose in old age with freedom from care held forth as an encouragement to so much industry and frugality in youth as may at least serve to raise the required sum (suppose £50) that is to intitle a man or woman at 50 to a Retreat in those Houses. And in acquiring this sum habits may be acquired that produce such affluence before that age arrives as to make the retreat unnecessary and so never claimed. Hence, if £50 would (as by your table) entitle a man at 50 years of age to an annuity of £19. 3. 6. 1–2, I suppose that [in] such a House entertainment and accommodations to a much greater value might be afforded him; because the right to live there is not transferable, and therefore every unclaimed right is an advantage to the House, while Annuities would probably all be claimed. Then it seems to me that the prospect of a distant annuity will not be so influencing on the minds of young people, as the constant view of the comfort enjoyed in those houses, in comparison of which even the *payment* and *Receipt* of the annuities are *private* transactions.

"I write this in hopes you will after consideration favor me with your opinion whether

(in addition to your plan, which will still have all advantages for smaller sums) one or more such houses in every county would not probably be of great use in still farther promoting Industry and Frugality among the lower people, and of course lessening the enormous weight of the Poor tax?"

II.

Franklin to Mr. Timothy.

A LECTURE ON OFFICE-SEEKING.

"LONDON, Nov. 3, 1772.

"DEAR SIR: I received yours of Aug. 24, by Capt. Vanderhorst, to whom I should willingly have shown any civilities in my power, but I being gouty of late, seldom go into the City, and he has not called on me since he delivered your letter. I am sorry you talk of leaving off your business with a view of getting some post. It is so difficult a matter to obtain anything of the kind, that I think to leave a good trade in hopes of an office, is quitting a certainty for an uncertainty, and losing substance for shadow. I have known so many here dangling and soliciting years for places, till they were reduced to the lowest poverty and distress, that I cannot but pity a man who begins to turn his thoughts that way. The proverb says, *He who has a trade has an office of profit and honor;* because he does not hold it during any other man's pleasure, and it affords him honest subsistence with independence. I hope therefore you will alter your mind and go on with your business. I assure you it is not in my power to procure you that post you mention or any other, whatever my wishes may be for your prosperity. I am now thought here too much an American to have any interest of the kind.

"You have done me honour in giving a Son my name. I wish he may live to be an honour and comfort to you.

"With compliments to Mrs. Timothy, I am ever, dear Sir,

"Your faithful & most obedient Servant,

"B. F."

III.

Franklin to Jos. Galloway, Esq.

HIS PAY AS AGENT IN LONDON—OFFICE-HOLDING.

"LONDON, Jan. 6, 1773.

"DEAR FRIEND: I have received your favours of Oct. 18 and 30. I am obliged greatly to you and Mr. Rhoads for your friendly interposition in the affair of my Salary. As I made never any bargain with the House, I accept thankfully whatever they please to give me; and shall continue to serve them as long as I can afford to stay here. Perhaps it may be thought, that my other agencies contribute more than sufficient for that purpose; but the Jersey allowance tho' well paid is a very small one; that from Georgia, £100 only, is some years in arrear, and will not be continued, as their appointment is by a yearly act, which I am told the Governor will not again pass with my name in it; and from Boston I have never received a farthing, perhaps never shall, as their Governor is instructed to pass no salary to an Agent whose appointment he has not assented to. In these circumstances, with an almost double expense of living by my family remaining in Philadelphia, the losses I am continually suffering in my affairs there through absence, together with my now advanced age, I feel renewed inclinations to return and spend the remainder of my days in private life; having had rather more than my share of Publick bustle. I only wish first to improve a little for the general advantage of our country the favourable appearances arising from the change of our American minister, and the good light I am told I stand in with the Successor. If I be instrumental in . . . . things in good train, with a prospect of their . . . . on a better footing than they have had for some years past, I shall think a little additional time well spent, tho' I were to have no allowance for it at all.

"I must however beg you will not think of retiring from Publick business. You are yet a young man, and may still be greatly serviceable to your country. It would be I think something criminal to bury in private retirement so early all the usefulness of so much experience and such great abilities. The people do not indeed always see their friends in the same favourable light; they are sometimes mistaken, and sometimes misled; but sooner or later they come right again, and redouble their former affection. This I am confident will happen in your case, as it often has in the case of others. Therefore preserve your spirits and persevere, at least to the age of 60, a boundary I once fixed for myself, but have gone beyond it."

If Franklin could have foreseen the defection of Galloway from the popular cause, he would probably not have written the closing paragraph of this letter. Like many others, Galloway, though ready enough to criticise the home government, revolted at the thought of throwing off his allegiance to it. He joined the British army in New Jersey in 1776, and in 1799 went to England, where he died a pensioner of the British Government in 1803.

IV.

Franklin to his Wife.

"LONDON, February 14, 1773.

"MY DEAR CHILD:* I wrote to you a few days since by the Packet. In a box directed to Mr. Bache I sent a striped cotton and silk gown for you, of a manufacture now much the mode here. There is another for Sally. People line them with some old silk gown, and they look very handsome. There goes also a bedstead for Sally, sent on Capt. All's telling Mrs. Stephenson that you wished it had been sent with the bed. She sends also some little things for Benny Boy.

"Now having nothing very material to add, let us trifle a little. The fine large gray squirrel you sent, who was a great favorite in the Bishop's family, is dead. He had got out of his cage in the country, rambled and was rambling over a common 3 miles from home, when he met a man with a dog. The dog pursuing him, he fled to the man for protection, running up to his shoulder, who shook him off, and set the dog on him, thinking him to be, as he said afterwards, *some varment or other*. So poor *Mungo*, as his Mistress called him, died. To amuse you a little, and nobody out of your own house, I enclose you the little correspondence between her and me on the melancholy occasion. Skugg, you must know, is a common name by which all squirrels are called here, as all cats are called *Puss*. Miss Georgiana is the Bishop's youngest daughter but one. There are five in all. Mungo was buried in the garden, and the enclosed epitaph put upon his monument. So much for squirrels.

"My poor cousin Walker in Buckinghamshire is a lacemaker. She was ambitious of presenting you and Sally with some netting of her work, but as I knew she could not afford it, I chose to pay her for it at her usual price, 3/6 per yard. It goes also in the box. I name the price, that if it does not suit you to wear it, you may know how to dispose of it.

"My love to Sally and the dear Boy. I am ever "Your affectionate husband."

We learn for the first time from the foregoing letter that the most famous squirrel in all literature, to which allusion is here made, was sent out from Philadelphia to Miss Shipley by Mrs. Franklin. Miss Shipley was the daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, at whose residence Franklin tells us that he commenced his autobiography.†

V.

Franklin to his Sister Mrs. Mecom.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

"LONDON, March 9, 1773.

"DEAR SISTER: I received your kind letter of December 30, and rejoice to find you were well. I may possibly have the greater pleasure of seeing you before the year is out. I have desired Cousin Williams to give you the money he may recover from Hall. I would

* The title by which he always addressed Mrs. Franklin in his letters.

† The following extract from the letter to Miss Shipley, dated London, 26th September, 1772, is a part of "the little correspondence" to which Franklin refers (see Bigelow's "Life of Franklin," vol. ii. page 121):

"I lament with you most sincerely the unfortunate end of poor Mungo. Few squirrels were better accomplished; for he had had a good education, had travelled far, and seen much of the world. As he had the honor of being, for his virtues, your favorite, he should not go, like common skuggs, without an elegy or an epitaph. Let us give him one in the monumental style and measure, which, being neither prose nor verse, is perhaps the properest for grief; since to use common language would look as if we were not affected, and to make rhymes would seem trifling in sorrow.

EPITAPH,

ON THE LOSS OF AN AMERICAN SQUIRREL, WHO, ESCAPING FROM HIS CAGE, WAS KILLED BY A SHEPHERD'S DOG.

Alas! poor Mungo!
Happy wert thou, hadst thou known
Thy own felicity.
Remote from the fierce bald eagle,
Tyrant of thy native woods,
Thou hadst nought to fear from his piercing talons,
Nor from the murdering gun
Of the thoughtless sportsman.
Safe in thy wired castle,
Grimalkin never could annoy thee.
Daily wert thou fed with the choicest viands,
By the fair hand of an indulgent mistress;
But, discontented,
Thou wouldst have more freedom.
Too soon, alas! didst thou obtain it;
And wandering,
Thou art fallen by the fangs of wanton, cruel Ranger!
Learn hence,
Ye who blindly seek more liberty,
Whether subjects, sons, squirrels, or daughters,
That apparent restraint may be real protection,
Yielding peace and plenty
With security.

"You see, my dear Miss, how much more decent and proper this broken style is, than if we were to say, by way of epitaph,—

Here Skugg
Lies snug,
As a bug
In a rug.

And yet, perhaps, there are people in the world of so little feeling as to think that this would be a good-enough epitaph for poor Mungo."

only mention to you that when I was in Boston in 175 [Record mutilated], Brother John then living, an old man whose name I have forgotten applied to me with a Bond of our Father's of about 15 or 17 pound, if I remember right, desiring I would pay it, which I declined with this answer, that as I had never received anything from the Estate, I did not think myself obliged to pay any of the debts. But I had another reason, which was, that I thought the care of those matters belonged more properly to my Brother. If you know that person, I wish you would now out of Hall's money pay that debt: for I remember his mildness on the occasion with some regard.

"My love to Jenny. I am ever,

"Your Affectionate Brother."

VI.

Franklin to Messrs. Abel James and Benjamin Morgan.

INTRODUCTION OF SILK-WEAVING INTO AMERICA.

"LONDON, March 15, 1773.

"GENTLEMEN: In mine of Feb. 10 I mentioned a Silk Weaver who was desirous of going to America, and endeavoring to get subscriptions among his friends to defray the expense of his and family's passage. He now tells me they have been so kind as to double the sum he requested, and that he is to go in Sutton. He takes with him a good certificate from the Meeting; and I beg leave to recommend him to the notice and encouragement of the silk committee, as far as they may find him deserving. For though it may be most advantageous to our country while the bounty continues so high to send all our raw silk hither; yet as the bounty will gradually diminish and at length cease, I should think it not amiss to begin early the laying a foundation for the future manufacture of it; and perhaps this person, if he finds employment, may be a means of raising hands for that purpose. His name is Joseph Clark.

"By the enclosed you will see when the silk will probably be sold. I hope to send you a good account of it, and am, with great esteem, Gentlemen, your most obt. Humb. sert.

"B. F."

VII.

Franklin to ——.

CONFIDENCE IN THE REPUBLIC — HIS SON ARRESTED AS A REBEL.

[Probably 1778.]

"You desire to know my opinion of what will probably be the end of this war, and whether our new establishments will not be thereby reduced again to deserts. I do not, for my part, apprehend much danger of so great an evil to us: I think we shall be able, with a little help, to defend ourselves, our possessions, and our liberties so long, that England will be ruined by persisting in the wicked attempt to destroy them: I must nevertheless regret that ruin, and wish that her injustice and tyranny had not deserved it. And I sometimes flatter myself, that old as I am, I may possibly live to see my country settled in peace and prosperity, when Britain shall make no more a formidable figure among the powers of Europe.

"You put me in mind of an apology for my conduct, which had been expected from me in answer to the abuses thrown upon me before the Privy Council. It was partly written, but the affairs of public importance I have ever since engaged in, prevented my finishing it. The injuries too that my country has suffered, have absorbed private resentments and made it appear trifling for an individual to trouble the World with his particular justification, when all his Compatriots were stigmatized by the King and Parliament, as being in every respect the worst of mankind. I am obliged to you however for the friendly part you have always taken in the defence of my character; and it is indeed no small argument in my favour, that those who have known me most and longest, still love me and trust me with their most important interests, of which my election into the Congress by the unanimous voice of the Assembly or Parliament of Pennsylvania, the day after my arrival from England, and my present mission hither by the Congress itself, are instances incontestible.

. . . . .

"You enquire what is become of my son, the Governor of New Jersey. As he adhered to the party of the King, his people took him prisoner, and sent him under a guard into Connecticut, where he continues, but is allowed a district of some miles to ride about, upon his parole of honor not to quit that country. I have with me here his son, a youth of about Seventeen, whom I brought with me partly to finish his education, having a great affection for him, and partly to have his assistance as a Secretary, in which capacity he is very serviceable to me. I have also here with me my worthy nephew, Mr. Williams, whom you ask after. The ingenious Mr. Canton, our other fellow traveller, I suppose you know is now no more.

"God bless you, my dear friend, and believe me ever yours most affectionately, B. F."

VIII.

Franklin to an Engraver in Paris.

RESPECTING A PRINT COMMEMORATIVE OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

"PASSY, 24 June, 1778.

"SIR: On reading again the prospectus and explanation of your intended print, I find the whole merit of giving freedom to America continues to be ascribed to me, which, as I told you in our first conversation, I could by no means approve of, as it would be unjust to the number of wise and brave men who, by their arms and counsels, have shared in the enterprise and contributed to its success (as far as it has yet succeeded) at the hazard of their lives and fortunes.

"My proposition to you was, and continues to be, that, instead of naming me in particular in the explanation of the print, it should be said, "The Congress, represented by a Senator in Roman dress, &c." As it stands, I cannot consent to accept the honor you propose to do me by dedicating the print to me, which, I understand, is in this country considered as an approbation; and in my own country it would hurt my character and usefulness, if I were to give the least countenance to such a pretension, by recommending or proposing the sale of a print so explained. Upon these considerations, I must request that, if you are determined to proceed in the engraving, you would, in a new prospectus, change the explanation as above proposed, and dedicate the print not to me, but to the Congress."

IX.

Franklin to Washington.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST LAFAYETTE'S IMPROVIDENCE.

. . . . .

[Probably 1777.]

"SIR: The Marquis de La Fayette, a young Nobleman of great expectations and exceedingly beloved here, is by this time probably with you. By some misapprehension in his contract with the merchants of Bordeaux he was prevented from using the produce of the cargo he carried over, and so was left without a supply of money. His friends here have sent him over about £500 Sterling, and have proposed sending him more; but on reflection, knowing the extream generosity of his disposition, and fearing that some of his necessitous and artful Countrymen may impose on his goodness, they wish to put his money into the hands of some discreet friend, who may supply him from time to time, and by that means knowing his expenses may take occasion to advise him if necessary, with a friendly affection, and secure him from too much imposition. They accordingly have desired us to name such a person to them. We have not been able to think of one so capable, and so suitable from the influence of situation to perform that kind office, as General Washington, under whose eye the Gentleman will probably be. We beg therefore in his behalf, what his friends out of respect would not take the liberty of asking, that your Excellency would be pleased to furnish him with what money he may want in moderation, and take his drafts payable to us for the sums paid him, which we shall receive here and apply to the public service. We also join with his family in their earnest request that you would favour him with your counsels, which you may be assured will be an act of benevolence gratefully remembered and acknowledged, by a number of very worthy persons here who interest themselves extremely in the welfare of that amiable young Nobleman.

"With the greatest respect we have the honor to be, Sir, Your Excellency's."

At the time the foregoing letter was written Franklin did not know Lafayette personally. Lafayette landed in America in April, 1777. He returned to France for a visit in 1779, bearing a letter of introduction to Dr. Franklin from Dr. Samuel Cooper, the pastor of the Brattle-street Church in Boston, and the man to whom the Doctor many years before had intrusted the famous Hutchinson letters.

X.

Franklin to Mr. Melmoth.

DEMANDS FOR HIS PORTRAIT.

"PASSY.

"SIR: I should have been flattered exceedingly by Mrs. Melmoth's shewing the least inclination for one of those portraits, when Mrs. Izard accepted the other, and should have presented it to her with the greatest pleasure. She did not appear to desire it and I did not presume it of value enough to be offered. Her quarrel with me on that account is pleasing. The reconciliation, when I can obtain it, will be more so. At present another Lady has put it out of my power to comply with the terms. M. de Chaumont, at whose Pottery in the Country they were made, receiving a request from Petersburgh for one of them, to gratify the curiosity of the Empress, and having none in town, he got from me the only one I had left, and has sent it away. But I

am promised another soon, and shall seize the first moment of making my peace with it. In the mean time, I hope you will interceed for me, in that heart where I am sure you have interest. Accept my thanks for the books, from the reading of which I promise myself a good deal of pleasure. Please to accept also the trifle enclosed, and believe me with sincere esteem."

The gentleman to whom the foregoing exquisitely graceful letter was written was doubtless Melmoth, the accomplished scholar whose translations of Cicero's and Pliny's letters are still read. The portrait referred to is the celebrated medallion of Franklin made by the Italian Nini from clay found on the estate of M. de Chaumont on the Loire. Dr. Franklin occupied a house on M. de Chaumont's estate at Passy during his residence in France.

XI.

From B. Vaughan to Dr. Franklin.

INTRODUCING DUGALD STEWART AND LORD ANCRAM.

"LONDON, August 8th, 1783.

"MY DEAREST SIR: I beg to introduce to your kind regards one of my best respected friends, Mr. Dugald Stewart, who, tho' as yet little known out of Scotland, is one of the best known men in it. He stands in the very first class of their mathematicians and literary men. He has twice at a day's warning taken up Dr. Adam Ferguson's Lectures in Moral Philosophy, and twice completely excelled him in the opinion of every one, as was proved in particular by the attendance he had while he lectured. Perhaps you may remember his father who lectured at Edinburgh in mathematics, and wrote a treatise on the Sun's distance from us as deducible from the theory of gravity. It is very poor compliment to Mr. Stewart to say that in Science it is the father who is really the Child.

"My friend travels with Lord Ancram, the son of the Marquis of Lothian, whom he represents to me as a pretty and very amiable young man. I beg you will extend your notice to him also.

"I have extreme confidence in begging your attention to Mr. Stewart, because I am sure it is in his power to repay you by the information he can give you of the literary characters in his country, and the objects they are pursuing. He is however very diffident, and is very fearful of betraying himself upon subjects which he is not master of, in which list for the present *he* reckons Mathematics, and is therefore averse to meeting M. d'Alembert on the subject, tho' he wants to see him. He is not strong in Natural Philosophy, but he understands everything in it. He burns to see you as its present Father; and as at least *half* the time I spent alone with him in Scotland was employed in conversing about you, I believe he would not think he had been out of his Country unless he was allowed to see you at Paris."

The writer of the foregoing was one of Franklin's most esteemed English correspondents, and one of the persons to whom he sent a manuscript copy of his autobiography for revision and criticism. He also edited an edition of Franklin's writings. At the date of this letter Dugald Stewart was thirty years of age. He was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy two years later, though for several years he had acted as his father's substitute in the chair of mathematics, and in 1775 had been formally elected conjoint professor. His curiosity about d'Alembert was probably never gratified, for that eminent Frenchman died only a few weeks after Vaughan's letter was written. It was an *Éloge* to be pronounced before the French Academy of Sciences by d'Alembert that attracted Voltaire and Franklin within its precincts in 1778, at the time they were required by the audience to embrace each other "*à la Française.*"

XII.

Franklin to Dr. Cooper.

A ROGUE'S HONOR.

"PASSY, Decr. 26th, 1783.

"DEAR SIR: I have received your favour of the 16th October, and am much obliged by the intelligence it contains. I am happy to hear that your Government has agreed to furnish Congress with the means of discharging the National Debt. The obstruction that measure met with in some of the States has had very mischievous effects on this side the water; it discouraged the loan going on in Holland, and thereby occasioned a protest of some of Mr. Morris's Bills. Nothing can recover our credit in Europe and our Reputation in its Courts, but an immediate proof of our honesty and prudence by a general provision in all the States for the punctual payment of the Interest and the final regular discharge of the Principal. I hope we shall never deserve, nor any longer appear likely to deserve the reproof given to an enthusiastical knave in Pennsylvania, who being called upon for an old debt, said to his creditor, *Thou must have a little more patience: I am not able yet to pay thee.* Give me then your bond, says the Creditor, and pay me interest. *No, I cannot do that;*

I cannot in conscience either receive or pay interest, it is against my principle. You have the conscience of a rogue, says the creditor: You tell me it is against your principal to pay interest; and it being against your interest to pay the principal, I perceive you do not intend to pay me either one or t'other.

. . . .

"There are hopes that the war against the Turks will blow over; the rather, as all flames are apt to spread, and the late belligerent powers have all need of a continued peace. This however is not certain, and it behoves us to preserve with care our friends and our credit abroad, and our Union at home, as we know not how soon we may have occasion for all of them."

XIII.

Franklin to Ingenhausz.

WILLIAM PENN'S MERCENARY DESCENDANTS.

"PASSY, 29 April, 1785.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

. . . . .

"Lady Dowager Penn was here about the time of the Treaty, and made application to me with great complaints, but I found she was not well informed of the state of her affairs, and could not clearly show that she had suffered any injury from the Publick of Pennsylvania, whatever she might from the Agents of the family. Her husband's lands I understand were not confiscated as represented; but the Proprietary Government falling with that of the Crown, the Assembly took the opportunity of insisting upon justice in some points, which they could never obtain under that Government. A kind of compromise then was made between the Assembly and the Family whereby all the vacant lots and unappropriated wilderness lands were to be henceforth in the disposition of the Assembly, who were to pay £130,000 Sterling to the Family within 3 years after the Peace, all other demands on both sides being thus abolished. I am told that this arrangement was satisfactory to most of them. But as the Lady intended to send her Son over to solicit her interests, I gave him a letter of recommendation to the Governor, proposing it for consideration, whether it might not be advisable to reconsider the matter, and if the sum of £130,000 should be found insufficient to make a proper addition. I have not heard what has since been done in the affair, or whether anything. In my own judgment, when I consider that for nearly 80 years, viz: from the year 1700, William Penn and his Sons received the Quitrents which were originally granted for the support of Government, and yet refused to support the Government, obliging the people to make a fresh provision for its support all that time, which cost them vast sums, as the most necessary laws were not to be obtained but at the price of making such provision; when I consider the meanness and cruel avarice of the late Proprietor in refusing for several years of war to consent to any defence of the frontiers ravaged all the while by the enemy, unless his estate should be exempted from paying any part of the expence; not to mention other atrocities too long for this letter, I cannot but think the family well off, and that it will be prudent in them to take the money and be quiet. William Penn the first Proprietor, father of Thomas, the husband of the present Dowager, was a wise and good man, and as honest to the people as the extreme distress of his circumstances would permit him to be, but the said Thomas was a miserable churl, always intent upon griping and saving; and whatever good the Father may have done for the Province, was amply undone by the mischief received from the Son, who never did anything that had the appearance of generosity or public spirit but what was extorted from him by solicitation and the shame of backwardness in benefits evidently incumbent on him to promote, and which was done at last in the most ungracious manner possible. The Lady's complaints of not duly receiving her revenues from America are habitual; they were the same during all the time of my long residence in London, being then made by her husband as excuses for the meanness of his housekeeping and his deficiency in hospitality; tho' I knew at the same time that he was then in full receipt of vast sums annually by the sale of lands, interest of money and quitrents. But probably he might conceal this from his Lady, to induce greater economy; as it is known that he ordered no more of his income home than was absolutely necessary for his subsistence, but placed it at interest in Pennsylvania and the Jerseys, where he could have 6 and 7 p. cent, while money bore no more than 5 p. cent in England. I used often to hear of these complaints and laugh at them, perceiving clearly their motive. They served him on other as well as on domestic occasions. You remember our rector of St. Martin's parish, Dr. Saunders. He once went about during a long and severe frost, soliciting charitable contributions to purchase coals for poor families. He came, among others, to me, and I gave him something. It was but little, very little; and yet it occasioned him to remark, 'You are more bountiful on this occasion than your wealthy Proprietary Mr. Penn; but he tells me he is distressed by not receiv-

ing his incomes from America.' The incomes of the family there must be still very great, for they have a number of Manors consisting of the best lands, which are preserved to them, and vast sums at interest well secured by Mortgages; so that if the Dowager does not receive her proportion, there must be some fault in her Agents. You will perceive by the length of this Article that I have been a little *échauffé* by her making the complaints you mention to the Princess Dowager of Lichenstein at Vienna. The Lady herself is good and amiable, and I should be glad to serve her in anything just and reasonable; but I do not at present see that I can do more than I have done."

XIV.

Franklin to Mr. and Mrs. Bache.

PREPARING TO RETURN TO AMERICA.

"PASSY, May 10, 1785.

"DEAR SON AND DAUGHTER: Having at length received from Congress permission to return Home, I am now preparing for my departure, and hope to get away by the middle of next month, or the end at farthest, tho' I know not yet whether it will be by the Packet or some other vessel. Fearing that the Packet may be crowded with passengers, I have desired my Cousin Jonathan Williams, now in London, to enquire whether there may not be found some good vessel bound directly to Philadelphia, who would agree to take me on board at Havre, with my grandsons and Servants, with my baggage, &c. Infirm as I am, I have need of comfortable room and accommodation. I was miserably lodged in coming over hither, which almost demolished me; I must be better stowed now, or I shall not be able to hold out the voyage. Indeed my friends here are so apprehensive for me, that they press me much to remain in France, and three of them have offered me an Asylum in their habitations. They tell me that I am here among a people who universally esteem and love me; that my friends at home are diminished by death in my absence; that I may there meet with envy and its consequent enmity, which here I am perfectly free from; this supposing I live to complete the voyage, but of that they doubt. The desire however of spending the little remainder of life with my family, is so strong as to determine me to try at least, whether I can bear the motion of a ship. If not, I must get them to set me on shore somewhere in the channel, and content myself to die in Europe.

"It is long since I have heard from you or of you. I hope however that you and the children continue well. Ben is very well, and grows amazingly. He promises to be a stout as well as a good man. Temple has been ill lately with a fever, but is getting better and sends his duty. I suppose Ben writes.

"I am ever, my dear children,

"Your affectionate Father,

"B. FRANKLIN in his 80th year."

XV.

Franklin to Mr. Grand, the Amsterdam banker.

HIS OPINION OF WARS AND HEROES.

"PHILADA. March 5, 1786.

"DEAR FRIEND: Since my last, which was of Jan. 29, I have had the great pleasure of receiving yours of Oct. 10, 85, by which I learnt that yourself and the good family continued well. The vessel from Havre, after a long passage of about 12 weeks, arrived at last with all my things in pretty good order, and sundry parcels of books, &c., from you: when I had almost given over all hopes of seeing them ever again: so that I now find myself happily situated in my own house, surrounded by my offspring, with all my playthings and amusements about me, and my malady not augmented, but still continuing tolerable.

. . . . . .

"I rejoice to hear that the Emperor and the Dutch have accommodated their differences. Long may the peace of Europe continue! For I am of opinion that there never was a bad peace, nor a good war. And I think your Minister, who is so expert in composing quarrels and preventing wars, the great blessing of this age. The devil must send us three or four heroes before he can get as much slaughter of mankind done as that one man has prevented.

"I do not understand how Caliostro was involved in the affair of the Cardinal, and have some curiosity to know his history when it shall be developed.

"The English papers not only sent me gratis, as you observe, to Algiers, but they are sending all the United States to destruction. By their accounts you would think we were in the utmost distress, in want of everything, all in confusion, no Government, and wishing again for that of England. Be assured, my friend, that these are all fictions, mere English wishes, not American realities. There are some few faults in our Constitutions, which is no wonder, considering the stormy season in which they were made, but those will soon be corrected. And for the rest, I never saw greater and more indubitable marks of public prosperity in any country. The produce of our Agriculture bears a

good price, and is all paid for in ready hard money, all the labouring people have high wages, everybody is well clothed and well lodged, the poor provided for or assisted and all estates in town and country much increased in value. As to wishing for the English government we should as soon wish for that of Morocco."

XVI.

Franklin to his Niece, Mrs. Partridge.

ON OLD AGE, ETC.

"PHILADA. Nov. 25, 1788.

"MY DEAR CHILD: . . . . .

"You kindly enquire after my health. I have not of late much reason to boast of it. People that will live a long life and drink to the bottom of the cup, must expect to meet with some of the dregs. However, when I consider how many more terrible maladies the human body is liable to, I think myself well off that I have only three incurable ones, the gout, the stone, and old age; and, those notwithstanding, I enjoy many comfortable intervals, in which I forget all my ills, and amuse myself in reading or writing, or in conversation with friends, joking, laughing, and telling merry stories, as when you first knew me, a young man about fifty.

"My children and grandchildren the Baches are all well, and pleased with your remembrance of them. They are my family, living in my house. And we have lately the addition of a little good-natured girl, whom I begin to love as well as the rest.

"You tell me our poor friend Ben Kent is gone, I hope to the regions of the Blessed or at [mutilated] to some place where souls are prepared for those [mutilated] gious. I found my hope on this, that tho' not so orthodox as you and I, he was an honest man, and had his virtues. If he had any hypocrisy, it was of that inverted kind with which a man is not so bad [mutilated] seems to be. And with regard to future bliss I cannot help imagining that multitudes of the zealously orthodox of different sects, who at the last day may flock together, in hopes of seeing [mutilated] damn'd, will be disappointed, and oblig'd to rest content with their own salvation.

"By one of the accidents which war occasions, all my books containing copies of my letters were lost. There were eight volumes of them, and I have been able to recover only two. Those are of later date than the transaction you mention, and therefore can contain nothing relating to it. If the letter you want a copy of was one in which I aimed at consoling my Brother's friends, by a Comparison drawn from a Party of Pleasure intended into the Country, where we were all to meet, tho' the chair of one being soonest ready he set out before the rest; I say if this was the letter, I fancy you may possibly find it in Boston, as I remember Dr. Biles once wrote me that many copies had been taken of it. I too should have been glad to have seen that again among others I had written to him and you: But you inform me they [mutilated] by the mice. Poor little innocent Creatures I am sorry they had no better food. But since they like my letters here is another treat for them.

"Adieu, ma chère enfant, and believe me [mutilated],

"Your affectionate Uncle."

By the letter which follows, it appears that the division of ships into compartments to diminish the risks from collisions and leakage is by no means a modern device. Franklin commends the policy and speaks of it as a familiar expedient of the Chinese.

A copy of the chart of the Gulf Stream referred to was prepared by Dr. Franklin on his voyage home from France in 1785, and formed part of a paper on the subject of Improvements in Navigation, which he read at a meeting of the American Philosophical Society in December of that year. Franklin first made the Gulf Stream known to European navigators.

XVII.

Franklin to M. St. Jean de Crèvecœur.

PACKET-BOATS AND THE GULF STREAM.

"SIR: I have perused the foregoing mémoire, and having formerly had some share in the management of the Pacquet Boats between England and America, I am enabled to furnish you with some small remarks.

"The project is good, and if carried into execution will certainly be very useful to Merchants immediately, and profitable to the Revenue of the Post office at least after some time; because not only Commerce increases correspondence, but facility of correspondence increases Commerce, and they go on mutually augmenting each other.

"Four Pacquet Boats were at first thought sufficient between Falmouth and New York, so as to dispatch one regularly the first Wednesday in every month. But by experience it was found that a fifth was necessary; as without it, the regularity was sometimes broken by accidents of wind and weather, and the merchants disappointed and their affairs deranged, a matter of great consequence in commerce. A fifth Packet was accordingly added.

"It is probable, as you observe, that the English will keep up their Packets. In which

case I should think it advisable to order the dispatch of the French Packets in the intermediate times, that is, on the third Wednesdays. This would give the merchants of Europe and America opportunities of writing every fortnight. And the English who had missed writing by their own Packet of the first Wednesday, or have new matter to write which they wish to send before the next month, will forward their letters by the post to France to go by the French Packet and *vice versa*, which will increase the inland postage of both nations.

"As these vessels are not to be laden with goods, their holds may without inconvenience be divided into separate apartments after the Chinese manner, and each of those apartments caulked tight so as to keep out water. In which case if a leak should happen in one apartment, that only would be affected by it, and the others would be free; so that the ship would not be so subject as others to founder and sink at sea. This being known would be a great encouragement to passengers.

"I send you a copy of a Chart of the Gulf Stream, which is little known by European Navigators, and yet of great consequence; since in going to America they often get into that stream and unknowingly stem it, whereby the ship is much retarded and the voyage lengthened enormously. The directions being imperfectly translated and expressed in French, I have put them more correctly in English."

XVIII.

Franklin, probably to the Governor of Georgia.

HIS INDIAN POLICY.

"PHILADA. Dec. 16, 1787.

"SIR: I received by Mr. Dromgoole the letter your Excelly. did me the honour of writing to me the 2d of November past, and am much concerned to hear that a war between the State of Georgia and the Creek Indians was unavoidable.

"During the course of a long life in which I have made observations on public affairs, it has appeared to me that almost every war between the Indians and Whites has been occasioned by some injustice of the latter towards the former. It is indeed extremely imprudent in us to quarrel with them for their lands, as they are generally willing to sell, and sell such good bargains; and a war with them is so mischievous to us, in unsettling frequently a great part of our frontier, and reducing the inhabitants to poverty and distress, and is besides so expensive that it is much cheaper as well as honester to buy their lands than to take them by force.

"Your State would, I imagine, be much more secure from the mischiefs of Indian wars, if you imitated the mode of settlement in the New England States, which was to grant their lands in townships of about 6 mile square to 60 families. These first chose a spot for their town, where they cleared a square of perhaps 20 acres, round which they fixed their houses 15 on a side, all fronting inwards to the square so that they were all in sight of each other. In the middle of the square they erected a house for public worship and a school, stockaded round as a fort for the reception and protection of their women and children in case of alarm. Behind each house was first a garden plot, then an orchard, and then a pasture for a cow or two, and behind all outwards their cornfield. Thus situated one house could not be attacked without its being seen and giving alarm to the rest, who were ready to run to its succour. This discouraged such attempts. Then they had the advantage of giving schooling to their children, securing their morals by the influence of religion, and improving each other by civil society and conversation. In our way of sparse and remote settlements, the people are without these advantages, and we are in danger of bringing up a set of Savages of our own colour."

XIX.

*Franklin to Madame Brillon.**

A PICTURE OF OLD AGE.

"PHILADA. April 19, 1788.

"MY DEAR DEAR FRIEND: I received by the last Pacquet your kind letter dated in October last. I am glad to hear that you continue well, with what is left of the amiable family, in whose sweet society I passed so many happy evenings while I lived in Passy. I sympathise with you in all your losses and afflictions, and hope the rest of your life will be as tranquil and free from trouble as it had been for some years before we parted.

"You have given me pleasure by informing me of the welfare and present agreeable circumstances of yourself and children; and I am persuaded that your friendship for me will render a similar account of my situation pleasing to you. I am in a country where I have the happiness of being universally respected and beloved; of which three successive annual elections to the Chief Magistracy, in which elections the representatives of the people in Assembly and the Supreme Council joined and were unanimous, is the strongest proof; this is a place of profit as well as of honour; and my friends cheerfully assist in making the

* This is the lady to whom Franklin addressed his story of the whistle.

business as easy to me as possible. I live in a good house which I built 25 years ago, contrived to my mind and made still more convenient by an addition since my return. A dutiful and affectionate daughter, with her husband and six children, compose my family. The children are all promising, and even the youngest, who is but four years old, contributes to my amusement. The eldest, Benjamin, you may remember. He has finished his studies at our University, and is preparing to enter into business as a printer, the original occupation of his Grandfather. Temple, who was likewise with me in France, is settled about 6 leagues from me on his plantation, which contains about 600 acres; but when in town he lives with me. My Rents and incomes are amply sufficient for all my present occasions; and if no unexpected misfortunes happen during the little time I have to live, I shall leave a handsome estate to be divided among my relatives. As to my health, it continues the same or rather better than when I left Passy; but being now in my 83d year, I do not expect to continue much longer a sojourner in this world, and begin to promise myself much gratification of my curiosity in soon visiting some other. Wherever I may hereafter travel, be assured, my dear friend, that if . . . " [imperfect.]

XX.

Franklin to Benj. Chambers and the other Gentlemen of Chambersburg.

ON THE WATER-BLAST FOR FURNACES.

" PHILADA. Sept. 20, 1788.

" GENTLEMEN: I received the letter you did me the honour of writing to me, respecting what was supposed a new invention, the blowing of furnaces by a fall of water. When Mr. Zantzinger delivered me your letter, I told him that I had several books in my Library which described the same contrivance, and I have since shewn them to him. They are the French Encyclopædia or Dictionary of Arts and Sciences; Swedenborg's Latin treatise of Iron Works; and the French work *Des Arts et des Métiers*, in the article of forges. Those descriptions are all accompanied with figures in copper plate, which demonstrate the invention to be the same precisely in all its essential parts; and in the accounts of it, it is said to have been first practised in Italy about 100 years since; whence it was brought into France where it is now much used; thence into Sweden and Germany; and I remember to have been informed by a Spaniard who was here 40 years ago, and gave me a drawing of it, that it was practised in some parts of Mexico, in their furnaces for smelting their silver ore. This being the case, you see, Gentlemen, that Mr. McClintock cannot properly be recommended to the Assembly as the discoverer of something new. It is however not an uncommon thing for ingenious men in different ages as well as in different Countries to hit upon the same contrivances without knowing or having heard what has been done by others; and Mr. McClintock has at least the merit of having introduced the knowledge of this useful invention into this part of America, and of demonstrating by his own example its practicability.

" I am, Gentlemen," &c.

XXI.

Franklin to Abbé Morellet.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS — RETIREMENT FROM THE PRESIDENCY.

" PHILADA. Dec 10, 1788.

. . . . .

" The Gentleman who will have the honour of delivering you this line is Mr. Gouverneur Morris, formerly a Member of Congress, and one of the Convention that composed the Federal Constitution. He is much esteemed here by those that know him, and being a friend of mine, I beg leave to recommend him to your civilities, and to Mr. Marmontel's, to whom please present my respects.

" I hope the late troubles in France are nearly over. Tis a country that I dearly love, and in whose prosperity I feel myself deeply interested.

" Having now finished my three years service as President and not likely to engage in any future Public business, I begin to feel myself a freeman, and to enjoy the little leisure that the remnant of life may afford me. Some of this leisure I am however employing in writing my own history, which calling past transactions to remembrance makes it seem a little like living one's life over again.

" I am ever my dear friend, with great and sincere esteem," etc.

XXII.

Franklin to ——.

THE MAN THAT " SAVED HIS LIFE."

" PHILADA. Dec. 17, 1789.

" DEAR FRIEND: I have received your kind letter of the 5th inst. together with your present of Metheglin, of which I have already drank almost a bottle. I find it excellent; please to accept my thankful acknowledgments.

" The letter yours enclosed is from the widow of a Jew, who happening to be one of a number of passengers that were about 40 years

ago in a stage-boat going to New York, and which by the unskilful management of the boatman overset the canoe from whence I was endeavouring to get on board her, near Staten Island, has ever since worried me with demands of a gratû for having as he pretended been instrumental in saving my life; tho' that was in no danger, as we were near the shore, and you know what an expert swimmer I am, and he was no more of any service to me in stopping the boat to take me in than every other passenger; to all whom I gave a liberal entertainment at the Tavern when we arrived at New York, to their general satisfaction at the time: but this Hayes never saw me afterwards at New York, or Brunswick, or Philada that he did not dun me for money on the pretense of his being poor, and having been so happy as to be instrumental in saving my life, which was really in no danger. In this way he got of me sometimes a double joannes, sometimes a Spanish doublon, and never less, how much in the whole I do not know, having kept no account of it; but it must have been a very considerable sum; and as he neither incurred any risque, nor was at any trouble in my behalf, I have long since thought him well paid for any little expense of humanity he might have felt on the occasion. He seems, however, to have left me to his widow as part of her dowry."

XXIII.

Franklin to ——.

REVENGE A DELICACY TO BE EATEN COLD.

"Nov. 25, 1786.

"DEAR SIR: I hope your gout will be of service to you, as I have always found mine has been to me. I return the piece. And since you seem to wish for my advice, tho' without asking it, I will give it. Do not publish the piece immediately. Let it lie by you at least a twelvemonth, then reconsider it, and do what you find proper. Such personal public attacks are never forgiven. You both have children, and the animosity may be entailed to the prejudice of both sides. With great esteem and affection I am,

"Ever Yours,

"B. FRANKLIN."

XXIV.

Franklin to ——.

THREATENED RESTRICTIONS UPON EMIGRATION.

"[There] are I understand some apprehensions that your Ministers may procure a law to restrain the Emigration of Manufacturers; but I think that, weak and wicked as they are, and tyrannical as they are disposed to be, they will hardly venture upon an Act that shall make a Prison of England, to confine men for no other crime but that of being useful and industrious and to discourage the learning of useful mechanic arts, by declaring that as soon as a man is master of his business he shall lose his liberty, and become a prisoner for life; while they suffer their idle and extravagant gentry to travel and reside abroad at their pleasure, spending the incomes of their estates, racked from their laborious honest tenants, in foreign follies, and among French and Italian ——and fiddlers. Such a law would be too glaringly unjust to be borne with."

We will close these extracts with a single reflection which some of our readers may have anticipated.

Of the unpublished manuscripts of most interest and value, a large proportion are conceived in such a spirit as would scarcely have commended them to the English public at any time during the first half of the present century. Their commendation as well as their criticism would have been alike distasteful. This fact had, no doubt, much to do with Mr. Colburn's refusal to extend his publication, and may at least partially explain the wanton delay of the publication that was made.

The time is now happily past when the judgment of any publisher on either side of the Atlantic could be affected by these considerations; and as we must now have substantially all of Franklin's writings that we can ever expect to have, it is to be hoped that we shall not have long to wait for a complete and standard edition of all the extant works of the most famous philosopher, journalist, writer, and diplomatist of his time.

John Bigelow.

Phœbe-bird.

"ADMIRE the bird's egg and leave it in its nest," is a wiser forbearance than "Love the wood-rose and leave it on its stalk." We will try to leave these eggs in the nest, and as far as possible show the bird and the nest with them.

The first egg of spring is undoubtedly a hen's egg. The domestic fowls, not being compelled to shift for themselves, and having artificial shelter, are not so mindful of the weather and the seasons as the wild birds. But the hen of the woods and the hen of the prairie, namely, the ruffed and the pinnated grouse, do not usually nest till the season is so far advanced that danger from frost is past.

The first wild egg, in New York and New England, is probably that of an owl, the great horned owl, it is said, laying as early as March. They probably shelter their eggs from the frost and the snow before incubation begins. The little screech-owl waits till April, and seeks the deep snug cavity of an old tree; the heart of a decayed apple-tree suits him well. Begin your search by the middle of April, and before the month is past you will find the four white, round eggs resting upon a little dry grass or a few dry leaves in the bottom of a long cavity. Owls' eggs are inclined to be spherical. You would expect to see a big round-headed, round-eyed creature come out of such an egg.

Pinnated Grouse.

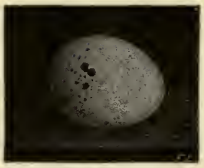
The passenger pigeon nests before danger from frost is past; but as it lays but two eggs, probably in two successive days, the risks from this source are not great, though occasionally a heavy April snow-storm breaks them up.

Which is the earliest song-bird's egg? One cannot be quite so certain here, as he can as to which the first wild flower is, for instance; but I would take my chances on finding that of the phœbe-bird first, and finding it before the close of April, unless the season is very backward. The present season (1883), a pair built their nest under the eaves of my house, and deposited their eggs, the last days of the month. Some English sparrows that had been hanging around, and doubtless watching the phœbes, threw the eggs out and took possession of the nest. How shrewd and quick to take the hint these little feathered John Bulls are! With a handful of rattling pebble-stones I told this couple very plainly that they were not welcome visitors to my premises. They fled precipitately. The next morning they appeared again, but were much shyer. Another discharge of pebbles, and they were off as if bound for the protection of the British flag, and did not return. I notice wherever I go that these birds have got a suspicion in their heads that public opinion has changed with regard to them, and that they are no longer wanted.

Song-Sparrow.

The eggs of the phœbe-bird are snow-white, and when, in threading the gorge of some mountain trout-brook, or prowling about some high, overhanging ledge, one's eye falls upon this mossy structure planted with such matchless art upon a little shelf of the rocks, with its complement of five or six pearl-like eggs, he is ready to declare it the most pleasing nest in all the range of our bird architecture. It was such a happy thought for the bird to build there, just out of the reach of all four-footed beasts of prey, sheltered from the storms and winds, and by the use of moss and lichens

Great Horned Owl.



Chippie Sparrow.

House Wren.

Short-billed Marsh Wren.

Carolina Wren.

blending its nest so perfectly with its surroundings, that only the most alert eye can detect it. An egg upon a rock, and thriving there,—the frailest linked to the strongest, as if the geology of the granite mountain had been bent into the service of the bird. I doubt if crows, or jays, or owls ever rob these nests. Phœbe has outwitted them. They never heard of the bird that builded its house upon a rock. "Strong is thy dwelling-place, and thou puttest thy nest in a rock."

The song-sparrow sometimes nests in April, but not commonly in our latitude. Emerson says, in "May-Day":

> "The sparrow meek, prophetic-eyed,
> Her nest beside the snow-drift weaves,
> Secure the osier yet will hide
> Her callow brood in mantling leaves."

But the sparrow usually prefers to wait till the snow-drift is gone. I have never found the nest of one till long after the last drift had disappeared from the fields, though a late writer upon New England birds says the sparrow sometimes lays in April, when snow is yet upon the ground.

The sparrow is not a beautiful bird except in our affections and associations, and its eggs are not beautiful as eggs go,—four or five little freckled spheres, that, like the bird itself, blend well with the ground upon which they are placed.

The eggs of the "chippie," or social sparrow, are probably the most beautiful of sparrow eggs, being of a bright bluish green with a ring of dark purple spots around the larger end.

Generally there is but little relation between the color of the bird and the color of its egg. For the most part the eggs of birds that occupy open, exposed nests are of some tint that harmonizes well with the surroundings. With the addition of specks of various hue they are rendered still less conspicuous. The eggs of the scarlet tanager are greenish blue, with faint brown or purplish markings. The blackbird lays a greenish-blue egg also, with various markings. Indeed, the favorite ground-tint of the birds that build open nests is a greenish blue; sometimes the blue predominates, sometimes the green; while the eggs of birds that build concealed nests, or lay in dark cavities, are generally white, as those of the various woodpeckers, chickadees, and nut-hatches. The eggs of the bluebird are bluish white. Among the flycatchers, the nest of the phœbe is most concealed, at least from above, and her eggs are white, while those of nearly all the other species are more or less tinted and marked. The eggs of the humming-bird are white, but the diminutiveness of their receptacle is a sufficient concealment. Another white egg is that of the kingfisher, deposited upon fish-bones at the end of a hole in the bank eight or nine feet long. The bank swallow also lays white eggs, as does the chimney swallow, the white-bellied swallow, and the purple martin. The eggs of the barn swallow and cliff swallow are more or less speckled. In England the kingfisher (smaller and much more brilliantly colored than ours), woodpeckers, the bank swallow, the swift, the wryneck (related to the woodpecker), and the dipper also lay white eggs.

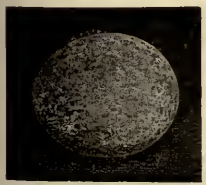
A marked exception to the above rule is furnished by the eggs of the Baltimore oriole, perhaps the most fantastically marked of all our birds' eggs. One would hardly expect a plainly marked egg in such a high-swung, elaborately woven, deeply pouched, aristocratic nest. The threads and strings and horsehairs with which the structure is sewed and bound and stayed are copied in the curious lines and markings of the treasures it holds. After the oriole is through with its nest, it is sometimes taken possession of by the house wren in which to rear its second brood. The long, graceful cavity, with its fine carpet of hair, is filled with coarse twigs, as if one were to build a log hut in a palace, and the rusty-colored eggs of the little busybody are deposited there. The wren would perhaps stick to its bundle of small faggots in the box or pump tree, and rear its second brood in the cradle of the first, were it not that by seeking new lodgings time can be saved. The male bird builds and furnishes the second nest and the mother bird has begun to lay in it before the first is empty.

The chatter of a second brood of nearly fledged wrens is heard now (August 20th) in an oriole's nest suspended from the branch of an apple-tree near where I write. Earlier in the season the parent birds made long and determined attempts to establish themselves in a cavity that had been occupied by a pair of bluebirds. The original proprietor of the place was the downy woodpecker. He

had excavated it the autumn before and had passed the winter there, often to my certain knowledge lying abed till nine o'clock in the morning. In the spring he went elsewhere, probably with a female, to begin the season in new quarters. The bluebirds early took possession, and in June their first brood had flown. The wrens had been hanging around, evidently with an eye on the place (such little comedies may be witnessed anywhere), and now very naturally thought it was their turn. A day or two after the young bluebirds had flown, I noticed some fine, dry grass clinging to the entrance to the cavity; a circumstance which I understood a few moments later, when the wren rushed by me into the cover of a small Norway spruce, hotly pursued by the male bluebird. It was a brown streak and a blue streak pretty close together. The wrens had gone to house-cleaning, and the bluebird had returned to find his bed and bedding being pitched out-of-doors, and had thereupon given the wrens to understand in the most emphatic manner that he had no intention of vacating the premises so early in the season. Day after day, for more than two weeks, the male bluebird had to clear his premises of these intruders. It occupied much of his time and not a little of mine, as I sat with a book in a summer-house near by, laughing at his pretty fury and spiteful onset. On two occasions the wren rushed under the chair in which I sat, and a streak of blue lightning almost flashed in my very face. One day, just as I had passed the tree in which the cavity was placed, I heard the wren scream desperately; turning, I saw the little vagabond fall into the grass with the wrathful bluebird fairly upon him; the latter had returned just in time to catch him, and was evidently bent on punishing him well. But in the squabble in the grass, the wren escaped and took refuge in the friendly evergreen. The bluebird paused for a moment with outstretched wings looking for the fugitive, then flew away. A score of times during the month of June did I see the wren taxing every energy to get away from the bluebird. He would dart into the stone wall, under the floor of the summer-house, into the weeds — anywhere to hide his diminished head. The bluebird with his bright coat looked like a policeman in uniform in pursuit of some wicked, rusty little street gamin. Generally the favorite house of refuge of the wrens was the little spruce, into which their pursuer made no attempt to follow them. The female would sit concealed amid the branches, chattering in a scolding, fretful way, while the male, with his eye upon his tormentor, would perch on the topmost shoot and sing. Why he sang at such times, whether in triumph and derision, or to keep his courage up and reassure his mate, I could not make out. When his song was suddenly cut short and I glanced to see him dart down into the spruce, my eye usually caught a twinkle of blue wings hovering near. The wrens finally gave up the fight, and their enemies reared their second brood in peace.

That the wren should use such coarse, refractory materials, especially since it builds in holes where twigs are so awkward to carry and adjust, is curious enough. All its congeners, the marsh wrens, the Carolina wren, the winter wren, build of soft flexible materials. The nest of the winter wren and of the English "Jenny wren," is mainly of moss, and is a marvel of softness and warmth.

One day a swarm of honey-bees went into my chimney, and I mounted the stack to see into which flue they had gone. As I craned my neck above the sooty vent, with the bees humming about my ears, the first thing my eye rested upon in the black interior was two long white pearls upon a little shelf of twigs, the nest of the chimney swallow, or swift,—honey, soot, and birds' eggs closely associated. The bees, though in an unused flue, soon found the gas of anthracite that hovered about the top of the chimney too much for them, and they left. But the swallows are not repelled by smoke. They seem to have entirely abandoned their former nesting-places in hollow trees and stumps and to frequent only chimneys. A tireless bird, never perching, all day upon the wing, and probably capable of flying one thousand miles in twenty-four hours. They do not even stop to gather materials for their nests, but snap off the small dry twigs from the tree-tops as they fly by. Confine one of these swallows to a room and it will not perch, but after flying till it becomes bewildered and

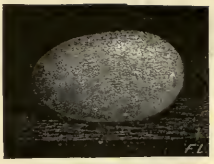


Scarlet Tanager.

Kingbird.

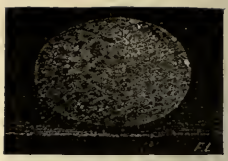
Baltimore Oriole.

Bluebird.


Chimney Swallow.

Barn Swallow.

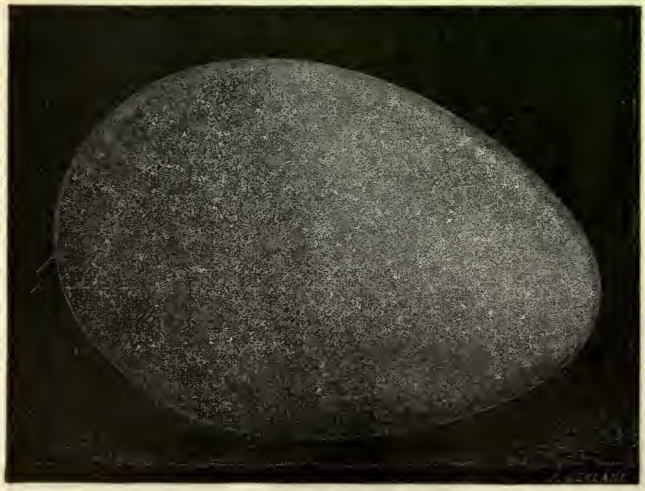
Chickadee.


Golden-crowned Thrush.

exhausted, it clings to the side of the wall till it dies. I once found one in my room on returning after several days' absence, in which life seemed nearly extinct; its feet grasped my finger as I removed it from the wall, but its eyes closed and it seemed about on the point of joining its companion which lay dead upon the floor. Tossing it into the air, however, seemed to awaken its wonderful powers of flight, and away it went straight toward the clouds. On the wing the chimney swallow looks like an athlete stripped for the race. There is the least appearance of quill and plumage of any of our birds, and with all its speed and marvelous evolutions the effect of its flight is stiff and wiry. There appears to be but one joint in the wing, and that next the body. This peculiar inflexible motion of the wings, as if they were little sickles of sheet iron, seems to be owing to the length and development of the primary quills and the smallness of the secondary. The wing appears to hinge only at the wrist. The barn swallow lines its rude masonry with feathers, but the swift begins life on bare twigs, glued together by a glue of home manufacture as adhesive as Spaulding's.

I have wondered if Emerson referred to any particular bird in these lines from "The Problem:"

"Know'st thou what wove yon wood-bird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?"


Eider-duck.

Probably not, but simply availed himself of the general belief that certain birds or fowls line their nests with their own feathers. This is notably true of the eider-duck, and in a measure of our domestic fowls, but so far as I know is not true of any of our small birds. The barn swallow and house wren feather their nests at the expense of the hens and geese. The winter wren picks up the feathers of the ruffed grouse. The chickadee, Emerson's favorite bird, uses a few feathers in its upholstering, but not its own. In England, I noticed that the little willow warbler makes a free use of feathers from the poultry-yard. Many of our birds use hair in their nests, and the kingbird and cedar-bird like wool. I have found a single feather of the bird's own in the nest of the phœbe. Such a circumstance would perhaps justify the poet.

About the first of June there is a nest in the woods upon the ground with four creamy white eggs in it spotted with brown or lilac, chiefly about the larger ends, that always gives the walker who is so lucky as to find it a thrill of pleasure. It is like a ground-sparrow's nest with a roof or canopy to it. The little brown or olive-backed bird starts away from your feet and runs swiftly and almost silently over the dry leaves, and then turns her speckled breast to see if you are following. She walks very prettily, by far the prettiest pedestrian in the woods. But if she thinks you have discovered her secret, she feigns lameness and disability of both legs and wing, to decoy you into the pursuit of her. This is the golden-crowned thrush, or accentor, a strictly wood-bird, about the size of a song-sparrow, with the dullest of gold upon his crown, but the brightest of songs in his heart. The last nest of this bird I found was while in quest of the pink cypripedium. I suddenly spied a couple of the flowers a few steps from the path along which I was walking, and had stooped to admire them, when out sprang the bird from beside them, doubtless thinking she

High-hole.

Whip-poor-will.

was the subject of observation instead of the flowers that swung their purple bells but a foot or two above her. But I never should have seen her had she kept her place. She had found a rent in the matted carpet of dry leaves and pine needles that covered the ground, and into this had insinuated her nest, the leaves and needles forming a canopy above it, sloping to the south and west, the source of the more frequent summer rains.

At about the same time one finds the nest above described, if he were to explore the woods very thoroughly, he might chance upon two curious eggs lying upon the leaves as if dropped there by chance. They are elliptical, both ends of a size, about an inch and a quarter long, of a creamy white spotted with lavender. These are the eggs of the whip-poor-will, a bird that has absolutely no architectural instincts or gifts. Perhaps its wide, awkward mouth and short beak are ill adapted to carrying nest materials. They are awkward upon the ground and awkward upon the tree, being unable to perch upon a limb, except lengthwise of it.

Cedar-bird.

The song and game birds lay pointed eggs, but the night birds lay round or elliptical eggs.

The egg-collector sometimes stimulates a bird to lay an unusual number of eggs. A youth, whose truthfulness I do not doubt, told me he once induced a high-high to lay twenty-nine eggs, by robbing her of an egg each day. The eggs became smaller and smaller, till the twenty-ninth one was only the size of a chippie's egg. At this point the bird gave up the contest.

There is a last egg of summer as well as a first egg of spring, but one cannot name either with much confidence. Both the robin and the chippie sometimes rear a third brood in August, but the birds that delay their nesting till midsummer are the goldfinch and the cedar-bird, the former waiting for the thistle to ripen its seeds, and the latter probably for the appearance of certain insects which it takes on the wing. Often the cedar-bird does not build till August, and will line its nest with wool if it can get it, even in this sultry month. The eggs are marked and colored as if a white egg were to be spotted with brown, then colored a pale blue, then again sharply dotted or blotched with blackish or purplish spots.

But the most common August nest with me — early August — is that of the American goldfinch, better known as the yellow-bird, — a deep, snug, compact nest, with no loose ends hanging, placed in the fork of a small limb of an apple-tree, peach-tree, or ornamental shade-tree. The eggs are a faint bluish-white. While the female is sitting, the male feeds her regularly. She calls to him on his approach, or when she hears his voice passing by, in the most affectionate, feminine, child-like tones, the only case I know of where the sitting bird makes any sound while in the act of incubation. When a rival male invades the tree, or approaches too near, the male whose nest it holds pursues and reasons or expostulates with him in the same bright, amicable, confiding tones. Indeed, most birds make use of their sweetest notes in war. The song of love is the song of battle too. The male yellow-birds flit about from point to point, apparently assuring each other of the highest sentiments of esteem and consideration, at the same time that one intimates to the other that he is carrying his joke a little too far. It has the effect of saying with pleased and happy surprise, "Why, my dear sir, this is my territory, you surely do not mean to trespass; permit me to salute you, and to escort you over the line." Yet the intruder does not always take the hint. Occasionally the couple have a brief sparring match in the air, and mount up and up, beak to beak, to a considerable height, but rarely do they actually come to blows.

Nest of Humming-bird.

Yellow Warbler.

The yellow-bird becomes active and con-

spicuous after the other birds have nearly all withdrawn from the stage and become silent, their broods reared and flown. August is his month, his festive season. It is his turn now. The thistles are ripening their seeds, and his nest is undisturbed by jay-bird or crow. He is the first bird I hear in the morning, circling and swinging through the air in that peculiar undulating flight, and calling out on the downward curve of each stroke, "Here we go, here we go!" Every hour in the day he indulges in this circling, billowy flight. It is a part of his musical performance. His course at such times is a deeply undulating line, like the long gentle roll of the summer sea, the distance from crest to crest or from valley to valley being probably thirty feet; this distance is made with but one brief beating of the wings on the downward curve. As he quickly opens them they give him a strong upward impulse, and he describes the long arc with them closely folded. Thus falling and recovering, rising and sinking like dolphins in the sea, he courses through the summer air. In marked contrast to this feat is his manner of flying when he indulges in a brief outburst of song in the air. Now he flies level, with broad expanded wings nearly as round and as concave as two shells, which beat the air slowly. The song is the chief matter now, and the wings are used only to keep him afloat while delivering it. In the other case the flight is the main concern, and the voice merely punctuates it.

I know no autumn egg but a hen's egg, though a certain old farmer tells me he finds a quail's nest full of eggs nearly every September; but fall progeny of any kind has a belated start in life, and the chances are against it.

John Burroughs.

[The illustrations in this article are all made from eggs in the collection of North American birds' eggs, belonging to Robert R. Brown, Esq., New York City.— EDITOR.]

THE HOTEL EXPERIENCE OF MR. PINK FLUKER.

I.

"FOOL WHO?"

MR. PETERSON FLUKER, generally called Pink, for his fondness for as stylish dressing as he could afford, was one of that sort of men who habitually seem busy and efficient when they are not. He had the bustling activity often noticeable in men of his size, and in one way and another had made up, as he believed, for being so much smaller than most of his adult acquaintance of the male sex. Prominent among his achievements on that line was getting married to a woman who, among other excellent gifts, had that of being twice as big as her husband.

"Fool who?" on the day after his marriage he had asked, with a look at those who had often said that he was too little to have a wife.

They had a little property to begin with, a couple of hundreds of acres, and two or three negroes apiece. Yet, except in the natural increase of the latter, the accretions of worldly estate had been inconsiderable till now, when their oldest child, Marann, was some fifteen years old. These accretions had been saved and taken care of by Mrs. Fluker, who was as staid and silent as he was mobile and voluble.

Mr. Fluker often said that it puzzled him how it was that he made smaller crops than most of his neighbors, when, if not always convincing, he could generally put every one of them to silence in discussions upon agricultural topics. This puzzle had led him to not unfrequent ruminations in his mind as to whether or not his vocation might lie in something higher than the mere tilling of the ground. These ruminations had lately taken a definite direction, and it was after several conversations which he had held with his friend Matt Pike.

Mr. Matt Pike was a bachelor of some thirty summers, a foretime clerk consecutively in each of the two stores of the village, but latterly a trader on a limited scale in horses, wagons, cows, and similar objects of commerce, and at all times a politician. His hopes of holding office had been continually disappointed until Mr. John Sanks became sheriff, and

"MR. FLUKER FELT THAT HE WAS BECOMING A LITTLE CONFUSED."

rewarded with a deputyship some important special service rendered by him in the late very close canvass. Now was a chance to rise, Mr. Pike thought. All he wanted, he had often said was a start. Politics, I would remark, however, had been regarded by Mr. Pike as a means rather than an end. It is doubtful if he hoped to become governor of the State, at least before an advanced period in his career. His main object now was to get money, and he believed that official position would promote him in the line of his ambition faster than was possible to any private station, by leading him into more extensive acquaintance with mankind, their needs, their desires, and their caprices. A deputy sheriff, provided that lawyers were not too indulgent in allowing acknowledgment of service of court processes, in postponing levies and sales, and in settlement of litigated cases, might pick up three hundred dollars, a good sum for those times, a fact which Mr. Pike had known and pondered long.

It happened just about then that the arrears of rent for the village hotel had so accumulated on Mr. Spouter, the last occupant, that the owner, an indulgent man, finally had said, what he had been expected for years and years to say, that he could not wait on Mr. Spouter forever and eternally. It was at this very nick, so to speak, that Mr. Pike made to Mr. Fluker the suggestion to quit a business so far beneath his powers, sell out, or rent out, or tenant out, or do something else with his farm, march into town, plant himself upon the ruins of Jacob Spouter, and begin his upward soar.

Now Mr. Fluker had many and many a time acknowledged that he had ambition; so one night he said to his wife:

MR. MARCHMAN'S PRESSING BUSINESS WITH MR. PIKE.

"You see how it is here, Nervy. Farmin' somehow don't suit my talons. I need to be flung more 'mong people to fetch out what's in me. Then thar's Marann, which is gittin' to be nigh on to a growd-up woman; an' the child need the s'iety which you 'bleeged to acknowledge is sca'ce about here, six mile from town. Your brer Sam can stay here an' raise butter, chickens, eggs, pigs, an'— an'— an' so forth. Matt Pike say he jes' know they's money in it, an' special with a housekeeper keerful an' equinomical like you."

It is always curious the extent of influence that some men have upon wives who are their superiors. Mrs. Fluker, in spite of accidents, had ever set upon her husband a value that was not recognized outside of his family. In this respect there seems a surprising compensation in human life. But this remark I make only in passing. Mrs. Fluker, admitting in her heart that farming was not her husband's forte, hoped, like a true wife, that it might be found in the new field to which he aspired. Besides, she did not forget that her brother Sam had said to her several times privately that if his brer Pink wouldn't have so many notions and would let him alone in his management, they would all do better She reflected for a day or two, and then said:

"Maybe it's best, Mr. Fluker. I'm willin' to try it for a year, anyhow. We can't lose much by that. As for Matt Pike, I hain't the confidence in him you has. Still, he bein' a boarder and deputy sheriff, he might accidentally do us some good. I'll try it for a year, providin' you'll fetch me the money as it's paid in, for you know I know how to manage that better'n you do, and you know I'll try to manage it and all the rest of the business for the best."

To this provision Mr. Fluker gave consent, qualified by the claim that he was to retain a small margin for indispensable personal exigencies. For he contended, perhaps with jus-

tice, that no man in the responsible position he was about to take ought to be expected to go about, or sit about, or even lounge about, without even a continental red in his pocket.

The new house — I say *new* because tongue could not tell the amount of scouring, scalding, and whitewashing that that excellent housekeeper had done before a single stick of her furniture went into it — the new house, I repeat, opened with six eating boarders at ten dollars a month apiece, and two eating and sleeping at eleven, besides Mr. Pike, who made a special contract. Transient custom was hoped to hold its own, and that of the county people under the deputy's patronage and influence to be considerably enlarged.

In words and other encouragement Mr. Pike was pronounced. He could commend honestly, and he did so cordially.

"The thing to do, Pink, is to have your prices reg'lar, and make people pay up reg'lar. Ten dollars for eatin', jes' so; eleb'n for eatin' *an'* sleepin'; half a dollar for dinner, jes' so; quarter apiece for breakfast, supper, and bed, is what I call reason'ble bo'd. As for me, I sca'cely know how to rig'late, because, you know, I'm a' officer now, an' in course I natchel *has* to be away sometimes an' on expenses at 'tother places, an' it seem like some 'lowance ought by good rights to be made for that; don't you think so?"

"Why, matter o' course, Matt; what you think? I ain't so powerful good at figgers. Nervy is. S'posen you speak to her 'bout it."

"Oh, that's perfec' unuseless, Pink. I'm a' officer o' the law, Pink, an' the law consider women — well, I may say the law, *she* deal 'ith *men*, not women, an' she expect her offi-cers to understan' figgers, an' if I hadn't o' understood figgers Mr. Sanks wouldn't or darsn't to 'p'int me his dep'ty. Me 'n' you can fix them terms. Now see here, reg'lar bo'd — eatin' bo'd, I mean — is ten dollars, an' sleepin' and singuil meals is 'cordin' to the figgers you've sot for 'em. Ain't that so? Jes' so. Now, Pink, you an' me'll keep a runnin' account, you a-chargin' for reg'lar bo'd, an' I a'lowin' to myself credics for my absentees, accordin' to transion customers an' singuil mealers an' sleepers. Is that fa'r, er is it not fa'r?"

Mr. Fluker turned his head, and after making or thinking he had made a calculation, answered:

"That's — that seem fa'r, Matt."

"Cert'nly 'tis, Pink; I knowed you'd say so, an' you know I'd never wish to be nothin' but fa'r 'ith people I like, like I do you an' your wife. Let that be the understandin', then, betwix' us. An' Pink, let the understandin' be jes' betwix' *us*, for I've saw enough o' this world to find out that a man never makes nothin' by makin' a blowin' horn o' his business. You make the t'others pay up spuntial, monthly. You 'n' me can settle whensomever it's convenant, say three months from to-day. In course I shall talk up for the house whensomever and wharsomever I go or stay. You know that. An' as for my bed," said Mr. Pike finally, "whensomever I ain't here by bed-time, you welcome to put any transion person in it, an' also an' likewise, when transion custom is pressin', and you cramped for beddin', I'm willin' to give it up for the time bein'; an' rather'n you should be cramped too bad, I'll take my chances somewhars else, even if I has to take a pallet at the head o' the sta'r-steps."

"Nervy," said Mr. Fluker to his wife afterwards, "Matt Pike's a sensibler an' a friendlier an' a 'commodatiner feller'n I thought."

Then, without giving details of the contract, he mentioned merely the willingness of their boarder to resign his bed on occasions of pressing emergency.

"He's talked mighty fine to me and Marann," answered Mrs. Fluker. "We'll see how he holds out. One thing I do *not* like of his doin', an' that's the talkin' 'bout Sim Marchman to Marann, an' makin' game o' his country ways, as he call 'em. Sech as that ain't right."

It may be as well to explain just here that Simeon Marchman, the person just named by Mrs. Fluker, a stout, industrious young farmer, residing with his parents in the country near by where the Flukers had dwelt before removing to town, had been eying Marann for a year or two, and waiting upon her fast-ripening womanhood with intentions that he believed to be hidden in his own breast, though he had taken less pains to conceal them from Marann than from the rest of his acquaintance. Not that he had ever told her of them in so many words, but — Oh, I need not stop here in the midst of this narration to explain how such intentions become known, or at least strongly suspected by girls, even those less bright than Marann Fluker. Simeon had not cordially indorsed the movement into town, though, of course, knowing it was none of his business, he had never so much as hinted opposition. I would not be surprised, also, if he reflected that there might be some selfishness in his hostility, or at least that it was heightened by apprehensions personal to himself.

Considering the want of experience in the new tenants, matters went on remarkably well. Mrs. Fluker, accustomed to rise from her couch long before the lark, managed to the satisfaction of all, — regular boarders, single-

meal takers, and transient people. Marann went to the village school, her mother dressing her, though with prudent economy, as neatly and almost as tastefully as any of her schoolmates; while, as to study, deportment, and general progress, there was not a girl in the whole school to beat her, I don't care who she was.

II.

DURING a not inconsiderable period Mr. Fluker indulged the honorable conviction that at last he had found the vein in which his best talents lay, and he was happy in foresight of the prosperity and felicity which that discovery promised to himself and his family. His native activity found many more objects for its exertion than before. He rode out to the farm, not often, but sometimes, as a matter of duty, and was forced to acknowledge that Sam was managing better than could have been expected in the absence of his own continuous guidance. In town he walked about the hotel, entertained the guests, carved at the meals, hovered about the stores, the doctors' offices, the wagon and blacksmith shops, discussed mercantile, medical, mechanical questions with specialists in all these departments, throwing into them all more and more of politics as the intimacy between him and his patron and chief boarder increased.

Now as to that patron and chief boarder. The need of extending his acquaintance seemed to press upon Mr. Pike with ever-increasing weight. He was here and there, all over the county; at the county-seat, at the county villages, at justices' courts, at executors' and administrator's sales, at quarterly and protracted religious meetings, at barbecues of every dimension, on hunting excursions and fishing frolics, at social parties in all neighborhoods. It got to be said of Mr. Pike that a freer acceptor of hospitable invitations, or a better appreciator of hospitable intentions, was not and needed not to be found possibly in the whole State. Nor was this admirable deportment confined to the county in which he held so high official position. He attended, among other occasions less public, the spring sessions of the Supreme and County Courts in the four adjoining counties: the guest of acquaintance old and new over there. When starting upon such travels, he would sometimes breakfast with his traveling companion in the village, and, if somewhat belated in the return, sup with him also.

Yet, when at the Flukers', no man could have been a more cheerful and otherwise satisfactory boarder than Mr. Matt Pike. He praised every dish set before him, bragged to their very faces of his host and hostess, and in spite of his absences was the oftenest to sit and chat with Marann when her mother would let her go into the parlor. Here and everywhere about the house, in the dining-room, in the passage, at the foot of the stairs, he would joke with Marann about her country beau, as he styled poor Sim Marchman, and he would talk as though he was rather ashamed of Sim, and wanted Marann to string her bow for higher game.

Brer Sam did manage well, not only the fields, but the yard. Every Saturday of the world he sent in something or other to his sister. I don't know whether I ought to tell it or not, but for the sake of what is due to pure veracity I will. On as many as three different occasions Sim Marchman, as if he had lost all self-respect, or had not a particle of tact, brought in himself, instead of sending by a negro, a bucket of butter and a coop of spring chickens as a free gift to Mrs. Fluker. I do think, on my soul, that Mr. Matt Pike was much amused by such degradation — however, he must say that they were all first-rate. As for Marann, she was very sorry for Sim, and wished he had not brought these good things at all.

Nobody knew how it came about; but when the Flukers had been in town somewhere between two and three months, Sim Marchman, who (to use his own words) had never bothered her a great deal with his visits, began to suspect that what few he made were received by Marann lately with less cordiality than before; and so one day, knowing no better in his awkward, straightforward country manners, he wanted to know the reason why. Then Marann grew distant, and asked Sim the following question:

"You know where Mr. Pike's gone, Mr. Marchman?"

Now the fact was, and she knew it, that Marann Fluker had never before, not since she was born, addressed that boy as *Mister*.

The visitor's face reddened and reddened.

"No," he faltered in answer; "no — no — *ma'am*, I should say. I — I don't know where Mr. Pike's gone."

Then he looked around for his hat, discovered it in time, took it into his hands, turned it around two or three times, then, bidding good-bye without shaking hands, took himself off.

Mrs. Fluker liked all the Marchmans, and she was troubled somewhat when she heard of the quickness and manner of Sim's departure; for he had been fully expected by her to stay to dinner.

"Say he didn't even shake hands, Marann? What for? What you do to him?"

"Not one blessed thing, ma; only he wanted to know why I wasn't gladder to see him." Then Marann looked indignant.

"Say them words, Marann?"

"No, but he hinted 'em."

"What did you say then?"

"I just asked, a-meaning nothing in the wide world, ma—I asked him if he knew where Mr. Pike had gone."

"And that were answer enough to hurt his feelin's. What you want to know where Matt Pike's gone for, Marann?"

"I didn't care about knowing, ma, but I didn't like the way Sim talked."

"Look here, Marann. Look straight at me. You'll be mighty fur off your feet if you let Matt Pike put things in your head that hain't no business a-bein' there, and special if you find yourself a-wantin' to know where he's a preambulatin' in his everlastin' meanderin's. Not a cent has he paid for his board, and which your pa say he have a' understandin' with him about allowin' for his absentees, which is all right enough, but which it's now goin' on to three mont's, and what is comin' to us I need and I want. He ought, your pa ought to let me bargain with Matt Pike, because he know he don't understan' figgers like Matt Pike. He don't know exactly what the bargain were; for I've asked him, and he always begins with a multiplyin' o' words and never answers me."

On his next return from his travels Mr. Pike noticed a coldness in Mrs. Fluker's manner, and this enhanced his praise of the house. The last week of the third month came. Mr. Pike was often noticed, before and after meals, standing at the desk in the hotel office (called in those times the bar-room) engaged in making calculations. The day before the contract expired Mrs. Fluker, who had not indulged herself with a single holiday since they had been in town, left Marann in charge of the house, and rode forth, spending part of the day with Mrs. Marchman, Sim's mother. All were glad to see her, of course, and she returned smartly freshened by the visit. That night she had a talk with Marann, and oh how Marann did cry!

The very last day came. Like insurance policies, the contract was to expire at a certain hour. Sim Marchman came just before dinner, to which he was sent for by Mrs. Fluker, who had seen him as he rode into town.

"Hello, Sim," said Mr. Pike as he took his seat opposite him. "You here? What's the news in the country? How's your health? How's crops?"

"Jest mod'rate, Mr. Pike. Got little business with you after dinner, ef you can spare time."

"All right. Got a little matter with Pink here first. 'Twon't take long. See you arfter amejiant, Sim."

Never had the deputy been more gracious and witty. He talked and talked, outtalking even Mr. Fluker; he was the only man in town who could do that. He winked at Marann as he put questions to Sim, some of the words employed in which Sim had never heard before. Yet Sim held up as well as he could, and after dinner followed Marann with some little dignity into the parlor. They had not been there more than ten minutes when Mrs. Fluker was heard to walk rapidly along the passage leading from the dining-room, to enter her own chamber for only a moment, then to come out and rush to the parlor door with the gig-whip in her hand. Such uncommon conduct in a woman like Mrs. Pink Fluker of course needs explanation.

When all the other boarders had left the house, the deputy and Mr. Fluker having repaired to the bar-room, the former said:

"Now, Pink, for our settlement, as you say your wife think we better have one. I'd 'a' been willin' to let accounts keep on a-runnin', knowin' what a straightforrards sort o' man you was. Your count, ef I ain't mistakened, is jes' thirty-three dollars, even money. Is that so, or is it not?"

"That's it, to a dollar, Matt. Three times eleben make thirty-three, don't it?"

"It do, Pink, or eleben times three, jes' which you please. Now here's my count, on which you'll see, Pink, that not nary cent have I charged for inflooncе. I has inflooncеd a consider'ble custom to this house, as you know, bo'din' and transion. But I done that out o' my respects of you an' Missis Fluker, an' your keepin' of a fa'r—I'll say, as I've said freckwent, a *very* fa'r house. I let them inflooncеs go to friendship, ef you'll take it so. Will you, Pink Fluker?"

"Cert'nly, Matt, an' I'm a thousand times obleeged to you, an'——"

"Say no more, Pink, on that p'int o' view. Ef I like a man, I know how to treat him. Now as to the p'ints o' absentees, my business as dep'ty sheriff has took me away from this inconsider'ble town freckwent, hain't it?"

"It have, Matt, er somethin' else, more'n I were a expectin', an'——"

"Jes' so. But a public officer, Pink, when jooty call on him to go, he got to go; in fack he got to *goth*, as the Scripture say, ain't that so?"

"I s'pose so, Matt, by good rights, a—a official speakin'."

Mr. Fluker felt that he was becoming a little confused.

"Jes' so. Now, Pink, I were to have credics for my absentees 'cordin' to transion an' single-meal bo'ders an' sleepers; ain't that so?"

"I — I — somethin' o' that sort, Matt," he answered vaguely.

"Jes' so. Now look here," drawing from his pocket a paper. "Itom one. Twenty-eight dinners at half a dollar makes fourteen dollars, don't it? Jes' so. Twenty-five breakfasts at a quarter makes six an' a quarter, which make dinners an' breakfasts twenty an' a quarter. Foller me up, as I go up, Pink. Twenty-five suppers at a quarter makes six an' a quarter, an' which them added to the twenty an' a quarter makes them twenty-six an' a half. Foller, Pink, an' if you ketch me in any mistakes in the kyarin' an' addin', p'int it out. Twenty-two an' a half beds — an' I say *half*, Pink, because you 'member one night when them A'gusty lawyers got here 'bout midnight on their way to co't, rather'n have you too bad cramped, I ris to make way for two of 'em; yit as I had one good nap, I didn't think I ought to put that down but for half. Them makes five dollars half an' seb'n pence, an' which kyar'd on to the t'other twenty-six an' a half, fetches the whole cabool to jes' thirty-two dollars an' seb'n pence. But I made up my mind I'd fling out that seb'n pence, an' jes' call it a dollar even money, an' which here's the solid silver."

In spite of the rapidity with which this enumeration of counter-charges was made, Mr. Fluker commenced perspiring at the first item, and when the balance was announced his face was covered with huge drops.

It was at this juncture that Mrs. Fluker, who, well knowing her husband's unfamiliarity with complicated accounts, had felt it her duty to be listening near the bar-room door, left, and quickly afterwards appeared before Marann and Sim as I have represented.

"You think Matt Pike ain't tryin' to settle with your pa with a dollar? I'm goin' to make him keep his dollar, an' I'm goin' to give him somethin' to go 'long with it."

"The good Lord have mercy upon us!" exclaimed Marann, springing up and catching hold of her mother's skirts, as she began her advance towards the bar-room. "Oh, ma! for the Lord's sake! — Sim, Sim, Sim, if you care *any*thing for me in this wide world, don't let ma go into that room!"

"Missis Fluker," said Sim, rising instantly, "wait jest two minutes till I see Mr. Pike on some pressin' business; I won't keep you over two minutes a-waitin'."

He took her, set her down in a chair trembling, looked at her a moment as she began to weep, then, going out and closing the door, strode rapidly to the bar-room.

"Let me help you settle your board-bill, Mr. Pike, by payin' you a little one I owe you."

Doubling his fist, he struck out with a blow that felled the deputy to the floor. Then catching him by his heels, he dragged him out of the house into the street. Lifting his foot above his face, he said:

"You stir till I tell you, an' I'll stomp your nose down even with the balance of your mean face. 'Tain't exactly my business how you cheated Mr. Fluker, though, 'pon my soul, I never knowed a trifliner, lowdowner trick. But *I* owed you myself for your talkin' 'bout and your lyin' 'bout me, and now I've paid you; an' ef you only knowed it, I've saved you from a gig-whippin'. Now you may git up."

"Here's his dollar, Sim," said Mr. Fluker, throwing it out of the window. Nervy say make him take it.

The vanquished, not daring to refuse, pocketed the coin, and slunk away amid the jeers of a score of villagers who had been drawn to the scene.

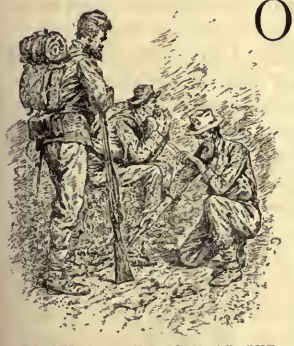
In all human probability the late omission of the shaking of Sim's and Marann's hands was compensated at their parting that afternoon. I am more confident on this point because at the end of the year those hands were joined inseparably by the preacher. But this was when they had all gone back to their old home; for if Mr. Fluker did not become fully convinced that his mathematical education was not advanced quite enough for all the exigencies of hotel-keeping, his wife declared that she had had enough of it, and that she and Marann were going home. Mr. Fluker may be said, therefore, to have followed, rather than led, his family on the return.

As for the deputy, finding that if he did not leave it voluntarily he would be drummed out of the village, he departed, whither I do not remember if anybody ever knew.

Richard M. Johnston.

JACKSON'S MEN WADING THE POTOMAC AT WHITE'S FORD.

STONEWALL JACKSON IN MARYLAND.*



ROASTING GREEN CORN AT THE CAMP-FIRE. †

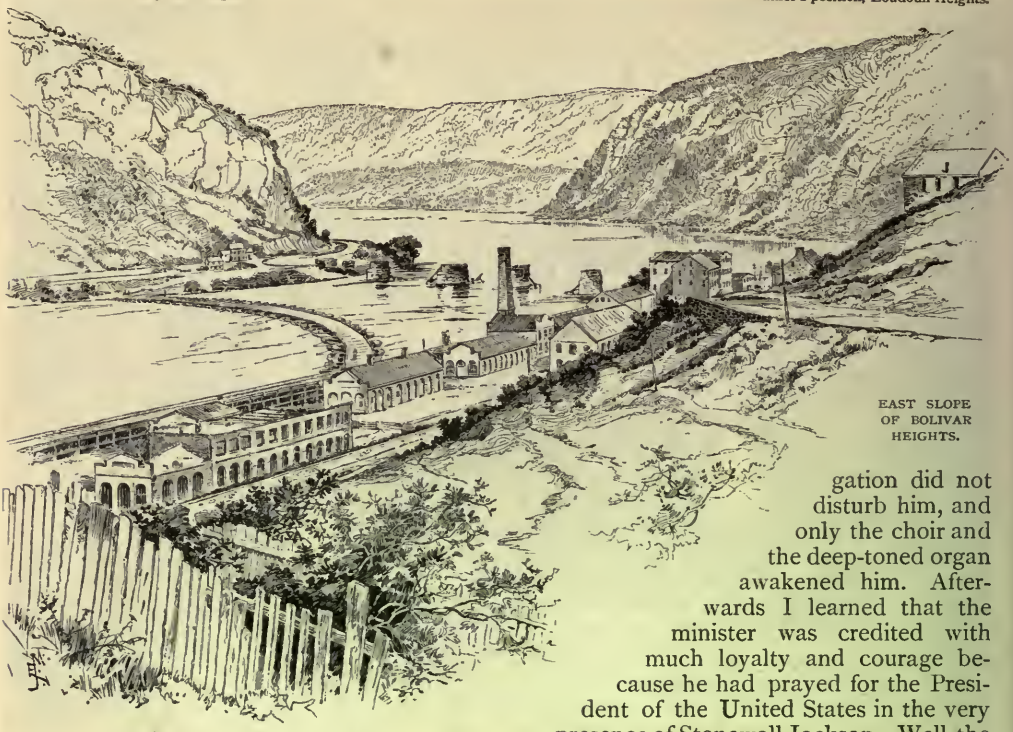
ON the 3d of September, 1862, the Federal army under General Pope having been confounded, General Lee turned his columns toward the Potomac, with Stonewall Jackson in front. On the 5th of September Jackson crossed the Potomac at White's Ford, a few miles beyond Leesburg. The passage of the river by the troops marching in fours well closed up, the laughing, shouting, and singing, as a brass band in front played "Maryland, My Maryland," was a novel experience in that worn army. The Marylanders in the corps imparted much of their enthusiasm to the other troops, but we were not long in finding out, that if General Lee had hopes that the decimated regiments of his army would be filled by the sons of Maryland he was doomed to a speedy and unqualified disappointment. However, before we had been in Maryland many hours, one enthusiastic citizen presented Jackson with a gigantic gray mare. She was a little heavy and awkward for a war-horse, but as the General's "Little Sorrel" had a few days before been temporarily stolen, the present was a timely one, and he was not disposed to "look a gift horse in the mouth." But the present proved almost a Trojan horse to him. The next morning he mounted his new steed, but when he touched her with his spur the loyal and undisciplined beast reared straight into the air, and, standing erect for a moment, threw herself backwards, horse and rider rolling upon the ground. The General was stunned and severely bruised, and lay upon the ground

* See the May CENTURY for a general map and for other pictures of the campaign.—EDITOR.

† "We had been faring very badly since we left Manassas Junction, having had only one meal that included bread and coffee. Our diet had been green corn, with beef without salt, roasted on the end of ramrods. We heard with delight of the 'plenty' to be had in Maryland; judge of our disappointment, when about two o'clock at night, we were marched into a dark clover-field, and the order came down the line, 'Men, go into that corn-field and get your rations—and be ready to march at five in the morning. Don't burn any of these fence-rails.' Of course we obeyed orders as to the corn, but the rails suffered."—LIEUT. ROBERT HEALY.

McLaws' position, Maryland Heights.

Walker's position, Loudoun Heights.



EAST SLOPE OF BOLIVAR HEIGHTS.

HARPER'S FERRY, FROM THE NORTH.

for some time before he could be removed. He was then placed in an ambulance, where he rode during the day's march, having turned his command over to his brother-in-law, General D. H. Hill, the next officer in rank.

Early that day the army went into camp, near Frederick, and Generals Lee, Longstreet, Jackson, and for a time "Jeb" Stuart, had their headquarters near each other in Best's grove. Hither in crowds came the good people of Frederick, especially the ladies, as to a fair. General Jackson, still suffering from his hurt, kept closely to his tent, busying himself with maps and official papers, and declined to see visitors. Once, however, when called to General Lee's tent, two young girls waylaid him, surrounded him, paralyzed him with smiles and embraces and questions, and then jumped into their carriage and drove off rapidly, leaving him there, cap in hand, bowing, blushing, and speechless. But once safe in his tent, he was seen no more that day. The next evening, Sunday, he went into Frederick for the first time to attend church, and there being no service in the Presbyterian Church he went to the German Reformed. As usual he fell asleep, but this time more soundly than was his wont. His head sunk upon his breast, his cap dropped from his hands to the floor, the prayers of the congregation did not disturb him, and only the choir and the deep-toned organ awakened him. Afterwards I learned that the minister was credited with much loyalty and courage because he had prayed for the President of the United States in the very presence of Stonewall Jackson. Well, the General didn't hear the prayer, and if he had he would doubtless have felt like replying as General Ewell did, when asked at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, if he would permit the usual prayer for President Lincoln — "Certainly; I'm sure he needs it."

General Lee believed that Harper's Ferry would be evacuated as soon as he interposed between it and Washington. But he did not know that Halleck and not McClellan held command of it. When it was not evacuated he knew that some one had blundered, and took steps to capture the garrison. On Tuesday, the 9th, he issued an order, directing General Jackson to move the next morning, cross the Potomac near Sharpsburg, and envelop Harper's Ferry on the Virginia side. In the same order he directed General McLaws to march on Harper's Ferry by way of Middletown and seize Maryland Heights, and General Walker to cross the Potomac below Harper's Ferry and take Loudoun Heights, all to be in position on the 12th, except Jackson, who was first to capture if possible the troops at Martinsburg.

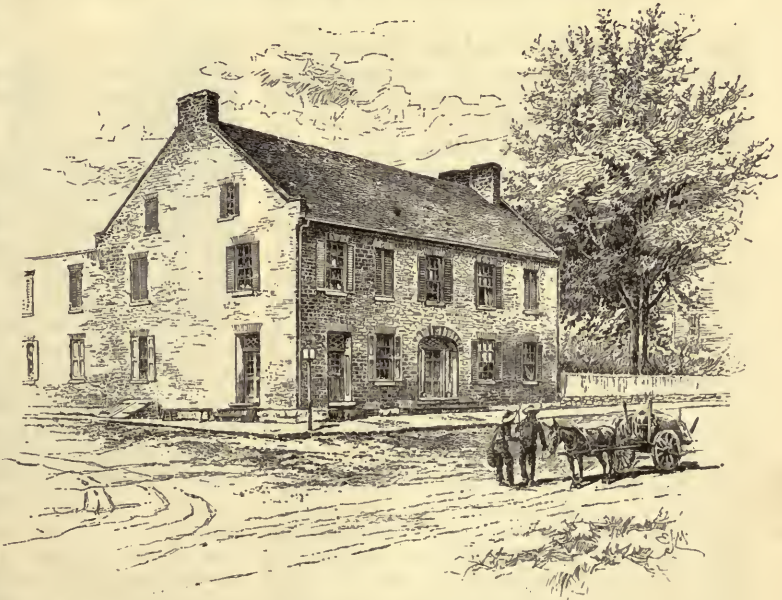
Early on the 10th Jackson was off. In Frederick he asked for a map of Chambersburg and its vicinity, and made many irrelevant inquiries about roads and localities in the direction of Pennsylvania. To his staff, who knew what little value these inquiries had, his questions only

illustrated his well-known motto, "Mystery, mystery is the secret of success." I was then Assistant Inspector General on his staff, and also acting Aide de Camp. It was my turn this day to be intrusted with the knowledge of his purpose. Having finished this public examination he took me aside, and after asking me about the different fords of the Potomac between Williamsport and Harper's Ferry, told me that he was ordered to capture the garrison at Harper's Ferry, and would cross either at Williamsport or Shepherdstown, as the enemy might or might not withdraw from Martinsburg. I did not then know of General Lee's order.

The troops being on the march, the General and staff rode rapidly out of town and took the head of the column. Just a few words here in regard to "Barbara Frietchie," a touching poem which sprang full-armed from the loyal brain of Mr. Whittier. An old woman, by that now immortal name, did live in Frederick in those days, but she was eighty-four years old and bed-ridden; she never saw General Jackson, and General Jackson never saw her. I was with him every minute of the time he was in that city,— he was there only twice,— and nothing like the scene so graphically described by the poet ever happened. The story will perhaps live, as Mr. Whittier has boasted, until it gets beyond the reach of correction.

On the march that day, the captain of the cavalry advance, just ahead, had instructions to let no civilian go to the front, and we entered each village we passed before the inhabitants knew of our coming. In Middletown two very pretty girls, with ribbons of red, white, and blue floating from their hair, and small union flags in their hands, rushed out of their house as we passed, came to the curb-stone, and with much laughter waved their colors defiantly in the face of the General. He bowed and raised his hat, and turning with his quiet smile to his staff, said: "We evidently have no friends in this town." And this is about the way he would have treated Barbara Frietchie!

Having crossed South Mountain, at Turner's Gap, the command encamped for the night within a mile of Boonsboro'. Here General Jackson must determine whether he would go on to Williamsport or turn towards Shepherdstown. I at once rode into the village with a cavalryman to make some inquiries, but we ran into a squadron of Federal cavalry, who without ceremony proceeded to make war upon us. We retraced our steps, and although we did not stand upon the order of our going, a squad of them escorted us out of town with great rapidity. When I tried a couple of Parthian shots at them with my revolver, they returned them with interest, and shot a hole in my new hat, which, with the beautiful plume that a lady in Frederick had placed there, rolled in the dust. This was of little moment, but at the end of the town, reaching the top of the hill, we discovered, just over it, General Jackson, walking slowly toward us, leading his horse. There was but one thing to do. Fortunately the chase had become less vigorous, and, with a cry of command to unseen troops, we turned and charged the enemy. They suspecting trouble turned and fled, while the General quickly galloped to the rear. I recovered my hat and plume, and as I returned to camp I picked up the gloves which the General had dropped in mounting, and took them to him. Although he had sent a regiment of infantry to the front as soon as he went back, the only allusion he made to the



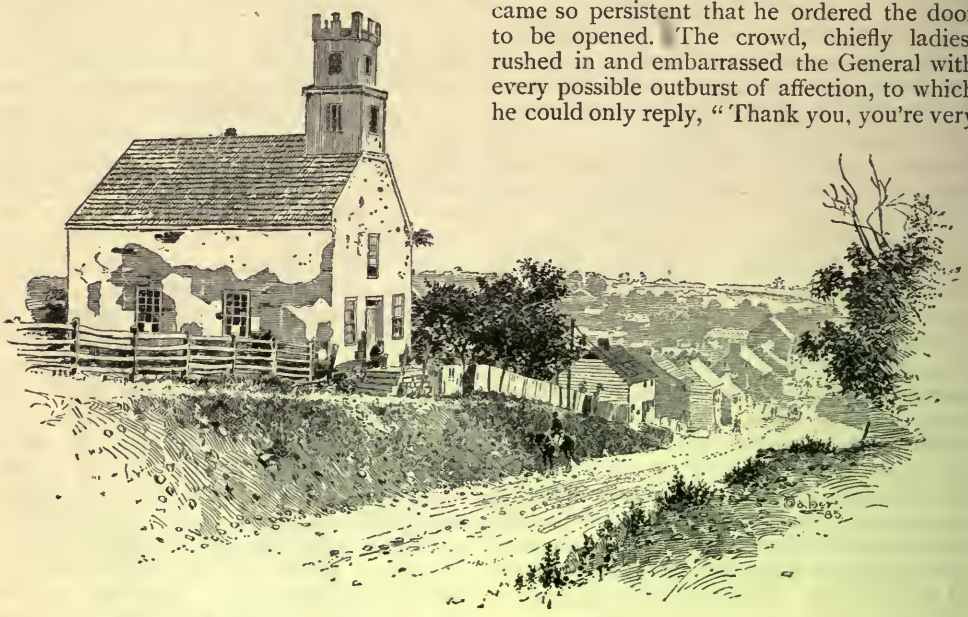
LEE'S HEADQUARTERS IN SHARPSBURG.

This house, which was the residence of Jacob H. Grove, is noted in Sharpsburg as the place where Lee held a conference with Longstreet and D. H. Hill. But Lee's headquarters' tents were pitched in a small grove on the right of the Shepherdstown road, just outside the town.— EDITOR.

incident was to express the opinion that I had a very fast horse.

The next morning, having learned that the Federal troops still occupied Martinsburg, General Jackson took the direct road to Williamsport. He there forded the Potomac, the troops now singing, and the bands playing, "Carry me back to ole Virginny!" We marched on Martinsburg. General A. P. Hill took the direct turnpike, while Jackson, with the rest of his command, followed a side road, so as to approach Martinsburg from the west, and encamped four miles from the town. His object was to drive General White, who occupied Martinsburg, towards Harper's Ferry, and thus "corral" all the Federal troops in that military pen. As the Comte de Paris puts it, he "organized a kind of grand hunting match through the lower valley of Virginia, driving all the Federal detachments before him and forcing them to crowd into the blind alley of Harper's Ferry." Fatigued by the day's march, Jackson was persuaded by his host of the night to drink a whisky toddy — the only glass of spirits I ever saw him take. While mixing it leisurely, he remarked that he believed he liked the taste of whisky and brandy more than any soldier in the army; that they were more palatable to him than the most fragrant coffee — and for that reason, with others, he rarely tasted them.

The next morning, the Confederates entered Martinsburg. Here the General was welcomed with great enthusiasm, and the whole town hastened to the hotel to greet him. At first he shut himself up in a room to write dispatches, but the demonstration became so persistent that he ordered the door to be opened. The crowd, chiefly ladies, rushed in and embarrassed the General with every possible outburst of affection, to which he could only reply, "Thank you, you're very kind." He gave them his autograph in books and on scraps of paper, he cut off a button from his coat for a little girl, and then submitted patiently to an attack by the others, which soon stripped from his coat nearly all the remaining buttons. But when they looked beseechingly at his hair, he drew the line there, for his hair was thin, and he managed to close the interview. But these blandishments did not delay his movements, for in the afternoon he was off again.



MAIN STREET, SHARPSBURG. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN WAR-TIME.)

The old Lutheran Church, seen in the picture, stands at the east end of the village, and was a Federal hospital after the battle. Burnside's skirmishers gained a hold in the first cross-street below the church, where there was considerable fighting. On the hill in the extreme distance Main street becomes the Shepherdstown road, by which the Confederates retreated.— EDITOR.

On the 13th he invested Bolivar Heights and Harper's Ferry. On this day General McClellan came into possession, by carelessness or an accident, of General Lee's order of the 9th, and he was thus notified of the division of the Confederate army and the intention to capture Harper's Ferry. From this moment General Lee's army was in peril, imminent in proportion to the promptness with which the Federal commander might use the knowledge he thus obtained. His plans were quickly and skillfully made. Had they been executed more rapidly, or had Jackson been slower and less sure, the result must have been disastrous to us. But military

critics disposed to censure General McClellan for not being equal to his opportunities should credit him with the embarrassment of his position. He had not been in command of this army two weeks. It was a large army, but a heterogeneous one, with many old troops dispirited by recent defeat, and many new troops that had never been under fire. With such an army a general as cautious as McClellan does not take great risks, nor put the safety of his army rashly "to the touch, to win or lose it all." General McClellan was inclined by nature to magnify the forces of the enemy, and had he known General Lee's weakness he would have ventured more. Yet when we remember what Pope had done and suffered just before, and what happened to Burnside and Hooker not long after, their friends can hardly sit in judgment upon McClellan.

On the afternoon of the 13th Colonel Miles, in command at Harper's Ferry, made the fatal mistake of withdrawing his troops from Maryland Heights, and giving it up to McLaws. Napier has said, "He who wars walks in a mist through which the keenest eyes cannot always discern the right path." But it does seem that even Colonel Miles or General White might have known that to abandon these Heights under the circumstances was simply suicidal.*

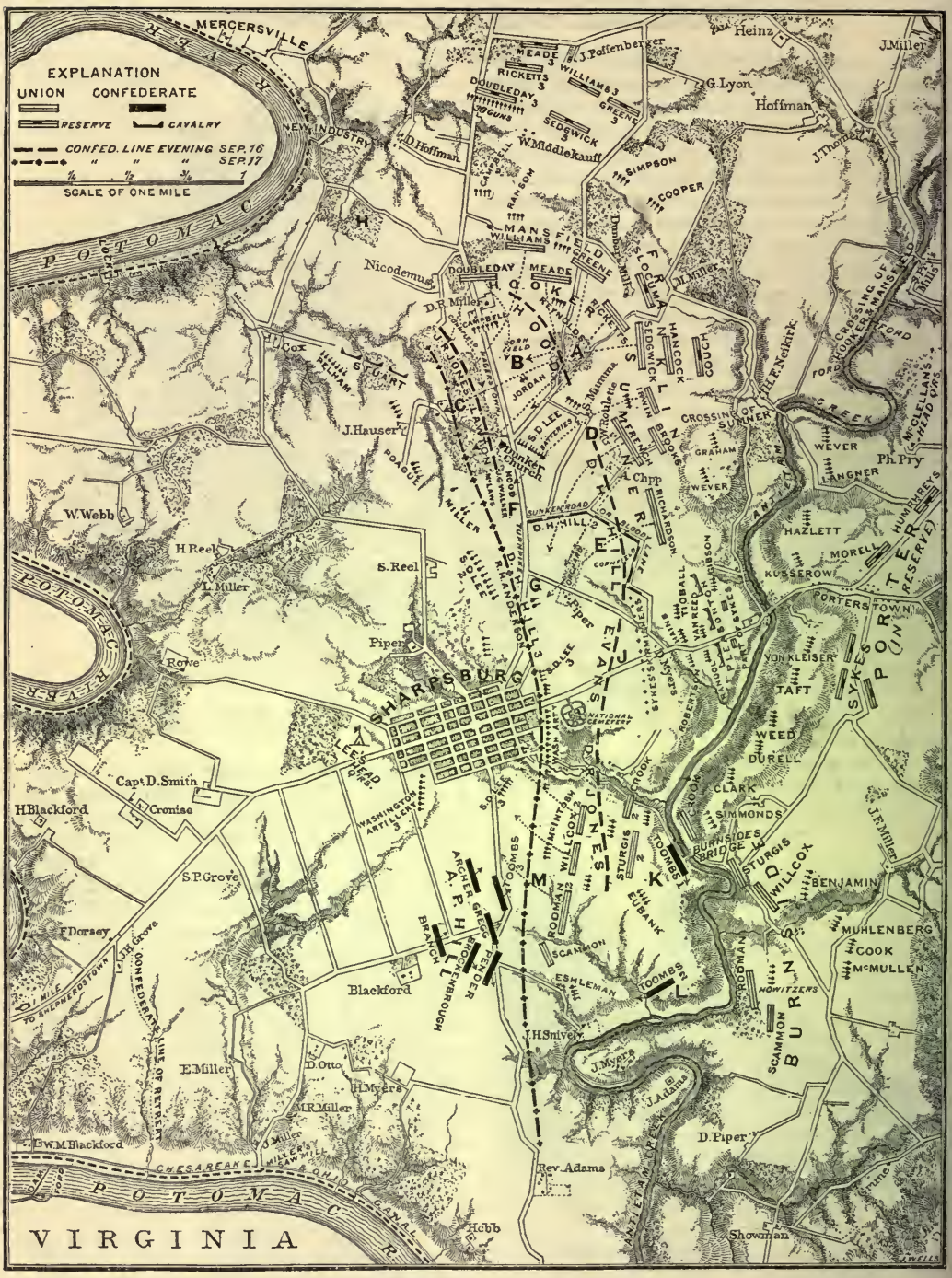
UNION SIGNAL STATION ON ELK MOUNTAIN, FIVE OR SIX MILES SOUTH-EAST OF SHARPSBURG. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Jackson met with so much delay in opening communication with McLaws and Walker and ascertaining whether they were in position that much of the 14th was consumed. But late in the afternoon A. P. Hill gained a foothold, with little resistance, well up on the enemy's left, and established some artillery at the base of Loudoun Heights and across the Shenandoah, so as to take the Federal line on Bolivar Heights in rear. General Hill had been placed under arrest by General Jackson, before crossing the Potomac into Maryland for disobedience of orders, and the command of his division devolved upon General Branch, who was killed in the last attack at Antietam. Now believing a battle imminent General Hill requested General Jackson to reinstate him in command of his division until the approaching engagement was over. No one could appreciate such an appeal more keenly than General Jackson, and he at once restored General Hill to his command. The work the Light Division did at Harper's Ferry and Sharpsburg proved the wisdom of Hill's request and of Jackson's compliance with it.

GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH IN KEEDYSVILLE, USED AS A UNION HOSPITAL. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

During the 14th, while Jackson was fixing his clamps on Harper's Ferry, McClellan was pushing against Lee's divided forces at Turner's Gap. Hooker and Reno, under Burnside

* In his official report General White says: "It will be noticed that Colonel Ford claims to have been ordered by Colonel Miles to evacuate the heights. Colonel Miles, however, denied to me ever having given such an order, but said he gave orders that if it became necessary to abandon the heights the guns were to be spiked and dismounted."—EDITOR.


EXPLANATION
UNION
CONFEDERATE
RESERVE
CAVALRY
CONFED. LINE EVENING SEP. 16
" " " SEP. 17
SCALE OF ONE MILE
MERCERSVILLE
NEW INDUSTRY
POTOMAC
Nicodemus
D.R. Miller
J. Cox
J. Hauser
W. Webb
H. Reel
L. Miller
S. Reel
Piper
Rowe
SHARPSBURG
Capt. D. Smith
Cromise
H. Blackford
S.P. Grove
F. Dorsey
Blackford
E. Miller
D. Otto
H. Myers
M.R. Miller
E.W.M. Blackford
CHESAPEAKE & OHIO CANAL
VIRGINIA
Hobb
Rev. Adams
D. Piper
J.H. Snively
Showman
Antietam Creek
Heinz
J. Miller
G. Lyon
Hoffman
J. Thorpe
J. Poffenberger
D. Hoffman
W. Middlekauff
Dunker Church
M. Miller
D.H. Hill's
Crossing of Antietam
Ford
H.E. Nelkirk
McClellan's Head Qrs.
Ph. Pry
Hazlett
Kusserow
Porterstown
Yonkleiser
Taft
Weed
Durell
Clark
Simmonds
Burnsides Bridge
Sturgis
Willcox
Benjamin
Muhlenberg
Cook
McMullen
Scammon
Howitzers
Eshleman
Toombs
Rodman
Eubank
Branch
Archer
Pender
Brockenbrough
Thomas
Lane
Gregg
Jackson
Starke
Jones
Hood
Hooker
Mansfield
Sedgwick
Hancock
Crossing of Sumner
Richardson
Meagher
Graham
Weaver
Langner
Humphrey's
Reserved
Porter
Sykes
Irwin
Brooks
Kimball
Duryea
Gorman
Dana
Crawford
Rickett's
Doubleday's
Meade
Williams's
Greene
Simpson
Cooper
Franklin
Campbell
Stuart
Lee's Batteries
Miller
Roulette
Poffenberger
Sunken Road
Piper
Richardson
Nicodemus
Mansfield
Sedgwick
Hancock
Couch

DOUBLEDAY'S DIVISION OF HOOKER'S CORPS CROSSING THE UPPER FORDS OF THE ANTIETAM.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

and under the eye of General McClellan, were fighting the battle of South Mountain against D. H. Hill and Longstreet. Here Reno and Garland were killed on opposite sides, and night ended the contest before it was decided. At the same time Franklin was forcing his way through Crampton's Gap, driving out Howell Cobb commanding his own brigade and one regiment of Semmes's brigade both of McLaws's division, Parham's brigade of R. H. Anderson's division, and two regiments of Stuart's cavalry under Colonel Munford. The military complications were losing their simplicity.

Being advised of these movements, Jackson saw that his work must be done speedily. On Monday morning, at 3 o'clock, he sent me to the left to move Jones forward at first dawn, and to open on Bolivar Heights with all his artillery. This feint was executed promptly and produced confusion on the enemy's right. Troops were moved to strengthen it. Then the guns from Maryland and Loudoun Heights opened fire, and very soon, off on our right, the battle-flags of A. P. Hill rose up on Bolivar Heights, and Harper's Ferry was doomed. Returning, I found General Jackson at the church in the wood on the Bolivar and Halltown turnpike, and just as I joined him a white flag was raised on Bolivar and all the firing ceased. Under instructions from General Jackson, I rode up the pike and into the enemy's lines to ascertain the purpose of the white flag. Near the top of the hill I met General White and staff and told him my mission. He replied that Colonel Miles had been mortally wounded, that he was in command and desired to have an interview with General Jackson. Just then General Hill came up from the direction of his line, and at his request I conducted them to General Jackson, whom I found sitting on his

D.—French and Richardson, of Sumner's corps, about the same time dislodged D. H. Hill's line from Roulette's house.

E.—Hill re-formed in the sunken road, since known as the "Bloody Lane," where his position was carried by French and Richardson, the latter being mortally wounded in the corn-field, E.

F.—Irwin and Brooks, of Franklin's corps, moved to the support of French and Richardson. At the point, F, Irwin's brigade was repelled, as described by General Longstreet on page 313.

G.—D. H. Hill, reënforced by R. H. Anderson's division of Longstreet's corps, fought for the ground about Piper's house.

H.—Stuart attempted a flank movement north of the Dunker Church wood, but was driven back by the thirty guns under Doubleday.

J.—Pleasonton, with a part of his cavalry and several batteries, crossed the Boonsboro' bridge as a flank support to Richardson, and to Burnside on the south. Several battalions of regulars from Porter's corps came to his assistance and made their way well up to the hill which is now the National Cemetery.

K.—Toombs (of Longstreet) had defended the lower bridge until Burnside moved Rodman and Scammon to the fords below.

L.—Then Toombs hurried south to protect the Confederate flank. Sturgis and Crook charged across the Burnside Bridge and gained the heights. Toombs was driven away from the fords.

M.—After three o'clock, Burnside's lines being re-formed, completed the defeat of D. R. Jones's division (of Longstreet), and on the right gained the outskirts of Sharpsburg. Toombs, and the arriving brigades of A. P. Hill, of Jackson's corps, saved the village and regained a part of the lost ground. —EDITOR.

BURNSIDE'S BRIDGE—I.

This picture, after a recent photograph, is a view of the Confederate position from the slope of the hill occupied by the Union batteries before a crossing was effected.

At the time of the battle the buildings had not been erected, and the Confederate hill-side was covered with trees. A Confederate battery on the left enfiladed the crossing. Union sharpshooters took advantage of the stone wall to the right of the approach to the bridge.—EDITOR.

horse where I had left him. He was not, as the Comte de Paris says, leaning against a tree asleep, but exceedingly wide awake. The contrast in appearances there presented was striking. General White, riding a handsome black horse, was carefully dressed and had on untarnished gloves, boots, and sword. His staff were equally comely in costume. On the other hand, General Jackson was the dingiest, worst-dressed and worst-mounted general that a warrior who cared for good looks and style would wish to surrender to. The surrender, however, was unconditional, and then General Jackson turned the matter over to General A. P. Hill, who allowed General White the same liberal terms that Grant afterwards gave Lee at Appomattox.*

The fruits of the surrender were 12,520 prisoners (Official Records), 13,000 arms, 73 pieces of artillery, and several hundred wagons.

General Jackson, after sending a brief dispatch to General Lee announcing the capitulation, rode up to Bolivar and down into Harper's Ferry. The curiosity in the Union army to see him was so great that the soldiers lined the sides of the road. Many of them uncovered as he passed, and he invariably returned the salute. One man had an echo

* Of the expectations of Jackson's men, Lieutenant Robert Healy says, in a recent letter: "On the evening of the 14th we took position within six hundred yards of a Federal fort on Bolivar Heights. We lay that night in a deep ravine, perpendicular to the Shenandoah. The next morning by dawn I crept up the hill to see how the land lay. A few strides brought me to the edge of an abattis which extended solidly for two hundred yards, a narrow bare field being between the abattis and the foot of the fort, which was garnished with thirty guns. They were searching the abattis lazily with grape-shot, which flew uncomfortably near at times. I thought I had never seen a more dangerous trap in my life. The order had been given that we were to charge at sunrise. I went back, and Austin Brockenbrough asked, 'How is it?' 'Well,' said I, 'we 'll say our prayers and go in like men.' 'Not as bad as that?' 'Every bit; see for yourself.' He went up and came back looking very grave. Meanwhile, from the east, north-west, and north-east our cannon burst in thunder and were answered by the Federal guns from Bolivar Heights. We were down in a ravine; we could see nothing; we could only hear. Presently, along our line came the words, 'Prepare to charge!' We moved steadily up the hill; the sun had just risen; some one said: 'Colonel, what is that on the fort?' 'Halt!' cried the Colonel; 'they have surrendered.' A glad shout burst from ten thousand men, and it was a ronser. We got into the place as soon as we could, but the way was so difficult it took us a half hour."

BURNSIDE'S BRIDGE.— 2.

This picture, after a recent photograph, is a view of the Union position from the hill where Confederate artillery was planted to enfilade the bridge. From a point below, the Second Maryland and Sixth New Hampshire charged up the road, but were swept by such a murderous fire that only a few reached the bridge and sought shelter behind the stone wall above. Subsequently, the bridge was carried by the Fifty-first Pennsylvania and Fifty-first New York, charging from the pines on the hill-side (see page 310).— EDITOR.

of response all about him when he said aloud: "Boys, he's not much for looks, but if we'd had him we wouldn't have been caught in this trap!"

General Jackson lost little time in contemplating his victory. When night came, he started for Shepherdstown with J. R. Jones and Lawton, leaving directions to McLaws and Walker to follow the next morning. He left A. P. Hill behind to finish up with Harper's Ferry. His first order had been to take position at Shepherdstown to cover Lee's crossing into Virginia, but whether at his own suggestion or not the order was changed, and after daylight on the 16th he crossed the Potomac there, and joined Longstreet at Sharpsburg. General McClellan had, by that time, nearly all his army in position on the east bank of the Antietam, and General Lee was occupying the irregular range of high ground to the west of it, with the Potomac in his rear. Except some sparring between Hooker and Hood on our left, the 16th was allowed to pass without battle — and fortunately for us. In the new dispositions of that evening, Jackson was placed on the left of Lee's army.

The first onset, early on the morning of the 17th, told what the day would be. The impatient Hooker, with the divisions of Meade, Doubleday, and Ricketts, struck the first blow, and Jackson's old division caught it and struck back again. Between such foes the battle soon waxed hot. Step by step and marking each step with dead, the thin Confederate line was pushed back to the wood around the Dunker Church. Here Lawton, Starke (commanding in place of Jones, already wounded), and D. H. Hill with part of his division, engaged Meade. And now in turn the Federals halted and fell back, and left their dead by Dunker Church. Next Mansfield entered the fight, and beat with resistless might on Jackson's people. The battle here grew angry and bloody. Starke was killed, Lawton wounded, and nearly all their general and field officers had fallen; the sullen Confederate line again fell back, killing Mansfield and wounding Hooker, Crawford, and

GENERAL VIEW OF THE BATTLE. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

This sketch was made on the hill behind McClellan's headquarters, the house in the hollow on the left. Sumner's corps is seen in line of battle in the middle-ground, and Franklin's is advancing in column to his support. In the left background there is the smoke of a bursting Confederate caisson. The column of smoke is from the burning house and barn of S. Mumma, who gave the ground on which the Dunker Church stands, and after whom, in the Confederate reports, the church is frequently called St. Mumma's. On the right is the East wood, in which is seen the smoke of the conflict between Mansfield and Jackson.— EDITOR.

Hartsuff. And now D. H. Hill led in the rest of his division; Hood also took part, to the right and left, front and rear of Dunker Church. The Federal line was driven back, while artillery added its din to the incessant rattle of musketry. Then "old man" Sumner, with the fresh division of Sedgwick, re-formed the Federal line and renewed the offensive. Hood was driven back, and Hill partly; the Dunker Church wood was passed, the field south of it entered, and the Confederate left turned. Just then McLaws, hurrying from Harper's Ferry, came upon the field, and hurled his men against the victorious Sedgwick. He drove Sedgwick back into the Dunker wood and beyond it, into the open ground. Further to our right, the pendulum of battle had been swinging to and fro, with D. H. Hill and R. H. Anderson hammering away at French and Richardson, until the sunken road became historic as "bloody lane." Richardson was mortally wounded and Hancock assumed command of his division.

For a while there was a lull in the storm. It was early in the day, but hours are fearfully long in battle. About noon Franklin, with Slocum and W. F. Smith, marched upon the field to join the unequal contest. Smith tried his luck and was repulsed. Sumner then ordered a halt. Jackson's fight was over, and a strange silence reigned around Dunker Church.

General Lee had not visited the left that day. As usual he trusted to Jackson to fight his own battle and work out salvation in his own way. How well he did it, against the ablest and fiercest of McClellan's lieutenants, history has told. How successfully he always met every general who opposed him, albeit the ablest, all the world seems to know — except General Longstreet.

During all this time Longstreet, stripped of his troops, sent to the help of Jackson, held the right almost alone with his eye on the center. He was now called to active work, for there were no unfought troops in Lee's army at Sharpsburg. Every soldier tasted battle that day.

General Burnside, with his corps of 14,000 men, had been lying all day beyond the bridge which now bears his name. Ordered to cross at eight o'clock, he managed to get over at one, and by three was ready to advance. He moved against the hill which D. R. Jones held with his little division of 2500 men. Longstreet was watching this advance. Jackson was at General Lee's headquarters on a knoll in rear of Sharpsburg. A. P. Hill was coming, but

had not arrived, and it was apparent that Burnside must be stayed, if at all, with artillery. One of the sections, transferred to the right from Jackson at the request of General Lee, was of the Rockbridge Artillery, and as it galloped by, the youngest son of the General-in-Chief, Robert E. Lee, Jr., a private at the guns, black with the grime and powder of a long day's fight, stopped a moment to salute his father and then rushed after his gun. Where else in this war was the son of a commanding general a private in the ranks?

NORTH-WEST ANGLE OF THE "EAST WOOD" AND THE CORN-FIELD.
(BY FRANK H. SCHELL, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

When the artist sketched this scene he was told that the guns in the corn-field belonged to a Maryland battery, which was firing into the Dunker Church wood beyond. Most of the dead and wounded in this angle of the "East Wood" were Confederates. One of them, under the large tree at the left, had bound his shattered leg with cornstalks and leaves to stop the flow of blood. He asked for water, of which there was none, and then begged the artist to remove his dead comrade who was lying partly upon him, which was done. He wanted to be carried out of the woods, because he expected his friends to return and fight for them again. At the right was a tall young Georgian with a shattered ankle, sitting at the feet of one of the dead, who, he said, was his father.— EDITOR.

Going to put this section in place, I saw Burnside's heavy line move up the hill and the earth seemed to tremble beneath their tread. It was a splendid and fearful sight, but for them to beat back Jones's feeble line was scarcely war. The artillery tore, but did not stay them. They pressed forward until Sharpsburg was uncovered and Lee's line of retreat at their mercy. But then, just then, A. P. Hill, picturesque in his red battle-shirt, with three of his brigades, twenty-five hundred men, who had marched that day seventeen miles from Harper's Ferry, and waded the Potomac, appeared upon the scene and stopped the way. Tired and footsore, they forgot their woes in that supreme moment, and with no breathing time braced themselves to meet the coming shock. They met and stayed it. The blue line staggered and hesitated, and hesitating was lost. At the critical moment A. P. Hill was always strongest. Quickly advancing his battle-flags, his line moved forward, Jones's troops rallied on him, and in the din of musketry and artillery on either flank, they broke over the field. Hill did not wait for his other brigades, but held the vantage gained until Burnside was driven back to the Antietam and under the shelter of heavy guns. The day was done. Again A. P. Hill, as at Manassas, Harper's Ferry, and elsewhere, had struck with the right hand of Mars. No wonder that both Lee and Jackson, when in the delirium of their last moments on earth they stood again to battle, saw the fiery form of A. P. Hill leading his columns on; but it is a wonder and a shame that the grave of this valiant Virginian in Hollywood cemetery has not a stone to mark it and keep it from oblivion.

The battle at Sharpsburg was the result of unforeseen circumstances and not of deliberate purpose. It was one of the bloodiest of the war, and a defeat for both armies. The prestige of the day was with Lee, but when on the night of the 18th he recrossed into Virginia, although, as the Comte de Paris says, he "left not a single trophy of his nocturnal retreat in the hands of the enemy," he left the prestige of the result with McClellan. And yet when it is known that General McClellan had 87,000 troops at hand, and General Lee fought the battle with less than 35,000, an army depleted by battles, weakened by privations, broken down by marching, and "ruined by straggling," it was unquestionably on the Confederate side the best fought battle of the war.

Henry Kyd Douglas.

A UNION CHARGE THROUGH THE CORN-FIELD.

HARPER'S FERRY AND SHARPSBURG.

WHEN General Lee began his campaign against Pope I was in command of a division (of three brigades) which was not a part of either of the two corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. I was left on the James for the defense of Richmond, but after the evacuation of Harrison's Landing by the remnants of McClellan's army, the Confederate capital being no longer threatened, I was ordered by the Secretary of War to leave one of my brigades at Richmond, and proceed with the other two to join General Lee in the field. Leaving Daniels's brigade on the James, I marched northword with my old brigade, the strongest and the one which had seen most service, at that time commanded by Colonel Van H. Manning, and with the brigade of General Robert Ransom.

It was our hope that we should overtake General Lee in time to take part in the Second Manassas; but when we reached that field we found it still strewn with the unburied dead of Pope's army, and Lee pushing for the fords of the Upper Potomac. Following him rapidly, on the night of the 6th of September, my division reached the vicinity of Leesburg, and the next morning crossed the Potomac, at Cheek's Ford, at the mouth of the Monocacy, and about three miles above White's Ford, where Stonewall Jackson had crossed. There I overtook G. B. Anderson's brigade of D. H. Hill's division and crossed into Maryland with it. The next day we reached the neighborhood of Frederick. I went at once to General Lee, who was alone. After listening to my report he said that as I had a division which would often, perhaps, be ordered on detached service, an intelligent performance of my duty might require a knowledge of the ulterior purposes and objects of the campaign.

CONFEDERATE DEAD ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE HAGERSTOWN ROAD OPPOSITE THE CORN-FIELD. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

"Here," said he, tracing with his finger on a large map, "is the line of our communications, from Rapidan Station to Manassas, thence to Frederick. It is too near the Potomac, and is liable to be cut any day by the enemy's cavalry. I have therefore given orders to move the line back into the Valley of Virginia, by way of Staunton, Harrisonburg, and Winchester, entering Maryland at Shepherdstown.

"I wish you to return to the mouth of the Monocacy and effectually destroy the aqueduct of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. By the time that is accomplished you will receive orders to coöperate in the capture of Harper's Ferry, and you will not return here, but, after the capture of Harper's Ferry, will rejoin us at Hagerstown, where the army will be concentrated. My information is that there are between 10,000 and 12,000 men at Harper's Ferry, and 3000 at Martinsburg. The latter may escape towards Cumberland; but I think the chances are that they will take refuge at Harper's Ferry and be captured.

"Besides the men and material of war which we shall capture at Harper's Ferry, the position is necessary to us, not to garrison and hold, but in the hands of the enemy it would be a break in our new line of communications with Richmond.

"A few days' rest at Hagerstown will be of great service to our men. Hundreds of them are bare-footed, and nearly all of them are ragged. I hope to get shoes and clothing for the most needy. But the best of it will be that the short delay will enable us to get up our stragglers — not stragglers from a shirking disposition, but simply from inability to keep up with their commands. I believe there are not less than from eight to ten thousand of them between here and Rapidan Station. Besides these, we shall be able to get a large number of recruits who have been accumulating at Richmond for some weeks. I have now requested that they be sent forward to join us. They ought to reach us at Hagerstown. We shall then have a very good army"; and he smilingly added: "One that I think will be able to give a good account of itself."

"In ten days from now," he continued, "if the military situation is then what I confidently expect it to be after the capture of Harper's Ferry, I shall concentrate the army at Hagerstown, effectually destroy the Baltimore and Ohio road, and march to this point," placing his finger at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. "That is the objective point of the campaign. You remember, no doubt, the long bridge of the Pennsylvania railroad, over the Susquehanna, a few miles west of Harrisburg. Well, I wish effectually to destroy that bridge, which will disable the Pennsylvania railroad for a long time. With the Baltimore and Ohio in our possession, and the Pennsylvania railroad broken up, there will remain to the enemy but one route of communication with the West, and that very circuitous, by way of the Lakes. After that, I can turn my attention to Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Washington, as may seem best for our interests."

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH K. F. MANSFIELD. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

General Mansfield was mortally wounded while making a bold reconnaissance in advance of his left division under Greene, which was in the "East wood" (see A on the map).—EDITOR.

I was very much astonished at this announcement and I suppose he observed it, for he turned to me and said:

"You doubtless regard it hazardous to leave McClellan practically on my line of communication, and to march into the heart of the enemy's country?" I admitted that such a thought had occurred to me.

CHARGE OF IRWIN'S BRIGADE AT THE DUNKER CHURCH. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

General Wm. F. Smith, commanding the Second Division of Franklin's corps, went to the assistance of French. On getting into position, for the most part to the right of French, General Smith, in his report, says: "Finding that the enemy were advancing, I ordered forward the Third Brigade (Colonel Irwin's), who, passing through the regular battery then commanded by Lieutenant Thomas (Fourth Artillery), charged upon the enemy and drove them gallantly until abreast the little church at the point of woods, the possession of which had been so fiercely contested. At this point a severe flank fire from the woods was received." The brigade rallied behind the crest of a slope, and remained in an advanced position until the next day.— EDITOR.

"Are you acquainted with General McClellan?" he inquired. I replied that we had served together in the Mexican war, under General Scott, but that I had seen but little of him since that time.

"He is an able general, but a very cautious one. His enemies among his own people think him too much so. His army is in a very demoralized and chaotic condition, and will not be prepared for offensive operations — or he will not think it so — for three or four weeks. Before that time I hope to be on the Susquehanna."

Our conversation was interrupted at this point by the arrival of Stonewall Jackson, and after a few minutes Lee and Jackson turned to the subject of the capture of Harper's Ferry. I remember Jackson seemed in high spirits, and even indulged in a little mild pleasantry about his long neglect of his friends in "The Valley," General Lee replying that Jackson had "some friends" in that region who would not, he feared, be delighted to see him.

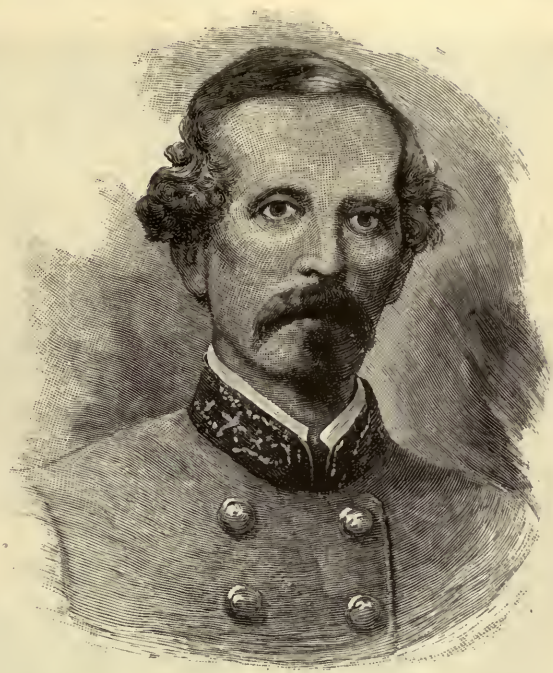
The arrival of a party of ladies from Frederick and vicinity, to pay their respects to Lee and Jackson, put an end to the conversation, and soon after I took my departure.

Retracing our steps towards the Potomac, at ten P. M. of the 9th my division arrived at the aqueduct which conveys the waters of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal across the Monocacy. The attempted work of destruction began, but so admirably was the aqueduct constructed and cemented that it was found to be virtually a solid mass of granite. Not a seam or crevice could be discovered, in which to insert the point of a crow-bar; and the only resource was in blasting. But the drills furnished my engineer were too dull and the granite too hard; and after several hours of zealous but ineffectual effort, the attempt had to be abandoned. Dynamite had not then been invented, so we were foiled in our purpose, and about three o'clock A. M. of the 10th, went into bivouac about two miles and a half west of the Monocacy.

Late in the afternoon a courier from General Lee delivered me a copy of his famous "Special Orders 191," directing me to coöperate with Jackson and McLaws in the capture,

of Harper's Ferry. That order contained the most precise and detailed information respecting the position, at its date, of every portion of the Confederate Army,—where it would be during the next five or six days, at least,—and inferentially revealed the ulterior designs of the Confederate commander. Possessed of the information it contained, the Federal general would be enabled to throw the weight of his whole force on that small portion of the Confederate Army then on the northern side of the Potomac, before Jackson, McLaws and Walker could effect the capture of Harper's Ferry and go to its assistance.

General McClellan did get possession, on the 13th of September, of a copy of this order, addressed to General D. H. Hill. In what manner this happened is not positively known. General Bradley T. Johnson says that there is a tradition in Frederick, that General Hill was seen to drop a paper in the streets of that town, which was supposed to be the order in question. The Comte de Paris says it was found in a house in Frederick, which had been occupied by General Hill. But General Hill informed me, two years after the war, that he never received the order, and never knew of its existence until he read it in McClellan's report.*



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM E. STARKE. (FROM A TIN-TYPE.)

In the cannonade which began with dawn of the 17th, General J. R. Jones, commanding the left division of Jackson, was stunned and injured by a shell which exploded directly over his head. General Starke was directed to take command of the division, which he led against Hooker, and a half-hour later he fell pierced by three minie-balls. Of that terrible struggle Stonewall Jackson says in his report: "The carnage on both sides was terrific. At this early hour General Starke was killed. Colonel Douglass commanding Lawton's brigade was also killed. General Lawton, commanding division, and Colonel Walker, commanding brigade, were severely wounded. More than half of the brigades of Lawton and Hays were either killed or wounded, and more than a third of Trimble's, and all the regimental commanders in those brigades, except two, were killed or wounded."— EDITOR.

To whatever circumstance General McClellan owed its possession, it certainly enabled him to thwart General Lee's designs for the invasion of Pennsylvania, or a movement upon Washington. But that he obtained all the advantages he might have done, will hardly be contended for by General McClellan's warmest admirer. By the exercise of greater energy he might easily have crushed Lee on the afternoon of the 15th or early on the 16th before the arrival of Jackson from Harper's Ferry. On receiving my copy of the order I was so impressed with the disastrous consequence which might result from its loss, that I pinned it securely in an inside pocket. In speaking with General Longstreet on this subject afterward, he remarked that the same thought had occurred to him and that, as an absolutely sure precaution, he memorized the order and then "chewed it up."

AFTER THE BATTLE—POSITION OF THE CONFEDERATE BATTERIES IN FRONT OF DUNKER CHURCH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Informed of the presence of a superior Federal force at Cheek's Ford,

* See General D. H. Hill's statement, page 143 of THE CENTURY for last month.—EDITOR.

SUMNER'S ADVANCE.— FRENCH'S DIVISION CLOSING IN UPON ROULETTE'S BARNS AND HOUSE — RICHARDSON'S DIVISION CONTINUING THE LINE FAR TO THE LEFT. (BY FRANK H. SCHELL, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

where I was ordered to pass the Potomac, and learning that the crossing at the Point of Rocks was practicable, I moved my division to that place and succeeded in landing everything safely on the Virginia shore by daylight of the 11th.

About the same time a heavy rain set in, and as the men were much exhausted by their night march, I put them into bivouac. I would here remark that the Army of Northern Virginia had long since discarded their tents, capacious trunks, carpet bags, bowie knives, mill-saw swords, and six-shooters, and had reduced their "kits" to the simplest elements and smallest dimensions.

Resuming our march on the morning of the 12th, we halted for the night at Hillsboro'. During the night I was sent for from the village inn, by a woman who claimed my attendance on the ground that she was just from Washington, and had very important information to give me. Answering the call, I found seated in the hotel parlor a young woman of perhaps twenty-five, of rather prepossessing appearance, who claimed to have left Washington the morning before, with important information from "our friends" in the Federal capital, which she could communicate only to General Lee himself, and wished to know from me where he could be found. I saw at once that I had to do with a Federal spy; but as I did not wish to be encumbered with a woman prisoner, I professed ignorance of General Lee's whereabouts, and advised her to remain quietly at the hotel, as I should, no doubt, have some information for her the next morning. Before resuming our march, the next day, I sent her under guard to Leesburg, directing the provost marshal at that place to hold her for three or four days and then release her.

Resuming the march at daylight on the 13th, we reached the foot of Loudoun Heights about ten o'clock. Here I was joined by a detachment of signal men, and Captain White's company of Maryland cavalry. I detached two regiments — the Twenty-seventh North Carolina and Thirtieth Virginia, under Colonel J. R. Cooke, directing him to ascend Loudoun Mountain and take possession of the heights, but in case he found no enemy, not to reveal his presence to the garrison of Har-

per's Ferry. I sent with him the men of the Signal Corps, with orders to open communication if possible with Jackson, whose force ought to be in the neighborhood, coming from the west. I then disposed of the remainder of the division around the point of the mountain, where it abuts on the Potomac.

About two P. M. Colonel Cooke reported that he had taken unopposed possession of Loudoun Heights, but that he had seen nothing of Jackson; yet from the movements of the Federals he thought he was close at hand. By eight o'clock the next morning five long-range Parrott rifles were on the top of the mountain in a masked position, but ready to open fire. About half-past ten o'clock my signal party succeeded in informing Jackson of my position and readiness to attack.

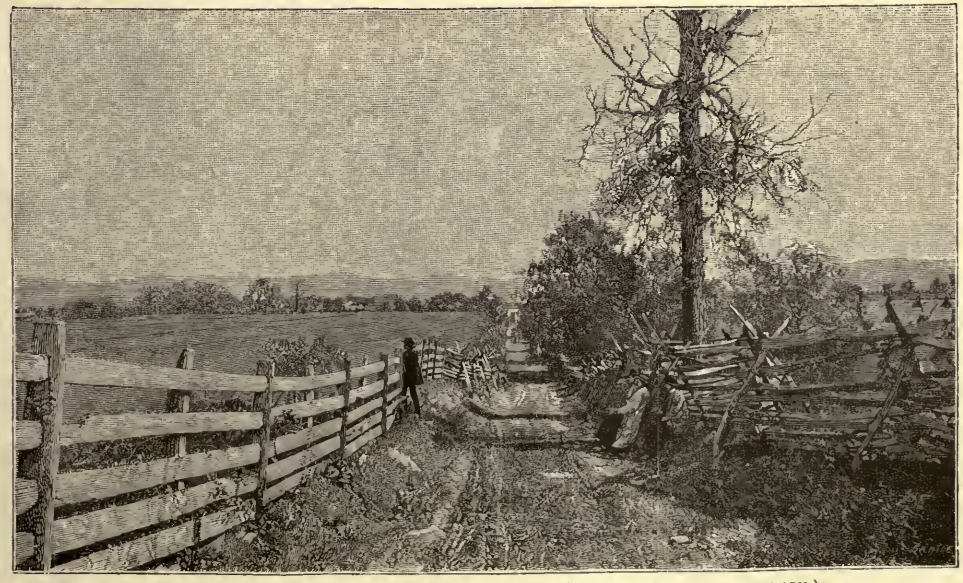
ROULETTE'S FARM.

1.—View of William Roulette's farm-house. 2.—Roulette's spring-house, in which Confederate prisoners were confined during the battle. 3.—Roulette's spring, a copious fountain which refreshed many thirsty soldiers of both armies.—EDITOR.

At a reunion of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, held at Richmond, on October 23, 1884, in an address delivered by General Bradley T. Johnson, occurs this passage:

"McLaws having constructed a road up Maryland Heights and placed his artillery in position during the 14th, while fighting was going on at Crampton's Gap and Turner's Gap, signaled to Jackson that he was ready; whereupon Jackson signaled the order both to McLaws and Walker—'Fire at such positions of the enemy as will be most effective.'"

I am, of course, ignorant of what Jackson may have signaled McLaws, but it is certain that I received no such order. On the contrary, as soon as he was informed that McLaws was in possession of Maryland Heights, Jackson signaled me substantially the following dispatch: "Harper's Ferry is now completely invested. I shall summon its commander to surrender. Should he refuse I shall give him twenty-four hours



SOUTH-EASTERN STRETCH OF THE SUNKEN ROAD. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

THE SUNKEN ROAD, OR "BLOODY LANE."
(FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

This view is from the second bend in the lane, looking toward the Hagerstown pike, the Dunker Church woods appearing in the background. In the foreground Richardson crossed to the left into the corn-field near Piper's house. The house in the middle-ground, erected since the war, marks the scene of French's hard fight after passing Roulette's house.—EDITOR.

to remove the non-combatants, and then carry the place by assault. *Do not fire unless forced to.*"

Jackson at this time had, of course, no reason to suspect that McClellan was advancing in force, and doubtless supposed, as we all did, that we should have abundant leisure to rejoin General Lee at Hagerstown. But about noon I signaled to Jackson that an action seemed to be in progress at Crampton's Gap, that the enemy had made his appearance in Pleasant Valley in rear of McLaws, and that I had no doubt McClellan was advancing in force.

To this message Jackson replied that it was, he thought, no more than a cavalry affair between Stuart and Pleasonton. It was now about half-past twelve, and every minute the sound of artillery in the direction of South Mountain was growing louder, which left no doubt on my mind of the advance of the whole Federal army. If this were the case, it was certain that General Lee would be in fearful peril, should the capture of Harper's Ferry be much longer delayed. I thereupon asked permission to open fire; but, receiving no reply, I determined to be "forced." For this purpose, I placed the two North Carolina regiments under Colonel (late Major-General, and now U. S. Senator) M. W. Ransom, which had relieved those under Cooke, in line of battle in full view of the Federal batteries, on Bolivar Heights. As I expected, they at once opened a heavy, but harmless, fire upon my regiments, which afforded me the wished-for pretext. Withdrawing the infantry to the safe side of the mountain, I directed my batteries to reply.

It is possible that some of my military readers may question the propriety of my course, and allege that it amounted virtually to disobedience of orders. This I freely admit, yet plead the dire urgency of the case. Had Jackson compromised himself by agreeing to allow the Federal commander twenty-four hours, as he proposed, General Lee would undoubtedly have been driven into the Potomac, before any portion of the Confederate force around Harper's Ferry could have reënforced him. The trouble was, that Jackson could not be made to believe that McClellan's whole army was in movement.

I never knew whether or not Jackson actually made a formal demand for the surrender of the Federal garrison, but I had his own word for it that he intended to do so. Besides, such a course was in harmony with the humanity of his generous nature, and with his

CONFEDERATE DEAD IN THE SUNKEN ROAD. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

SCENE AT THE RUINS OF MUMMA'S HOUSE AND BARNS. (BY FRANK H. SCHELL, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

These buildings were fired early in the morning by D. H. Hill's men, who feared they would become a point of vantage to the Union forces. The sketch was made after the advance of French to the sunken road. Presumably, the battery firing upon the Confederate line to the right of that road is the First Rhode Island Light Artillery; for Captain John A. Tompkins of Battery A says, in his report, that he placed his pieces on a knoll "directly in front of some burning ruins," and opened fire upon a battery in front. "At 9:30," he continues, "the enemy appeared upon my right front with a large column, apparently designing to charge the battery. I was not aware of their approach until the head of the column gained the brow of a hill about sixty yards from the right gun of the battery. The pieces were immediately obliqued to the right and a sharp fire of canister opened upon them, causing them to retire in confusion, leaving the ground covered with their dead and wounded, and abandoning one of their battle-flags, which was secured by a regiment which came up on my right after the enemy had retreated. The enemy now opened a fire upon us from a battery in front, and also from one on the right near the white school-house [Dunker Church]. Two guns were directed to reply to the battery on the right, while the fire of the rest was directed upon the guns in front, which were silenced in about twenty minutes, and one of their caissons blown up." At noon, Captain Tompkins's battery was relieved by Battery G of the same regiment.—EDITOR.

constant practice of doing as little harm as possible to non-combatants.

About an hour after my batteries opened fire, those of A. P. Hill and Lawton followed suit, and near three o'clock those of McLaws. But the range from Maryland Heights being too great, the fire of McLaws's guns was ineffective, the shells bursting in mid-air, without reaching the enemy. From my position on Loudoun Heights my guns had a plunging fire on the Federal batteries, a thousand feet below, and did great execution. By five o'clock our combined fire had silenced all the opposing batteries, except one of two guns east of Bolivar Heights, which kept up a plucky but feeble fire, until night put a stop to the combat.

During the night of the 14th–15th, Major (afterwards brigadier-general of artillery) R. Lindsay Walker, chief of artillery of A. P. Hill's division, succeeded in crossing the Shenandoah with several batteries, and placing them in such a position, on the slope of Loudoun Mountain far below me, as to command

THE SUNKEN ROAD, LOOKING EAST FROM ROULETTE'S LANE.

MAJOR-GENERAL ISRAEL B. RICHARDSON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

Referring in his report to the incidents accompanying General Richardson's fall, General Caldwell says: "The enemy made one more effort to break my line, and this time the attack was made in the center. Colonel Barlow [General Francis C.], hearing firing to his left, on our old front, immediately moved to the left and formed in line with the rest of the brigade. The whole brigade then moved forward in line, driving the enemy entirely out of the corn-field [see E on the map], and through the orchard beyond, the enemy firing grape and canister from two brass pieces in the orchard to our front, and shell and spherical case-shot from a battery on our right. While leading his men forward under the fire, Colonel Barlow fell dangerously wounded by a grape-shot in the groin. By command of General Richardson I halted the brigade, and, drawing back the line, re-formed it near the edge of the corn-field. It was now one o'clock P. M. Here we lay exposed to a heavy artillery fire, by which General Richardson was severely wounded. The fall of General Richardson (General Meagher having been previously borne from the field) left me in command of the division, which I formed in line, awaiting the enemy's attack. Not long after, I was relieved of the command by General Hancock, who had been assigned to the command of the division by General McClellan." General Richardson was carried to Pry's house, McClellan's headquarters, where he died November 3d.— EDITOR.

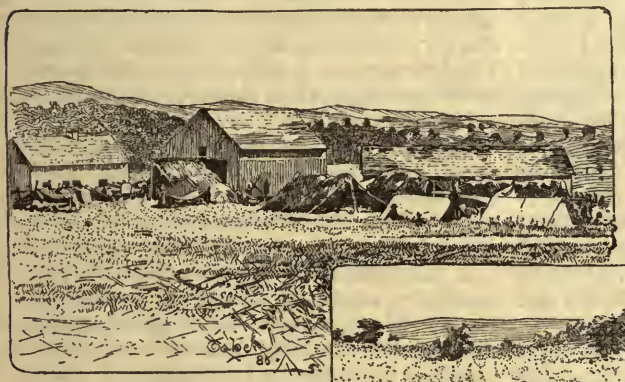
the enemy's works. McLaws got his batteries into position nearer the enemy, and at daylight of the 15th the batteries of our five divisions were pouring their fire on the doomed garrison. The fire of my batteries, however, was at random, as the enemy's position was entirely concealed by a dense fog, clinging to the sides of the mountain, far below. But my artillerists trained their guns by the previous day's experience and delivered their fire through the fog.

The Federal batteries promptly replied, and for more than an hour maintained a spirited fire; but after that time it grew more and more feeble, until about eight o'clock, when it ceased altogether, and the garrison surrendered. Owing to the fog I was ignorant of what had taken place, but surmising it, I soon ordered my batteries to cease firing. Those of Lawton, however, continued some minutes later. This happened unfortunately, as Colonel Dixon S. Miles, the Federal commander, was at this time mortally wounded by a fragment of shell while waving a white flag in token of surrender.

It was a pleasing sight to us, perched upon

the top of the mountain, as we looked down upon more than twelve thousand "boys in blue" stacking arms. Such a scene has its pathetic side too; for after the first feeling of exultation has passed, there comes one of sympathy for the humiliation of the brave men, who are no longer enemies, but unfortunate fellow-soldiers.

Some hours later, accompanied by two of my staff, I rode into Harper's Ferry, and we were interested in seeing our tattered Confederates fraternizing in the most cordial manner with their well-dressed prisoners. I was introduced by General A. P. Hill to Federal Brigadier-General White. He explained to me that, although of superior rank to Colonel Miles, he had declined to assume command of the garrison, since he was at Harper's Ferry by accident—"an unfortunate accident too," he added.



CONFEDERATE WOUNDED AT CAPTAIN SMITH'S BARNS, WEST OF SHARPSBURG. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

I am of the opinion that it would have been practicable for Colonel Miles to have escaped with the infantry of his garrison during the night of the 14th–15th, as did a body of thirteen hundred cavalry, under Colonel "Grimes" Davis.* This enterprising young officer crossed his cavalry to the Maryland side of the Potomac, over the pontoon bridge, and followed the road on the berme side of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, leading north to Sharpsburg. Mention of this very meritorious action is made in neither Federal nor Confederate accounts of the capture of Harper's Ferry that have fallen under my notice.

There is a strong probability that the infantry of the garrison could have done the same. It should be stated that Davis not only escaped capture, but that he passed through Sharpsburg at daylight of the 15th, and in crossing the Hagerstown and Williamsport road, he destroyed the greater part of Longstreet's reserve ordnance trains. This escape of Davis from Harper's Ferry, and Forrest's escape from Fort Donelson, under very similar circumstances, show what a bold subordinate may achieve after his superior has lost heart.

No sooner had the surrender of Harper's Ferry been assured, than my division took up its line of march to join General Lee. At two A. M. of the 16th my advance overtook the rear of Jackson's force, and about eight o'clock in the morning, after seeing our respective commands safely across the Potomac at the ford below Shepherdstown, Jackson and myself went forward together towards Sharpsburg. As we rode along I mentioned my *ruse* in opening fire on Harper's Ferry. Knowing the strictness of Jackson's ideas in regard to military obedience, I felt a little doubtful as to what he would say. When I had finished my confession he was silent for some minutes, and then remarked: "It was just as well as it was; but I could not believe that the fire you reported indicated the advance of McClellan in force. It seemed more likely to be merely a cavalry affair." Then after an interval of silence, as if to himself, he continued: "I thought I knew McClellan" (they were classmates at West Point), "but this movement of his puzzles me."

A little past the hour of noon of the 16th Jackson and myself reached General Lee's headquarters and reported the arrival of our commands. I am thus particular in noting the incidents of this night march, and the hour of the arrival of my division at Sharpsburg, for the reason that some writers have fallen into the error of mentioning my arrival at Sharpsburg

* Colonel Benjamin F. Davis of the Eighth New York Cavalry, familiarly known at West Point, and among his old army associates, as "Grimes" Davis. He was killed at Beverly Ford, June 9th, 1863.—EDITOR.

as coincident with that of McLaws's division, which was some twenty-two hours later.

The thought of General Lee's perilous situation, with the Potomac River in his rear, confronting, with his small force, McClellan's vast army, had haunted me through the long hours of the night's march, and I expected to find General Lee anxious and careworn. Anxious enough, no doubt, he was; but there was nothing in his look or manner to indicate it. On the contrary, he was calm, dignified, and even cheerful. If he had had a well-equipped army of a hundred thousand veterans at his back, he could not have appeared more composed and confident. On shaking hands with us, he simply expressed his satisfaction with the result of our operations at Harper's Ferry, and of our timely arrival at Sharpsburg; adding that with our reënforcement he felt confident of being able to hold his ground until the arrival of the divisions of R. H. Anderson, McLaws, and A. P. Hill, which were still behind, and which did not arrive until the next day.

At four in the afternoon I received an order from General Lee to move at three o'clock the next morning, and take position with my division on the extreme right of his line of battle, so as to cover a ford of the Antietam, and to lend a hand, in case of necessity, to General Toombs, whose brigade was guarding the bridge over the Antietam, called by Federal writers "Burnside's bridge."

ON THE LINE OF A SCATTERED FENCE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

The single grave indicates, apparently, that some officer, killed outright, was hastily buried by his men during a lull in the fight, the big tree being chosen for a landmark.—EDITOR.

At daybreak on the 17th I took the position assigned me, forming my line of battle on the crest of a ridge in front of the ford just mentioned. The ground, from my position to the creek, distant about five hundred yards, sloped gradually down to the crossing, just below which there was a wooded, bluff-like hill commanding the approach to the ford from the east. Here I posted a battalion of skirmishers.

While these dispositions, after a careful reconnaissance of the ground on both sides of the Antietam, were being made, the booming of artillery, at some distance on my left, warned us that the battle had begun. As the morning wore on the firing grew heavier and heavier, until Elk Mountain, to the eastward, gave back an incessant echo.

About nine o'clock an order was brought by a staff-officer of General Lee, directing me to hurry to the left to reënforce Jackson, who was being hard pressed. Hastily recalling my skirmishers, I hurried forward, left in front, along the rear of the whole Confederate line of battle. As I passed what is now known as Cemetery Hill, I saw General Lee standing erect and calm, with a field-glass to his eye, his fine form sharply outlined against the sky, and I thought I had never seen a nobler figure. He seemed quite unconscious that the enemy's shells were exploding around and beyond him.

To those who have not been witnesses of a great battle like this, where more than a hundred thousand men, armed with all the appliances of modern science and skill, are engaged in the work of slaughtering each other, it is impossible by the power of words to convey an adequate idea of its terrible sublimity. The constant booming of cannon, the ceaseless rattle and roar of musketry, the glimpses of galloping horsemen and marching infantry, now seen, now lost in the smoke, adding weirdness to terror, all together make up a combination of sights and sounds wholly indescribable.

Opposite the rear of Longstreet's position I overtook General Ripley, of D. H. Hill's division, who, after having had dressed a serious wound in the neck, was returning to the command of his brigade, then hotly engaged. From him I obtained some information of the progress of the battle in the center.

Hurrying on, I was soon met by a staff-officer, who informed me that it was General Jackson's wish that I should go to the assistance of Hood, who was hard pressed and almost out of ammunition, adding that if I found the Federals in possession of the wood on the Hagerstown road, I must drive them out, as it was the key of the battlefield.

He further explained that there was between the wood, just referred to, and the left of D. H. Hill's position, a gap of at least a third of a mile, and that I must leave a part of my command to fill it, and to support the reserve batteries under Colonel Stephen D. Lee which would also occupy the gap. For this purpose I detached the Twenty-seventh North Carolina and Third Arkansas of Manning's brigade, and placed them under the orders of Colonel John R. Cooke, of the former regiment.*

* These are the troops spoken of in General D. H. Hill's report as "Walker's men," who assisted in the repulse of Federal General French, later in the day. [See also General Longstreet's description on page 312]

Moving forward, we soon reached the rear of Hood's position, and there forming line of battle with Ransom on the left, we moved forward to Hood's relief, supported by McLaws's division, which at that moment (10:30 A. M.) arrived from Harper's Ferry. By this time the Federals [under Sedgwick] had forced Hood's men out of the wood, and were in possession of the key of the battle-field. To regain this position and restore our line was now the task before us. This we soon accomplished, but only after perhaps the severest struggle of the day.

The Federals contended for every foot of the ground, but, driven from rock to rock, from tree to tree, of the "West Wood," after a bloody struggle of some thirty minutes Sedgwick's forces were pressed back into the open fields beyond, and being there exposed to the fire of S. D. Lee's artillery, broke and fled in great disorder back to the cover of the "East Wood," beyond the Hagerstown road.

My loss in this attack was heavy, including the gallant Colonel Van H. Manning, commanding Walker's brigade, who fell severely wounded. The regiment which suffered most was the Thirtieth Virginia. In the ardor of their pursuit of the enemy through the wood, the Virginians followed three hundred yards into the open, where they were fearfully cut up by the Federal batteries, and only saved themselves from annihilation by a timely retreat to the cover of the wood.

This ended the attempt of the Federals to drive Jackson from his position by infantry attacks. Their artillery, however, continued throughout the day to pour a heavy fire upon it, but with small effect. Our position was a most advantageous one. The space between it and the "East Wood," occupied by the Federals, consisted of meadows and cornfields, intersected by fences, in passing over which their attacking columns were exposed to the fire of our batteries. Seventy or eighty yards in front of our position, and parallel with it, was a ridge, which, although slight, was sufficient to cover our men while lying down among the trees and bowlders which covered the ground. The projectiles from the Federal batteries, striking this ridge, passed harmlessly over our heads, shattering the branches of the trees and tumbling them down in showers upon our men. Occasionally a shell would explode above us and send its hissing fragments in our midst, but our loss was surprisingly small from this cause.

The Federal infantry assaults having ceased, about half-past twelve I sought Jackson to report that from the front of my position in the wood, I thought I had observed a movement of the enemy, as if to pass through the gap, where I had posted Colonel Cooke's two regiments. I found Jackson in rear of Barksdale's brigade, sitting on his horse, under an apple-tree, with one leg thrown carelessly over the pommel of his saddle, plucking and eating the fruit. Without making any reply to my report, he asked me abruptly: "Can you spare me a regiment and battery?" I replied that Colonel Hill's Forty-ninth North Carolina, a very strong regiment, was in reserve, and could be spared, and that I could also give him both French's and Branch's batteries, but that they were without long-range ammunition, which had been exhausted at Harper's Ferry.

Jackson then went on to say that General Stuart's cavalry, owing to the nature of the ground, could take no part in the battle and were in the rear, but that Stuart himself had reported for such duty as he could perform.

Jackson added that he wished to make up, from the different commands on our left, a force of four or five thousand men, and give them to Stuart, with orders to turn the enemy's right, and attack him in the rear; that I must give orders to my division to advance to the front, and attack the enemy as soon as I should hear Stuart's guns—and that our whole left wing would move to the attack at the same time. Then, replacing his foot in the stirrup, he said with great emphasis: "We'll drive McClellan into the Potomac."

After giving orders for the regiment and batteries to report to Stuart, I galloped down the line to where I had posted Cooke, but found that General Longstreet, having observed the danger from General French's formidable attack, had ordered Cooke forward, and that together with D. H. Hill's division he was then hotly engaged. Soon returning to my command, I communicated Jackson's order to my brigade commanders and directed them to listen for the sound of Stuart's guns. We all confidently expected to hear the welcome sound by two o'clock, at least; and as that hour approached every ear was on the alert. Napoleon, at Waterloo, did not listen more intently for the sound of Grouchy's fire than did we for Stuart's. Two o'clock came, but nothing was heard of Stuart. Half-past two and then three, and still Stuart made no sign.

About half-past three a staff-officer of General Longstreet brought me an order from that general to advance and attack the enemy in my front. As the execution of this order would materially interfere with Jackson's plans, before beginning the movement I thought it my duty to communicate with

As the main body of my division was some distance to the left of the corn-fields where Cooke's regiments were posted, General Palfrey expresses some doubts of General Hill's accuracy.—J. G. W.

General Longstreet personally. I found him in rear of the position in which I had posted Cooke in the morning, and upon informing him of Jackson's intentions, he withdrew his order.

While we were discussing this subject, Jackson himself joined us with the information of Stuart's failure to turn the Federal right, for the reason that he had found it securely *posted on the Potomac*. Upon my expressing surprise at this statement, Jackson replied that he also had been surprised, as he had supposed the Potomac much farther away; but he remarked that Stuart had an excellent eye for topography, and it must be as he represented. He added: "It is a great pity,—we should have driven McClellan into the Potomac."

By this time, with staff-officers, couriers, etc., we were a mounted group of some ten or a dozen persons, presenting so tempting a target that a Federal battery, at the distance of five hundred yards, opened fire upon us, but with no other result, strange to say, than the slaughter of the horse of one of my couriers.

The attempt of the Federals to penetrate our center, and its repulse by D. H. Hill, materially assisted by Colonel John R. Cooke's two regiments of my division,* closed infantry operations on our portion of the field for the day. The opposing batteries, however, continued to pound away at each other until dark.

Late in the afternoon the direction of the firing on our extreme right was most alarming,—indicating, as it did, that the Federal left had forced a crossing of the Antietam, and that it must be perilously near our only line of retreat to the Potomac, at Shepherdstown. Could it be that A. P. Hill had come up and had been repulsed? If so, we had lost the day.

We hoped that A. P. Hill was still behind, but within striking distance. Soon the sound of musketry, which had almost ceased, roared out again with increased volume, indicating that fresh troops had been brought up, on one side or the other. For thirty minutes the sound of the firing came steadily from the same direction; then it seemed to recede eastward, and finally to die away almost entirely. We knew then that Hill *was* up; that the Federals had been driven back, and that the Confederate army had narrowly escaped defeat.

As night closed down, the firing along the whole line ceased; one of the bloodiest and most hotly contested battles of the war had been fought. The men of my division—worn out by a week's incessant marching and fighting by day and night—dropped down where they were, and could with difficulty be roused, even to take their cooked rations, brought up from our camp in the rear.

But there was little sleep for the infirmary corps; and all night long with their lanterns they could be seen flashing about the battle-field, searching for and bringing in the wounded, of friend and foe alike. In company with General Barksdale of Mississippi, whose brigade was on my left, I rode over that part of the battle-field where our own troops had been engaged, to see that none of the wounded had been overlooked. While passing along a worm fence, in the darkness, we heard a feeble voice from under our horse's feet: "Don't let your horses t-r-e-a-d on m-e!" We at once pulled up, and peering over the pommels of our saddles into the darkness, we could distinguish the dim outlines of a human form extended across our path. "Who are you?" we inquired. "I belong to the Twentieth Mas-sa-chu-sett's rig-i-ment" [of Sedgwick's division], answered the voice; "I can't move — I think my back's broken." We sent for an ambulance and had the poor fellow cared for. This was one of the very many instances of human suffering we encountered that night.

During the whole of the 18th the two armies rested in face of each other, in the positions which each had occupied at the close of the battle. There was a tacit truce, and Federal and Confederate burying parties passed freely between the lines.

We had fought an indecisive battle, and although we were, perhaps, in as good a condition to renew the struggle as the enemy, General Lee recognized the fact that his ulterior plans had been thwarted by this premature engagement, and after a consultation with his corps commanders he determined to withdraw from Maryland. At dark on the night of the 18th the rearward movement began; and a little after sunrise of the next morning the entire Confederate army had safely recrossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown.

Detained in superintending the removal of a number of the wounded of my division, I was among the last to cross the Potomac. As I rode into the river I passed General Lee, sitting on his horse in the stream, watching the crossing of the wagons and artillery. Returning my greeting, he inquired as to what was still behind. There was nothing but the wagons containing my wounded, and a battery of artillery, all of which were near at hand, and I told him so. "Thank God!" I heard him say as I rode on.

John G. Walker.

* The gallant conduct of Colonel Cooke on this occasion deservedly won for him promotion to the grade of brigadier general. His losses in this engagement were terrible. In his own regiment, the Twenty-seventh North Carolina, out of twenty-six commissioned officers who went into action, eighteen of them were killed or wounded. In the Third Arkansas the losses were equally as great.—J. G. W.

RALLYING BEHIND THE TURNPIKE FENCE.

WHEN the Second Bull Run campaign closed we had the most brilliant prospects the Confederates ever had. We then possessed an army that, if kept together, the Federals would never have dared attack. With such a splendid victory behind us, and such bright prospects ahead, the question arose as to whether or not we would go into Maryland. General Lee, on account of our short supplies, hesitated a little, but I reminded him of my experience in Mexico where on several occasions we had to live two or three days on green corn. I told him we could not starve at that season of the year so long as the fields were loaded with roasting ears. Finally he determined to go on, and accordingly crossed the river and went to Frederick City. On the 6th of September some of our cavalry, moving toward Harper's Ferry, became engaged with some of the Federal artillery near there. General Lee proposed that I organize a force, and go and surround the garrison and capture it. I objected and urged that our troops were worn with marching, were on short rations, and it would be a bad idea to divide our forces while we were in the enemy's country, where he could get information, in six or eight hours, of any movement we might make. The Federal army, though beaten at Second Manassas, was not disorganized, and it would certainly come out to look for us, and we should guard against being caught in such a condition. Our army was very superior in the quality of its soldiers, but it was in no condition to divide in the enemy's country. I urged that we should keep it well in hand, recruit our strength, and get up supplies, and then we could do anything we pleased. General Lee made no reply to this, and I supposed the scheme was abandoned.

A day or two after we had reached Frederick City, I went up to General Lee's tent and found the front walls closed. I inquired for the general, and he, recognizing my voice, asked me to come in. I went in and found Jackson there. The two were discussing the move against Harper's Ferry, both heartily approving it. They had gone so far it seemed useless for me to offer any further opposition, and I only suggested that Lee should use his entire army in the move instead of sending off a large portion of it to Hagerstown as he intended to do. General Lee so far changed the wording of his order as to require me to halt at Boonsboro' with General D. H. Hill; Jackson being ordered to Harper's Ferry via Bolivar Heights, on the south side; McLaws by the Maryland Heights on the north, and Walker, via Loudoun Heights, from the southeast. This was afterward changed, and I was sent on to Hagerstown, leaving D. H. Hill alone at South Mountain.

The movement against Harper's Ferry began on the 10th. Jackson made a wide, sweeping march around the Ferry, passing the Potomac at Williamsport, and moving from there on toward Martinsburg, and turning thence upon Harper's Ferry to make his attack by Bolivar Heights. McLaws made a hurried march to reach Maryland Heights before Jackson could get in position, and succeeded in doing so. With Maryland Heights in our possession the Federals could not hold their position there. McLaws put two or three hundred men to each piece of his artillery and carried it up the heights, and was in position when Jackson came on the heights opposite. Simultaneously Walker appeared upon Loudoun

Heights, south of the Potomac and east of the Shenandoah, thus completing the combination against the Federal garrison. The surrender of the Ferry and the twelve thousand Federal troops there was a matter of only a short time.

If the Confederates had been able to stop with that, they might have been well contented with their month's campaign. They had had a series of successes and no defeats; but the division of the army to make this attack on Harper's Ferry was a fatal error, as the subsequent events showed.

While a part of the army had gone toward Harper's Ferry I had moved up to Hagerstown. In the meantime Pope had been relieved and McClellan was in command of the army, and with ninety thousand refreshed troops was marching out to avenge Second Manassas. The situation was a very serious one for us. McClellan was close upon us. As we moved out of Frederick he came on and occupied that place, and there he came across a lost copy of the order assigning position to the several commands in the Harper's Ferry move.

This lost order has been the subject of much severe comment by Virginians who have written of the war. It was addressed to D. H. Hill, and they charged that its loss was due to him, and that the failure of the campaign was the result of the lost order. As General Hill has proven that he never received the order at his headquarters it must have been lost by some one else. Ordinarily upon getting possession of such an order the adversary would take it as a decoy, but it seems that General McClellan gave it his confidence, and made his dispositions accordingly. He planned his attack upon D. H. Hill under the impression that I was there with twelve brigades, nine of which were really at Hagerstown, and R. H. Anderson's division was on Maryland Heights with General McLaws. Had he exercised due diligence in seeking information from his own resources he would have known better the situation at South Mountain and could have enveloped General D. H. Hill's division on the afternoon of the 13th, or early on the morning of the 14th, and then turned upon McLaws at Maryland Heights, before I could have reached

THE CHARGE ACROSS THE BURNSIDE BRIDGE. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

In his report General Sturgis describes as follows the charge across the bridge:

"Orders arrived from General Burnside to carry the bridge at all hazards. I then selected the Fifty-first New York and the Fifty-first Pennsylvania from the Second Brigade, and directed them to charge with the bayonet. They started on their mission of death full of enthusiasm, and taking a route less exposed than the regiments [Second Maryland and Sixth New Hampshire] which had made the effort before them, rushed at a double-quick over the slope leading to the bridge and over the bridge itself, with an impetuosity which the enemy could not resist; and the stars and stripes were planted on the opposite bank at one o'clock P. M., amid the most enthusiastic cheering from every part of the field from where they could be seen."

BURNSIDE'S ATTACK UPON SHARPSBURG. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

General Willcox's division, the right of the line, charged into the village. Colonel Fairchild, commanding a brigade in Rodman's division, on the left of the line (which included Hawkins's Zouaves, seen at the stone wall in the picture), describes in his report as follows the advance upon Sharpsburg after the hill above the bridge had been gained: "We continued to advance to the opposite hill under a tremendous fire from the enemy's batteries, up steep embankments. Arriving near a stone fence, the enemy —a brigade composed of South Carolina and Georgia regiments —opened on us with musketry. After returning their fire I immediately ordered a charge, which the whole brigade gallantly responded to, moving with alacrity and steadiness. Arriving at the fence, behind which the enemy were awaiting us, receiving their fire, losing large numbers of our men, we charged over the fence, dislodging them and driving them from their positions down the hill toward the village, a stand of regimental colors belonging to a South Carolina regiment being taken by Private Thomas Hare, Company D, Eighty-ninth New York Volunteers, who was afterward killed. We continued to pursue the enemy down the hill. Discovering that they were massing fresh troops on our left, I went back and requested General Rodman to bring up rapidly the Second Brigade to our support, which he did, they engaging the enemy, he soon afterward falling badly wounded. . . . The large force advancing on our left flank compelled us to retire from the position, which we could have held had we been properly supported."

either point. As it was, McClellan, after finding the order, moved with more confidence on toward South Mountain, where D. H. Hill was stationed as a Confederate rear guard with five thousand men under his command. As I have stated, my command was at Hagerstown, thirteen miles further on. General Lee was with me, and on the night of the 13th we received information that McClellan was at the foot of South Mountain with his great army. General Lee ordered me to march back to the mountain early the next morning. I suggested that instead of meeting McClellan there, we withdraw Hill and unite my forces and Hill's at Sharpsburg, at the same time explaining that Sharpsburg was a strong defensive position from which we could strike the flank or rear of any force that might be sent to the relief of Harper's Ferry. I endeavored to show him that by making a forced march to Hill my troops would be in an exhausted condition and could not make a proper battle. The general listened patiently enough, but did not change his plans, and directed that I should go back the next day and make a stand at the mountain.

After lying down, my mind was still on the battle of the next day, and I was so impressed with the thought that it would be impossible for us to do anything at South Mountain with the fragment of a worn and exhausted army, that I got up and striking a light wrote a note to General Lee, urging him to order Hill away and concentrate at Sharpsburg. To that note I got no answer, and the next morning I marched as directed, leaving General Toombs as ordered by General Lee at Hagerstown to guard our trains and supplies. We marched as hurriedly as we could over a hot and dusty road, and reached the mountain about three o'clock in the afternoon, with the troops much scattered and worn. In riding up the mountain to join General Hill I discovered that everything was in such disjointed condition it would be impossible for my troops and Hill's to hold the mountain against such forces as McClellan

had there, and wrote a note to General Lee, in which I stated that fact, and cautioned him to make his arrangements to retire that night. We got as many troops up as we could, and by putting in detachments here and there managed to hold McClellan in check until night, when Lee ordered the withdrawal to Sharpsburg.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL L. O'B. BRANCH, OF A. P. HILL'S DIVISION, KILLED IN THE ATTACK UPON BURNSIDE'S ADVANCED LINE.

On the afternoon of the 15th of September my command and Hill's crossed the Antietam Creek, and took position in front of Sharpsburg, my command filing into position on the right of the Sharpsburg and Boonsboro' turnpike, and D. H. Hill's division on the left. Soon after getting into position we found our left at Dunker Church, the weak point, and Hood with two brigades was changed from my right to guard this point, leaving General D. H. Hill between the parts of my command.

That night we heard of the fall of Harper's Ferry, and Jackson was ordered to Sharpsburg as rapidly as he could come. Right then, we should have retired from Sharpsburg and gone to the Virginia side of the Potomac.

The moral effect of our move into Maryland had been lost by our discomfiture at South Mountain, and it was then evident we could not hope to concentrate in time to do more than make a respectable retreat, whereas by retiring before the battle, we could have claimed a very successful campaign.

On the afternoon of the 15th, the blue uniforms of the Federals appeared among the trees that crowned the heights on the eastern bank of the Antietam. The number increased and larger and larger grew the field of blue until it seemed to stretch as far as the eye could see, and from the tops of the mountains down to the edges of the stream gathered the great army of McClellan, ninety thousand strong. It was an awe-inspiring spectacle as this grand force settled down in sight of the Confederates, then shattered by battles and scattered by long and tiresome marches. On the 16th Jackson came and took position with part of his command on my left. Before night the Federals attacked my left and gave us a severe fight principally against Hood's division, but we drove them back, holding well our ground. After nightfall Hood was relieved from the position on the left, ordered to replenish his ammunition, and be ready to resume his first position on my right in the morning. General Jackson's forces, who relieved Hood, were extended to our left, reaching well back toward the Potomac, where most of our cavalry was. Toombs had joined us with two of his regiments, and was placed as guard on the bridge on my right. Hooker, who had thrown his corps against my left in the afternoon, was reënforced by the corps of Sumner and Mansfield. Franklin and Sykes were also drawn into position for the impending battle. Burnside was over against my right, threatening the passage of the Antietam at that point. When light came on the morning of the 17th the Federals were in good position along the east of the Antietam, stretching up and down and across it to our left for three miles. They had a good position for artillery, and their guns were of the most approved make and metal. Our position overcrowned theirs a little, but our guns were inferior and our ammunition very imperfect.

Back of McClellan's line was a high ridge upon which was his signal station overlooking every point of our field. My command deployed on the right of the Boonsboro'-Sharpsburg pike with Hood's brigades awaiting orders. D. H. Hill was on the left extending toward the Hagerstown-Sharpsburg pike, and Jackson extended out from Hill's left toward the Potomac. The battle opened by the enemy concentrating heavily from the corps of Hooker, Sumner, and Mansfield against our center, attacking upon Jackson's right and D. H. Hill's left. So severe and persistent was this attack I was obliged to send Hood back to support our center. The Federals forced us back a little, however, and held this part of our position to the end of the day's work. With new troops and renewed efforts McClellan continued his attacks upon this point from time to time, while he brought his forces to bear against all other points. The lines swayed back and forth as a cord exposed to rushing currents. A force too heavy to be withstood would strike and drive in a weak point till we could collect a few fragments, and in turn force back the advance till our lost ground was recovered. A heroic effort was made by D. H. Hill, who collected some fragments and led a charge to drive back and recover our lost ground at the center. He soon found that his little band was too much exposed on its left flank and was obliged to abandon it. Thus the battle ebbed and flowed with terrific slaughter on both sides.

The Federals fought with wonderful bravery and the Confederates clung to their ground

with heroic courage as hour after hour they were mown down like grass. The fresh troops of McClellan literally tore into shreds the already ragged army of Lee, but the Confederates never gave back.

I remember at one time they were surging up against us with fearful numbers. I was occupying the left over by Hood, whose ammunition gave out. He retired to get a fresh supply. Soon after, the Federals moved up against us in great masses.

We were under the crest of a hill occupying a position that ought to have been held by from four to six brigades. The only troops there were Cooke's regiment of North Carolina infantry without a cartridge. As I rode along the line with my staff I saw two pieces of the Washington artillery (Miller's battery), but there were not enough men to man them. The gunners had been either killed or wounded. This was a fearful situation for the Confederate center. I put my staff-officers to the guns while I held their horses. It was easy to see that if the Federals broke through our line there, the Confederate army would be cut in two and probably destroyed, for we were already badly whipped and were only holding our ground by sheer force of desperation. Cooke sent me word that his ammunition was out. I replied that he must hold his position as long as he had a man left. He responded that he would show his colors as long as there was a man alive to hold them up. We loaded up our little guns with canister and sent a rattle of hail into the Federals as they came up over the crest of the hill.

There was more business to the square inch in that little battery than in any I ever saw, and it shot harder and faster and with a sort of human energy as it seemed to realize that it was to hold the thousands of Federals at bay or the battle was lost. So warm was the reception we gave them that they dodged back behind the crest of the hill. We sought to make them believe we had many batteries before them instead of only two little guns. As the Federals would come up they would see the colors of the North Carolina regiment waving placidly and then would receive a shower of canister. We made it lively while it lasted. In the meantime General Chilton, General Lee's chief of staff, made his way to me and asked, "Where are the troops you are holding your line with?" I pointed to my two pieces and to Cooke's regiment and replied, "There they are; but that regiment hasn't a cartridge."

Chilton's eyes popped as though they would come out of his head, he struck spurs to his horse and away he went to General Lee. I suppose he made some remarkable report, although I did not see General Lee again until night. After a little a shot came across the Federal front, plowing the ground in a parallel line. Another and another, each nearer and nearer their line. This was from a battery on D. H. Hill's line.

This enfilade fire, so distressing to soldiers, soon beat back the attacking column. Meanwhile R. H. Anderson and Hood came to our support and gave us more confidence. It was a little while only until another assault was made against Hill and extending far over toward our left, where McLaws and Walker were supporting Jackson. In this desperate effort the lines seemed to swing back and forth for many minutes but at last settled down to their respective positions, the Confederates holding with a desperation which seemed to say, "We are here to die."

Meantime General Lee was over toward our right, where Burnside was trying to cross to make an attack there. Toombs, who had been assigned as guard at that point, did handsome service. His troops were footsore and worn from marching, and he had only twelve hundred men to meet Burnside, who had ten thousand. The little band fought bravely, but the Federals were pressing them slowly back. The delay that Toombs caused saved that part of the battle, however, for at the last moment A. P. Hill came in to reënforce him and D. H. Hill discovered a good place for a battery and opened with it. Thus the Confederates were enabled to drive the Federals back, and when night settled down the army of Lee was still in possession of the field. But it was dearly bought, for thousands of brave soldiers were dead on the field and many gallant commands were torn as a forest in a cyclone. It was heartrending to see how Lee's army had been slashed by the day's fighting.

Nearly one-fourth of the troops who went into the battle were killed or wounded that day. We were so badly crushed that at the close of the day ten thousand fresh troops could have come in and taken Lee's army and everything it had. But McClellan did not know it, and even feared when Burnside was pressed back that Sharpsburg was a Confederate victory, and that he would have to retire. As it was, when night settled down both armies were content to stay where they were.

During the progress of the battle of Sharpsburg General Lee and I were riding along my line and D. H. Hill's, when we received a report of movements of the enemy and started up the ridge to make a reconnoissance. General Lee and I dismounted, but Hill declined to do so. I said to him, "If you insist on riding up there and drawing the fire, give us a little interval so that we may not be in the line of the fire when they open upon you."

General Lee and I stood on the top of the crest with our glasses, looking at the movements of the Federals on the rear left. After a moment I turned my glass to the right and the Federal left. As I did so I noticed a puff of white smoke from the mouth of a cannon. "There is a shot for you," I said to General Hill.

The gunner was a mile away, and the cannon-shot came whisking through the air for three or four seconds and took off the front legs of the horse that Hill sat on and let the animal down on his pegs. The horse's head was so low and his croup so high that Hill was in a most ludicrous position. With one foot in the stirrup he made several efforts to get the other leg over the croup, but failed. Finally we prevailed on him to try the other end of the horse and he got down. He had a third horse shot under him before the close of the battle. That was the second best shot I ever saw. The best was at Yorktown. There a Federal officer came out in front of our line, and sitting down to his little platting table began to make a map. One of our officers carefully sighted a gun, touched it off, and dropped a shell into the hands of the man at the little table.

When the battle was over and night was gathering, I started to General Lee's headquarters to make my report. In going through the town I passed a house that had been set afire and was still burning. The family was in great distress, and I stopped to do what I could for them. By that I was detained until some time after the other officers had reached headquarters and made their reports.

My delay caused some apprehension on the part of General Lee that I had been hurt; and, in fact, such a report was sent him. When I rode up and dismounted he seemed much relieved, and coming to me very hurriedly for one of his dignified manner, threw his arms upon my shoulders and said:

"Here is my old war-horse at last."

When the reports were all in, General Lee decided that he would not be prepared the next day for offensive battle, and would prepare only for defense, as we had been doing.

The next day the Federals failed to advance, and both armies remained in position. During the day some of the Federals came over under a flag of truce to look after their dead and wounded. The following night we withdrew, passing the Potomac with our entire army. After we had gotten over, the Federals made a show of pursuit, and a force of about fifteen hundred crossed the river and gave a considerable amount of trouble to the command under General Pendleton. General A. P. Hill was sent back with his division, and he attacked the Federals who had crossed the river in pursuit of us. His lines extended beyond theirs, and he drove them back in a great deal of confusion. Many sprang over the steep bluffs of the river and were killed; some were drowned and many were shot. Hill had a very handsome affair of it. Proceeding on our march, we went to Bunker Hill, where we remained for several days. A report was made of a Federal advance, but it turned out to be only a party of cavalry and amounted to nothing. As soon as that cavalry retired we moved back and camped around Winchester, where we remained until some time in October. Our stragglers continued to come in until November, which shows how many we had lost by severe marches.

The great mistake of the campaign was the division of Lee's army. If General Lee had kept his forces together he could not have suffered defeat. At Sharpsburg he had hardly thirty-seven thousand men,* who were in poor condition for battle, while McClellan had ninety thousand, who were fresh and well.

The next year, when on our way to Gettysburg, there was the same situation of affairs at Harper's Ferry, but we let it alone.

General Lee was not satisfied with the result of the Maryland campaign, and seemed inclined to attribute the failure to the Lost Dispatch; though I believe he was more inclined to attribute the loss of the dispatch to a courier or other negligence than that of the officer to whom it was directed. That another dispatch was lost in the same campaign was additional cause of anxiety to him. Our men came in so rapidly after the battle that renewed hope of gathering his army in great strength soon caused General Lee to look for other and new prospects, and to lose sight of the lost campaign. But at Sharpsburg was sprung the keystone of the arch upon which the Confederate cause rested.

* This was Lee's estimate as stated to me at the time. It is much above the estimate of those who have since written of this campaign. Colonel Marshall, in his evidence in the Fitz John Porter case, gives our forces at the Second Manassas on August 29th as 50,000, not including artillery or cavalry. R. H. Anderson joined me on the night of August 29th, with something over 4000.— J. L.

Careful study of the "Official Records" leads to the following conclusions: In his official report General Lee says, "This great battle was fought by less than 40,000 men on our side."

According to McClellan's report the number of combatants in his command was 87,164; but the brunt of the battle was borne by about 60,000 men.

Comparing the *available* strength of the two armies, undoubtedly McClellan's doubled that of Lee's.

The Union losses at Antietam were 139 officers and 1969 men killed; 474 officers and 9075 men wounded; and 7 officers and 746 men captured or missing; total, 12,410. The Union losses in the entire campaign (exclusive of Harper's Ferry), from Sept. 3d to 20th, were 15,203.

According to the report of Lee's medical director

Jackson was quite satisfied with the campaign, as the Virginia papers made him the hero of Harper's Ferry, although the greater danger was with McLaws, and his was the severer and more important service. Lee lost nearly twenty thousand men by straggling in this campaign,—nearly twice as many as were captured at Harper's Ferry.

The battle casualties of Jackson's command from the Rappahannock to the Potomac, according to his official report, were 4387, while mine, including those of R. H. Anderson's division, were 4725, making in all 9112. That taken from the army of 55,000 at Second Manassas left a force of 45,888 moving across the Potomac. To that number must be added the forces that joined us; namely, D. H. Hill with 5000, McLaws with 4000, and Walker with 2000. Thus Lee's army on entering Maryland was made up of nearly 57,000 men, exclusive of artillery and cavalry. As we had but 37,000 at Sharpsburg, our losses in the several engagements after we crossed the Potomac, *including stragglers*, reached 19,888. Our casualties in the affairs preceding Sharpsburg and including that battle were 10,291. Estimating the casualties in the Maryland campaign preceding Sharpsburg at 2000, it will be seen that we actually lost at Sharpsburg 8291. Only a glance at these figures is necessary to impress one with the number of those who were unable to stand the long and rapid marches, and fell by the wayside, viz., 9597. The Virginians who have written of the war have often charged the loss of the Maryland campaign to "laggards." It is unkind to apply such a term to our soldiers, who were as patient, courageous, and chivalrous as any ever marshaled into phalanx. Writers who do so ignore the facts and circumstances that surrounded our troops. Many were just out of the hospitals, and many were crippled by injuries received in battle. They were marching without sufficient food or clothing, with their muskets, ammunition, provisions, and in fact their all, packed upon their backs. They struggled along with bleeding feet, tramping rugged mountain roads through a heated season, seeking another opportunity to offer their lives in defense of their people. Such soldiers should not be called "laggards" by their countrymen. Let them have their well-earned honors though the fame of others suffer thereby.

James Longstreet.

(Dr. Guild), there was a loss of 1567 killed and 8724 wounded in the battles of South Mountain, Crampton's Gap, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, and Shepherdstown. Dr. Guild does not give the number of missing and prisoners. Lee also does not mention the number of prisoners captured from him, nor the "missing" whose fate was unknown. Four thousand, it is believed, would cover such loss. Adding these to the killed and wounded, as shown by Dr. Guild's report, would make the Confederate loss from September 13th to 17th 13,291. Estimating four-fifths of these for the battle of Antietam, we have the following comparative result:

LOSSES AT ANTIETAM.

	Killed	*Wounded*	*Missing*	*Total.*
Union Army.....	2108	9549	753	12,410.
Confederate Army	1253	6980	3200	11,433.

There is not the slightest reason for doubting that many of the "missing" of Lee's army were killed, and if the number could be ascertained it would very materially increase that class of casualties. General McClellan (page 67, Vol. XIX.) says that "about 2700 of the enemy's dead were . . . counted and buried upon the battle-field of Antietam"; also, that "a portion of their dead had been previously buried by the enemy."—EDITOR.

ANTIETAM SCENES.

CONFEDERATE WOODEN CANTEEN FOUND AT ANTIETAM.

THE cannon were thundering when at early morn, September 17, 1862, I mounted my horse at Hagerstown, where I had arrived the preceding day, upon its evacuation by the Confederates. The people of the town, aroused by the cannonade, were at the windows of the houses, or in the streets, standing in groups, listening to the reverberations rolling along the valley. The wind was south-west, the clouds hanging low, and sweeping the tree-tops on South Mountain.

The cannonade, reverberating from cloud to mountain and from mountain to cloud, became a continuous roar, like the unbroken roll of a thunder-storm. Wafted by the gentle breeze, it made the battle seem much nearer than it was. I was fully seven miles from Hooker's battlefield.

I turned down the Hagerstown and Sharpsburg turnpike at a brisk gallop, although knowing that Lee's army was in possession of the thoroughfare by the toll-gate then standing about two miles north of Sharpsburg. A citizen who had left his home, to be beyond harm during the battle, gave me the information. The thought uppermost in my mind

was to gain the left flank of the Confederate army, mingle with the citizens, and so witness the battle from the Confederate side. It would be a grand accomplishment, if successful. It would give me a splendid opportunity to see the make-up of the Confederate army. It would be like going behind the scenes of a theater. I was in citizen's dress, splashed with mud, and with dilapidated hat.

While wondering what would be the outcome of the venture, I came upon a group of farmers, who were listening with dazed countenances to the uproar momentarily increasing in volume. It was no longer alone the boom of the batteries, but a rattle of musketry—at first like pattering drops upon a roof; then a roll, crash, roar, and rush like a mighty ocean billow upon the shore, chafing the pebbles, wave on wave,—with deep and heavy explosions of the batteries, like the crashing of thunderbolts. I think that the currents of air must have had somewhat to do with it, for since then I have seen and heard conflicts where the numbers engaged were much larger than in Hooker's attack. At any rate, the farmers' hearts were in their mouths. Their faces were blanched, and they were walking about nervously, undecided, evidently, whether to flee or to remain.

"I wouldn't go down the pike, if I were you," said one, addressing me. "You will ride right into the Rebs."

"That is just where I would like to go."

"You can't pass yourself off for a Reb; they'll see, the instant they set eyes on you, that you are a Yank. They'll gobble you up, and take you to Richmond," said the second.

No doubt I acted wisely in leaving the turnpike and riding to gain the right flank of the Union line. A short distance and I came upon a Confederate soldier lying beneath a tree. He doubtless supposed that I was a cavalryman, and raised his hand as if to implore me not to shoot him. His face was pale and haggard. He had dropped from the ranks through sheer exhaustion. He had been living on green corn. I left the poor fellow with the conviction that he never again would see his Southern home.

Another mile and I came upon the driftwood of McClellan's army. Every army has its driftwood soldiers—valiant at the mess-table, brave in the story around the bivouac fire, but faint of heart when battle begins. Some of them were old skulkers, others fresh recruits, with bright uniforms, who had volunteered under the pressure of enthusiasm. This was their first battle and was not what they had pictured a battle to be.

"Where does this road lead to?" asked one with white lips.

"To Hagerstown. But where are you going?"

"Oh, our division has been ordered to Hagerstown," was the reply as they hastened on.

Ammunition trains were winding up the hill from the road leading to Keedysville. Striking across the fields, I soon came upon the grounds on Hoffman's farm selected for the field hospitals. Even at that hour of the morning it was an appalling sight. The wounded were lying in rows awaiting their turn at the surgeons' tables. The hospital stewards had a corps of men distributing straw over the field for their comfort.

Turning from the scenes of the hospital, I ascended the hill, and came upon the men who had been the first to sweep across the Hagerstown pike, past the toll-gate, and into the Dunker Church woods, only to be hurled back by Jackson, who had established his line in a strong position behind outcropping limestone ledges.

"There are not many of us left," was the mournful remark of an officer.

I learned the story of the morning's engagement, and then rode to the line of batteries on the ridge by the house of J. Poffenberger; if my memory serves me, there were thirty guns in position pointing south-west. Their brazen lips were cooling at the moment. There was a lull in the strife. All was quiet in the woods, along the turnpike, and in the corn-field beyond D. R. Miller's house,—so quiet that I thought I would ride on to the front line, not knowing that the brigade, lying upon the ground near the cannon, was the advanced line of the army. I rode through Poffenberger's door-yard, and noticed where a Confederate cannon-shot had ripped through the building; another had upset a hive of bees, and the angry insects had taken their revenge on the soldiers. I walked my horse down the pike past the toll-gate.

"Hold on!" It was the peremptory hail of a Union soldier crouching under the fence by the roadside. "Where are you going?"

"I thought I would go out to the front!"

"The front! you have passed it. This is the picket line. If you know what is good for yourself, you'll skedaddle mighty quick. The Rebs are in the corn, right out there."*

I acted upon the timely advice and re-

* Of the early morning fight in the corn-field, General Hooker says in his report: "We had not proceeded far before I discovered that a heavy force of the enemy had taken possession of a corn-field (I have since learned about a thirty-acre field), in my immediate front, and from the sun's rays falling on their bayonets projecting above the corn could see that the field was filled with the enemy, with arms in their hands, standing apparently at 'support arms.' Instructions were immediately given for the assemblage of all of my spare batteries near at hand, of which I think there were five or six, to spring into battery on the right of this field, and to open with canister at once. In the time I am writing every stalk of corn in the northern and greater part of the field was cut as closely as could have been done with a knife, and the slain lay in rows precisely as they had stood in their ranks a

treated to a more respectful distance; and none too soon, for a moment later the uproar began again, with solid shot tearing through the woods, crashing among the trees, and with shells exploding in unexpected places. I recall a round shot that came ricochetting over the ground, cutting little furrows, tossing the earth into the air, as the plow of the locomotive turns its white furrow after a snow-storm. Its speed gradually diminished and a soldier was about to catch it, as if he were at a game of base-ball, but a united yell of "Look out!" "Don't!" "Take care!" "Hold on!" caused him to desist. Had he attempted it, he would have been knocked over instantly.

Turning from the conflict on the right, I rode down the line, toward the center, forded the Antietam and ascended the hill east of it to the large square mansion of Mr. Pry, where General McClellan had established his headquarters. The commander-in-chief was sitting in an arm-chair in front of the house. His staff were around him; their horses, saddled and bridled, were hitched to the trees and fences. Stakes had been driven in the earth in front of the house, to which were strapped the headquarters telescopes, through which a view of the operations and movements of the two armies could be seen.

It was a commanding situation. The panorama included fully two-thirds of the battle-field, from the woods by the Dunker Church, southward to the hills below Sharpsburg.

The Fifth Corps, under Fitz John Porter, was behind the ridge extending south towards the bridge, where the artillery of the Ninth Corps was thundering. Porter, I remember, was with McClellan, watching the movements of the troops across the Antietam — French's and Richardson's divisions, which were forming in the fields east of Roulette's and Mumma's houses. What a splendid sight it was! How beautifully the lines deployed! The clouds which had hung low all the morning had lifted, and the sun was shining through the rifts, its bright beams falling on the flags, and glinting from gun-barrel and bayonet. Upon the crest of the hill south of the Dunker Church, I could see Confederates on horseback, galloping, evidently, with orders; for, a few moments later, there was another gleam in the sunshine from the bayonets of D. H. Hill's division, which was getting into position to resist the threatened movement of French and Richardson.

Memory recalls the advance of the line of men in blue across the meadow east of Roulette's. They reach the spacious barn, which divides the line of men as a rock parts the current of a river, flowing around it, but uniting beyond. The orchard around the house screens the movement in part. I see the blue uniforms beneath the apple-trees. The line halts for alignment. The skirmishers are in advance. There are isolated puffs of smoke, and then the Confederate skirmishers scamper up the hill and disappear. Up the slope moves the line to the top of a knoll. Ah! what a crash! A white cloud, gleams of lightning, a yell, a hurrah, and then up in the corn-field a great commotion, men firing into each other's faces, the Confederate line breaking, the ground strewn with prostrate forms. The Confederate line in "Bloody lane" has been annihilated, the center pierced.

There are golden moments in life, great opportunities which come to men. They must be seized upon the instant or they go by, never to return. Such an opportunity had come to General McClellan. I was but a civilian, uneducated in military tactics; but it was the plain dictate of common sense that then was the time when Porter's eleven thousand should have been sent across the Antietam and thrown like a thunderbolt upon the enemy. It was so plain that the rank and file saw it. "Now is the time" was the universal comment. But not a soldier stirred from his position. McClellan saw it, but issued no order. All through the day most of the Fifth Corps remained as immovable as statues.

The battle was in the main fought by divisions — one after another. There was no concerted action, no hammering all along the line at the same time. Heavy blows were given, but they were not followed up. It has been said that McClellan's excuse for not throwing in Porter's corps at that moment was the reason given by Napoleon at Borodino when asked why he did not at a certain moment put in the Imperial Guard: "If I am defeated to-day, where is my army for to-morrow?" There was no parallel between Antietam and Borodino. The moment had come for dividing Lee's army at its center and crushing it back upon the Potomac in utter rout. A. P. Hill, on his way from Harper's Ferry to join Lee, was at that moment fording the Potomac at Shepherdstown. General McClellan did not know it, but the fact was before him that French and Richardson had pierced the Confederate center.

With the falling back of the Confederates

few moments before. It was never my fortune to witness a more bloody, dismal battle-field. Those that escaped fled in the opposite direction from our advance, and sought refuge behind the trees, fences, and stone ledges nearly on a line with the Dunker Church, etc., as there was no resisting this torrent of death-dealing missives. . . .

"The whole morning had been one of unusual animation to me and fraught with the grandest events. The conduct of my troops was sublime, and the occasion almost lifted me to the skies, and its memories will ever remain near me. My command followed the fugitives closely until we had passed the corn-field a quarter of a mile or more, when I was removed from my saddle in the act of falling out of it from loss of blood, having previously been struck without my knowledge."

I went up past Roulette's house to the sunken road. The hillside was dotted with prostrate forms of men in blue, but in the sunken road, what a ghastly spectacle! The Confederates had gone down as the grass falls before the scythe. They were lying in rows, like the ties of a railroad; in heaps, like cord-wood, mingled with the splintered and scattered fence rails. The terrible volley had flamed in their faces, more deadly than the simoon of the desert. Words are inadequate to portray the scene. There were prostrate forms, that had been vigorous with resolute life, and the next moment were motionless forever, resolution and energy still lingering in the pallid cheeks, in the set teeth, the gripping hand. I recall a soldier with the cartridge between his thumb and finger, the end of the cartridge bitten off, and the paper between his teeth when the bullet pierced his heart, and the machinery of life — all the muscles and nerves — came to a standstill. A young lieutenant had fallen while trying to rally his men; fixed determination was visible in every line of his face. His hand was still firmly grasping his sword. I counted fourteen bodies lying together, literally in a heap, amid the corn rows on the hillside. The broad green leaves were sprinkled and stained with blood.

One cannot write with complacency of the blundering attack of Burnside, who was to cross the Antietam and turn the Confederate right flank. All through the forenoon his cannon were flaming. Then came the slaughter at the bridge, where there was no need of such sacrifice of life. The river was fordable in dozens of places, and the troops could have crossed and turned the position of the brigade placed to hold the bridge.

The close of the battle presented a magnificent spectacle. The artillery of both armies came into play. The arrival of A. P. Hill had a stimulating effect upon Lee's veterans, while the carrying of the bridge and the work accomplished by French's and Richardson's divisions in the center, gave great encouragement to the Union army. It was plain that Lee was economical in the use of artillery ammunition. He had a short supply. The engagements at Groveton, Gainesville, Bull Run, Chantilly, Harper's Ferry, and South Mountain had depleted his ammunition-chests, and supply trains had not reached him from the other side of the Potomac.

Far up on the Union right, the Union batteries were pounding; also those in the center. I recall a remarkable scene. The sun was going down,—its disc red and large as seen through the murky battle-cloud. One of Sumner's batteries was directly in line toward the sun, on the crest of the ridge north of the smoking ruins of Mumma's house and barn, and there was one piece in which the gunners, as they rammed home the cartridge, seemed to be standing in the sun. Beyond, hid from view by the distance and the low-hanging branches of the oaks, by the Dunker Church the Confederate guns were flashing. Immediately north of Sharpsburg, and along the hill in front, now the National Cemetery, Longstreet's cannon were in play. Half-way up the hill were Burnside's men sending out a continuous flame, with A. P. Hill's veterans confronting them. All the country was flaming and smoking; shells were bursting above the contending lines; Burnside was asking for reënforcements. How quickly Porter's eleven thousand could have rushed across Antietam bridge with no Confederates to oppose them, swept up the hillside and forced themselves like a wedge between Longstreet and A. P. Hill! but McClellan had only Miller's battery to send him! The sun went down; the thunder died away, the musketry ceased, bivouac fires gleamed as if a great city had lighted its lamps.

When the weary and worn are seeking rest, the work of the army correspondent begins. All through the day eyes and ears have been open. The note-book is scrawled with characters intelligible to him if read at once, but wholly meaningless a few hours later. He must grope his way along the lines in the darkness, visit the hospitals, hear the narratives of all, eliminate error, get at the probable truth, keeping ever in mind that each general thinks his brigade, each colonel his regiment, every captain his company, did most of the fighting. While thus visiting the lines, I heard a song rising on the night air sweet and plaintive:

> "Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?
> 'T would be an assurance most dear
> To know that this moment some lov'd one
> Were saying, 'I wish he were here';
> To feel that the group at the fire-side
> Were thinking of me, as I roam."

Both before and after a battle sad and solemn thoughts come to the soldier. Before the conflict they are of apprehension; after the strife there is a sense of relief; but the thinned ranks, the knowledge that the comrade who stood by your side in the morning never will stand there again, brings inexpressible sadness. The soldiers, with thoughts far away, were apprehensive that the conflict of the day was but a prelude to another struggle more fierce and bloody in the morning. They were in position and lying on their arms, ready to renew the battle at daylight; but day dawned, and the cannon were silent. The troops were in line, yet there was no order to advance. I could hear now and then the isolated shots of the pickets. I could see that Lee had con-

tracted his line between Dunker Church and Sharpsburg. His cannon were in position, his troops in line. I knew, as did everybody else, that Franklin's corps was comparatively fresh; that McClellan had twenty-nine thousand men who either had as yet not fired a musket or had been only slightly engaged. Why did he not attack? No one could tell.

Riding up to the right, I found that hostilities had ceased; that the ambulance corps of both armies were gathering up the wounded in the field near the Dunker Church. Going out over the ground where the tides had ebbed and flowed, I found it thickly strewn with dead. I recall a Union soldier lying near the Dunker Church with his face turned toward heaven, his pocket Bible open upon his breast. I lifted the volume and read the words: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." Upon the fly-leaf were the words: "We hope and pray that you may be permitted by a kind Providence, after the war is over, to return."

Near by stood a wounded battery-horse and a shattered caisson belonging to one of Hood's batteries. The animal had eaten every blade of grass within reach. No human being ever looked more imploringly for help than that dumb animal, wounded beyond the possibility of moving, yet resolutely standing, as if knowing that lying down would be the end.

The assumed armistice came to an end, the pickets stood in hostile attitude once more, but the day wore away and no orders were issued for a renewal of the attack. Another morning, and Lee was beyond the Potomac. I galloped along the lines where his army had stood, and saw the wreck and ruin of battle. I recall the body of a Confederate sharp-shooter, lying in the forks of a tree by the roadside, between the Dunker Church and Sharpsburg. Shells had exploded in the streets of Sharpsburg. The horses of a Confederate battery had gone down in a heap in the public square.

Porter's corps was passing through the town. McClellan and his staff came galloping up the hill. Porter's men swung their hats and gave a cheer; but few hurrahs came from the other corps — none from Hooker's. A change had come over the army. The complacent look which I had seen upon McClellan's countenance on the 17th, as if all were going well, had disappeared. There was a troubled look instead — a manifest awakening to the fact that his great opportunity had gone by. Lee had slipped through his fingers.

Charles Carleton Coffin.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Word of Sympathy and Caution.

THE wage-workers believe that the social Fates are against them, and they are now proposing to take their destiny into their own hands. Fields and forests and mines bring forth untold stores of wealth; miles on miles of shafting drive the machinery by which this raw material is adapted to human uses; there is enough of every sort of commodity to give everybody abundance; and yet, in the midst of this overflowing bounty, one million willing workers, very few of whom are strikers, stand idle in the market-place because no man has hired them, while their little children cry for bread. It is not strange that "the army of the discontented," as Mr. Powderly has named them, grows apace. It is not to be wondered at that a feeling is spreading among the labor-classes that something is radically wrong.

In a thoughtful little book entitled "Our Country," lately published, the Rev. Josiah Strong observes that the tragedy of our civilization consists in the fact that while knowledge has been multiplied and diffused, wealth has been multiplied and concentrated in few hands.

"The horizon of the workingman, during this century, has been marvelously expanded; there has been a prodigious multiplication of his wants. The peasant of a few generations ago knew little of any lot save his own. He saw an aristocracy above him which enjoyed peculiar privileges, but these were often justified in his eyes by superior intelligence and manners. The life of the rich and great was far removed from him and vague. He was not discontented for lack of luxuries of which he knew nothing. But modern manufactures and commerce and shop windows have made all luxuries familiar to all eyes. The workingman of to-day in the United States has probably had a common-school education, has traveled somewhat, attended expositions, visited libraries, art galleries, and museums; through books he has become more or less acquainted with all countries, and all classes of society; he reads the papers, he is vastly more intelligent than his grandfather was, he lives in a larger world, and has many more wants. Indeed, his wants are as boundless as his means are limited. Education increases the capability of enjoyment, and this capability is increasing among the many more rapidly than the means of gratification; hence a growing popular discontent."

Such are the obvious causes of the great uprising of labor which was recently witnessed in this country. The more compact organization of the wage-workers, through the agency of the Knights of Labor, and the introduction of the boycott as a weapon of war, have suddenly changed the whole aspect of the labor problem; "the army of the discontented" has come into the field ready for an aggressive campaign.

Such a sudden accession of conscious power on the part of any class of persons that had long felt themselves oppressed would be witnessed with anxiety; it could hardly be expected that they would behave with entire justice and moderation. And while among the wage-workers there are hundreds of thousands whose instincts are sound, and whose counsels in such an emergency are sure to be temperate, there is also a great multitude of ignorant and undisciplined men

who are likely to use their new power recklessly and destructively. The danger is that these rash spirits will often rule in the workingman's assemblies. This danger is not indeed remote; the thing is continually taking place. The most destructive strike that has lately occurred in the coal regions was forced by the ignorant and brutal majority of the miners, against the strenuous counsel of their cooler and wiser leaders. After months of idleness, and the loss to the operators and the miners of millions of dollars, the men went back to work for ten cents less per ton than they were offered when the strike began; and when, after working for a few months at this reduced wage, they complained of its insufficiency, and submitted their complaint to arbitration, the referee, ex-Senator Thurman, granted them, to their great satisfaction, the precise compensation which they refused a year before. The wisdom of the leaders who could not lead, and the folly of the followers who would not follow, must by this time have become evident in all that section. Such rash and ill-considered movements often occur in the trades-unions. It is not an unheard-of thing that an employer who has kept his wheels running at a loss for months solely for the sake of furnishing his men with a livelihood will be rewarded by a strike as soon as business brightens up a little, and long before his shrunken capital is restored. By such a procedure good-will in the breasts of employers is cruelly put to death, and many a kind-hearted man who had studied the welfare of his employees has been turned into a cynic.

The labor-unions will do well to remember that this warfare that they are waging concerns not merely themselves and their employers, but the whole community. The comfort, the safety, the welfare of the entire population are seriously affected by those violent interruptions of the industrial order which they are able to bring about. Such a strike as that which recently occurred upon a great railway system in the South-west paralyzes the industry and the trade of the whole section, and entails inconvenience and loss, if not positive suffering, upon hundreds of thousands of households that are in no wise implicated in the quarrel. This great middle class is ready to endure not a little discomfort and annoyance in the interest of justice and humanity. If the workingmen have a real grievance, and if there is a fair chance of their getting their wrongs righted by their united resistance, the popular sympathy will sustain them, and millions who are not of their class will cheerfully bear their burdens with them. But this sympathy may easily be overtaxed. The outside millions who are so directly affected by every industrial insurrection will be apt to make sharp inquisition into the causes of these uprisings, and they will not patiently endure all this inconvenience in support of demands that are whimsical or unjust. It is a large assumption that the laborers of a single corporation make, when they lay an embargo upon the traffic of a whole State or of several States in order to enforce their claims. After a few experiences of this sort the popular judgment will array itself solidly against the organized bands of labor, as common nuisances and public enemies. The labor-unions ought not to have any such reputation; if they do not desire it, let them beware that they do not deserve it.

Two Kinds of Boycotting.

MOST persons who mix much with other people have found a large number who regard the process commonly known as "boycotting" as a powerful but legitimate engine of organized labor. The social analogies which are cited in support of its legitimacy are familiar to every one. It is an open secret that many of our sects habitually boycott tradesmen who are not of their creed. The boycotting of one class of society by another or by all others is about as old as the organization of society into classes. However un-Christian or immoral these cases of boycotting may be or may become, it is practically impossible to frame a legal indictment against them, to specify any workable method by which organized society can get a hold upon them and put a stop to them. It is therefore argued, and often very plausibly argued, that boycotting, since it is a thing which society cannot reach, is a thing to which society must yield; that he who is intractably dull to the moral arguments against boycotting is under no further or legal obligations to refrain from using it to any extent.

That the analogies indicated may not carry a force to which they are not fairly entitled, it may be well to distinguish clearly between two very different kinds of boycotting, for which the names direct and indirect boycotting might be employed. The former, direct boycotting, consists in the exercise by the boycotter of his right of choice of the persons, firms, or corporations with which he shall deal. The reasons which induce him to choose one and reject others may be unfounded, or even distinctly immoral; but the exercise of the right of choice is an act with which society would find it hard to interfere without the implication of almost intolerable evils. Society has therefore let this variety of boycotting alone. The latter, for which the name of indirect boycotting is suggested, consists in the effort by the boycotter to prevent other people from exercising their right of choice of the persons, firms, or corporations with which they shall deal.

When a labor or other organization decides not to purchase a particular kind of stoves, it is exercising its right of choice between makers; and, whether the antecedent reasons be good or bad, society can hardly reach the overt act of direct boycotting. When a labor or other organization goes further, and threatens or attempts to boycott all who sell or buy the stoves in question, it denies to third parties the very right of choice on which it insists for itself. If society cannot reach and suppress this form, indirect boycotting, then the neutral third parties are denied the equal protection of the laws; and class government, in its most odious form, takes the place of the equal rights on which our system of society has been based.

As soon as the distinction is clearly apprehended, it must be evident that every precedent which has been offered in defense of the new system of boycotting, evolved during the past eighteen months, is altogether irrelevant. The precedents offered are all cases of direct boycotting, which society has tolerated, not because it approved them, but because it would have cost more to suppress them than the suppression would have been worth. The system which it is sought to establish on these precedents is a quite different one,

one which society cannot tolerate without surrendering its own reason for existence.

To establish the proposition that society and government must suppress the new form of boycotting, or abandon the functions of society as we have known them, it is only necessary to consider the essential nature of indirect boycotting. In the first place, its nature is to spread. Let the case be that a newspaper is boycotted. Under the old system, the results are limited; certain persons no longer buy the newspaper or advertise in it, and that is all. Under the new system, it becomes necessary to boycott all the news-stands which deal in the newspaper; then all the hotels which give privileges to recalcitrant news-stands; then all those who patronize such hotels, or who deal with their lodgers; and so on *ad infinitum*. Once grant the principle of the indirect boycott, and no limitation is possible except the number of the boycotters. Any social struggle, once begun, must be more or less general.

In the second place, there is no longer any neutrality possible for uninterested or peaceably disposed third classes. They must take part with the boycotted, by dealing with him, or with the boycotters, by refusing to deal with the boycotted. The boycotter thus becomes the intestine enemy of society and its peace. The closest analogy is the case of the first Napoleon in the international society of Europe during the early years of this century. His consistent policy was that of the indirect boycott. As he could not reach England, he held every people an enemy unless it took part with him against England. In the end, the organized international society of Europe was really compelled to boycott him. The analogy will be complete in our case when capital organizes and makes use of the indirect boycott as organized labor is doing. The lot of the uninterested individual citizen will then be an unenviable one.

In the third place, the organization which succeeds in maintaining this right of indirect boycotting must necessarily grow enormously by simple accretion. A small class can make even an indirect boycott cover but a small territory. It is naturally impelled to join a larger organization, through which it can reach a wider jurisdiction. This impulse is universal; and the sudden and startling increase of the Knights of Labor organization is the result. The larger it grows, the stronger is the impelling force to join it. The greater also is its power over the social organism; and it tends to become a power within the state greater than the state itself. If this were all, it might be worth while to consider the question whether it would not be better that the Knights of Labor should assume the responsibilities as well as the powers of government, and make other classes contented subjects, if they can no longer be equal American citizens.

But the case cannot stop here. The organization which now wields the great power of the indirect boycott is unknown to the law. There is nothing to give it a monopoly of the power, or to prevent new and ambitious men from forming other organizations in competition with it. Not a month of the year 1886 has passed without an attempt to form such a rival organization; and the time must come when the attempt shall be successful. The new organization, however "subsidiary" or friendly at first to the original organization, must come into collision with it at last. Even a total surrender to the indirect boycott would not save society from the effects of it at the hands of rival labor organizations. The war is one in which neutrality is impossible, and even surrender is useless.

The indirect boycott, then, is a private wrong, in that it strikes at the right of private security, which the state is bound to maintain for the individual citizen. Its plainest aspect is when it is threatened or employed for the purpose of extorting money, under the guise of fines or otherwise. The act is a conspiracy which law would not tolerate in any person not a representative of a labor organization. Other individuals are not allowed to collect their debts or to enforce their contracts in that fashion. It is also a public wrong, for it strikes at the functions and existence of the state itself. The plainest aspects of this point are in two recent propositions. One is the proposed organization of the policemen of our cities into branches of the Knights of Labor. The guardians of the public peace would then owe allegiance not to the state, but to the *imperium in imperio*. The other is the proposed boycotting of the militia of a State, of individuals who do not leave the militia organizations, and of individuals who refuse to boycott members of the militia. This rises beyond conspiracy into the field of treason. But it is the logical result of an admission of the principle of indirect boycotting.

The inevitable tendency to social disintegration is already shown by the increasing disposition to make use of the boycott as a remedy for the real or imaginary grievances of all sorts of combinations and classes of individuals. The tendency is increased by the practical license which the organization of the Knights of Labor allows to its branches. If a branch of the order makes use of the boycott, in the shape of a causeless strike against an uninterested third party or otherwise, the boycott continues until it is removed by the branch which applied it, or until the boycotted party accepts the mediation of the managing committee of the whole order. The order is a federation whose principle is one of large local sovereignty. In these local boycotts, the branches are thus the "wicked partners," who take the responsibility of the act; the managing committee is the factor whose "moderation" recommends the system to those who do not perceive its real nature. Let us understand the thing clearly, its nature, and its results. The new system, in any of its forms of combination to injure the business or assail the rights of uninterested third parties, is one which the state must deal with or die; its refusal to exercise its essential function of the protection of the individual would be merely a relegation of that function to new combinations of the assailed individuals. By making the alternative one of social peace or social warfare, labor succeeds only in forcing into consideration a question before which even its claims to recognition and substantial justice must retire for the time.

The single question which is pressed upon the American people is whether they will permit a power to be exercised by one class of American citizens which must deprive other classes of their rights, or compel them to organize similarly in self-defense and overthrow social order in the inevitable conflict. The only admissible answer to the question would seem to be the decision of the state to adhere to its fundamental principle, to deal with individuals only, and to re-

sist combinations whose object is to usurp or to nullify the state's functions of punishing or protecting the individual citizen.

Who are the Guiltier?

THE scandalous revelations recently made with regard to the Board of Aldermen of the city of New York have simply been a bringing to the surface of facts long known to all familiar with the so-called "politics" of the chief city of the Union. The direct alliance of the criminal classes with parts of the city government has been effectively disclosed; but it is probably true that much in other departments of our local government, that has hitherto remained merely a well-founded suspicion, will continue to remain such, and that the full details of official misdoing are not likely soon to see the light of day.

The rascality of the New York aldermen has lately been the chief topic of local discussion,—this and the alleged shameless bribery of these officials by conscienceless speculators. And yet this side of the question of municipal morals seems to us much less discouraging and alarming than the certain knowledge of the fact that there is an endless chain leading from the parlors and offices of many among the better classes of the community, down to the very criminals who have been "running the politics" of our crowded wards, and occupying offices of trust in the city government—a chain that binds them all together in a common guilt. We ask whether there should not be more pity, as there is certainly more excuse, for the rapscallions who, nursed in poverty and infamy, end by energetic devotion to the double profession of burglary and politics, than for the respectable, often "pious" and "charitable" members of society, who reluctantly but surely consent to the bribing of aldermen and state legislators in the interests of corporations of which they are trustees or managers.

If all the men in the city and State of New York who call themselves moral would cease to-morrow to be parties in or connivers at any sort of municipal or legislative iniquity, the rascals would soon be driven into a corner and beaten to the ground.

OPEN LETTERS.

Christian Union.

A REPLY TO DR. CROSBY BY PROFESSOR HOPKINS.

NO fact could be more encouraging to the friends of a reasonable improvement in the conduct of worship in non-liturgical churches than the discussion on Christian Union now going on in the columns of THE CENTURY. It is but a very few years since such a discussion would have been inappropriate and almost unintelligible; for although as far back as 1867 the General Assembly thought it necessary to sound a note of alarm against "liturgical tendencies," yet it was only the feeble beginning of a movement in that direction. Those beginnings have by this time developed into a stream of sentiment which calls upon the foremost champions of the church's inertia to gird on their armor and descend into the battle. This is just as agreeable to the party of the movement as it was to the church of the second and third centuries to have Philostratus, Celsus, and the other defenders of the lost pagan cause break their contemptuous silence and throw themselves, pen in hand, across the track of the beneficent revolution. In all efforts looking to the improvement of society, whether in civil or religious matters, it is a sign of the beginning of the end when the obstructionists show serious alarm and begin to look about them in every quarter for help. The change already made is a sufficient foreshadowing of the coming event. In the Presbyterian Church certainly, and I believe also in the Congregational body, more progress has been effected within the last ten years in the direction of decorum and beauty of worship than during the previous half-century.

It is only three or four years since a certain preacher thought it necessary to consume his whole hour before the General Assembly in blowing a note of alarm against the progress of "formalism" in the church; "formalism," in his dictionary, meaning such very dangerous proceedings as the responsive reading of the Scriptures in public worship, the oral repetition of the Lord's Prayer, or other similar usages of the earliest Christian Church. Now let Dr. Crosby go, on any Sunday, into any one of a considerably large number of Presbyterian churches extending from New York city to Buffalo, and he will observe a service which must grieve him to the soul. To say nothing of increased worship by means of psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs (that is to say, a good deal more liturgical service *in rhyme*, to which no objection seems ever to be felt by the most violent anti-liturgical alarmist), he would find both the features mentioned above in common use, and, in some of those congregations, the regular reading of the Ten Commandments, with responses by the choir; and worse still, perhaps, he would find that darling feature in the service, the *long prayer*, broken up into several parts, with singing or reading between.

These changes in the time-honored ritual of the Presbyterian Church have come about gradually and silently, and because of a general conviction that some improvement was demanded by the changed conditions of society since the middle of the century; and they are not going to stop just here or now. A few years ago the General Assembly, in its incomprehensible wisdom, refused to permit the responsive reading of the Psalter in worship; to what effect? The practice prevails in ten congregations now to one then; or where it does not prevail in the church, it does in the Sunday-school; and the children are thus being trained up to love a service of prayer as well as of praise in which they can join their own voices. Reforms which the spirit of an age demands are not checked by fulmina-

tions from doctors of divinity. They move on with calm, irresistible strength; and those who do not choose to join in them are soon left in the rear.

Dr. Crosby rather uncharitably insinuates that those who are urging an improvement in the Presbyterian service are disloyal or treacherous friends to that church. I reply, they are its very best friends. They desire to increase the strength and beauty in her sanctuary. They wish to augment her power to retain her own children, instead of leaving them to wander off to other folds. They wish her to keep up with the march of all true ecclesiastical and religious improvement. Why should Dr. Crosby's congregation worship in a church the superfluous ornamentation of which perhaps doubled the cost of the building? Simply because an improved taste and science in public architecture demanded it. Why should they not then equally yield to the demand for something warmer and richer in worship than the "bare" routine which they have inherited from the time of the Westminster Assembly?

I agree entirely with the distinguished writers in the March CENTURY in their estimate of Dr. Shields's scheme for a union of all Protestant denominations on the basis of a common liturgical worship. I read that article with a degree of interest until I came to the writer's sovereign panacea for the distractions of Christendom; when my admiration suddenly changed into a feeling of rather comic surprise. "No union on doctrinal grounds possible." I fancied we were tolerably united on that basis already. "No union on the ground of a common church government." True enough; nor is that necessary to a vital church unity. What then? Why, that, retaining each our own doctrinal diversities, running from low Arminianism to Supralapsarian Calvinism, retaining all our differences in church order, from low independency to high prelacy, we should make one church by agreeing to use the same prayer-book! I felt much as Doctor Faustus felt at the disproportionate outcome of the swelling and elephantine poodle behind his stove: *Das also war des pudel's kern? Der casus macht mich lachen.*

Any scheme of union among Christians which implies that the Presbyterian Church is to modify in the slightest degree her polity or constitution, with a view of approaching the platform of Episcopacy, is in the highest degree absurd. The Presbyterian Church is unalterably Presbyterian. She has not the least desire to unite herself in any outward way with the Episcopal communion. Whenever, let me hospitably say, the latter is sufficiently tired of her isolation to take Dr. Franklin's advice, given her just a century ago, and "turn Presbyterian," there is room enough for her in the ample bosom of the μεγάλη Ἐκκλησία.

No possibility exists of organic union in any other way. But in perfect consistency with this the Presbyterian Church may go on improving her cultus in the line of her own history and traditions. Calvin, Melanchthon, Luther, John Knox, all approved of and practiced liturgical worship. The Westminster divines have left us ample directions for public prayer, which, with a few connectives, make up a liturgical form. Stephen Marshall, in reporting to the assembly this part of the directory, expressly recommended it on that ground. The fathers of the American Presbyterian Church, and especially the eminent Dr. Greene were, many of them, favorable to forms of prayer; and antedating all this, going back to the very origins of the church, we find in the "Didâche of the XII. Apostles" (which Dr. Schaff assigns to a period not later than A. D. 100) the union of the simplest Presbyterianism with liturgical worship. In the Didache there is no threefold ministry. The only ordinary church officers recognized are bishops (or presbyters) and deacons; and side by side with this simple Scriptural organization appears a full liturgical form for the celebration of the Eucharist, and the injunction that the Lord's Prayer should be thrice repeated each Lord's Day. This should be quite sufficient, so far as authority goes, for any friends of improvement in the worship of the Presbyterian Church.

AUBURN, N. Y. *Samuel M. Hopkins.*

Shall Women go to College?

THE "previous question," fundamental to the whole subject of the education of women, so central that the least divergence there will emerge as a large difference of view as to the usefulness of giving women a liberal education at all, is the question — to state it baldly and flatly — *What is woman for?* Has she, that is to say, an independent significance in the universe, such as man is assumed to have; or has she only a subordinate and merely accessory relation to him? It is useless to expect any agreement on the more superficial question of women's education between persons who hold the two opposite views of this underlying question. These two opposite views are:

1. That woman is for herself and for the community; for man, no doubt, but only in the same sense that man is for her. This view implies that the natural relations between the sexes in civilized society are relations of equality. However much they may be relations of difference and division of labor, the difference does not depend on any natural distinction in grade of intelligence, nor the division of labor involve any distinction in grade of education. It implies, in short, that one sex has just as much individual significance in the universe as the other. This may be called the modern view. It is, however, even in modern times, only the view of the most enlightened nations; and in those nations a view chiefly confined to the best-educated communities; and in those communities not apt to be the view of persons wholly unaccustomed to the society of superior women. For this is emphatically one of those subjects on which the old adage is true, that "seeing is believing."

2. That woman is for man, as subordinate and accessory. This may be called the mediæval, Asiatic, or Miltonic view. It implies that the unit and center of this world is man. The air was created for him to breathe, the herb of the field to furnish him sustenance, the beast thereof to do his bidding; and among these conveniences a bountiful Providence added woman. There have been many varieties of this general view, from that which admits that woman has a soul, and regards her as man's vizier, or housekeeper, or adviser in chief, down to that which regards her as his mere slave and drudge. Practically, all these varieties of the Miltonic view have a tendency to reduce themselves to the last. Theoretically, however, they usu-

ally take the form of regarding her in the conveniently ambiguous light of a "helpmate"—actual wife-beating not being popular, at least in this country, among the native population.

Even on this theory of the subordinate "helpmate," it would seem worth while so to educate a woman that she should be a "mate," and capable of "helping," in the higher activities of thought as well as in the lower ones of frivolity or drudgery. But the more radical question is, why should the man be assumed to be the unit, and the woman his "helpmate," any more than the reverse arrangement? Those who quote the Old Testament to support this view should remember that the same authority has been quoted, as every one knows, to sustain human slavery in its more obvious form; yet we have taken the liberty of extirpating that from modern civilization. Is it not time to admit in plain terms, since we have already admitted it in so many institutions of society, that the one sex has equal significance in the world with the other? To suppose that one sex is the integer, and the other a mere cipher having no value except as appended to it, is simply one final relic of barbarism. The unit of civilized society is not the man, or the woman,—it is the family. It is no more the chief end of woman to glorify man and serve him forever, than it is man's chief end to sustain that relation to her. It is her privilege, doubtless, to be the mother of his children; but is it not equally his privilege to be the father of hers? The higher any community rises in the scale of civilization, the more do men and women become equal "mates," equally "helpers," in the family and community life.

To both sexes, then, and to both sexes alike, the important thing in youth is that the mind should be helped to attain to its best possibilities. It belongs not to man's rights nor to woman's rights, but to human rights. The birthright of each — whatever the obstacles to laying hold of it — is a complete intelligence. And certainly the burden of proof lies with any one who asserts that the course of liberal culture productive of educated men would fail to produce educated women. Vague reference to some mysterious "difference" between the male and the female mind is of no value in supporting such an assertion.

It needs to be shown in what precise region of the mental faculties any given branch of liberal study would fail to form and inform a woman's mind as it does a man's. It would be interesting to know, for example, just what corner of the intellect would be affected differently in the two sexes by, say, algebra, or English history, or the science of astronomy.

To insist on definite statements in this way from the opponent of a liberal education for women, would be to discover in many cases that the wish is father to the thought. He is compelled to admit, at last, that he has no desire to see women completely rational. If he does not quite say frankly, as an intelligent foreigner once said to the writer, "Sometimes it is not good that a woman should know too much; it makes trouble in the family!" yet he evidently is apprehensive of some indefinable danger from the tendency of modern ideas on this subject. His fancy seems to cling to the primitive ideal of the silly and adorable thing, whose confessed inferiority mingles an element of self-complacency in his devotion.

What the exact ideal of a woman is, in the minds of those who express such fears, we do not see distinctly stated. It is doubtful if they would like to state it in plain English, even in the bosom of their families; perhaps there least of all. But this ideal may be inferred from the character of the education to which they seem to look for its production. This mild form of education, favored by those who fear the effect on the feminine mind of the too robust college course, calls for courses of study somewhat tenderer and prettier, and especially somewhat easier. They are apparently expected to produce a fair being equipped about as follows. Her disposition should be soft and pillowy. Her will, or any rudiment of it that may have begun to show itself, should have been gently caused to disappear. Of the intellectual powers, perception would probably have been cultivated to whatever limited extent it is absolutely required in good society, but not to a degree that would force on her attention any facts unsuited to her sphere. The judgment would have been delicately stimulated, but not to any revolting extent. The memory would be expected to be well developed, as being convenient in housekeeping, but coupled with a certain felicity of forgetting any little matters that would not conduce to domestic peace. In the region of the feelings, the regulation of this special feminine education would be truly difficult. For, while sensibility in general would be the strong point in the highly specialized femininity, there are obviously certain feelings which she should not be permitted to have, even though surgery in the cerebral lobes were required for their extirpation,— the desire of knowledge, for example, or the aspiration after intellectual enlargement, or the sense of justice, or the desire of power. But the sweet sensibilities should be hers; the hunger for approbation and applause; the capacity for gazing upon sublime objects, notably upon the males of her household, with wonder, love, and awe.

Happily this is not the only extant ideal of what a woman should be. There is another ideal; one that has perhaps existed from the beginning of civilized history; one that certainly now exists in an increasing number of minds. It is the ideal of a woman having all the mental endowment that the most fully equipped man has ever had; and having this "capability of godlike reason," not latent, but trained by the most thorough-going education to complete activity. It has made it the easier for the world to retain this ideal, that all along, in spite of prodigious hindrances, it has persisted in revealing itself as an accomplished fact.

For those, then, who are disposed to believe that not one sex merely, but the human mind in general, is intended to be intelligent, the question arises, Is a college education, in the case of women as of men, the best available means to that end?

Underlying this inquiry, also, there is a "previous question" which needs to be asked and answered before we can see just where we stand on this matter of the college training. It is the question, *What is a college for?* This question is seldom raised, because the discovery is not often made that we differ upon it. But if we will take the trouble to look closely, we shall find that precisely upon this point there is the greatest diversity of opinion.

Many seem to suppose that the purpose of a college is to fit a man — being as he is — for some special pursuit. Its true purpose, on the contrary, is to take

the crude material of a man and make of him far more than he is, or ever would have been without some such liberal culture. It aims to determine, not what the man shall get in this or that pursuit, but what he shall be, whatever his pursuit. It proposes not merely that the man shall get a living, but that he shall get a life. The notion that the purpose of a college is to fit a man to get the greatest amount of money or reputation in the least amount of time in some particular occupation, belongs with that whole Philistine view which regards existence as only a vulgar "struggle" after political preferment or other squalid prize, and which looks upon education therefore, as but a sort of Fagin's training for this "struggle of life"; whereas, in fact, if a liberal culture has any one end more marked than another, it is to lift a man above the desire or the necessity for any such feverish and selfish "struggle." It sets before him higher aims. It makes it seem shameful and contemptible to "struggle" for the office or the reputation which should seek the man, not be "struggled" for by him. It equips him with powers that make the getting of an honorable living, or of respectable position and influence in the community, too easy a matter to seem very exciting as the prize of a life-long "struggle." If the purpose of a college were to fit a man for some one of three or four special pursuits, there might be an argument against the admission of women to college, in the assumption that these pursuits are unsuited to women. But the colleges would never have been any such power in the world as they have been and are, had they been built on that narrow basis. Their purpose is to give a man, as a preliminary to any or all occupations, that complete intelligence, that breadth of power and inner resource, which no special training ever could furnish; which, in fact, both a narrow special training and the special pursuit afterward, in our system of extreme division of labor, must (to the apparent present gain of society, no doubt, but to the loss of the individual) oppose and curtail. All the more need that, to begin with, the man should be broadly educated, no matter what bread-occupation shall claim and confine him afterward. The college courses have grown out of the instinctive hunger for this complete intelligence. They consist, therefore, not of occupative, but of educative studies. These studies have been chosen — and still are retained, notwithstanding the complaints of persons who seem impervious to this point — not so much with reference to their being convenient to the man hereafter in one or another pursuit, as with reference to their being necessary to him now, while still capable of organic mental growth, in that nearly miraculous change from a raw youth to an educated man. If, for example, the *literæ humaniores* are still retained in college courses, it is from a settled conviction, based upon both theory and experiment, that these studies are best fitted to "educe the man."

There can be, then, but one rational answer to our second question. The purpose of a college is to produce, first of all, a completely intelligent mind. It is a preparation, not for this or that special profession, but for the great common profession of living the intellectual life, no matter by what particular occupation this is to be maintained.

What is there, now, in woman's nature or woman's natural pursuits that should debar her from the privilege of such mental development? Is reasonableness a different thing in the two sexes? Is intelligence a word of two genders? When we have once come out of the Asiatic view of the natural insignificance of half the human race, it is a little hard to see why the son should be instructed and the daughter left ignorant; why the husband should be a philosopher and the wife a fool. If a one-sided and cruel custom as to this matter has come down to us with all the absurd sacredness of a long ancestry, it is time now to do away with it. A woman should claim from life a completely developed intelligence, and life should claim it from a woman, no less than in the case of a man. She needs it as a wife no less than he as a husband. They need it equally as parents. It belongs to them alike, as members of the community, as makers of public opinion, as readers, thinkers, and writers, as partners in the common business of living.

And if it be agreed that it is as undesirable for one sex to be left ignorant and feeble-witted as for the other, and that the college course is, to say the least, one good way to prevent this, the remaining question is, *Shall the two sexes get this college training together?*

It certainly would seem natural and reasonable — unless some very serious objection to it is discovered — that the two sexes, growing up together in the family, studying together in school, associated together all the rest of their lives in the work and play of society, should also receive their liberal culture together. It would seem an obviously unwholesome contrivance that should, for this single period of four years out of a lifetime, compel an artificial separation into two flocks: a scholastic monastery on the one hand, a scholastic nunnery on the other. As if history had not plainly enough declared the results of such unnatural contrivances! And the question forces itself on the mind, Is not this whole superstition of a separate sex education a relic of the dark ages? Is it not a part of the mediæval plan of shutting women up in towers; a modified form of the Mohammedan custom of forcing them to muffle up their heads, or peer out upon the world with one eye?

Our conservative friends who still hold to some modified form of this mediæval and Asiatic view of "woman's sphere," have been able to retard the progress toward a full education for women, at complete or co-education colleges, by several ingenious objections.* One such objection, quite plausible some years ago, before the experiment had been thoroughly tried, was the fear that the health of young women would suffer by attending a complete college. It is too late to make this pretext prosper now. Experience has shown that a college is a peculiarly healthy place for young women. The fear that the use of the brain would endanger the health belonged with the old notion that an ignorant person has a better chance for life than an educated one. It was a notion that easily arose in simple minds. The brutes were seen to be healthy; "argal," the nearer a man could keep to the level of the brutes the better.

* Let us do justice to the usefulness of a conservative opposition during any reform. It would have been a misfortune if co-education had suddenly become the fashion, so as to drift a multitude of frivolous young women, without earnest aims or solid preparation, into the colleges. It was well for college faculties to learn gradually, by a few isolated instances, the impossibility of harboring any such class of persons.

Those who have sustained the prodigious toils of the college course in comparative safety, will not be likely to take these perils of brain-activity too seriously. They will be disposed to agree with the doctrine of the physiologists, that the brain, like other organs, is meant to be used. Not only is its use not detrimental to health, but it is conducive to health. It should not be overworked, neither should the muscles; but it should not be left torpid any more than the lungs or the liver. Thought is as natural and wholesome an activity as breathing is. And if for the one sex, it is difficult to see why not for the other.

At all events, the stubborn fact remains that the young women in complete colleges, where the two sexes pursue together a course of liberal study, enjoy excellent health. They are good eaters, good walkers, free from morbid states of either mind or body, cheerful, animated, industrious. Why should they not be, with their "plain living and high thinking," their regular habits, their freedom from the alternate excitement and *ennui* of society life? The daily contact with high-minded teachers; the dignified plane of occupations; the natural, open-air relations with fellow-students; the busy intellectual interests of the place,— these are all guarantees of physical as well as spiritual health. It is certainly a life that contrasts favorably, in both these respects, with either the feverish emptiness of the fashionable world, the dull home-life of "quiet families," where ideas do not greatly penetrate, or the bovine existence of the illiterate country girl.

One element of culture, at least, can never be gained elsewhere so well, either by man or woman, as in a great college of both sexes; an "element" of culture that might better be called its very soul. It is the breaking-up of provincialism; the learning of the existence of the other point of view; the perception of the common human egotisms and limitations, and so the inference of one's own. And one final provincialism of the mind there is, which a unisexual college certainly never would have any power to eradicate; it would rather have an influence to strengthen its growth. It is the provincialism of the exclusively sex point of view itself. It is the tendency, that is to say, characteristic of the crude and brute condition of both men and women, to see in the opposite sex only an opposite sex.

No one has any business with this subject who fails to appreciate its gravity. It is not a question to be treated flippantly or dogmatically. The whole matter is still in the stage of experiment, and it is one of those experiments that need careful handling. But we are already in a position to see that many supposed risks attending co-education were fanciful, not real. Its difficulties and dangers may almost be said to resolve themselves into a single one — a great one, but it may be and has been met. It is the danger that, through some easy shifting of responsibility, or some happy-go-lucky good-nature, the college will suffer itself to be a mere play-ground for idle and frivolous young men and women.

If it is to attempt to be a complete college — that is to say, a complete family — it must throw to the winds the sentimental idea that anybody, no matter what his or her morals, manners, pursuits, or purposes, must be permitted to dangle about the institution indefinitely. Its governing body must stand *in loco parentis*, at least to the extent of excluding flirts and other fools, of whatever age or sex, both from the students and (let us dare to say) from the faculty. And be it always remembered that, in this matter of co-education at least, no college can hope to succeed with a cartilaginous backbone in its highest official position.

We have alluded to one embarrassment in discussing this question of co-education. It is, namely, the disposition in the opponents of the modern idea to escape the frank expression of their fundamental objection to it. Other reasons are put forward by them, such as anxieties concerning health, morals, etc.— anxieties wholly unsupported by the results of actual experiment — when the real point often is that they do not heartily approve of the thorough education of women anywhere, or by any plan. So that it would always be as well, before wasting breath in a discussion of ways and means, to get a categorical answer to the blunt inquiry, "Do you believe in women's knowing as much as men, anyway?"

But there is a second embarrassment. It lies in the fact that the most influential opposition to co-education, after all, is not open to any reasoning whatever on the subject. For it is an open secret, to those who are familiar with the really dominant forces in our great educational establishments, that the power behind the throne is not altogether an intellectual, but partly a social power. It consists, namely, in the instincts, the prejudices, the convictions — if we choose to dignify them by that term — of those estimable leaders of the best academic society, who are accustomed to a social supremacy based on quite other sorts of prestige, and who naturally shrink from the inauguration of a new régime. This conservative social power is armed with many gentle ferocities for both male and female reformers, and will be apt to yield but very slowly to the march of events and ideas.

What the condition of human affairs will be when they shall have, not as an exception in a privileged class, but as a rule in all classes, the advantage of two completely intelligent and rational sexes, instead of one, it is impossible accurately to know; but that the world will then enjoy a more symmetrical and steady progress, it seems safe to predict.

E. R. Sill.

The Labor Question.

WHAT is called the Labor Question is a question of fact. Is the laborer's condition better now than formerly? Are the real wages of labor larger at the present time than they have been in past times? Will the average annual earnings of the man who works for wages to-day purchase for him a larger amount of the necessaries of life than the average annual earnings of the man who worked for wages in any given past time would have purchased for him?

This question is vigorously discussed by economists and statisticians, especially in England; but it is so large a question, and points of comparison are so often unfairly taken, that the conclusions reached are sometimes misleading.

The condition of the English laborer, as history shows, has been greatly affected by political and social changes. At some periods he has been in far better case than at others. Within the memory of men now living the degradation of the workingmen of England

was appalling. The first quarter of the present century found them in the very depths of wretchedness. Not more than once before, during all the centuries of English history, had they ever sunk so low. When, therefore, Mr. Giffen, the statistician, and Mr. Mallock, the rhetorician, undertake to show that the English workingman is far better off to-day than he was in the early part of the present century, they have an easy task. But the inference that he is now better off than ever before must not be too hastily drawn. He may have been much poorer fifty years ago than now, yet there may have been many periods in English history when he was richer than he is to-day; and the average welfare of the workman of past times may even have been greater than that of the workman of the present time.

On this whole question Mr. Thorold Rogers's "Six Centuries of Work and Wages" pours a flood of light. By the collection of a mass of bailiffs' accounts of estates, running through six centuries, and representing different parts of the country, he is able to show beyond a question, not only what wages were paid to laborers during the successive periods of history, but also what were the laborer's perquisites, and what were the prices of the necessaries of life at each period, and what were the relations of employer and employed. From this wide and careful induction the conclusion is reached that "the best condition of the English laborer was during the fifteenth century, and subsequently, but in a less degree, in the first half of the eighteenth; the worst in the first half of the seventeenth and in the first quarter of the nineteenth." This is not a cheerful conclusion. The wealth of England is vastly greater now than it was four hundred years ago; if the man who works for wages earns no better livelihood than was earned by the wage-laborer of the fifteenth century, his relative position in society must be far below what once it was. The fact that a large section of the English people is thus left behind in the march of progress — that the people who do the world's work, and to whose efforts the great increase of the world's prosperity is in a large measure due, are not sharing as they ought to share in this increased prosperity — is a fact that should not be passed lightly over by any thoughtful man.

It is true that a great middle class has arisen, composed of small capitalists or of those who are economically affiliated with the capitalist classes, among whom the growing wealth of the world is freely distributed. The rise of the middle class has been strikingly exhibited by Mr. Mulhall, in figures drawn from the tables of the income tax and the probate court. Between 1840 and 1877 the number of families whose estates were valued at from £100 to £5000 increased about 130 per cent., while the population increased only about 28 per cent. The greatest increase has taken place in the class whose *incomes* range from £150 to £600. It is probable that this class consists largely of professional men, teachers, artists, employees of the government, salesmen and clerks in commercial houses, and so forth. Superintendents of labor, and especially skilled workmen, may also be included in it, but not many of the men who work for wages. The growth of this class relieves somewhat the pressure of competition among the laborers, for this class is largely recruited from the ranks of labor; but it must be remembered that this middle class is very small when compared with the class whose incomes are less than £150. Out of thirty-six millions of people, at least thirty millions are below this level.

Mr. Mulhall concedes that one-quarter of the "poorer classes" may be no better off, possibly in worse condition, now than they were forty years ago. But, as he himself points out, these "poorer classes" include thirty millions of people, and the number thus admitted to be in the depths of penury is not less than seven and a half millions. He is not wrong in saying that "there is room in even half this number for enough misery not only to shock a philanthropist, but to be a source of serious social danger to the community." And when the fact is steadily kept in mind that the roseate view presented by him is the result of a comparison with one of the darkest periods in the history of English labor, it becomes evident that his optimism is by no means warranted. The more sober tone of Mr. Rogers has the justification of experience. The historian of English labor does not overlook the fact that in many particulars the lot of the laborer is far brighter now than it was in the fifteenth century; that many of the luxuries of past times are the habitual comforts of the present. But he lifts up a voice of warning to which economists and statesmen may well give heed:

> "It may be that the progress of some has been more than counterbalanced by the distresses and sorrows of many, that the opulence and strength of modern times mocks the poverty and misery which are bound up with and surround them, and that there is an uneasy and increasing consciousness that the other side hates and threatens. It may well be the case, and there is every reason to fear it is the case, that there is collected in our great towns a population which equals in amount the whole of those who lived in England and Wales six centuries ago; but whose condition is more destitute, whose homes are more squalid, whose means are more uncertain than those of the poorest serfs of the middle ages, and the meanest drudges of the mediæval cities. The arm of the law is strong enough to keep them under, and society has no reason to fear their despair; but I refuse to accept the answer that a man is an admirer of the good old times because he insists that the vaunts of civilization should be examined along with, and not apart from, its failures. It is not possible to give the solution of one problem, the growth of opulence, and to refuse all attention to the other problem, the growth of penury."

The growth of penury in the midst of plenty — this is the phenomenon. Whether the people who work for wages are, as a class, in better condition than formerly may be an open question. It seems clear that they are not so well off *relatively* as they were in past times; it is certain that a large section of this class are sinking into utter degradation. "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London" opened the eyes of the English people to this ghastly fact; and it is becoming evident enough in all the large cities of this country. But what are the causes of this increase of the pauper class in the midst of increasing wealth? Mr. Henry George says that individual ownership of land explains it; but that explanation is altogether inadequate. Mr. George fails to take sufficient account of the physical and moral deterioration produced by vice and propagated by heredity. Many of these paupers are such because they were born with enfeebled bodies and

minds, and have grown up in indolence and squalor. Much of that growing misery that he depicts is due to physiological and moral, rather than to economical causes. The pauper classes go on multiplying; and a careless and sentimental charity protects them from the destruction that their vices and their indolence invoke, and encourages them to increase and multiply and scourge the earth with their bestialized progeny. We are beginning to understand this matter a little better, and it is to be hoped that in the future our charity will be wiser and less productive of pauperism.

But the growth of penury is not wholly due to hereditary infirmities and vices, nor to unwise philanthropy. Economical causes exist, no doubt; and if Mr. George's explanation be not the true one, then the true one must be sought and found. Multitudes there are of worthy people who are willing to work, and who do not succeed in raising themselves out of actual want. In "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London" we are told that even in the most degraded portions of that city, "those who endeavor to earn their bread by honest work far outnumber the dishonest." But what does it mean for these people to earn an honest living?

"Women for the work of trousers-finishing (*i. e.*, sewing in linings, making button-holes, and stitching on the buttons) receive 2½*d.* a pair, and have to find their own thread. We ask a woman who is making tweed trousers how much she can earn in a day, and are told one shilling. But what does a day mean to this poor soul? *Seventeen hours!* — from five in the morning to ten at night; no pause for meals. She eats her crust and drinks a little tea as she works, making, in very truth with her needle and thread, not her living only, but her shroud. For making men's shirts these women are paid 10*d.* a dozen; lawn-tennis aprons, 3*d.* a dozen; and babies' hoods, from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* a dozen. . . . With men it is, correspondingly speaking, no better. 'My master,' says one man, 'gets £1 for what he gives me 3*s.* for making.' And this it is easy to believe, when we know that for a pair of fishing boots which will be sold at three guineas, the poor workman receives 5*s.* 3*d.* if they are made to order, or 4*s.* 6*d.* if made for stock."

Such stories can be duplicated in New York and Boston. The stipend received by tens of thousands of honest workers is barely enough to keep body and soul together; and there are tens of thousands more who struggle for their meager stipend, and failing to get it, are driven finally to accept of alms, losing thus their self-respect and sinking into pauperism. Certainly, there must be some defect in the industrial and economical system under which such results are steadily increasing. What this defect is, there is here no room to inquire. It is only necessary to say that what is called the Labor Question is, in truth, a tremendous question; and that its solution demands the best thought of the wisest men.

Washington Gladden.

Found — "A Universal Tinker."

IN "Open Letters" of the December CENTURY appeared an anonymous article, entitled "Wanted — A Universal Tinker," which awakened some inquiry as to the author. On the face of it the article was an honest wail from the owner of a house with all "the modern conveniences," and *inconveniences* when its complicated machinery is in any part out of order. But its practical suggestions were so humorously flavored as to cast suspicion in many minds upon the author's sincerity. It will account for everything that is unusual in the article, to unmask the writer as the ingenious Mark Twain; and we incline to doubt if a private grief were ever more sincerely voiced than in his cry for "a universal tinker." The following circular, which is an exact copy, except for the omission of the telephone number and the names of the company's references, is proof that the cry has been heard by a tinker of the right sort, and that Mark Twain is the inventor of a new profession. — EDITOR:

OFFICE OF THE UNIVERSAL TINKER CO.,
920 WALNUT STREET, KANSAS CITY, ——— 1886.

DEAR SIR: — Have you ever made an estimate of the amount of money you spend for repairs in and about your house and grounds? If not, do so, and see what a handsome sum it foots up for just one year. Now, add to this, time lost in chasing plumbers, painters, gas-fitters, carpenters, etc., etc., around to secure their needed services, and then you will be in a fitting frame of mind to listen to the proposal we are about to make you.

We propose to take this *annoyance* and *excessive expense* off your hands. We will put your house in proper repair, and we will, for a small sum monthly, cause your house to be inspected, and kept in a constant state of repair.

We will mend gas leaks.
Keep the waste and water pipes joint tight.
Look after electric bells.
Inspect your plumbing.
Silence creaking doors.
Jack-plane the edges of doors that won't shut.
Correct obstinate sashes, so they slip up and down.
Put a shelf here and there.
Put in window panes.
Mend roof leaks with slate, tin, or shingle.
Make periodical search for sewer gas.
Pack water-pipes and waste-pipes where the thoughtful plumber has left them to freeze.
Fix window catches that now invite the festive burglar.
Put on door-knobs; repair locks.

In fact, repair and put in shape all breakages and disorders that happen in and about your house, thus relieving you of all such annoyance and *great expense*.

Why can we do this work so much better and cheaper than others? Simply because we confine all these branches under one head.

We have The Carpenters,
The Plumbers,
The Gas-Fitters,
The Steam-Fitters,
The Painters,
The Locksmiths,
The Roofers.

And last but not least, we have the veritable Tinker, himself, who can mend anything from a smoky chimney down to a hole in the cellar bottom.

Just think of it — trusty and expert men, in all branches, subject to telephone orders. Call us for all repairs, and for estimates on any new work you may want. Try the thing and see how it works. Yours resp'y,

THE UNIVERSAL TINKER CO.

Urashima: A Japanese Rip Van Winkle.

URASHIMA REBUKES THE LAD.

AWAY off in Japan, a great many years ago, there lived a lad called Urashima. He loved to fish, and spent all his time on a big rock waiting for a bite; but he was a lazy fellow and liked to nap, so often missed his fish. However, he had a kind heart, and one day, as he was passing along a lonely road outside the village, he saw a bad boy tormenting a poor green turtle that had somehow gotten far away from the water. Urashima rebuked the lad, and gently placed the turtle in a pool near by. Then he strolled toward the sea, and, getting his nets and lines ready, leaned back and went to sleep.

URASHIMA ON THE TURTLE'S BACK.

A great splashing awoke him, and looking down he saw the head of a monstrous turtle appearing above the waves. The turtle told the astonished boy that he was the helpless turtle so recently saved, and showed how he could change himself into any shape when in the water. He invited Urashima to journey with him, and beating the sea with his huge flipper, straightway made the water so still and clear that Urashima saw far below a great city and waving forests beyond it. It was a fair sight, and our hero loved adventure. Thither the turtle begged to take him. Urashima was timid, but his curiosity was stronger than all his fears. He took off his hat, drew in his fishing-poles, and laid them with his baskets upon a flat stone out of reach of the tide.

"I shall soon return," he murmured.

As they descended Urashima beheld many strange sights; great fishes peered at him with goggle-eyes, beautiful sea-plants waved all about him, and, while he admired them, changed into living creatures. He passed through the water, but his garments were not even damp, and he breathed as easily as on the dry land.

Very soon they came to a fine sandy beach, and the turtle bade Urashima dismount, for they had come to the Sea-King's country. Right before them was a gateway guarded by a queer-looking creature, half fish, half man, who in a deep voice demanded of Urashima his business. The turtle answered for him, and, slipping a pretty glass ball into his hand, bade him roll it before him without fear and he would be guided straight to the palace.

The gate-keeper swung the door wide open and Urashima passed in. Then the door shut with a clang, and he was left alone on the sands.

He dropped the glittering toy; at once it started, rolling gently over and over as if it quite enjoyed the exercise. Urashima followed, and soon found himself in a great forest. Tall ferns, as large as trees, but of beautiful colors, swayed gently in the breeze, and the ground was carpeted with ten million flowers; and, as he followed the narrow path, he seemed to hear the tinkling of a thousand silver bells.

He walked a long distance, and was beginning to be a little weary, when he beheld far away a large building with a dome of clearest crystal rising high in the air; and its summit could not be seen, for a golden cloud was dropped over it like a veil.

The ball rolled straight to a small golden door

THE GATE OF THE SEA-KING'S COUNTRY.

URASHIMA BEFORE THE SEA-KING.

of the great house and gave a gentle tap. Immediately it flew open, and a beautiful sea-nymph stood before Urashima.

"Are you a mortal?" she asked.

He told his story, and she clapped her hands with joy. She said her name was Otohime and her father ruled the sea-country.

With her he passed through a fairy-land of beautiful grottoes, where charming maidens left their sport in the clear green pools to form a body-guard for Otohime, and went with them toward a heavy curtain of many-colored sea-weed kept fresh by the spray from seven fountains. Beyond the curtain sat the old Sea-King upon a throne, with a scepter of coral in his hand, and at his side a shell into which he blew whenever he wished to call his subjects together.

Now when the King asked who the stranger was, the Princess told him that she had sent *Kame* [the turtle] to the upper world in search of a beautiful young man, and that the search had till then been fruitless. Then she said that the stranger pleased her, and asked that he might become her husband.

The King smiled, and summoned his court with a blast of his shell, and ordered a feast in honor of the stranger.

When the feast was ready, Urashima was introduced to all the councilors and statesmen, and the sea-nymphs were brought to him that he might see their beauty. But Otohime moved among them as the moon among the stars, and Urashima felt his heart drawn to her.

For seven days he wandered through the great mansion. He climbed the crystal dome and from it beheld the wonders of the deep sea. He visited the "Cave of the Winds," and saw the beginnings of water in a thread-like stream trickling from the center of a pure white stone. He sat by the Enchanted Fountains, his cheek bathed with the spray, and watched the nymphs sporting in the pools. And the lovely Otohime was always his companion.

One day the Sea-King called him to his side, and asked him to remain and be his daughter's husband. He consented.

Again the King blew upon his shell, and ordered the wedding-feast to be prepared.

That night the sands were illumined by millions of insects that massed themselves in groups like lanterns. The musicians were there. Foremost among them were the *fugu* [a kind of fish], who tuned his *samisen* [banjo] and gave directions to the other players, and the Devil-Fish, who excelled in the fan-dance.

When Urashima and Otohime had pledged each other in a cup of wine, the instruments twanged, the Devil-Fish flourished his eight fans all at once, and the mermaids and mermen broke into a song of praise to the newly wedded pair; while all the fishes, great and small, crowded and jostled each other to see the brave sight. Nor was the good turtle absent. He appeared, and, rearing himself on his hind-flippers, solemnly saluted the bride. It was a joyous occasion.

Weeks flew swiftly by, for nobody took account of time in the sea-kingdom, and Urashima was very happy with his charming bride. But by and by he began to think of his father and mother and little sister, and day by day his wish to visit the earth grew stronger. He said nothing, but he laughed no more, and his ruddy complexion paled; he grew thin, and Otohime, who had noticed all, finally obtained the King's permission for him to make a journey home. But she was very sad.

One dawn the whole court escorted Urashima through the forest to the shore-boundary of the sea-kingdom; then Otohime blew a call upon the polished shell suspended from the string of pearls about her neck. Quickly *Kame* appeared.

She gave her husband a box wound about with a purple cord tightly knotted, and said gently:

"I beg that you will take this box; keep it carefully; never lose sight of it; and above all things, *do not open it.* Return, I pray you, speedily!"

She covered her face with her floating tresses, and fell back among her maidens, weeping bitterly.

THE WEDDING-FEAST OF URASHIMA AND OTOHIME.

THE PARTING OF URASHIMA AND OTOHIME.

Urashima promised, and leaping upon the turtle's broad back, soon reached his native shore. The sea still rolled its great waves upon the beach. The rocks were the same, but where his native village used to be stood a great city, and in the crowded streets he saw no familiar faces.

At length he saw in a veranda an old couple who strongly resembled his parents. Joyfully he rushed to meet them, but they would not own him. So he told his story.

"Urashima, Urashima!" said the old man in a thoughtful voice. "Ah, I remember the story now; how dare you claim to be he? While fishing he fell from the rocks into the deep sea, and his body was never found. That was three hundred years ago, and you are a young man. Fie, my lad! may the gods forgive you for playing tricks upon the aged."

"Three hundred years ago!" quoth Urashima; "why, it was only a few weeks ——"

"Come away, good wife; a demon doubtless inhabits the young man"; and they slipped inside, and closed the sliding door.

Urashima sighed deeply, and walked slowly along, asking everybody:

"Do you know the story of Urashima?"

Some nodded, others muttered a hasty "Yes, yes," and an old man who smoked his pipe amid a heap of sandals said the story had been handed down from father to son for three hundred years.

Urashima waited to hear no more. Sadly he wandered on. No parents, no friends! He was indeed alone.

That night he slept in a little house where some laborers kept their tools, and while, next morning, he made ready to return to his beautiful wife, his eyes fell upon the box which he had borne about with such care. All at once he became intensely curious to learn its contents.

Forgetting his wife's command, he snatched off the cover. What did he see? Nothing at all but a yellowish cloud like mist or spray, which closed about him, and he began to feel, oh, so tired. Unhappy man! he had let loose the three hundred years which Otohime had gathered so carefully and stored away.

His hair grew white as the snows of Fuji-Yama, his beard, like hoar-frost, reached his waist, his eyes became dull, his teeth dropped out, millions of wrinkles seamed his face and aged hands, and he sank down on the earth a very old man. Just then the laborers returned, and to them he told, for the last time, his story. Then he shrunk together like a collapsed paper-balloon, and was no more.

If you should ever visit the province of Miyagi, you may see Urashima's tomb, and while you gaze, perhaps you will think of his last words:

"Beware of curiosity!"

Masayuki Kataoka.

URASHIMA OPENS THE BOX.

A Knot of Blue.

(FOR THE BOYS OF YALE.)

SHE hath no gems of luster bright
To sparkle in her hair;
No need hath she of borrowed light
To make her beauty fair.
Upon her shining locks afloat
Are daisies wet with dew,
And peeping from her lissome throat
A little knot of blue.

A dainty knot of blue,
A ribbon blithe of hue,—
It fills my dreams with sunny gleams,
That little knot of blue.

I met her down the shadowed lane
Beneath the apple-tree,
The balmy blossoms fell like rain
Upon my love and me;
And what I said or what I did
That morn I never knew,
But to my breast there came and hid
A little knot of blue.

A little knot of blue,
A love-knot strong and true,—
'Twill hold my heart till life shall part,
That little knot of blue.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

A Warning.

HE.

I LOATHE all books. I hate to see
The world and men through others' eyes;
My own are good enough for me.
These scribbling fellows I despise;
They bore me.
I used to try to read a bit,
But, when I did, a sleepy fit
Came o'er me.

Yet here I sit with pensive look,
Filling my pipe with fragrant loads,
Gazing in rapture at a book!
A free translation of the Odes
Of Horace.
'Tis owned by sweet Elizabeth,
And breathes a subtle, fragrant breath
Of orris.

I longed for something that was hers
To cheer me when I'm feeling low;
I saw this book of paltry verse,
And asked to take it home—and so
She lent it.
I love her deep and tenderly,
Yet dare not tell my love, lest she
Resent it.

I'll learn to quote a stanza here,
A couplet there. I'm very sure
'Twould aid my suit could I appear
Au fait in books and literature.
I'll do it!
This jingle I can quickly learn;
Then, hid in roses, I'll return
Her poet!

SHE.

THE hateful man! 'Twould vex a saint!
Around my pretty, cherished book
The odor vile, the noisome taint
Of horrid, stale tobacco smoke
Yet lingers!
The hateful man, my book to spoil!
Patrick, the tongs—lest I should soil
My fingers!

This lovely rose, these lilies frail,
These violets he has sent to me
The odor of his pipe exhale!
Am I to blame that I should be
Enraged?
Tell Mr. Simpson every time
He calls upon me, Patrick, I'm
Engaged!

Arthur Lovell.

Two Heads Better Than One.

WHAT does *love* mean? one asked of me
In glorious spring weather.
I am as ignorant as he;
That definition ought to be
Found surely—yet the glossary
Omits it altogether.

But, in the light of this spring sun,
Illuminating weather,
Looking through Nature's lexicon
Alone, we'd miss it, ten to one;
Love's meaning we might chance upon,
Putting our heads together!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

The Golden Bridge.

I.

Let him listen, whoso would know,
Concerning the wisdom of King Tee Poh.

II.

Fair is Pekin, with round it rolled
Wave on wave of its river of gold;
They gird its walls with their ninefold twine,
And the bridges that cross them are ninety and nine;
And as soon as the wind of morning blows,
And the gray in the East takes a fleck of rose,
Upon each bridge 'gins the shuffle and beat
Of hundreds of hoofs and thousands of feet;
And all day long there is dust and din,
And the coolie elbows the mandarin,
And gibe is given, and oath and blow,—
'Twas thus in the time of King Tee Poh.

III.

It grieved the King that it should be so;
Then out of his wisdom spoke King Tee Poh:

IV.

"Build me a hundredth bridge, the best,
Higher and wider than all the rest,
With posts of teak, and cedarn rails
And planks of sandal, with silver nails;
Gild it and paint it vermilion red,
And over it place the dragon's head;
And be it proclaimed to high and low,
That over this fortunate arch shall go
Passenger none that doth not throw
Golden toll to the river below.
And when the piece of gold is cast
Thrice let the trumpets sound a blast,
And the mandarin write with respectful look
The passenger's name in a silken book,
So that I, the King, may have in hand,
The list of the wealthiest of my land."

V.

Straightway the bridge was builded so
As had spoken the wisdom of King Tee Poh.

VI.

And every day, from dawn till dark,
They who watched the fortunate arch could mark,
Like a cloud of midges that glow and gleam,
The gold toll cast to the hurrying stream;
And all day the trumpet sounded loud,
And the mandarin of the guard kowtowed,
As he wrote the name, with respectful look,
Of the passenger high in his silken book;
And all the while grew the renown
Of the fortunate arch in Pekin town,
Till of the wealthiest it was told,
"He spends his day on the bridge of gold."

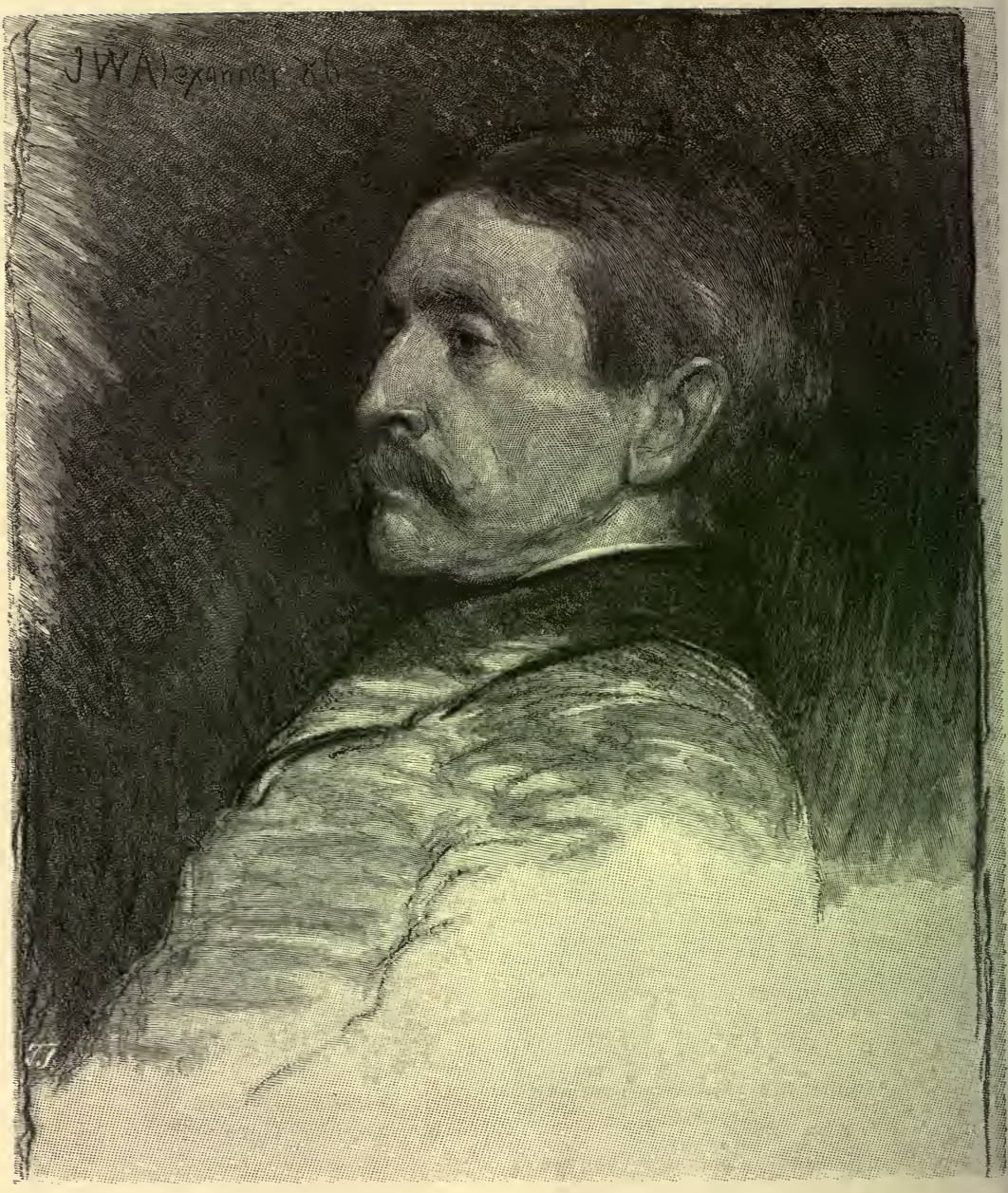
VII.

And when a month and a day were spent,
The King Tee Poh for his treasurer sent.
"Go to the bridge," said he, "and look
At the list of names in the silken book,
And of all that are written, small and great,
Confiscate to me the estate;
As the sage Confucius well doth show,
A wealthy fool is the State's worst foe."

VIII.

And the treasurer whispered, bending low,
"Great is the wisdom of King Tee Poh."

George T. Lanigan.



Frank R. Stockton

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CROSS-COUNTRY RIDING IN AMERICA.

RIDING TO HOUNDS ON LONG ISLAND.

THE title of this article is chosen especially to emphasize the fact that what is often spoken of as fox-hunting around New York is not fox-hunting at all, in the English sense of the term, but an entirely different, although allied, form of sport; namely, riding to drag-hounds. In the North-eastern States riding to hounds is a sport of recent growth, but during the past decade it has taken a constantly increasing hold among young men fond of the more adventurous kinds of athletic pursuits, and there are now at least seven firmly established hunts,—the Elkridge in Maryland, the Rosetree near Philadelphia, the Genesee Valley in Central New York, the Essex County in New Jersey, the Meadowbrook and Rockaway on Long Island, and finally the one in the neighborhood of Boston, in many ways among the very best, the members of which are thorough sportsmen and both good and bold riders, but who have seen fit to curse themselves with the grotesque title of the "Myopia" hunt. There are also two clubs in Canada, the Montreal and the Toronto. The Elkridge pack, the oldest of all, hunts wild foxes, both the gray and the red; the Genesee Valley and the Myopia hounds are also used mainly after Reynard himself; but at least nine out of ten runs with the other packs are after a drag. Most of the hunts are in the neighborhood of great cities, and are mainly kept up by young men who come from them. A few of these are men of leisure, who can afford to devote their whole time to pleasure; but much the larger number are men in business, who work hard and are obliged to make their sports accommodate themselves to their more serious occupations. Once or twice a week they can get off for an afternoon's ride across country, and they then wish to be absolutely certain of having their run, and of having it at the appointed time; and the only way to insure this is to have a drag-hunt. It is not the lack of foxes that has made the sport on this side of the water take the form of drag-hunting so much as the fact that the majority of those who keep it up are hard-working business men who wish to make the most out of every moment of the little time they can spare from their regular occupations. A single ride across country will yield more exercise, fun, and excitement than can be got out of a week's decorous and dull riding in the park, and a good many young fellows have waked up to this fact. One such finds that a good horse will stand hunting two afternoons a week; and so he will get perhaps twenty-five runs in a year, without very much expense, without neglecting his business, and with the knowledge that he is not only laying in a stock of health, but is also enjoying what is certainly the most exciting and perhaps also the manliest kind of amusement to be found east of the Mississippi River.

Unfortunately, so far the farmers themselves have taken little part or interest in the sport; but this remark does not hold true of the Genesee Valley, where the hunt of which Mr. Wadsworth is master is established more firmly and on a more healthy and natural basis than is the case with any of the others except the Elkridge. At Geneseo the bulk of almost every field is composed of the hard-riding farmers from the country round about, who, be it said in passing, are beginning to find the breeding and selling of good hunters a very valuable part of their stock-raising, for their horses have already won for themselves the reputation of being uncommonly good fencers. Many of our

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crack Long Island hunters have come from the Genesee Valley, and, indeed, only high-jumping horses can live with Mr. Wadsworth's hounds, as the country is very stiff, though the pace is not fast.

My own hunting has been done with the Meadowbrook hounds, in the northern part of Long Island. There are plenty of foxes around us, both red and gray, but partly for the reasons given above, and partly because the covers are so large and so nearly continuous, they are not often hunted, although an effort is always made to have one run every week or so after a wild fox, in order to give a chance for the hounds to be properly worked and to prevent the runs from becoming a mere succession of steeple-chases. The sport is mainly drag-hunting, and is most exciting, as the fences are high and the pace fast. It has very little in common with English fox-hunting, however, beyond the fact that both call for jumping and galloping. We lack the variety which gives such a charm to English hunting, where water-jumps, hedges, ditches, and fences alternate with each other, and where a man can never tell what is coming next; nor is there with us the chance for a rider to show so much head-work in getting along, and of course there is no opportunity at all to avail one's self of knowledge of the habits of a hunted animal. But skillful and daring horsemanship is called for quite as much, if not more, while drag-hunting, especially over such an exceedingly stiff country as that along the north shore of Long Island. The land is pretty well wooded, and generally rolling or hilly, except when we come out on the great stretches of level plain towards the middle of the island. The fields are small and bounded almost exclusively by high posts and rails, so that, although we occasionally meet a stone wall or hedge, our jumping is almost exclusively over timber. Some of these fences are of the kind called "snake" or "Virginia" zigzags, with a pair of upright poles at every angle crossing each other to bind in the rails. Such a fence may be very high, and, of course, the horse has to be brought up to it diagonally, so as to face fairly the panel he is to take; but if struck, the rails generally give way. The common kind of fence, however, is a much stiffer affair, consisting of mortised posts and rails; the posts are heavy, upright logs, and the rails, three, four, or five in number, so stout as not to break unless a horse strikes them uncommonly fair and hard. Three-fourths of our fences are of this sort, which average somewhat better than four feet in height, with an occasional rasper that will come well up to five. The country being open, and the fences as described, there is nothing to check the speed of the hounds, that run like smoke; and towards the end of the season the pace becomes terrific. By the way, it may be as well to mention, for the benefit of those foggy-brained individuals who appear to have got it into their heads that drag-hunting is a rather tame amusement as compared with hunting a wild animal, that no other kind of riding, with the sole exception of steeple-chasing, calls for such hard galloping and high jumping as does riding to drag-hounds. Indeed, the trouble with drag-hunting, as we now carry it on, is its tendency to become more and more like a steeple-chase, in which none but the very best horses can take part; and the men who are sincerely desirous of seeing the sport become popular should do all they can to guard against this tendency, and to make the runs such that moderately fair riders on decent horses will be able to have their share of the fun. Drag-hunting will not be fairly established until we see at the meets large fields of horsemen who like the exercise of riding, like to see the hounds work, and enjoy the hours they are spending in the open air, but who cannot afford to purchase the animals to carry them across country at a racing pace, or who cannot run the risk of being laid up and kept away from their business by an accident. At present the field usually consists of a score or so of young men, all of them very well mounted, many of them good, and most of them hard riders, and almost every one bound to be just as well up in the first flight as his horse can carry him. This is just as it should be, as far as it goes; but in addition to this group of neck-or-nothing men there ought to be, but there is not, a large representation of the men — and women — who are more modest in their ambition. The men who ride hard and straight should of course form the nucleus of every hunt; but they should only be a fractional part of those who come out to the meets, for the chief charm of the sport is that almost every man who rides at all can, if he chooses, enjoy it after his own fashion.

The sport being so new with us in the North, and the country hunted over being generally so very stiff, there has been a good deal of trouble about getting proper horses. Now, however, the demand has created a supply, and first-class hunters are to be had by those who can pay fair prices. The Long Island country needs a peculiar style of horse, the first requisite being that he shall be a very good and high timber-jumper. Quite a number of crack English and Irish hunters have at different times been imported, and some of them have turned out pretty well;

Drawn by Jan v. Chelminski.

Engraved by Charles State.

"FULL CRY."

but when they first come over they are utterly unable to cross our country, blundering badly at the high timber. Few of them have done as well as the American horses. Very probably English thoroughbreds in a grass country, and over the peculiar kind of obstacles they have on the other side of the water, would gallop away from a field of our Long Island horses; for they have speed and bottom, and are great weight-carriers. But on our own ground, where the cross-country riding is more like leaping a succession of five- and six-bar gates than anything else, they do not as a rule, in spite of the enormous prices paid for them, show themselves equal to the native stock. The highest recorded jump, as is well known, was made by the American horse "Leo." Since I have been with the Meadowbrook hounds they have been hunted in succession by Messrs. Morgan, Belmont, and Hitchcock. If the pace is fast and the fences high, any man who will keep in the same field with either of the above-mentioned gentlemen must have moderately good nerve and a first-rate horse; and this is especially true if the animal to be followed is Mr. Morgan's "King Cole," of Kentucky blood, Mr. Belmont's "Carmelite," a West Virginian horse, or one of Mr. Hitchcock's Genesee hunters. The trotting stock, rather curiously, is apt to turn out excellent timber-jumpers. There is much of this blood in Central New York, and very many of our best horses come from there, and were originally intended for use in light wagons. It is impossible to come up at full speed and "fly" a high post-and-rails, in the way a hedge, brook, or low fence can be gone at; the horse generally has to be brought to a canter or even a trot, and then bucks over the obstacle by sheer strength of loins and haunches. An animal with trotting-blood in him seems to take naturally to such work.

A horse thought to be of no account whatever may unexpectedly turn out to be a good jumper; more than once I have known a solemn animal, taken out of a buggy, fairly to astonish everybody by the indifference and quiet with which he went over anything he came to. But, to keep up with the Meadowbrook pack, pace and bottom are needed as well as jumping power; and a common, coarse horse, even if a clever fencer, is very apt to be left behind when there is any galloping, and is also apt to shut up before getting to the end of a severe run. Most of the crack hunters have a great deal of thoroughbred blood in them. The main difficulty with our horses so far has been to find weight-carriers, and mere size is not by any means always a safe test in this respect. Occasionally a small horse will prove able to stand a much heavier weight than one would think; I have in mind now a little fifteen-two sorrel thoroughbred, that carries one of the heaviest, as well as one of the hardest, riders in the whole hunt well up in the front rank, once or twice a week throughout the entire season.

Most of the meets are held within a dozen miles or so of the kennels: at Farmingdale, Woodbury, Wheatly, Locust Valley, Syosset, or near any one of twenty other queer, quaint, old Long Island hamlets. They are almost always held in the afternoon, the business men who have come down from the city jogging over behind the hounds to the appointed place, where they are met by the men who have ridden over direct from their country-houses. If the meet is an important one, there may be a crowd of onlookers in every kind of trap, from a four-in-hand drag to a spider-wheeled buggy drawn by a pair of long-tailed trotters, the money value of which probably surpasses many times that of the two best hunters in the whole field. Now and then a breakfast will be given the hunt at some country-house, when the whole day will be devoted to the sport, and perhaps after wild foxes in the morning there will be a drag in the afternoon.

After one meet, at Sagamore Hill, I had the curiosity to go on foot over the course we had taken, measuring the jumps; for it is very difficult to form a good estimate of a fence's height when in the field, and five feet of timber seems a much easier thing to take when sitting around the fire after dinner than it does when actually faced while the hounds are running. On this particular hunt in question we ran about ten miles, at a rattling pace, with only two checks, crossing somewhat more than sixty fences, most of them post-and-rails, stiff as steel, the others being of the kind called "Virginia" or "snake," and not more than ten or a dozen in the whole lot under four feet in height. The highest measured five feet and half an inch, two others were four feet eleven, and nearly a third of the number averaged about four and a half. There were also several rather awkward doubles. When the hounds were cast off some forty riders were present, but the first fence was a savage one, and stopped all who did not mean genuine hard going. Twenty-six horses crossed it, one of them ridden by a lady. A mile or so farther on, before there had been a chance for much tailing, we came to a five-bar gate, out of a road—a jump of just four feet five inches from the take-off. Up to this, of course, we went one at a time, at a trot or hand-gallop, and twenty-five horses cleared it in succession without a single refusal and with but one mistake; which speaks pretty well for the mounts we were riding. Owing to the severity of the pace, combined with the

average height of the timber (although no one fence was of especially noteworthy proportions), a good many falls took place, resulting in an unusually large percentage of accidents. The master partly dislocated one knee, another man broke two ribs, and another — the present writer — broke his arm. However, almost all of us managed to struggle through to the end in time to see the death; and as the score of battered riders turned their horses' heads homeward, I could not help thinking that we looked a good deal as if we had been taking part in some feat of arms as gentle and joyous as that of Ashby-de-la-Zouche. But it would be very unfair to think the sport especially dangerous on account of the occasional accidents that happen. A man who is fond of riding, but who sets a good deal of value, either for the sake of himself, his family, or his business, upon his neck and limbs, can hunt with almost perfect safety if he gets a quiet horse, a safe fencer, and does not try to stay in the front rank. Most accidents occur to men on green or wild horses, or else to those who keep up in front only at the expense of pumping their mounts; and a fall with a done-out beast is always peculiarly disagreeable. Most falls, however, do no harm whatever to either horse or rider, and after they have picked themselves up and shaken themselves, the couple ought to be able to go on just as well as ever. Of course a man who wishes to keep in the first flight must expect to face a certain number of tumbles; but even he probably will not be hurt at all, and he can avoid many a mishap by easing up on his horse whenever he can, that is, by always taking a gap when possible, going at the lowest panel of every fence, and not calling on the old fellow for all there is in him unless it cannot possibly be avoided. It must be remembered that hard riding is a very different thing from good riding. A good rider to hounds must also at times ride hard; but the furious galloper who goes headlong at everything is quite likely to be exceptionally brainless rather than exceptionally brave, and may in addition know nothing whatever of horsemanship.

Cross-country riding in the rough is not a difficult thing to learn; always provided the would-be learner is gifted with or has acquired a fairly stout heart, for a constitutionally timid person is peculiarly out of place in the hunting field. A really finished cross-country rider, a man who combines hand and seat, heart and head, is of course rare; and though there are a number of such among the men who follow the Meadowbrook hounds, yet their standard is too high for most of us to hope to reach. But it is comparatively easy to acquire a light hand and a capacity to sit fairly well down in the saddle; and when a man has once got these, he will find no especial difficulty in following the hounds on a trained hunter; and after he has once taken to the sport, he will hardly give it up again of his own free will, for there is no other that is so manly and health-giving, while at the same time yielding so much fun and excitement. While he is learning horsemanship, by the way, the tyro had best also learn to show a wise tolerance for styles of riding other than that he adopts. At some of the meets, although unfortunately not by any means at all of them, he will see a few outsiders, who are not regular members of the hunt; and because one of these, perhaps, rides an army saddle, wears a slouch hat, and has a long-tailed horse, the man whose rig is of the swellest very probably looks down on him, while the slouch-hatted horseman, in return, and quite as illogically, affects to despise, as a mark of effeminacy, the faultless get-up of the regular hunt member. The feeling is quite as absurd on one side as on the other, and is in violation of the cardinal American doctrine of "live and let live." It is perfectly right and proper that the man who wishes to and can afford it should have both himself and his horse turned out in the very latest style; only he should then make up his mind to live well in the front, for it is hardly the thing for a man with a very elaborate get-up to be always pottering about in the rear or riding along roads. On the other hand, there are plenty of men who cannot or will not come except in the dress which happens to suit their own ideas; and certainly their appearance does not concern anybody else but themselves. It is the true policy to welcome warmly any man who cares for the sport, provided he is plucky, good-tempered, and rides his own line; and whether he wears a stiff silk hat, or a broad-brimmed felt one, has nothing whatever to do with the question.

Again, the cross-country rider is apt to look with contempt upon what is commonly called school-riding; a contempt which can only arise from ignorance, as any one must acknowledge who has seen the really wonderful feats of horsemanship performed by a first-class school-rider. In return, the latter, with equal injustice, often speaks of riding to hounds as if it merely called for a kind of half-barbarous capacity to urge a horse along in any kind of way over obstacles.

But aside from all questions of comparative skill, the attraction of cross-country riding arises from its surroundings, and from the excitement attendant upon it. A sharp gallop in the crisp fall weather, under the stress of an eager though friendly rivalry with a dozen

THE MEET.

other well-mounted men, crashing along among the half-leafless trees or over the brown fields, facing stiff timber without flinching, when the sky overhead is of the brilliant, metallic blue scarcely seen save in America, and the foliage that is still left on the trees shows crimson and yellow, dull red and russet brown — such a gallop, I say, will make a man's heart leap and his nerves thrill and tingle with an almost fierce pleasure that could not be given by the performance of the most difficult feat known to the admirers of the *haute école*.

Last spring I had to leave the East in the midst of the hunting season to join a round-up in the cattle country of western Dakota, and it was curious to compare the totally different styles of riding of the cowboys and the cross-country men. A stock-saddle weighs thirty or forty pounds instead of ten or fifteen, and needs an utterly different seat from that adopted in the East. A cowboy rides with very long stirrups, sitting forked well down between his high pommel and cantle, and depends greatly upon mere balance. In cutting out a steer from a herd, in sitting a bucking broncho, in stopping a night stampede of many hundred maddened animals, or in the performance of a hundred other feats of reckless and daring horsemanship, the cowboy is absolutely unequaled; and when he has his own horse gear he sits his animal with the ease of a centaur, and yet he is curiously helpless the first time he gets astride of one of the small Eastern saddles. Last summer, while purchasing cattle in Iowa, one of my ranch foremen had to get on an ordinary saddle to ride out of town and see a bunch of steers. He is perhaps the best rider on the ranch, and will without hesitation mount and master beasts that I doubt if the boldest rider in one of our Eastern hunts would care to tackle; yet his uneasiness on the new saddle was fairly comical. At first he did not dare to trot, and the least plunge of the horse bid fair to unseat him, nor did he begin to get accustomed to the situation until the very end of the journey. In fact, the two kinds of riding are so very different that a man only accustomed to one feels almost as ill at ease when he first tries the other as if he had never sat on a horse's back before. It is rather funny to see a man who only knows one kind, and is conceited enough to think that that is really the only kind worth knowing, when first he is brought into contact with the other. Two or three times I have known men try to follow hounds on stock-saddles, which are about as ill-suited for the purpose as they well can be; while it is even more laughable to see some young fellow from the East or from England,

who thinks he knows entirely too much about horses to be taught by barbarians, attempt in his turn to do cow-work with his ordinary riding or hunting rig. Each kind is best in its own place; and the man only accustomed to one will at first find himself at a disadvantage when he tries the other. It must be said, however, that in all probability cowboys would learn to ride well across country much sooner than the average cross-country rider would master the dashing and peculiar style of horsemanship shown by those whose life business it is to guard the wandering herds of the great Western plains. A cavalry officer trained at West Point is, perhaps, for all-round work, not unlikely to surpass as a horseman both cowboy and fox-hunter.

THE START.

Riding to hounds has the immense advantage over most other athletic sports, that it implies in those who follow it the possession of moral even more than of physical good qualities. Of course in hunting a man has to have a good deal of skill and a certain amount of wiry toughness and endurance, and his physique and health, which should be already good, will rapidly become much better; but there is no need for anything like the bodily development necessary to one who wishes to become a crack oarsman, for instance; while on the other hand there is an amount of pluck and nerve needed which neither rowing nor any other form of athletics, except, perhaps, foot-ball, calls for. Moreover, hunting can be enjoyed in different ways and degrees by almost everybody who has a horse, while but a limited number can take part in a boat-race or even a base-ball contest. It is really an essentially democratic amusement, where every one stands on the same plane. If this is once realized, and if men get to appreciate that every one who can get on a horse can take such part as his powers and tastes incline him to, in one of the most manly and healthy of outdoor sports, hunting can hardly fail to become popular. Moreover, the bolder, wilder spirits, certain to be found in any community, who in time of war develop into men like Ulric Dahlgren or young Cushing, but who in time of peace are apt to go to the bad merely from the revolt against the decorous tameness of their life, find in hunting an outlet for their superabundant energies. If in 1860 riding to hounds had been at the North, as it was at the South, a national pastime, it would not have taken us until well on towards the middle of the war before we were able to develop a cavalry capable of withstanding the shock of the Southern horsemen.

As is always the case when an attempt is made to introduce anything new or out of the common, the effort to make riding to hounds

a recognized amusement in the Northern States has given rise to a great deal of criticism, mostly of a singularly senseless sort, characterized by the sheerest and densest ignorance of the whole subject. Much of this criticism comes from men themselves too weak or too timid to do anything needing daring or involving the slightest personal risk, and who are actuated simply by jealousy of those who possess the attributes that they themselves lack. A favorite cry is that hunting is with us artificial and un-American. Of course it is artificial; so is every other form of sport in civilized countries, from tobogganing or ice-yachting to a game of base-ball. Anything more artificial than shooting quail on the wing over a trained setter could not be imagined. Hunting large game in the West with the rifle undoubtedly calls for the presence of a greater number of manly and hardy qualities in those who take part in it than is the case with riding to drag-hounds; but, unless the quarry is the grizzly bear, it does not need nearly as much personal daring. To object to hunting because they hunt in England is about as sensible as to object to lacrosse because the Indians play it. We do not have to concern ourselves in the least as to whether a pastime originated with Indians, or Englishmen, or Hottentots, for that matter, so long as it is attractive and health-giving. It goes without saying that the man who takes to hunting, not because it is a manly sport, but because it is done abroad, is a foolish snob; but, after all, he stands about on the same intellectual level with the man who *refuses* to take it up because it happens to be liked on the other side of the water.

To say the sport is un-American seems particularly absurd to such of us as happen to be in part of Southern blood, and whose forefathers, in Virginia, Georgia, or the Carolinas, have for six generations followed the fox with horse and hound.

Theodore Roosevelt.

GENESEO AND HAMILTON.

In Livingston county, New York, in the valley of the Genesee, from which it takes its name, there is a hunt-club older than either of those on Long Island which have been described in the preceding pages. Some ten years ago fox-hunting was started there by the efforts of Mr. W. A. Wadsworth, Mr. James Wadsworth, and Mr. Carroll Fitzhugh. At the outset everything was very simple. There were foxes in some of the coverts, and, of course, the practice of pursuing them on foot with dog and gun was familiar; and when it was proposed to make common cause, and follow on horses, there were plenty of people to join in and take part. Each man brought his own hound to the meet, and the scratch pack thus formed was then put into covert. If they drew successfully, the highly independent, although for the nonce confederated, pack would set out in full cry, each hound working out his own line, and satisfying himself individually as to the scent. The hounds were stanch, keen, and sagacious enough, but, of course, undisciplined and utterly ignorant of "scoring to cry" and of other niceties of their profession. The horses, too, were necessarily perfectly green at the business, and wholly untrained, so that obstacles were regarded with much respect, and rails were removed oftener than they were jumped over. Nevertheless the sport was liked. The taste for it grew and extended, and very soon every one who could get a mount of any sort would turn out. After a season or two it became obvious that there was too much states-rights feeling among the hounds to make them effective, and it became necessary to follow the example of certain distinguished gentlemen of 1789 and form a better Union. Mr. Austin Wadsworth accordingly took charge of, or rather established, a pack of his own, instead of relying on one made up for the occasion, where the hounds did not know each other and recognized no common master. Under Mr. Wadsworth's management the pack has grown to thirteen couple of good hounds, of which some are imported and some home-bred. Mr. Wadsworth hunts his pack himself, supplies a hard-riding and competent whip, has the kennels on his own estate, and cares for and maintains the whole establishment. In process of time a club was formed, with a membership drawn from Buffalo, Batavia, and other neighboring towns, and even from New York itself, as well as from the farmers of the valley.* The head-quarters of the hunt are, of course, at Geneseo, where the Wadsworth homestead is situated, and the sport is now so thoroughly rooted that there seems no reason why it should not last.

The best feature of the Geneseo hunt is its thoroughly popular character. The region is given to horse-raising, and anything involving horses appeals to almost every one. The interest in the hunt is, therefore, very widespread, and the younger men among the farmers usually belong to the club, in which they hold many of the offices, and are out with the hounds whenever they can get an opportunity and the meet is in their neighborhood. They all take an intense interest in

* The statistics of the club are as follows: Number of regular members, 54; honorary members, 8; lady riders and members, 16; hounds, 26; coverts, 37; litters of foxes, 1885, 21.

the sport, and ride hard and straight. Their horses are sometimes a little rough-looking, the tails have not always the most approved bang, the manes are not pulled, the saddles perhaps are a little shabby, and the stirrup-irons a trifle rusty; but in all essentials there is nothing to be desired, and the men and horses go straight and well, which is far more important than any amount of style. They do not turn from anything, and a man who will follow some of them through a run may rest satisfied with his exploits. I chanced to be out one day when the field was almost exclusively made up of the farmers of the valley. At the end of a run of over ten miles we came to a stiff rail fence more than four feet six inches in height by measurement, which makes a good strong jump at the end of a rather long run. Two or three highly bred and well-trained horses which had the speed went first, but every one followed; not a man flinched, and not a horse fell, although one or two were a good deal over-weighted and had to be ridden with much judgment. This general interest, which is natural enough in reality, is worth mentioning, because the idea has prevailed that fox-hunting here was something purely exotic, and a mere fashionable fancy of the rich and idle in the community. Such a notion is false. If fox-hunting is carried on under proper conditions and in the right spirit, it is in its very nature genuinely popular. It is, of course, essentially a country sport, and not one in which the great mass of people in a city can engage. Let it start, however, in the country, and no one will take to it more kindly or succeed at it better than the American farmer, who is a lover of horses, and is bold, intelligent, and as eager for wholesome amusement as any one in the world. The hunting at Geneseo proves this, and, moreover, the men there ride over their own land, and over that of neighbors, who welcome them heartily.

The Geneseo country is wonderfully well adapted for hunting. The river, which has cut for itself a deep channel, winds in graceful curves through the broad valley, while from the edge of the steep banks level pastures usually stretch away on either hand, occupying hundreds of acres and giving food to large herds of cattle. From these meadows gentle hills slope upwards on each side covered with rich farms, broken here and there by fine groves of oaks and chestnuts. The view from the high ground on which the village of Geneseo stands is very beautiful. It has the gracious charm of a rich farming country, free from the monotony of a mere extent of flat meadow-lands, and stretches away as far as the eye can see over the gentle and changing slopes of the low hills.

All this beauty of nature adds, of course, immensely to the pleasure of riding across country; but there are other more material advantages. The farms and pastures are of great extent and as a rule very smooth, so that the galloping is excellent, and one is generally sure to have a clean take-off and a good landing at the jumps. In certain parts of the country hunted over, the hills are more abrupt and broken, and deep gullies which are made usually by the small streams tributary to the Genesee, and which are very steep and rough and by no means attractive to riders in haste after the hounds, are frequently encountered. Ditches or dry water-courses are not uncommon, and these with an occasional stone wall give that variety of jumps which is so essential to the making of a really good hunter. The characteristic barrier, however, and that which is met with nine times out of ten, is the rail or board fence, the former being the more common of the two. The old form, which still prevails quite largely, is that of the snake or zigzag fence. The rails are laid one on the other until the desired height is obtained, and then they are held in place by stakes driven in and crossed at the angles. Fences of this description absorb, of course, a great deal of lumber, and as they gradually wear out and timber grows scarcer, the good rails are selected and used to build the successor of the zigzag, which is straight and is called by way of distinction a line fence. In this form two stout posts are driven into the ground close together and with regular intervals between each pair. These pairs are then bound together by heavy wire, and the rails laid from pair to pair between the posts and held in place by the wire lashings. As a rule, although there was not enough timber for a zigzag, there is more than enough for a line or straight fence, and the rails are accordingly piled on until all are thus disposed of simply to get them out of the way. The result is that the line fences generally make big jumps. They are apt to be very well over four feet, and not infrequently are five and more in height. The redeeming features are that the rails are close together, thus making a solid-looking obstacle which always causes a horse to jump well, and that the rails are frequently somewhat rotten and break with comparative ease. One will meet as big fences in the Genesee Valley as in any hunting country in the world; but they announce their size plainly to horse and rider, and will often give way on compulsion. They are not like the mortised oak rails of Long Island, with their wide spaces and absolute solidity, a form of fence so high and stiff as to make hunting well-nigh impossible, and cer-

tainly too difficult and dangerous for the best interests of the sport. The other form of barrier at Geneseo is the board fence. The boards, like the rails, are apt to be rotten, and are a good deal thinner. These fences do not run much over four feet in height, if at all, but they usually make the doubles or in-and-outs, and are sufficiently high, especially when they close in a narrow cattle-path. There is also one form of board fence which tops off

tempted to rush them, but is obliged to take one's horse at them coolly and collectedly. It is a good school for any rider, and the proof of this is obvious in the quality of the riding and the nerve and skill shown by the field, which has few stragglers, many really brilliant performers, and means going always.

In October the runs are generally after drags. The members from Buffalo and elsewhere come from a distance, their time is

EMBARKING FOR A DISTANT MEET.

with an oak scantling nailed heavily to the posts, and which is as uninviting a jump as the most reckless rider can desire. I have dwelt somewhat on the fact that rails and boards break at Geneseo, but it is merely to emphasize the distinction between them and those of Long Island. The average height is about the same in both places, but the latter are far stiffer and more open. I would not have any one suppose from what I have said that you can ride with indifference at a Geneseo fence, secure in your ability to break it and have your horse stand up. It is best not to trifle with the rail and board fences of Geneseo; they are heavy obstacles, and must be jumped clean. Unless you have a horse ready with a fair chance to do his five feet cheerfully, you had better not attempt to ride in the first flight after the Genesee Valley hounds.

Such is the surface of the country, and such the obstacles. The galloping is generally perfect, and the fences are so big that one is not

limited, they want to be sure of a quick, good run, and cannot spend the larger part of a day, perhaps, in wandering about to find a fox. The drags are very skillfully laid, and are arranged by Mr. Wadsworth in the only true way, so as to resemble a run after a live fox as much and a steeple-chase as little as possible.

In November and December, and later still if the winter is open, the pack is used for wild foxes, which affords, of course, the very highest and best of the sport. The coverts are large, but as the trees are chiefly oaks, they are open enough to gallop through, and the turf is firm and good, instead of being destroyed by needles as in pine forests. Most important of all, there is rarely any undergrowth. The size of the coverts tends to make finding slow, but if time is no object this is far from objectionable. When they do find, moreover, it is not difficult to follow, get the fox into the open, and have a splendid run, than which nothing can be

more exciting or more delightful. It is also pretty certain that a find will be made. There are plenty of foxes, some native, some planted, and all wild. Their earths are well known to the master, and as so many of the farmers ride and are all interested and friendly, they do everything they can to preserve the fox, mark down his earth, and inform the proper authorities of his abode. The night before a meet an earth is stopped. The fox, as is the habit of his kind, returns from his nightly prowl, hangs round the closed earth until daylight, and then trots off, leaving a good scent for his enemies. The hounds are out early, and are thrown in near the earth. They soon get the scent; away they go, and if fortune is favorable there is a brilliant run and a kill in the open. As to the cruelty of it, any form of sport involving the death of an animal may be said to be cruel. But it is the nature of man to hunt and slay wild creatures, from the reed-bird up to the elephant. If there was no riding to hounds, the fox would be run down with one or two sharp dogs by the local hide-hunter. He then would be either dug out of his earth and knocked on the head with a club, or he would be killed or badly wounded by a charge of buckshot. When the pack is after him he has a chance for his life, and often gets away, and when the hounds succeed in reaching him his sufferings are over almost as quickly as if a bullet put a period to his life.

CLUB-HOUSE, GIBNEY FARM, HAMILTON, MASS.

I cannot give a more succinct statement of the merits of the Geneseo hunt than by borrowing the words of its master. Mr. Wadsworth says:

"I think hunting a good thing *because* it is the only field sport which must be absolutely open to all. The shooting in this part of the country will soon be confined to those who can afford game-preserves and game-keepers. It comes at a time when men living in the country have little to do. It encourages the raising of a *very* valuable class of horses. It is free from the betting and 'professional' blackguardism which spoil most other sports. It is healthy and encourages good qualities in a man, for no man can preserve his nerve and seat who is not habitually temperate and self-denying. The damage done by riders (which should always be promptly and generously settled) is much less than one would imagine. The worst thing they do is leaving gates open or rails down so that stock get out or mixed, which may occasion serious loss and should be guarded against. Of course no rider should ever cross winter wheat or new seeding when the ground is wet. There is no reason for it, and it should never be allowed. A few broken fences, easily repaired, are all the other harm done. The advantage of a *drag* hunt is that many men are limited in time and cannot potter round in the woods for hours looking for foxes. Also, when there is a large field they can be taken where they will best enjoy themselves and amuse others, and arrangements can be made to prevent any damage. It should be made as much like a fox-hunt and as little like a steeple-chase as possible. It is far more sportsmanlike than the performances of her Majesty's Royal Buckhounds with their 'carted deer.'"

The club which hunts in the neighborhood of Boston, by an unlucky accident, bears the meaningless and inappropriate name of "The Myopia." The club-house and kennels are on the Gibney farm, which lies just within the borders of the town of Hamilton adjoining the town of Wenham in Essex county, and are about thirty miles from Boston. The Myopia has two packs, one of beagles and one of fox-hounds, each numbering some thirteen or fourteen couple. The beagles are used for

drags, the hounds exclusively for foxes. Now and again the beagles are taken to Dedham for a meet, or the hounds to Southboro', where the country is more open and where a good run is probable.

Most of the hunting of the Myopia Club, however, is at Hamilton. Drags are run there with the beagles in early autumn, and by the middle of October the hounds get out for foxes, the two packs giving four or five runs every week. Until November the fields are large, often numbering forty or fifty riders at the start; and these large and increasing fields are one of the best features of the Myopia hunt. Only a small proportion of them, of course, go straight from start to finish; but every one enjoys it, the interest in the sport is constantly spreading, and more people every year take to riding, with all the advantages which that best of manly exercises implies.

The Essex country is very different from that of Geneseo. It is a region of rolling hills with almost endless stretches of rough pasture, broken by wide swamps and large masses of pine forest. The galloping over these pastures is exceedingly fine and very attractive. The fences, if the bull will be pardoned, are for the most part loose stone walls. The ditches are few, the rails more numerous and of all heights, and the walls are everywhere. These stone walls tumble pretty easily, but they also throw a horse and cut him severely far too often to be pleasant. In height they range from three to four feet, averaging about three feet six inches, which is a good jump in stone. Now and then you will meet with a wall of more than four feet, and in at least one instance a member of the club jumped a heavy wall four feet eight inches high, which is better than five feet of rails. Such jumps as this, however, are luckily not common; most of the walls are very moderate in size and much lower than the fences of either Geneseo or Long Island, and therefore all the better for hunting. The difficulties in the Hamilton country arise from the roughness of the ground, which at times is rocky and broken, and from the bad take-offs and uncertain landings. One is obliged to jump constantly from a stand, out of all sorts of awkward corners, and very often with the chance of landing in a bog or on a heap of loose stones on the other side. A rider at Hamilton ought to have a horse with a good turn of speed, and not afraid of four feet and a half or five feet at a pinch; but above all, he needs a strong, handy, clever horse, with good sense and a cool head. If you are mounted on an excitable animal, however brilliant, the chances are that you will cut his knees, and perhaps get a bad fall in the bargain. With a mount of the right kind, however, no safer and pleasanter country can be found to ride over, and this is a great advantage in every way. The land is not fertile, but the upland pastures, thickly sprinkled with goldenrod and heather, are full of color and beauty. The gray ledges and bowlders rise here and there, covered with lichens, and stand out boldly against the dark background of the pines; while every now and then, from the top of some hill, you catch a glimpse of the sea glittering in the sunlight or darkening beneath the cloud shadows.

There are few more delightful experiences in every way than to go out with the hounds early in the morning. The meet is at daybreak; the field is, of course, small, and wholly made up of those who really love the sport. You ride away from the kennels in the gray dawn. Everything is still, there is a light hoar-frost on the earth, perhaps a thin mist hanging over the pastures. When the covert is reached, the hounds are thrown in, and there can be no prettier sight than to see them working over the damp ground, where the scent is sure to lie well. The air bites a little, the horses are at their best, and nothing can be more exhilarating or more full of healthy and honest pleasure.

The coverts at Hamilton and Wenham contain plenty of foxes, despite the local sportsmen, but they are also very extensive. The pack ought to be double its present size, and even then it would be extremely difficult to get a fox into the open for a run. Reynard knows very well what is best for him. He slips along the edges of the woods, plunges into a dense thicket, comes out on the other side, skirts the covert again, finally crosses a swamp, and very probably escapes. Now and then he will break from one covert to another; sometimes he takes boldly to the open, and then comes the best of all things — a sharp run on a burning scent. Although the Myopia hounds do not kill very often, there is almost always plenty of scent in the neighborhood of the coverts, and the field is sure to have one or two quick bursts at an early meet. When the hour is later, especially if the sun shines, the chances for any kind of a run are diminished. Yet, with all the drawbacks of waiting and blank days, the Essex hunts are as enjoyable as any man could wish. The fresh, keen air, and the brisk, quick gallop with plenty of jumping, start the blood and make one feel the "wild joy of living" more than anything in the world. The fox-hunt takes the edge off the drag, it must be confessed, but it is the genuine fox-hunt which gives a charm to the sport in Geneseo and Hamilton, and promises a long life to it in both places.

The farmers of Hamilton and Wenham have not yet begun to follow the hounds or to breed hunters, but this will come before very long. They have received the club with the greatest good-nature and with much kindly interest. The welcome has been so hospitable that the club has adopted the custom of annual field sports. Small prizes are offered for running and jumping and for farmers' horses; there is a lunch spread under the trees in front of the club-house, and in the evening there is a dance at the town hall. Nothing could show the need of such simple and wholesome amusements more than their popularity and success at Hamilton. These annual sports bring together two or three thousand people from all the country round, and there is always a great deal of fun and enjoyment. The club management in this, as in other respects, has been wise and simple, and there is every reason to believe that the sport which it fosters is now a permanent thing.

The object of this, as well as of the preceding article, I suppose, is something more than merely to give a description of certain hunt-clubs. They have been written, indeed, to little purpose if they do not serve in some slight manner, at least, to dissipate certain prejudices which have been felt against riding to hounds in this country, and which have been disseminated if not bred by the press merely through lack of information, and not at all from any real ill-will. These prejudices or misapprehensions usually find expression in slurs on the sport and on those who engage in it, and in much fun and laughing at the expense of the members of the clubs.

The first objection made is that fox-hunting here is merely for the sake of imitating something English. No one can have a more hearty and thoroughgoing contempt for the Anglo-mania so prevalent in certain portions of the society of some of our great cities than the writer of these lines. Such a vicious habit of feeble imitation is sure to die, and it cannot be too strongly condemned by all decent and honest Americans.

It is well, however, not to fall into the opposite mistake of avoiding and abusing a thing good in itself, simply because the English engage in it. Yachting was a peculiarly English amusement until we beat them at it. The bicycles now in such universal use, and which give pleasure to so many people, are of English invention. Yet no one would think of calling yachtsmen and bicyclists Anglo-maniacs, simply on account of the yacht and the bicycle. There is, in reality, even less cause to stigmatize fox-hunting in this way. In the first place, following the hounds on horseback and riding across country have been practiced in the Southern and to a certain extent in the Middle States ever since white men lived here. In the colonial days, in fact, the sport was more or less common everywhere on the Atlantic seaboard. It died out in the North and East, and has now been revived. That in a few words is the whole case historically. But the injustice of decrying and abusing it rests on far broader and better grounds than any history can furnish. Riding across country requires nerve, courage, and skill, and no sport demanding those qualities can be foreign to an American or an exotic in the United States. The American is by nature a lover and trainer of horses. His whole attention thus far has been devoted to breeding, developing, and driving the trotting horse, and the result is an animal driven with a skill and at a rate of speed perfectly unequaled. Cross-country riding opens a new field, but we have already produced two American horses which have beaten the record of the world at the high jump; and although we have still something to do in the way of weight-carriers, our hunters in their class cannot be surpassed in courage, in jumping power, or in staying qualities. Fox-hunting, in reality, is a sport peculiarly adapted to this country, because it is in its nature thoroughly popular. No decently behaved person who has a horse and can ride can be excluded. It must of necessity be open to all, and, moreover, it is comparatively inexpensive. The cost of the finest hunter is a trifle compared to that of a really good trotter, and a shrewd man with good judgment can often pick up for a moderate price a horse which under training will become an admirable jumper. Good shooting and fishing of all kinds have become so very expensive and so distant that only the rich practically can enjoy them; whereas any man who can manage to keep a horse can come to any meet and follow the hounds, and his subscription may be proportionate to his means without affecting his welcome or his pleasure. In one word, nothing can be more false than the idea that cross-country riding is the amusement of the very rich and the very exclusive. It is the most democratic, as it is the best field sport in the world. The question of riding over the land of other people is wholly with the owners. If they do not wish it, they can stop it in an instant; but I have yet to hear of anything but a very slight and exceptional objection, the rule being a hearty and generous welcome to the riders.

Another slur constantly thrown out is that the whole thing is a bit of luxurious effeminacy. To this there can be but one reply. Let any one who believes cross-country riding to be a weak and effeminate amusement, get him a

MYOPIA PACK.

horse, go out with any pack in the country, and ride well up through one hard run. If after that he still thinks fox-hunting weak and effeminate, he has a perfect right to say so, but not before. Much sarcasm is also expended on pink coats and the anise-seed bag. The former is a mere fashion, a harmless frill, which has no more real connection with the sport than a man's shirt-collar has with his politics or his religion. The pink coats look bright and picturesque on a gray morning, or against the dark background of wood or hillside, but they are a mere detail, and the sensible thing, of course, is for every one to dress as he pleases. The anise-seed bag, which has given rise to so much fun, is treated as if it were a native invention intended to supply in a wholly ridiculous way the lack of foxes. As a matter of fact drags are well known and are sufficiently common in England. It is an easy way of assuring a quick and certain run after hounds, and involves just as much jumping as any other form of cross-country riding. It is perfectly legitimate sport, and in this country, where the riders are largely men of business, whose time is very limited, it is really essential.

The faults of our hunting, in fact, are not at all those commonly alleged in the newspapers. The great error here is in the disposition to make hunting a mere competition in jumping, which is all wrong. Those who merely want to get dangerous jumping at high speed can put up obstacles of any size and race round a steeplechase course to their hearts' content. The true doctrine is that men jump in order to hunt, or in other words to ride across country, and they should not hunt in order to jump. The latter theory, to which the prevalence of drags gives some countenance, can have but one result in practice. It will steadily diminish the field until only a few reckless youngsters are left, who, spurred by jealousy of each other, will take any foolish risk that comes along. The upshot would be the extinction of fox-hunting and cross-country riding, on account of the unpopularity which would thus be excited. Hunting in this country under the best conditions has all the danger that is necessary, or that any one can want. Falls are not so numerous here as in England, because the ground as a rule is hard and the take-offs and landings fair and clean. But on the other hand falling in England is usually in tolerably soft earth, while here the reverse is apt to be the case, so that the

tumbles, though less frequent, are much more severe. The lovers of cross-country riding ought to make it their first maxim that the sport should be as popular as possible. Wisdom and skill in management will, however, come everywhere in time, and there is no sport which needs more of both qualities.

Cross-country riding, in a word, is one of the best and most manly of sports. It requires courage, good temper, and discretion, as well as the exercise of some of the best qualities of man, both physical and mental. At the same time it tends to breed up good horses. The strict utilitarian may urge that after all is said it is nothing but a pastime; but pastimes are just as important as work to the well-being and sound health of any people. The proverb tells us the result of all work and no play, and no one can question that in this great country of ours one of our dangers comes from the excessive application to business which makes life here fevered, restless, and too often brief. There is no danger of Americans as a race becoming indolent. There is real danger of their becoming sadly overworked and making existence joyless. Vigorous physical exercise and wholesome sports are as needful to nations as to individuals, and render them all the more effective and efficient in the end. Cross-country riding is among the best of sports. The dash and skill which it demands render it peculiarly fit for Americans, and sensibly managed it is sure to outlive the prejudices which have been excited against it, and which will die away if those who are truly fond of it will carry it on in the right spirit and make it as widely popular as they can. Under no other conditions can it thrive, and under proper conditions it will be open to more people and will give more health and more enjoyment, and develop more manly qualities when rightly practiced, than any other field sport which is known to the present generation.

Henry Cabot Lodge.

COLLECT FOR DOMINION DAY.

FATHER of nations! Help of the feeble hand!
Strength of the strong! to whom the nations kneel!
Stay and destroyer, at whose just command
Earth's kingdoms tremble and her empires reel!
Who dost the low uplift, the small make great,
And dost abase the ignorantly proud,
Of our scant people mold a mighty state,
To the strong, stern,— to Thee in meekness bowed!
Father of unity, make this people one!
Weld, interfuse them in the patriot's flame,—
Whose forging on Thine anvil was begun
In blood late shed to purge the common shame;
That so our hearts, the fever of faction done,
Banish old feud in our young nation's name.

WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA. *Charles G. D. Roberts.*

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

XVII.

AT Sewell's house the maid told Evans to walk up into the study, without seating him first in the reception-room, as if that were needless with so intimate a friend of the family. He found Sewell at his desk, and he began at once, without the forms of greeting:

"If you don't like that other subject, I've got a new one for you, and you could write a sermon on it that would make talk."

"You look at it from the newspaper point of view," returned Sewell, in the same humor. "I'm not an 'enterprise,' and I don't want to make talk in your sense. I don't know that I want to make talk at all; I should prefer to make thought, to make feeling."

"Well," said the editor, "this would do all three."

"Would you come to hear me, if I wrote the sermon?"

"Ah, that's asking a good deal."

"Why don't you develop your idea in an article? You're always bragging that you preach to a larger congregation than I."

"I propose to let you preach to my congregation too, if you'll write this sermon. I've talked to you before about reporting your sermons in 'Saturday Afternoon.' They would be a feature; and if we could open with this one, and have a good 'incisive' editorial on it, disputing some of your positions, and treating certain others with a little satire, at the same time maintaining a very respectful attitude towards you on the whole, and calling attention to the fact that there was a strong and increasing interest in your 'utterances,' which we were the first to recognize,— it would be a card. We might agree beforehand on the points the editorial was to touch, and so make one hand wash another. See?"

"I see that journalism has eaten into your soul. What *is* your subject?"

"Well, in general terms, and in a single word, *Complicity*. Don't you think that would be rather taking? 'Mr. Sewell, in his striking sermon on Complicity,' and so forth. It would be a great hit, and it would stand a chance of sticking, like Emerson's 'Compensation.'"

"Delightful! The most amusing part is that you've really a grain of business in your bushel of chaff." Sewell wheeled about in his swivel-chair, and sat facing his guest, deeply sunken in the low easy seat he always took. "When did this famous idea occur to you?" he pursued, swinging his glasses by their cord.

"About three weeks ago, at the theater. There was one of those pieces on that make you despair of the stage, and ashamed of writing a play even to be rejected by it — a farrago of indecently amusing innuendoes and laughably vile situations, such as, if they were put into a book, would prevent its being sent through the mail. The theater apparently can still be as filthy in suggestion as it was at the Restoration, and not shock its audiences. There were all sorts of people there that night: young girls who had come with young men for an evening's polite amusement; families; middle-aged husbands and wives; respectable-looking single women; and average bachelors. I don't think the ordinary theatrical audience is of a high grade intellectually; it's third or fourth rate; but morally it seems quite as good as other public assemblages. All the people were nicely dressed, and they sat there before that nasty mess — it was an English comedy where all the jokes turn upon the belief of the characters that their wives and husbands are the parents of illegitimate offspring — and listened with as smooth self-satisfaction as if they were not responsible for it. But all at once it occurred to me that they *were* responsible, every one of them — as responsible as the players, as the author himself."

"Did you come out of the theater at that point?" asked Sewell.

"Oh, I was responsible too; but I seemed to be the only one ashamed of my share in the business."

"If you were the only one conscious of it, your merit wasn't very great," suggested the minister.

"Well, I should like the others to be conscious of it too. That's why I want you to preach my sermon. I want you to tell your people and my people that the one who buys

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sin or shame, or corruption of any sort, is as guilty as the one who sells it."

"It isn't a new theory," said Sewell, still refusing to give up his ironical tone. "It was discovered some time ago that this was so before God."

"Well, I've just discovered that it ought to be so before man," said Evans.

"Still, you're not the first," said Sewell.

"Yes," said the editor, "I think I am, from my peculiar stand-point. The other day a friend of mine — an upright, just, worthy man, no one more so — was telling me of a shocking instance of our national corruption. He had just got home from Europe, and he had brought a lot of dutiable things, that a customs inspector passed for a trifling sum. That was all very well, but the inspector afterwards came round with a confidential claim for a hundred dollars, and the figures to show that the legal duties would have been eight or ten times as much. My friend was glad to pay the hundred dollars; but he defied me to name any country in Europe where such a piece of official rascality was possible. He said it made him ashamed of America!" Evans leaned his head back against his chair and laughed.

"Yes," said Sewell with a sigh, and no longer feigning lightness. "That's awful."

"Well, now," said Evans, "don't you think it your duty to help people realize that they can't regard such transactions *de haut en bas*, if they happen to have taken part in them? I have heard of the shameful condition of things down in Maine, where I'm told the French Canadians who've come in regularly expect to sell their votes to the highest bidder at every election. Since my new system of ethics occurred to me, I've fancied that there must have always been a shameful state of things there, if Americans could grow up in the willingness to buy votes. I want to have people recognize that there is no superiority for them in such an affair; that there's nothing but inferiority; that the man who has the money and the wit to corrupt is a far baser rascal than the man who has the ignorance and the poverty to be corrupted. I would make this principle seek out every weak spot, every sore spot in the whole social constitution. I'm sick to death of the frauds that we practice upon ourselves in order to be able to injure others. Just consider the infernal ease of mind in which men remain concerning men's share in the social evil ——"

"Ah, my dear friend, you can't expect me to consider *that* in my pulpit!" cried the minister.

"No; I couldn't consider it in my paper. I suppose we must leave that where it is, unless we can affect it by analogy, and show that there is infamy for both parties to any sin committed in common. You must select your instances in other directions, but you can find plenty of them — enough and to spare. It would give the series a tremendous send-off," said Evans, relapsing into his habitual tone, "if you would tackle this subject in your first sermon for publication. There would be money in it. The thing would make a success in the paper, and you could get somebody to reprint it in pamphlet form. Come, what do you say?"

"I should say that you had just been doing something you were ashamed of," answered Sewell. "People don't have these tremendous moral awakenings for nothing."

"And you don't think my present state of mind is a gradual outgrowth of my first consciousness of the common responsibility of actors and audience in the representation of a shameless comedy?"

"No, I shouldn't think it was," said the minister securely.

"Well, you're right." Evans twisted himself about in his chair, and hung his legs over one of the arms. "The real reason why I wish you to preach this sermon is because I have just been offering a fee to the head-waiter at our hotel."

"And you feel degraded with him by his acceptance? For it *is* a degradation."

"No, that's the strangest thing about it. I have a monopoly of the degradation, for he didn't take my dollar."

"Ah, then a sermon won't help *you!* Why wouldn't he take it?"

"He said he didn't know as he wanted any money he hadn't earned," said Evans with a touch of mimicry.

The minister started up from his lounging attitude. "Is his name — Barker?" he asked with unerring prescience.

"Yes," said Evans with a little surprise. "Do you know him?"

"Yes," returned the minister, falling back in his chair helplessly, not luxuriously. "So well that I knew it was he almost as soon as you came into the room to-night."

"What harm have you been doing him?" demanded the editor, in parody of the minister's acuteness in guessing the guilty operation of his own mind.

"The greatest. I'm the cause of his being in Boston."

"This is very interesting," said Evans. "We are companions in crime — pals. It's a great honor. But what strikes me as being so interesting is that we appear to feel remorse for our misdeeds; and I was almost persuaded the other day by an observer of our species,

that remorse had gone out, or rather had never existed, except in the fancy of innocent people; that real criminals like ourselves were afraid of being found out, but weren't in the least sorry. Perhaps, if we are sorry, it proves that we needn't be. Let's judge each other. I've told you what my sin against Barker is, and I know yours in general terms. It's a fearful thing to be the cause of a human soul's presence in Boston; but what did you do to bring it about? Who is Barker? Where did he come from? What was his previous condition of servitude? He puzzles me a good deal."

"Oh, I'll tell you," said Sewell; and he gave his personal chapter in Lemuel's history.

Evans interrupted him at one point. "And what became of the poem he brought down with him?"

"It was stolen out of his pocket, one night when he slept in the Common."

"Ah, then he can't offer it to me! And he seems very far from writing any more. I can still keep his acquaintance. Go on."

Sewell told, in amusing detail, of the Wayfarer's Lodge, where he had found Barker after supposing he had gone home. Evans seemed more interested in the place than in the minister's meeting with Lemuel there, which Sewell fancied he had painted rather well, describing Lemuel's severity and his own anxiety.

"There!" said the editor. "There you have it—a practical illustration! Our civilization has had to come to it!"

"Come to what?"

"Complicity."

Sewell made an impatient gesture.

"Don't sacrifice the consideration of a great principle," cried Evans, "to the petty effect of a good story on an appreciative listener. I realize your predicament. But don't you see that in establishing and regulating a place like that the city of Boston has instinctively sanctioned my idea? You may say that it is aiding and abetting the tramp-nuisance by giving vagrants food and shelter, but other philosophers will contend that it is —blindly perhaps—fulfilling the destiny of the future State, which will at once employ and support all its citizens; that it is prophetically recognizing my new principle of Complicity?"

"Your new principle!" cried Sewell. "You have merely given a new name to one of the oldest principles in the moral world."

"And that is a good deal to do, I can tell you," said Evans. "All the principles are pretty old now. But don't give way to an ignoble resentment of my interruption. Go on about Barker."

After some feints that there was nothing more important to tell, Sewell went on to the end; and when he had come to it, Evans shook his head. "It looks pretty black for you, but it's a beautifully perfect case of Complicity. What do you propose to do, now you've rediscovered him?"

"Oh, I don't know! I hope no more mischief. If I could only get him back on his farm!"

"Yes, I suppose that would be the best thing. But I dare say he wouldn't go back!"

"That's been my experience with him."

They talked this aspect of the case over more fully, and Evans said: "Well, I wouldn't go back to such a place myself after I'd once had a glimpse of Boston, but I suppose it's right to wish that Barker would. I hope his mother will come to visit him while he's in the hotel. I would give a good deal to see her. Fancy her coming down in her bloomers, and the poor fellow being ashamed of her! It would be a very good subject for a play. Does she wear a hat or a bonnet? What sort of head-gear goes with that 'sleek odalisque' style of dress? A turban, I suppose."

"Mrs. Barker," said the minister, unable to deny himself the fleeting comfort of the editor's humorous view of the situation, "is as far from a 'sleek odalisque' as any lady I've ever seen, in spite of her oriental costume. If I remember, her *yashmak* was not gathered at the ankles, but hung loose like occidental trousers; and the day we met, she wore simply her own hair. There was not much of it on top, and she had it cut short in the neck. She was rather a terrible figure. Her having ever been married would have been inconceivable, except for her son."

"I should like to have seen her," said Evans, laughing back in his chair.

"She was worth seeing as a survival of the superficial fermentation of the period of our social history when it was believed that women could be like men if they chose, and ought to be if they ever meant to show their natural superiority. But she was not picturesque."

"The son's very handsome. I can see that the lady boarders think him so."

"Do you find him at all remarkable otherwise? What dismayed me more than his poetry even was that when he gave that up he seemed to have no particular direction."

"Oh, he reads a good deal, and pretty serious books; and he goes to hear all the sermons and lectures in town."

"I thought he came to mine only," sighed the minister, with a retrospective suffering. "Well, what can be done for him now? I feel my complicity with Barker as poignantly as you could wish."

"Ah, you see how the principle applies everywhere!" cried the editor joyously. He added: "But I really think that for the present you can't do better than let Barker alone. He's getting on very well at Mrs. Harmon's, and although the conditions at the St. Albans are more transitory than most sublunary things, Barker appears to be a fixture. Our little system has begun to revolve round him unconsciously; he keeps us going."

"Well," said Sewell, consenting to be a little comforted. He was about to go more particularly into the facts; but Mrs. Sewell came in just then, and he obviously left the subject.

Evans did not sit down again after rising to greet her; and presently he said good-night.

She turned to her husband: "What were you talking about when I came in?"

"When you came in?"

"Yes. You both had that look—I can always tell it—of having suddenly stopped."

"Oh!" said Sewell, pretending to arrange the things on his desk. "Evans had been suggesting the subject for a sermon." He paused a moment, and then he continued hardily, "And he'd been telling me about—Barker. He's turned up again."

"Of course!" said Mrs. Sewell. "What's happened to him now?"

"Nothing, apparently, but some repeated strokes of prosperity. He has become clerk, elevator-boy, and head-waiter at the St. Albans."

"And what are you going to do about him?"

"Evans advises me to do nothing."

"Well, that's sensible, at any rate," said Mrs. Sewell. "I really think you've done quite enough, David, and now he can be left to manage for himself, especially as he seems to be doing well."

"Oh, he's doing as well as I could hope, and better. But I'm not sure that I shouldn't have personally preferred a continued course of calamity for him. I shall never be quite at peace about him till I get him back on his farm at Willoughby Pastures."

"Well, that you will never do; and you may as well rest easy about it."

"I don't know as to never doing it," said Sewell. "All prosperity, especially the prosperity connected with Mrs. Harmon's hotel, is transitory; and I may succeed yet."

"Does everything go on there in the old way, does Mr. Evans say?" Mrs. Sewell did not refer to any former knowledge of the St. Albans, but to a remote acquaintance with the character and methods of Mrs. Harmon, with whom the Sewells had once boarded. She was then freshly widowed by the loss of her first husband, and had launched her earliest boarding-house on that sea of disaster, where she had buoyantly outridden every storm and had floated triumphantly on the top of every ingulfing wave. They recalled the difficult navigation of that primitive craft, in which each of the boarders had taken a hand at the helm, and their reminiscences of her financial embarrassments were mixed with those of the unfailing serenity that seemed not to know defeat, and with fond memories of her goodness of heart, and her ideal devotion in any case of sickness or trouble.

"I should think the prosperity of Mrs. Harmon would convince the most negative of agnostics that there was an overruling Providence, if nothing else did," said Sewell. "It's so defiant of all law, so delightfully independent of causation."

"Well, let Barker alone with her, then," said his wife, rising to leave him to the hours of late reading which she had never been able to break up.

XVIII.

After agreeing with his wife that he had better leave Barker alone, Sewell did not feel easy in doing so. He had that ten-dollar note which Miss Vane had given him, and though he did not believe, since Evans had reported Barker's refusal of his fee, that the boy would take it, he was still constrained to do something with it. Before giving it back to her, he decided at least to see Barker and learn about his prospects and expectations. He might find some way of making himself useful to him.

In a state of independence he found Lemuel much more accessible than formerly, and their interview was more nearly amicable. Sewell said that he had been delighted to hear of Lemuel's whereabouts from his old friend Evans, and to know that they were housed together. He said that he used to know Mrs. Harmon long ago, and that she was a good-hearted, well-meaning woman, though without much forecast. He even assented to Lemuel's hasty generalization of her as a perfect lady, though they both felt a certain inaccuracy in this, and Sewell repeated that she was a woman of excellent heart, and turned to a more intimate inquest of Lemuel's life. He tried to find out how he employed his leisure time, saying that he always sympathized with young men away from home, and suggesting the reading-room and the frequent lectures at the Young Men's Christian Union for his odd moments. He learned that Lemuel had not many of these during the week, and that on Sundays he spent all the time he could get in hearing the different noted ministers. For the rest, he learned that Lemuel was very

much interested in the city, and appeared to be rapidly absorbing both its present civilization and its past history. He was unsmilingly amused at the comments of mixed shrewdness and crudity which Lemuel was betrayed into at times beyond certain limits of diffidence that he had apparently set himself; at his blunders and misconceptions, at the truth divined by the very innocence of his youth and inexperience. He found out that Lemuel had not been at home since he came to Boston; he had expected to go at Thanksgiving, but it came so soon after he had got his place that he hated to ask; the folks were all well, and he would send the kind remembrances which the minister asked him to give his mother. Sewell tried to find out, in saying that Mrs. Sewell and himself would always be glad to see him, whether Lemuel had any social life outside of the St. Albans, but here he was sensible that a door was shut against him; and finally he had not the courage to do more about that money from Miss Vane than to say that from time to time he had sums intrusted him, and that if Lemuel had any pressing need of money he must borrow of him. He fancied he had managed that rather delicately, for Lemuel thanked him without severity and said he should get along now, he guessed, but he was much obliged. Neither of them mentioned Miss Vane, and upon the whole the minister was not sure that he had got much nearer the boy, after all.

Certainly he formed no adequate idea of the avidity and thoroughness with which Lemuel was learning his Boston. It was wholly a public Boston which unfolded itself during the winter to his eager curiosity, and he knew nothing of the social intricacies of which it seems solely to consist for so many of us. To him Boston society was represented by the coteries of homeless sojourners in the St. Albans; Boston life was transacted by the ministers, the lecturers, the public meetings, the concerts, the horse-cars, the policemen, the shop-windows, the newspapers, the theaters, the ships at the docks, the historical landmarks, the charity apparatus.

The effect was a ferment in his mind in which there was nothing clear. It seemed to him that he had to change his opinions every day. He was whirled round and round; he never saw the same object twice the same. He did not know whether he learned or unlearned most. With the pride that comes to youth from the mere novelty of its experiences was mixed a shame for his former ignorance, an exasperation at his inability to grasp their whole meaning.

His activities in acquainting himself with Boston interested Evans, who tried to learn just what his impression was; but this was the last thing that Lemuel could have distinctly imparted.

"Well, upon the whole," he asked, one day, "what do you think? From what you've seen of it, which is the better place, Boston or Willoughby Pastures? If you were friendless and homeless, would you rather be cast away in the city or in the country?"

Lemuel did not hesitate about this. "In the city! They haven't got any idea in the country what's done to help folks along in the city!"

"Is that so?" asked Evans. "It's against tradition," he suggested.

"Yes, I know that," Lemuel assented. "And in the country they think the city is a place where nobody cares for you, and everybody is against you, and wants to impose upon you. Well, when I first came to Boston," he continued, with a consciousness of things that Evans did not betray his own knowledge of, "I thought so too, and I had a pretty hard time for a while. It don't seem as if people *did* care for you, except to make something out of you; but if any one happens to find out that you're in trouble, there's ten times as much done for you in the city as there is in the country."

"Perhaps that's because there are ten times as many to do it," said Evans, in the hope of provoking this impartial spirit further.

"No, it isn't that altogether. It's because they've seen ten times as much trouble, and know how to take hold of it better. I think our folks in the country have been flattered up too much. If some of them could come down here and see how things are carried on, they would be surprised. They wouldn't believe it if you told them."

"I didn't know we were so exemplary," said Evans.

"Oh, city folks have their faults too," said Lemuel, smiling in recognition of the irony.

"No! What?"

Lemuel seemed uncertain whether to say it. "Well, they're too aristocratic."

Evans enjoyed this frank simplicity. He professed not to understand, and begged Lemuel to explain.

"Well, at home, in the country, they mightn't want to do so much for you, or be so polite about it, but they wouldn't feel themselves so much above you. They're more on an equality. If I needed help, I'd rather be in town; but if I could help myself, I'd just as soon be in the country. Only," he added, "there are more chances here."

"Yes, there *are* more chances. And do you think it's better not to be quite so kind, and to be more on an equality?"

"Why, don't you?" demanded Lemuel.

"Well, I don't know," said Evans, with a whimsical affectation of seriousness. "Should n't you like an aristocracy if you could be one of the aristocrats? Don't you think you're opposed to aristocracy because you don't want to be under? I have spoken to be a duke when we get an order of nobility, and I find that it's a great relief. I don't feel obliged to go in for equality nearly as much as I used."

Lemuel shyly dropped the subject, not feeling himself able to cope with his elder in these railleries. He always felt his heaviness and clumsiness in talking with the editor, who fascinated him. He did not know but he had said too much about city people being aristocratic. It was not quite what he meant; he had really been thinking of Miss Carver, and how proud she was, when he said it.

Lately he had seemed to see a difference between himself and other people, and he had begun to look for it everywhere, though when he spoke to Evans he was not aware how strongly the poison was working in him. It was as if the girl had made that difference; she made it again, whatever it was, between herself and the black man who once brought her a note and a bunch of flowers from one of her young lady pupils. She was very polite to him, trying to put him at ease, just as she had been with Lemuel that night. If he came into the dining-room to seat a transient when Miss Carver was there, he knew that she was mentally making a difference between him and the boarders. The ladies all had the custom of bidding him good-morning when they came in to breakfast, and they all smiled upon him except Miss Carver; she seemed every morning as if more surprised to see him standing there at the door and showing people to their places; she looked puzzled, and sometimes she blushed, as if she were ashamed for him.

He had discovered, in fine, that there were sorts of honest work in the world which one must not do if he would keep his self-respect through the consideration of others. Once all work had been work, but now he had found that there was work which was service, and that service was dishonor. He had learned that the people who did this work were as a class apart, and were spoken of as servants, with slight that was unconscious or conscious, but never absent.

Some of the ladies at the St. Albans had tried to argue with Lemuel about his not taking the fees he refused, and he knew that they talked him over. One day, when he was showing a room to a transient, he heard one of them say to another in the next apartment, "Well, I did hate to offer it to him, just as if he was a common servant"; and the other said, "Well, I don't see what he can expect if he puts himself in the place of a servant." And then they debated together whether his quality of clerk was sufficient to redeem him from the reproach of servitude; they did not call his running the elevator anything, because a clerk might do that in a casual way without loss of dignity; they alleged other cases of the kind.

His inner life became a turmoil of suspicions, that attached themselves to every word spoken to him by those who must think themselves above him. He could see now how far behind in everything Willoughby Pastures was, and how the summer folks could not help despising the people that took them to board, and waited on them like servants in cities. He esteemed the boarders at the St. Albans in the degree that he thought them enlightened enough to contemn him for his station; and he had his own ideas of how such a person as Mr. Evans really felt toward him. He felt toward him and was interested in his reading as a person might feel toward and be interested in the attainments of some anomalous animal, a learned pig, or something of that kind.

He could look back, now, on his life at Miss Vane's, and see that he was treated as a servant, there,—a petted servant, but still a servant,—and that was what made that girl behave so to him; he always thought of Sibyl as that girl.

He would have thrown up his place at once, though he knew of nothing else he could do; he would have risked starving rather than keep it; but he felt that it was of no use; that the stain of servitude was indelible; that if he were lifted to the highest station, it would not redeem him in Miss Carver's eyes. All this time he had scarcely more than spoken with her, to return her good-mornings at the dining-room door, or to exchange greetings with her on the stairs, or to receive some charge from her in going out, or to answer some question of hers in coming in, as to whether any of the pupils who had lessons of her had been there in her absence. He made these interviews as brief as possible; he was as stiff and cold as she.

The law-student, whose full name was Alonzo W. Berry, had one joking manner for all manner of men and women, and Lemuel's suspicion could not find any offensive distinction in it toward himself; but he disabled Berry's own gentility for that reason, and easily learning much of the law-student's wild past in the West from so eager an autobiographer, he could not comfort himself with his friendship. While the student poured out his autobiography without stint upon Lemuel, his shyness only deepened upon the boy. There

were things in his life for which he was in equal fear of discovery: his arrest and trial in the police court, his mother's queerness, and his servile condition at Miss Vane's. The thought that Mr. Sewell knew about them all made him sometimes hate the minister, till he reflected that he had evidently told no one of them. But he was always trembling lest they should somehow become known at the St. Albans; and when Berry was going on about himself, his exploits, his escapes, his loves,— chiefly his loves,— Lemuel's soul was sealed within him; a vision of his disgraces filled him with horror.

But in the delight of talking about himself, Berry was apparently unaware that Lemuel had not reciprocated his confidences. He celebrated his familiarity with Miss Swan and her friend, though no doubt he had the greater share of the acquaintance,—that was apt to be the case with him,— and from time to time he urged Lemuel to come up and call on them with him.

"I guess they don't want *me* to call," said Lemuel with feeble bitterness at last, one evening after an elaborate argument from Berry to prove that Lemuel had the time, and that he just knew they would be glad to see him.

"Why?" demanded Berry, and he tried to get Lemuel's reason; but when Lemuel had stated that belief, he could not have given the reason for it on his death-bed. Berry gave the conundrum up for the time, but he did not give Lemuel up; he had an increasing need of him as he advanced in a passion for Miss Swan, which, as he frankly prophesied, was bound to bring him to the popping-point sooner or later; he debated with himself in Lemuel's presence all the best forms of popping, and he said that it was simply worth a ranch to be able to sing to him,

> "She's a darling,
> She's a daisy,
> She's a dumpling,
> She's a lamb,"

and to feel that he knew who *she* was. He usually sang this refrain to Lemuel when he came in late at night after a little supper with some of the fellows, that had left traces of its cheer on his bated breath. Once he came downstairs alone in the elevator, in his shirt-sleeves and stocking-feet, for the purpose of singing it after Lemuel had thought him in bed.

Every Sunday afternoon during the winter Lemuel went to see Statira, and sometimes in the evening he took her to church. But she could not understand why he always wanted to go to a different church; she did not see why he should not pick out one church and stick to it: the ministers seemed to be all alike, and she guessed one was pretty near as good as another. 'Manda Grier said she guessed they were all Lemuel to her; and Statira said well, she guessed that was pretty much so. She no longer pretended that he was not the whole world to her, either with him or with 'Manda Grier; she was so happy from morning till night, day in and day out, that 'Manda Grier said if she were in her place she should be afraid something would happen.

Statira worked in the box-factory now; she liked it a great deal better than the store, and declared that she was ever so much stronger. The cough lingered still, but none of them noticed it much; she called it a cold, and said she kept catching more. 'Manda Grier told her that she could throw it off soon enough if she would buy a few clothes for warmth and not so many for looks; but they did not talk this over before Lemuel. Before he came Statira took a soothing mixture that she got of the apothecary, and then they were all as bright and gay as could be, and she looked so pretty that he said he could not get used to it. The housekeeping experiment was a great success; she and 'Manda Grier had two rooms now, and they lived better than ever they had, for less money. Of course, Statira said, it was not up to the St. Albans, which Lemuel had told them of at first a little braggingly. In fact she liked to have him brag of it, and of the splendors of his position and surroundings. She was very curious, but not envious of anything, and it became a joke with her and 'Manda Grier, who pretended to despise the whole affair.

At first it flattered Lemuel to have her admire his rise in life so simply and ardently; but after a while it became embarrassing, in proportion as it no longer seemed so superb to him. She was always wanting him to talk of it; after a few Sundays, with the long hours they had passed in telling each other all they could think of about themselves, they had not much else to talk of. Now that she had him to employ her fancy, Statira no longer fed it on the novels she used to devour. He brought her books, but she did not read them; she said that she had been so busy with her sewing she had no time to read; and every week she showed him some pretty new thing she had been making, and tried it on for him to see how she looked in it. Often she seemed to care more to rest with her head on his shoulder, and not talk at all; and for a while this was enough for him too, though sometimes he was disappointed that she did not even let him read to her out of the books she neglected. She would not talk over the sermons they heard together; but once when Mr. Evans offered him tickets for the theater, and Lemuel had got the night

off and taken Statira, it seemed as if she would be willing to sit up till morning and talk the play over.

Nothing else ever interested her so much, except what one of the girls in the box-factory had told her about going down to the beach, summers, and waiting on table. This girl had been at Old Orchard, where they had splendid times, with one veranda all to themselves and the gentlemen-help; and in the afternoon the girls got together on the beach — or the grass right in front of the hotel — and sewed. They got nearly as much as they did in the box-factory; and then the boarders all gave you something extra; some of them gave as much as a dollar a week apiece. The head-waiter was a college student, and a perfect gentleman; he was always dressed up in a dress-suit and a white silk neck-tie. Statira said that next summer she wanted they should go off somewhere, she and 'Manda Grier, and wait on table together; and she knew Lemuel could easily get the head-waiter's place, after the St. Albans. She should not want he should be clerk, because then they could not have such good times, for they would be more separated.

Lemuel heard her restively through, and then broke out fiercely and told her that he had seen enough of waiting on table at the St. Albans for him never to want her to do it; and that the boarders who gave money to the waiters despised them for taking it. He said that he did not consider just helping Mrs. Harmon out the same as being head-waiter, and that he would not be a regular waiter for any money: he would rather starve.

Statira did not understand; she asked him meekly if he were mad at her, he seemed so; and he had to do what he could to cheer her up.

'Manda Grier took Statira's part pretty sharply. She said it was one thing to live out in a private family — that *was* a disgrace, if you could keep the breath of life in you any other way — and it was quite another to wait in a hotel; and she did not want to have any one hint round that she would let Statira demean herself. Lemuel was offended by her manner, and her assumption of owning Statira. She defended him, but he could not tell her how he had changed; the influences were perhaps too obscure for him to have traced them all himself; after the first time he had hardly mentioned the art-student girls to her. There were a great many things that Statira could not understand. She had been much longer in the city than Lemuel, but she did not seem to appreciate the difference between that and the country. She dressed very stylishly; no one went beyond her in that; but in many things he could see that she remained countrified. Once on a very mild April evening, when they were passing through the Public Garden, she wished him to sit on a vacant seat they came to. All the others were occupied by young couples who sat with their arms around each other.

"No, no!" shuddered Lemuel, "I don't want people should take you for one of these servant-girls."

"Why, Lem, how proud you're getting!" she cried with easy acquiescence. "You're awfully stuck up! Well, then, you've got to take a horse-car; I can't walk any further."

XIX.

LEMUEL had found out about the art-students from Berry. He said they were no relation to each other, and had not even been acquainted before they met at the art-school; he had first met them at the St. Albans. Miss Swan was from the western part of the State, and Miss Carver from down Plymouth way. The latter took pupils, and sometimes gave lessons at their houses; she was, to Berry's thinking, not half the genius and not half the duck that Miss Swan was, though she was a duck in her way too. Miss Swan, as nearly as he could explain, was studying art for the fun of it, or the excitement, for she was well enough off; her father was a lawyer out there, and Berry believed that a rising son-in-law in his own profession would be just the thing for the old man's declining years. He said he should not be very particular about settling down to practice at once; if his wife wanted to go to Europe awhile, and kind of tenderfoot it round for a year or two in the art-centers over there, he would let the old man run the business a little longer; sometimes it did an old man good. There was no hurry; Berry's own father was not excited about his going to work right away; he had the money to run Berry and a wife too, if it came to that; Miss Swan understood that. He had not told her so in just so many words, but he had let her know that Alonzo W. Berry, Senior, was not borrowing money at two per cent. a month any more. He said he did not care to make much of a blow about that part of it till he was ready to act, and he was not going to act till he had a dead-sure thing of it; he was having a very good time as it went along, and he guessed Miss Swan was too; no use to hurry a girl, when she was on the right track.

Berry invented these axioms apparently to put himself in heart; in the abstract he was already courageous enough. He said that these Eastern girls were not used to having any sort of attention; that there was only about a tenth or fifteenth of a fellow to every

girl, and that it tickled one of them to death to have a whole man around. He was not meanly exultant at their destitution. He said he just wished one of these pretty Boston girls — nice, well dressed, cultured, and brought up to be snubbed and neglected by the tenths and fifteenths of men they had at home — could be let loose in the West, and have a regular round-up of fellows. Or no, he would like to have about five thousand fellows from out there, that never expected a woman to look at them, unloaded in Boston, and see them open their eyes. "Wouldn't one of 'em get home alive, if kindness could kill 'em. I never saw such a place! I can't get used to it! It makes me tired. *Any* sort of fellow could get married in Boston!"

Berry made no attempt to reconcile his uncertainty as to his own chances with this general theory, but he urged it to prove that Miss Swan and Miss Carver would like to have Lemuel call; he said they had both said they wished they could paint him. He had himself sustained various characters in costume for them, and one night he pretended that they had sent him down for Lemuel to help out with a certain group. But they received him with a sort of blankness which convinced him that Berry had exceeded his authority; there was a helplessness at first, and then an indignant determination to save him from a false position even at their own cost, which Lemuel felt rather than saw. Miss Carver was foremost in his rescue; she devoted herself to this, and left Miss Swan to punish Berry, who conveyed from time to time his sense that he was "getting it," by a wink to Lemuel.

An observer with more social light might have been more puzzled to account for Berry's toleration by these girls, who apparently associated with him on equal terms. Since he was not a servant, he *was* their equal in Lemuel's eyes; perhaps his acceptance might otherwise be explained by the fact that he was very amusing, chivalrously harmless, and extremely kind-hearted and useful to them. One must not leave out of the reckoning his open devotion for Miss Swan, which in itself would do much to approve him to her, and commend him to Miss Carver, if she were a generous girl, and very fond of her friend. It is certain that they did tolerate Berry, who made them laugh even that night in spite of themselves, till Miss Swan said, "Well, what's the use?" and stopped trying to discipline him. After that they had a very sociable evening, though Lemuel kept his distance, and would not let them include him, knowing what the two girls really thought of him. He would not take part in Berry's buffooneries, but talked soberly and rather austerely with Miss Carver; and to show that he did not feel himself an inferior, whatever she might think, he was very sarcastic about some of the city ways and customs they spoke of. There were a good many books about — novels mostly, but not the kind Statira used to read, and poems; Miss Carver said she liked to take them up when she was nervous from her work; and if the weather was bad, and she could not get out for a walk, a book seemed to do her almost as much good. Nearly all the pictures about in the room seemed to be Miss Swan's; in fact, when Lemuel asked about them, and tried to praise them in such a way as not to show his ignorance, Miss Carver said she did very little in color; her lessons were all in black and white. He would not let her see that he did not know what this was, but he was ashamed, and he determined to find out; he determined to get a drawing-book, and learn something about it himself. To his thinking, the room was pretty harum-scarum. There were shawls hung upon the walls, and rugs, and pieces of cloth, which sometimes had half-finished paintings fastened to them; there were paintings standing round the room on the floor, sometimes right side out, and sometimes faced to the walls; there were two or three fleeces and fox-pelts scattered about instead of a carpet; and there were two easels, and stands with paints all twisted up in lead tubes on them. He compared the room with Statira's, and did not think much of it at first.

Afterwards it did not seem so bad; he began to feel its picturesqueness, for he went there again, and let the girls sketch him. When Miss Swan asked him that night if he would let them he wished to refuse; but she seemed so modest about it, and made it such a great favor on his part, that he consented; she said she merely wished to make a little sketch in color, and Miss Carver a little study of his head in black and white; and he imagined it a trifling affair that could be dispatched in a single night. They decided to treat his head as a Young Roman head; and at the end of a long sitting, beguiled with talk and with thoughtful voluntaries from Berry on his banjo, he found that Miss Carver had rubbed her study nearly all out with a piece of bread, and Miss Swan said she should want to try a perfectly new sketch with the shoulders draped; the coat had confused her; she would not let any one see what she had done, though Berry tried to make her let him.

Lemuel looked a little blank when she asked him for another sitting; but Berry said, "Oh, you'll have to come, Barker. Penalty of greatness, you know. Have you in Williams & Everett's window; notices in all the

papers. 'The exquisite studies, by Miss Swan and Miss Carver, of the head of the gentlemanly and accommodating clerk of the St. Albans, as a Roman Youth.' Chromoed as a Christmas card by Prang, and photograph copies everywhere. You're all right, Barker."

One night Miss Swan said, in rapture with some momentary success, "Oh, I'm perfectly in love with this head!"

Berry looked up from his banjo, which he ceased to strum. "Hello, hello, hel-*lo!*"

Then the two broke into a laugh, in which Lemuel helplessly joined.

"What — what is it?" asked Miss Carver, looking up absently from her work.

"Nothing; just a little outburst of passion from our young friend here," said Berry, nodding his head toward Miss Swan.

"What does it mean, Mad?" asked Miss Carver in the same dreamy way, continuing her work.

"Yes, Madeline," said Berry, "explain yourself."

"Mr. Berry!" cried Miss Swan, warningly.

"That's me; Alonzo W., Jr. Go on!"

"You forget yourself," said the girl with imperfect severity.

"Well, you forgot me first," said Berry with affected injury. "Ain't it hard enough to sit here night after night, strumming on the old banjo, while another fellow is going down to posterity as a Roman Youth with a red shawl round his neck, without having to hear people say they're in love with that head of his?"

Miss Carver now stopped her work, and looked from her friend, with her head bowed in laughter on the back of her hand, to that of Berry bent in burlesque reproach upon her, and then at Lemuel, who was trying to control himself.

"But I can tell you what, Miss Swan; you spoke too late, as the man said when he swallowed the chicken in the fresh egg. Mr. Barker has a previous engagement. That so, Barker?"

Lemuel turned fire-red, and looked round at Miss Carver, who met his glance with her clear gaze. She turned presently to make some comment on Miss Swan's sketch, and then, after working a little while longer, she said she was tired, and was going to make some tea.

The girls both pressed Lemuel to stay for a cup, but he would not; and Berry followed him downstairs to explain and apologize.

"It's all right," said Lemuel. "What difference would it make to them whether I was engaged or not?"

"Well, I suppose as a general rule a girl would rather a fellow wasn't," philosophized Berry. He whistled ruefully, and Lemuel drawing a book toward him in continued silence, he rose from the seat he had taken on the desk in the little office, and said, "Well, I guess it'll all come out right. Come to think of it, *I* don't know anything about your affairs, and I can tell 'em so."

"Oh, it don't matter."

He had pulled the book toward him as if he were going to read, but he could not read; his head was in a whirl. After a first frenzy of resentment against Berry, he was now angry at himself for having been so embarrassed. He thought of a retort that would have passed it all off lightly; then he reflected again that it was of no consequence to these young ladies whether he was engaged or not, and at any rate it was nobody's business but his own. Of course he was engaged to Statira, but he had hardly thought of it in that way. 'Manda Grier had joked about the time when she supposed she should have to keep old maid's hall alone; when she first did this Lemuel thought it delightful, but afterwards he did not like it so much; it began to annoy him that 'Manda Grier should mix herself up so much with Statira and himself. He believed that Statira would be different, would be more like other ladies (he generalized it in this way, but he meant Miss Swan and Miss Carver), if she had not 'Manda Grier there all the time to keep her back. He convinced himself that if it were not for 'Manda Grier, he should have had no trouble in telling Statira that the art-students were sketching him; and that he had not done so yet because he hated to have 'Manda ask her so much about them, and call them that Swan girl and that Carver girl, as she would be sure to do, and clip away the whole evening with her questions and her guesses. It was now nearly a fortnight since the sketching began, and he had let one Sunday night pass without mentioning it. He could not let another pass, and he knew 'Manda Grier would say they were a good while about it, and would show her ignorance, and put Statira up to asking all sorts of things. He could not bear to think of it, and he let the next Sunday night pass without saying anything to Statira. The sittings continued; but before the third Sunday came Miss Swan said she did not see how she could do anything more to her sketch, and Miss Carver had already completed her study. They criticised each other's work with freedom and good humor, and agreed that the next thing was to paint it out and rub it out.

"No," said Berry; "what you want is a fresh eye on it. I've worried over it as much as you have,—suffered more, I believe,—and Barker can't tell whether he looks like a Roman Youth or not. Why don't you have up old Evans?"

Miss Swan took no apparent notice of this

suggestion; and Miss Carver, who left Berry's snubbing entirely to her, said nothing. After a minute's study of the pictures, Miss Swan suggested, "If Mr. Barker had any friends he would like to show them to?"

"Oh, no, thank you," returned Lemuel hastily, "there isn't anybody," and again he found himself turning very red.

"Well, I don't know how we can thank you enough for your patience, Mr. Barker," said the girl.

"Oh, don't mention it. I've — I've enjoyed it," said Lemuel.

"Game — every time," said Berry; and their evening broke up with a laugh.

The next morning Lemuel stopped Miss Swan at the door of the breakfast-room, and said, "I've been thinking over what you said last night, and I *should* like to bring some one — a lady friend of mine — to see the pictures."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Barker. Any time. Some evening?" she suggested.

"Should you mind it if I came to-morrow night?" he asked; and he thought it right to remind her, "It's Sunday night."

"Oh, not at all! To-morrow night, by all means! We shall both be at home, and very glad to see you." She hurried after Miss Carver, loitering on her way to their table, and Lemuel saw them put their heads together, as if they were whispering. He knew they were whispering about him, but they did not laugh; probably they kept themselves from laughing. In coming out from breakfast, Miss Swan said, "I hope your friend isn't *very* critical, Mr. Barker?" and he answered confusedly, "Oh, not at all, thank you." But he said to himself that he did not care whether she was trying to make fun of him or not he knew what he had made up his mind to do.

Statira did not seem to care much about going to see the pictures, when he proposed it to her the next evening. She asked why he had been keeping it such a great secret, and he could not pretend, as he had once thought he could, that he was keeping it as a surprise for her. "Should *you* like to see 'em, 'Manda?" she asked with languid indifference.

"I d' know as I care much about Lem's picture, s' long 's we've got *him* around," 'Manda Grier whipped out, "but I *should* like t' see those celebrated girls 't we 've heard s' much about."

"Well," said Statira carelessly, and they went into the next room to put on their wraps. Lemuel, vexed to have 'Manda Grier made one of the party, and helpless to prevent her going, walked up and down, wondering what he should say when he arrived with this unexpected guest.

But Miss Swan received both of the girls very politely, and chatted with 'Manda Grier, whose conversation, in defiance of any sense of superiority that the Swan girl or the Carver girl might feel, was a succession of laconic snaps, sometimes witty, but mostly rude and contradictory.

Miss Carver made tea, and served it in some pretty cups which Lemuel hoped Statira might admire, but she took it without noticing, and in talking with Miss Carver she drawled, and said "N-y-e-e-e-s," and "I don't know as I d-o-o-o," and "Well, I should think as m-u-u-ch," with a prolongation of all the final syllables in her sentences which he had not observed in her before, and which she must have borrowed for the occasion for the gentility of the effect. She tried to refer everything to him, and she and 'Manda Grier talked together as much as they could, and when the others spoke of him as Mr. Barker, they called him Lem. They did not look at anything, or do anything to betray that they found the studio, on which Lemuel had once expatiated to them, different from other rooms.

At last Miss Swan abruptly brought out the studies of Lemuel's head, and put them in a good light; 'Manda Grier and Statira got into the wrong place to see them.

'Manda blurted out, "Well, he looks 's if he'd had a fit of sickness in *that* one"; and perhaps, in fact, Miss Carver had refined too much upon a delicate ideal of Lemuel's looks.

"So he d-o-o-es!" drawled Statira. "And how funny he looks with that red thing o-o-o-n!"

Miss Swan explained that she had thrown that in for the color, and that they had been fancying him in the character of a young Roman.

"You think he's got a Roman n-o-o-se?" asked Statira through her own.

"I think Lem's got a kind of a pug, m'self," said 'Manda Grier.

"Well, 'Manda Grier!" said Statira.

Lemuel could not look at Miss Carver, whom he knew to be gazing at the two girls from the little distance to which she had withdrawn; Miss Swan was biting her lip.

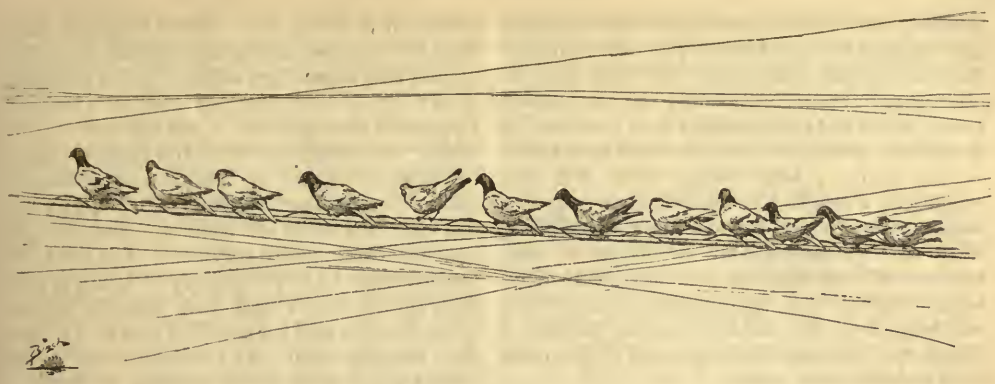
"So that's the celebrated St. Alban's, is it?" said 'Manda Grier, when they got in the street. "Don't know's I really ever expected to see the inside 'f it. You notice the kind of oil-cloth they had on that upper entry, S'tira?"

They did not mention Lemuel's pictures, or the artists; and he scarcely spoke on the way home.

When they parted, Statira broke out crying and would not let him kiss her.

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.



HOMING PIGEONS.

THE homing pigeon of England and America is the *voyageur* of France and Belgium, the *brieftauben* of Germany, and the carrier of the misinformed. But, whatever the name, the application has reference to the love of home and the impulse and ability to return to it. This love and impulse is not peculiar to the pigeon, nor is it possessed by all members of its family, but the pigeon alone of the birds of the air has submitted to the control of man and is to be trusted with its liberty, and in it alone have these qualities been fostered and developed.

That these qualities have always existed in certain varieties is beyond question, since it is upon record that man has recognized their value and subjected them to his use almost from the beginning, in making the pigeon his message-bearer in connection with some of the most important events the world has ever known.

The use of these traversers of space as couriers to beleaguered Paris in the Franco-German war was a case of history repeating itself, but coming within our own day it is to us a fact, not story, and has the force of an experience. The relief these couriers brought to the enforced silence and seclusion of the siege cannot be overestimated, but it stands for less in the world's great account than the revelation there was of the opportunities the use of the bird afforded, and which the powers of the continent were not slow to recognize, as evidenced in the immediate addition of pigeons to the military equipment.

When the siege began, there seemed to be no chance to receive a word from beyond the walls while the investment lasted, and hope of it was abandoned. But to get word to the anxious world outside seemed possible, and a balloon service was ventured upon. The anxiety as to the fate of the first aëronaut and his precious cargo led to the suggestion that pigeons might be sent along to bring word of the result to the waiting city. This was acted upon, and when birds carried away in the second balloon sent out at eleven o'clock in the morning returned at five in the afternoon, announcing the safe descent and the forwarding of the letters and dispatches, the way was at once opened to a broader use. The birds of the third balloon were sent to the authorities at Tours, the seat of the Government, with instructions to use them as official messengers. Each flight of the birds was made with increased efficiency, and within a month of their first employment the service of "its courier pigeons" was thrown open to the public by the administration of telegraphs and posts. The extent of the service rendered may be conceived when it is known that one hundred and fifty thousand official dispatches and over a million private messages were carried over the heads of the besieging Germans into Paris. It was as Pliny said of the siege of Modena, "Of what use were all the efforts of the enemy when Brutus had his couriers in the air."

Of the sixty-four balloons sent out, two were lost, five were captured by the Prussians, and one was carried by a storm into Norway. All others descended upon friendly territory. Three hundred and sixty-three birds in all were taken from Paris, but, although the birds seventy-three times escaped the hawks and guns of the Germans and returned with messages, the work was done by fifty-seven, as several made the journey more than once. One bird known as the "Angel of the Siege" made the journey six times. One pigeon caught was sent by the Prince Frederick Charles to his mother, as a prisoner of war. After four years of confinement in the royal lofts, the little French bird took advantage of an opportunity to escape and returned to its old home.

The messages were at first written upon one side of the paper. This was folded and covered with wax, then bound to a feather of the tail. They were next photographed, to reduce

the size, and to insure correctness in the copies sent by the several birds. The next change was first to set the matter in type, and to photograph upon both sides of the paper. Later, when the Government was removed to Bordeaux, a thin film of collodion was taken as the surface, and though only one side was used, a single film contained twenty-five messages, and a bird could carry a dozen films. With the photographed messages a new method of transmission was adopted; they were inserted in a section of a quill, which was bound to the tail-feathers by passing a silken cord through holes pierced in the ends by a red-hot steel point.

The military lofts of Germany are the most complete in every particular ever known. No expense is spared in their maintenance, in the selection of stock, and in experiment and contrivance to render the service of greatest value in time of need. The plant consists of flights at each military center, and the training is in using the birds for every conceivable emergency. The Government further essays to engage outside coöperation by the encouragement of pigeon-flying as a national sport. The method of sending the message said to be best approved by Herr Lenzen, the director, is to place it, reduced by microphotography, in the quill of a loose tail-feather of the color of the bird that is to carry it. This, fastened among the tail-feathers, is practically invisible to the unassisted or inexperienced eye. The pigeon-lofts of France are rapidly approaching German proportions, and expedient follows experiment in forestalling situations which might arise for the actual use of the birds. One curious experiment to insure communication between two invested cities or fortresses is worthy of the age. Young birds are taken from the nursery to the loft of one station and detained until they know the place as home. They are then removed to another to remain until they also feel familiar with it. They are finally taught to look to the one for food and to the other for water, thus causing them to journey from one to the other to satisfy the demands for existence, and giving them a double course over which they can be depended on to travel at such times as food is furnished at one loft and water at the other.

In England the homing pigeon is used to good purpose as message-bearer, but it is in individual service. Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier, General F. C. Hazzard, and Captain H. T. A. Allatt have been persistent in their efforts to induce the Government to adopt it as an adjunct to the national defense; but, while in all probability the bird will in time be added to the colonial service, it is doubtful if it has extended use at home. "God help old England in the day she must depend upon the pigeon as a messenger of war," is the comment of Mr. John W. Logan, of Market Harboro, England's best fancier. "My experience," he adds, "has taught me that the pigeon cannot be depended upon as a means of communication in our foggy climate. On a foggy day the very best birds are useless." Still, the pigeon has done good service in the past. Its employment to-day is mainly to bring reports from off the water and from isolated or outlying districts and for sporting news. The saddest message that was probably ever carried was to an English father waiting at home to time the birds his little son, a lad of twelve, had taken away by train to liberate. The birds were late, but when they came they all bore messages saying the little owner had been killed by an accident to the train, and as there were no identifying marks they had hoped to communicate with the relatives in this way. None knew the boy, except that he was a passenger on each half-holiday to fly his pigeons.

In 1882 Major-General Hazen, of the Signal Service, and Major J. C. Breckinridge, of the Department of the Pacific, gave the subject of the use of pigeons in our own country serious consideration,— the one for conveying warnings from the signal stations to isolated or distant centers; the other for communicating between stations in the West, and in Indian warfare. The result was a "Memoir on the Use of the Homing Pigeon," published by the authority of the Secretary of War, and issued at about the same time from Washington and the Presidio, San Francisco.

The comment of Lieutenant Birkhimer, author of the signal service edition, upon the information furnished him by pigeon-fanciers was, "It is extremely doubtful if the use of the birds of even the best breeds would compensate for the trouble of caring for and training them." This was indeed hard lines for those who held to the belief that their birds were capable of anything, and that the world knew them to be so; and one of the faithful, Mr. E. H. Conover, of Keyport, N. J., at once engaged to show that his young birds, at least, had "endurance for more than 150 miles before October of the year in which they were hatched," and needed no such coddling as the paltry five-mile jumps with a rest between; and, for full assurance, took the course from the south-west, and asked the favor of the start from Washington of the Chief Signal Officer.

All of the birds engaged but one were less than five months old at the time of the first journey, and although they had been flown

around home, none had been over sixty miles away when the trial began. This was August 15th, and from Elkton, Md., one hundred miles. From this every bird returned, and in good time. The next journey was on the 19th, from Havre de Grace, seventeen miles beyond. Liberated at 7:06 A. M. by Mr. R. Seneca, all returned at about the same time, the first entering the loft at 10:21½ A. M. The next Friday the birds were sent to Washington, thus giving them over sixty miles of unknown country to cover before arriving at their last station. The start was at 5:28 A. M., and the first return, four birds together, at 10:49 A. M. Seven of the nine had entered the loft six minutes later. The returns were reported by message-bird to New York, where the report was made up, and the best speed reported to Washington by wire by noon; and to Keyport, twenty miles distant, by bird arriving before 12:45 P. M. Again all returned. The next journey was from Lynchburg, Va., three hundred and thirty-eight miles from Keyport, and with a hundred and fifty-five miles of strange country. The start was at 6:10 A. M. September 1st, by Sergeant John Healy. The first return was the Conover "Baby Mine" at 6:01 P. M., the first to return in any young bird season from over two hundred and fifty miles within the limits of the day of the start. The second return was at about seven o'clock the next morning. None of the Keyport birds were lost in these journeys.

In our country of magnificent distances and tardy messengers, pigeons are more largely employed as couriers than is generally known, inasmuch as the service is mainly for individual convenience. Very many business men in cities communicate with home in the suburbs by pigeon-post, or use the birds between office and factory. Farmers use them as messengers through the neighborhood, and from the post-office and the town. Country physicians often have an apartment prepared for the birds in their conveyance, and carry their birds on their rounds as regularly as they carry their instruments and their bottles, using them to bring word later on from their patients, and to send word home when there is need. And even the New York brokers promise to follow the example of Mr. A. De Cordova, who says, "I use my birds to bring the reports from Wall street to me at Chetolah, my summer residence near North Branch." Mr. R. D. Hume of Fruit Vale, Cal., claims to use pigeons with complete success between his factories, some three hundred miles to the north. Years ago certain of the Wells-Fargo agents in the mountains of Nevada used pigeons to bring them the news from the nearest station the same day, that by regular means would not have reached them until the third following. There are many prominent business men and capitalists in the vicinity of New York to-day who owe their prosperity to the foundation laid years ago through advices conveyed by pigeons in advance of the mail by stage.

The use of pigeons by Mr. C. T. Arnoux as message-bearers, in the yacht races of last September, proves conclusively the value the birds might have as messengers from off the water. The purpose was the thought of the last moment, and when almost too late to make the necessary preparations. The arrangements were hasty and the material homed at several centers, some of them miles away from the center of use. Still, with all drawbacks, insufficiencies, and mistakes, it was evident to the most prejudiced that with birds trained for the work, and with the atmospheric conditions at all favorable, the birds would six times out of seven prove to be of the greatest value; and failing the seventh, we would be only where we are without them. The messages were each not less than ten pages of manifold note, and were carried upon the middle feathers of the tail, to which they were fastened by fine copper wire, wound about and pressed flat, to hold the message close to the feather. The editor of a newspaper served by these pigeons said, "It gives me a peculiar sensation to receive copy from the hand of one I know to be out of reach upon the water, and to feel that he may talk to me but I cannot answer back. It is a wonder to me after this experience that the officers of any vessel, excursion steamer, yacht, sail or tug boat should be willing to leave the shore without this means of communicating with it."

Very many of the merchant marine, especially in European waters, have pigeons on board for use in communicating with the vessel from the small boats away from it or from shore. These birds, it is said, never mistake another vessel for their own when at dock or in the harbor. It has been remarked of several flights that the birds in exercising, when far out of sight of land, will go away for hours at a time, and upon their return will have dried mud on their feet and legs, showing them to have been upon shore.

Mr. A. P. Baldwin experimented with pigeons for sea service twice in 1885, and to his satisfaction. One bird liberated by Officer Croom of the *Waesland* at one o'clock in the afternoon, when three hundred and fifteen miles from Sandy Hook, was in the loft at evening. Another let go from the *Circassia* at nine in the morning, when two hundred and fifty-five miles out, brought a message before evening.

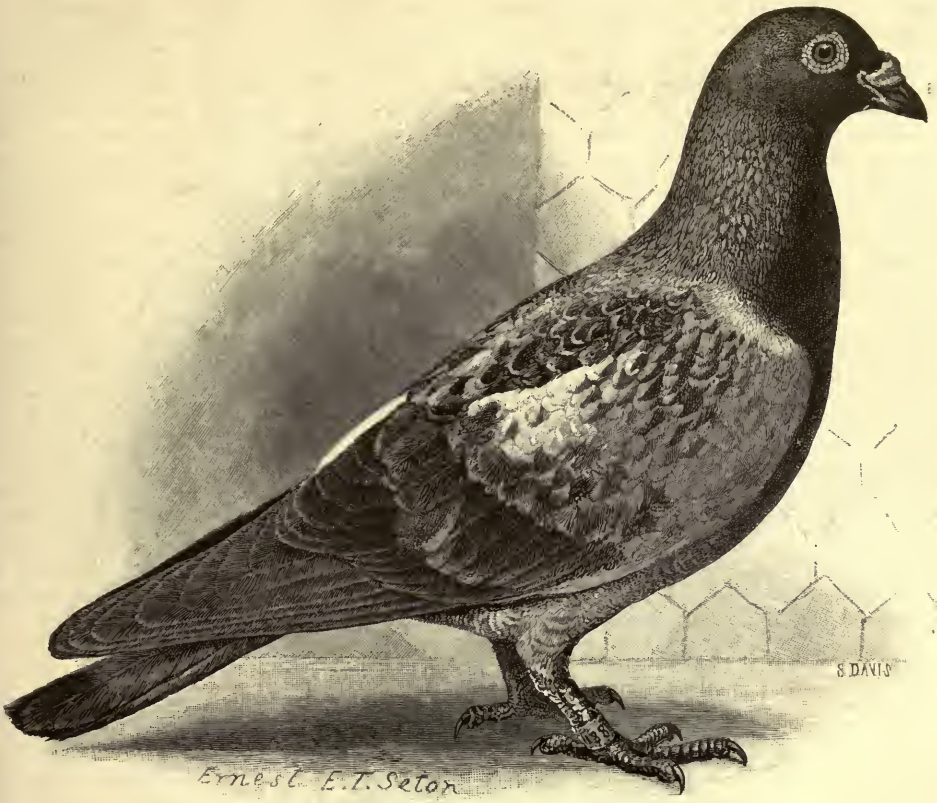
MAP SHOWING THE SEVERAL AIR-LINE ROUTES FROM THE WEST AND SOUTH-WEST.

Place of Departure.	*Place of Arrival.*	*Distance.*	*Name of Bird.*	*Remarks.*
From Stratford, Ont.	to Boston, Mass.	510 miles.	Darby	Mentioned.
" Kansas City,	" Cleveland, O.	704 "	Phil. Sheridan	"
" Indianapolis,	" Jersey City	630 "	Garfield	"
" Columbus, O.	" Newark	464 "	Columbus I. II. and The Devil	"
" Steubenville, O.	" "	334 "	Albright	Portrait.
" Cresson, Pa.	" New York	243 "	The Nun	Mentioned.
" Lynchburg, Va.	" Keyport	338 "	Baby Mine	Portrait in May, head in July.
" " "	" Northampton	505 "	Lady Florence	Mentioned.
" Washington, D. C.	" Brooklyn	203 "	Little Jim	Portrait.
" White Plains, N. Y.	" Utica	153 "	The Scamp	Mentioned.
" " "	" Northampton	108 "	"	
" Utica, "	" "	138 "	"	
" Morgantown, N. C.	" Newark	535 "	Arnoux	Portrait.
" Greensboro, "	" Philadelphia	365 "	Lady Greensboro	"
" Pensacola, Fla.	" "	935 "	Red Whizzer	"
" " "	" Newark	1010 "	Arnoux	"
" Abingdon, Va.	" Brooklyn	508 "	Ned Damon	"
" Liberty, "	" Keyport	358 "	Steve	Mentioned.
" Bristol, Tenn.	" Newark	513 "	Arnoux	"
" Craigsville, Va.	" Fall River, Mass.	505 "	Hermit	Portrait.
" Jonesboro, Tenn.	" " "	705 "	Gladiateur	Mentioned.
" Charlotte, N. C.	" Keyport, N. J	500 "	Pegram	"
" Atlanta, Ga.	" " "	725 "	Atlanta	"
" Montgomery, Ala.	" Fall River	1040 "	Alabama	Portrait.
" New Orleans, La.	" Brooklyn	1150 "	—— Tried for	To show course taken by birds as proven by birds being caught, and course air-line to home.
" Boutte, "	" Keyport	1154 "	—— "	
" " "	" Newark	1167 "	—— "	
" Key West, Fla.	" New York	1240 "	Venture for July, 1886	
" Jacksonville, Fla.	" Key West	410 "	Message service for daily press	
" Tampa, "	" "	245 "		

The line drawn from station to station along the coast is the course that will be taken for the distance journeys of this year, except for birds that drop to the south from Charlotte, N. C., when the next station will be Savannah, Ga.

The sport of pigeon-flying is at its best in its methods and magnitude in Belgium, where it is the national pastime. There it is said that one-fifth of the entire population are active fanciers, while the majority of the buildings have the dormer window which tells of the pigeon-loft beneath the roof. The extent to which it is carried may be known when the birds of a single province sent into France to be liberated during the six months of the season of 1885 were over a million in number, and were carried out in eleven hundred and six cars. The birds are sent away in such numbers that special trains are made up for them. Sunday is race day, but until the races of the day are decided no other thought or occupation has place with the average Belgian.

The speed attained in short races to Belgian lofts is almost inconceivable, as the first re-



"ARNOUX." OWNED BY A. P. BALDWIN, ESQ., NEWARK, N. J.

turns in a few of the journeys from different distances in 1885 will serve to show:

Start from	*Home.*	*Distance.*	*Time out.*	*The mile in*
St. Quentin	Boussu	54½ miles	51 minutes	56 seconds
Albert	Schaerbeck	101½ "	99½ "	58.8 "
Noyon	Flenu	70½ "	65 "	55 "
Quiévrain	Antwerp	63 "	60 "	57 "
Arras	Antwerp	99½ "	80 "	48 "
Etampes	Louvain	215½ "	181 "	50.4 "

It was at Ixelles, one of the most enthusiastic centers of the sport, that a company of the militia were at drill early in the morning, to be free at the time the birds liberated in the races of the day should arrive. All was well until the cloud of the returning birds appeared on the horizon, when there was an instant of uneasiness; then, all was forgotten but the waiting lofts at home, and as if with one impulse the company broke ranks and rushed at full speed toward the town. The officer, with his back toward the approaching birds, was speechless with amazement until he saw the cause; then, knowing how it was for himself, he too joined in the pursuit, regardless of his accouterments. The morning press in comment hoped "if this should reach the ear of the authorities, they would recognize the exigency of the occasion and be lenient."

From St. Sebastian, Spain, to Liége, in 1862, was probably the most extraordinary journey ever made by homing pigeons. The distance was six hundred and fifteen miles, air-line; but one bird, at least, covered it the same day, as its marks were verified at the race-room before the doors were closed for the night. Fifteen others were shown early the next morning. It was not supposed to be possible for birds to cover such a distance within the limits of the day, and the lofts were

without watchers. It is often asked, if birds can make such distances in a day, why can they not return from a thousand miles the third day at farthest? The supposition is that the bird travels through the first day without rest, but the next morning finds itself fatigued and, it may be, stiff and sore from its night out-of-doors and away from its accustomed shelter. That it does not at once resume its journey, but waits until it is refreshed and again in condition. A return from an extreme distance is never travel-stained or wearied.

The sport in America is not fifteen years old, and even of this the first seasons were given to the short-distance sweepstake races, popular among a certain class of the English. The first incentive to distance-flying was in 1878, when one hundred dollars in gold was offered to the owner of the first bird to return from a station five hundred miles away. The first attempt to win this was made the same year from Columbus, Ohio, to New York, four hundred and seventy-five miles, but both birds started were lost. It was the next year in their haste to be first did not comply with the conditions, and the record made was lost. As a preliminary journey for the birds of New York and vicinity, they were sent to Steubenville, Ohio, three hundred and forty miles, and to the surprise of every one there were returns the day of liberating. The first bird home was "Francisco," owned by Mr. L. Waefelaer, Hoboken; time, eight hours eighteen minutes. Nearly a month later, when the entry was called for the Columbus race, six birds were offered, three from New York and three from Brooklyn. All six returned. The first to make the journey was "Boss," owned by Oscar Donner, Brooklyn, arriving before noon of the second day. This year the "Nun," owned by Mr. J. R. Husson, made the journey from Cresson, Pennsylvania, to New York, two hundred and forty-three miles, in two hundred and thirty-seven minutes,—the mile in about fifty-eight and a half seconds.

The effort from this time on was for a one-day journey from the Columbus distance, or "500 miles" as it was termed. The best returns through the several years were:

FROM THE WEST.

Name of bird.	*Owner.*	*Distance.*	*Time out.*	*Liberating station.*	*Date of journey.*
Easton	W. Verrinder, Jr. Jersey City	473 miles.	26 h. 50 m.	Columbus, O.	July, 1880
Topeto	H. Rover, Brooklyn	475 "	50 h.	Columbus, O.	Aug., 1881
C. A. Arthur	W. Bennert, Newark	464 "	28 h. 13 m.	Columbus, O.	July, 1882
Columbus I., II.	F. Whiteley, Newark	464 "	13 h. 42 m.	Columbus, O.	July, 1883
The Devil	A. P. Baldwin, Newark	464 "	14 h. 10 m.	Columbus, O.	July, 1883
Darby	G. Darby, Boston, Mass.	510 "	27 h.	Stratford, Ont.	July, 1883
No. 121	W. Bennert, Newark	464 "	26 h.	Columbus, O	July, 1884

FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

Name of bird.	*Owner.*	*Distance.*	*Time out.*	*Liberating station.*	*Date of journey.*
Lady Florence. Posenaer	E. O. Damon, Northampton.	506 miles.	23 h. 46 m.	Lynchburg, Va	July, 1883
Pegram	S. G. Lambertson, Keyport, N. J.	500 "	25 h. 02 m.	Charlotte, N. C.	June, 1884
Hermit	S. Hunt, Fall River, Mass.	500 "	28 h. 02 m.	Craigsville, Va.	June, 1884
Ned Damon	T. F. Goldman, Brooklyn	508 "	14 h. 25 m.	Abingdon, Va	June, 1885
Red Whizzer	R. L. Hayes, Philadelphia	500 "	Third day.	Spartanburg, N.C.	June, 1885

that the real competition began. Philadelphia birds were first to be started, but their owners

The records for distance journeys made by American birds are:

Name of bird.	*Owner.*	*Liberated from*	*Distance.*	*Time out.*	*Date.*
Garfield	W. Verrinder, Jersey City	Indianapolis	630 miles.	20 days.	1880
Gen'l Sheridan	J. C. Decumbe, Cleveland, O.	Kansas City	704 "	52 "	1882
Gladiateur	E. H. Conover, Keyport, N. J.	Atlanta, Ga.	725 "	10 "	1883
Atlanta	Samuel Hunt, Fall River	Jonesboro, Tenn.	715 "	9 "	1883
Red Whizzer	R. L. Hayes, Philadelphia	Pensacola	935 "	12 "	1885
China Bill	C. R. Hensel, Philadelphia			19 "	1885
Arnoux	A. P. Baldwin, Newark	Pensacola	1010 "	26 "	1885
Alabama Montgomery	Samuel Hunt, Fall River	Montgomery, Ala	1040 "	20 "	1885
				39 "	1885

LIBERATING THE BIRDS.

The last-named distances were the greatest ever covered by a homing pigeon. The marvel for the performance is not that the birds should have returned from so many miles, but that they should have supported themselves by the way and yet have escaped the hawks and gunners.

The work of the bird Arnoux, mentioned above, during the season of 1885 was proof of what a good bird could accomplish. Its training journeys up to the first race amounted to about 150 miles. The races in which it engaged were 130, 196, 272, 372, and 535 miles; in all, 1655 miles. Sent later to 515 miles, and still later to 1010 miles, it made the record for the four months of 3180 miles. It was sent later still to fly from Boutte, La., but had not returned at the opening of the season for this year.

Other records than these which at the close of the season of 1885 remained to be beaten were :

Name of bird.	*Owner.*	*Distance.*	*Average speed.*	*Date of journey.*
Vanopital Sen	J. D. Abel, Baltimore	100 miles	1384 yards per min.	July, 1883.
No. Six.....	T. Cooper, Brooklyn	150 "	1451 " "	May, 1883.
Little Jim..	M. B. Maguire, Brooklyn.... .	205 "	1437 " "	May, 1885.
Albright	T. Bowerman, Irvington, N. J..	334 "	1464 " "	June, 1883.
Little May (young)	T. F. Goldman, Brooklyn.....	205 "	1494 " "	Aug., 1884.

"ALABAMA," 1040 MILES, SEPTEMBER, 1885. OWNED BY S. HUNT, ESQ., FALL RIVER, MASS.
"NED DAMON," 508 MILES THE DAY OF LIBERATING. OWNED BY T. F. GOLDMAN, ESQ., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

It was in 1882 that young birds were first sent to fly from over 250 miles. The best results of the many efforts made each year to cover a greater distance within the day of liberating have been:

Name of bird.	*Owner.*	*Distance.*	*Time out.*	*Liberated from*	*Date of journey.*
The Tormentor	F. Beard, Brooklyn	343 miles.	10 days.	Steubenville, O.	Oct. 1882.
Baby Mine	E. H. Conover, Keyport	338 "	12h. 1m.	Lynchburg, Va.	Sept. 1883.
Twilight	J. G. Ward, Keyport	338 "	25h. 7m.	Lynchburg, Va.	Aug. 1884.
Lady Greensboro.	J. McGauhey, Philadelphia	356 "	9h. 18m.	Greensboro, N. C.	Oct. 1885.

SQUEAKERS, TEN DAYS OLD. SQUEALERS, THREE WEEKS OLD. PEEPER, ONE DAY OLD.

The greatest distances to which young birds have been sent are:

Name of bird.	*Owner.*	*Liberated from*	*Distance.*	*Date of journey.*
Little Fritz.....	T. F. Goldman, Brooklyn	Charlotte, N. C..	520 miles.	Autumn of 1884.
Jay Gould.....	S. Von Moers, Brooklyn			
Lexington	J. McGauhey, Philadelphia....	Salisbury, N. C..	410 miles.	Autumn of 1885.

The journeys enumerated were not by any means the extent of the flying, but were those in which all were interested, and tend to show the progress made by American fanciers. There were, besides, club races to every center, home and home races engaging the birds of different cities, and journeys of venture.

Up to the nineteenth century varieties of the Eastern bird, the dragon, horseman, and bagadotten, were used as flyers by the English, while the Belgians found their purpose served by the bird breeding naturally in the cornices of the public buildings and the outbuildings of the farms. Facilities for transportation were limited, and distances to be traversed were in consequence equally so. Speed was

sufficient for the ends of competition, and speed was attained. Development of the power of *orientation* was not necessary, as the bird could see its home, or at least known objects, from the height to which it would naturally rise. In these early days the birds were carried to the starting-point in hampers strapped to the shoulders of a man, and whatever the distance, it was a long and weary time for both *convoyeur* and birds. Sometimes, when the entry was large and the distance excessive, a cage of many compartments was built upon a cart, and this, drawn by horse or dog or pushed by a man, traveled to its destination. When the first birds were sent to Paris, one hundred and fifty miles, it was thought a foolhardy enterprise; but when the first bird returned it was carried through the streets of the capital upon a wagon draped with the national colors, and preceded by musicians playing upon violins, while at the street corners salutes were fired. It was an ovation to a hero, but was no greater honor than was accorded to the first return in the seven hundred and fifty miles journey from Rome a few years later.

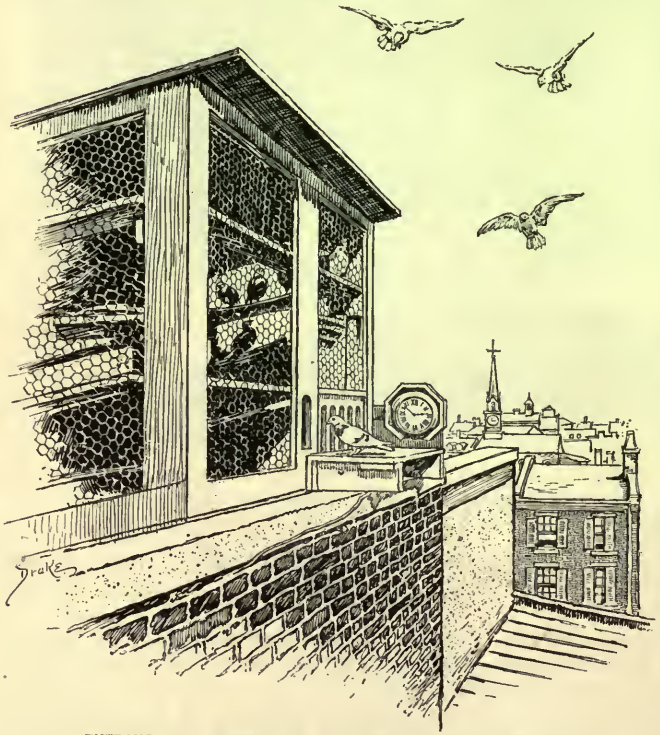
As facilities for transportation increased the distances were extended, and new elements were brought into the composition of the bird to meet the greater demands upon it.

PIGEON-LOFT ON THE ROOF OF THE RESIDENCE OF L. W. SPANGEHL, ESQ., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The homing pigeon has no points of color, and for form the one rule is the likeliest for homing purposes. The rule in breeding is to cross colors, and find in one the qualities the other lacks. The head may be long or short, round or flat, narrow or broad, but somewhere in it there must be brain-room.

Mr. J. R. Husson, an inquiring fancier, said:

"I thought this head business worth looking into; so, when a very good bird died, I sent him to a phrenologist, and in due time we had a small addition to a host of skulls, from the human down, and this much I learned. This little skull was shaped very much like the back of a human skull, and, unlike that of most animals and birds, was connected with the body at its base. I say like the back part of the human skull, for the brain of the homing pigeon is entirely in the back part of the head. Draw a line vertically through the eye, and we get the forward boundary of the brain. In the full forehead there is only bone. I say the brain is connected with the body at the base of the skull, as is man's. Now it is a fact that this is the connection of the most intelligent, whereas of the least so, be they birds or animals, the connection is at the back. Imagine a horizontal line backward through the eye, and we get the point of connection in the lowest species. The alligator, with head-capacity for a half-bushel of brains, has them all in an auger-hole running towards the nose and dwindling to a point. It is as we advance in the scale of intelligence that the spot of connection nears the base of the skull. Again, comparing this homer's skull with that of a common pigeon of the same size, we found at least one-fourth more brain-room in the homer, and the excess located more especially in the lower back portion."



ENTRANCE TO THE LOFT OF H. DIENELT, ESQ., PHILADELPHIA.

The bird, in dropping upon the alighting-board, makes a connection which exposes it and the face of the clock to a camera, and rings a bell in the office in another part of the building.

But wherever this brain is located, or whatever its quantity, its power must be evident

in the eye. It is the eye, first of all, that speaks to the experienced fancier. The white eye may mean the cumulet or the barb cross, but the latter will be easily determined by the shape of the skull, the eye-cere, and the build of the bird. If the cumulet, it means that the bird will fly high, have great endurance and wing-power. If the eye is dark, the head round, and the beak short and close-fitting, and the fully developed power of flight. When a bird returns from a severe journey, these muscles are swollen and rigid, their size being greatly increased beyond the ordinary.

The wing in its shape is largely a matter of choice. The short, small wing calls for more exercise of the muscles, hence is more easily tired. The texture of the web in some is coarse and parts easily, while in others one

INTERIOR OF COOP IN THE ARNOLD LOFT, NEW YORK CITY.

there will be a preponderance of the owl type; and whatever the cross, the result will be a persistent and intelligent home-seeker that will fly later at night than any other type. The red-eyed bird has the native Antwerp strong in its composition. If the eye is restless, and the pupil constantly dilates, it shows the bird to be far from inbred, but to be nervous and wiry, the result of the mingling of many bloods. If the eye is mild and beaming, there has been inbreeding, and not far away. But whatever the character or the color, the ball must extend beyond the line of the head, as shown in the bird "Albright," and be so placed that the bird has as good a view of what is behind as before it. When a bird returns from a journey over much new territory, this protrusion of the eyeball is greatly increased, showing to what great strain the powers of vision have been pushed.

The chest should be full and broad; breadth is especially essential, otherwise the wings will be too close together to have the muscles which give the fullness to the breast may cover the end of the finger with the feather without its breaking. When the feathers of the wing are in prime condition, the web of one, as it laps over another, almost adheres to it, and the quill and shaft are tough, not brittle. The bath-tub is an absolute necessity in the flying-loft, that plumage being in the best condition which is oftenest washed. A wing is made up of ten flight or primary feathers and ten secondaries. The moult is so gradual as never to interfere with the flight, one feather dropping at a time, and being almost replaced before another falls.

The tail of the pigeon acts as the rudder in a flight, and should be of good length. This length is increased by pulling out the feathers in the first year.

The legs of the homing pigeon are preferred free from feathers. Both legs and feet are red. An Arabic legend tells us that the bird with the olive-twig returned to the ark with red mud on its feet and legs, and this so enhanced its beauty that the good Noah, in his joy at once more beholding the soil,

HEAD OF "BABY MINE."

MESSAGE-BIRD "WHITE WINGS," FROM THE JUDGE'S BOAT IN THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACE TO THE FEDERATION LOFT.

RACE-MARKED FEATHERS, FROM "BABY MINE."

prayed that the legs of the courier-pigeon might always be red.

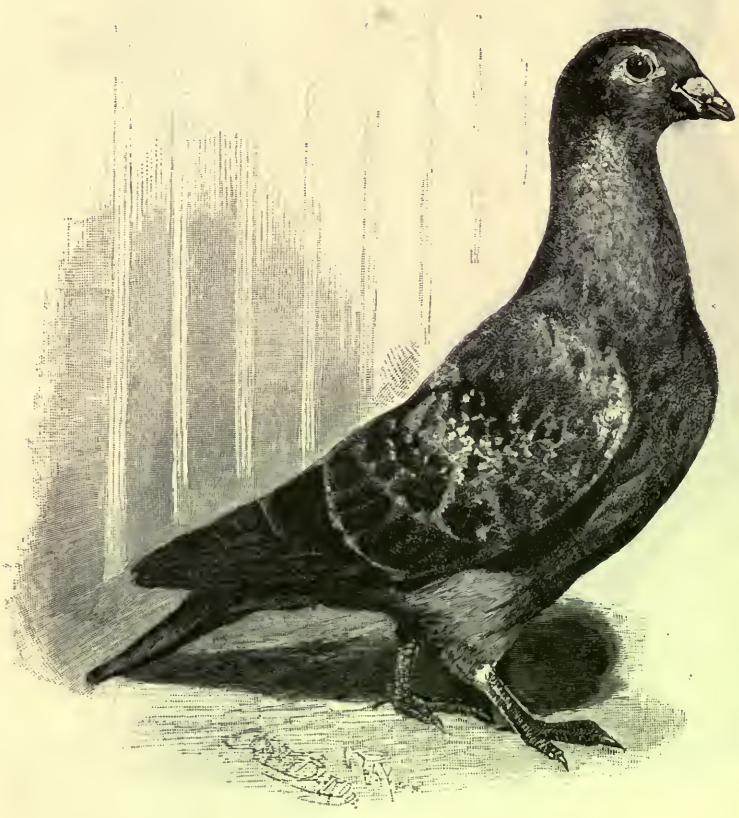
A peculiarity of the pigeon has been revealed by the mishaps of the homing pigeon that would not probably have been otherwise known. This is that the operations of digestion are stayed during flight. This was surmised, inasmuch as a bird even from an all-day journey did not show signs of hunger upon return, and equally true of the high-flying pigeons which remain for hours upon the wing, sometimes even from morning until night. To prove this, when birds were killed *en route*, as it sometimes happened, and were reported, in one instance after an all-day journey, their crops were examined and the contents were but slightly changed. As in each instance the food in the crop was the gray Canada pea, the peculiar small corn, and the hempseed that had been sent with the birds, and fed to them before the start, there could be no mistake. The habit of the wild bird would seem to demand some such provision. The "dove-house" resides in the city buildings, and the blue rock nests upon the cliffs, both far from their feeding-places in the fields. It is the habit of the family to feed the young with food carried in the crop and to be disgorged for them. Unless the operations of digestion were discontinued during the journey from field to young, it would seem difficult to provide the nourishment required for the squeaker or the squealer. Both Audubon and

"ALBRIGHT." OWNED BY T. W. BOWERMAN, ESQ., IRVINGTON, N. J.

Wilson base the speed of the American bird *Ectopistes migratoria* upon the sort and condition of the food found in the crop of specimens shot many hundred miles from the nearest source of such food. My inference from my experience with the homing pigeon would be that the condition was no test of the time which had elapsed since it had last eaten, but if unchanged or nearly so, that the flying had been continuous. This question is of much importance in pigeon-flying, since, if the food remains unchanged, the system has no need of it, and it is therefore useless to give the added weight of a full crop, to bear as it must upon the muscles of flight.

The color of the young homer is problematical, since the parents may represent many types. But whether it will be dark, light, or white may be guessed at by the quantity of down upon it. If dark, it will be well covered; if light, less so; if white, it will be naked. The youngster flies strong and well when ten weeks old, but four months is quite young enough to begin its training. The age is required for intellectual development rather than for increased wing-power. To start a loft, one must either purchase breeders and keep them prisoners, with a wired-in area for exercise, or youngsters just from the nest which may be given their liberty almost at once.

The pigeon matures so quickly it soon loses the nest-marks, and may be mistaken for an adult while still a youngster. A young-bird record is one made in the autumn of the year in which it is hatched. To keep out the autumn and December birds of the previous year, with their added months of experience, "young birds" must be marked either by seamless bands of brass upon the legs when in the nest, or by marks placed upon the wing-feathers when squealers. This marking must not begin before March of any year, and "the bird must squeal when stamped." The seamless bands are large enough for the leg of the adult bird, but cannot be slipped over the foot of a



"LADY GREENSBORO." OWNED BY J. McGAUKEY, ESQ., PHILADELPHIA.

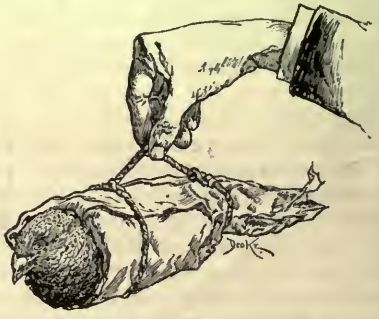
bird more than a week old. The mark upon these is changed each year, but the mark is not fixed upon for the year until after Christmas of the year previous.

The races of a series are generally six, beginning with seventy-five miles and closing with five hundred, with an interval of a week between all except the last, when there is a fortnight's delay. The journeys previous to the races are known as training stages, and are of five, ten, twenty, and forty miles, with a day or two between them. These are to teach the birds first to leave the basket and go home, next to give them confidence, and finally to insure the exercise necessary for condition. The really-in-earnest fancier, however, flies his birds almost continually about home. There is a basket just fitting under the seat of his conveyance or at the back of his business wagon; or he carries a pet bird to toss in his pocket or as a paper parcel. The training journeys for old birds are mainly for the exercise and to get them into condition for the hard work that lies before them.

In pigeon-flying no one's word is taken, but the rules governing the journeys demand disinterested management in every particular and the most complete proof. This is not because of the Talmud's assertion that "flyers of pigeons are liars," but in order to have the answer in unimpeachable evidence to every question that may arise. Everything pertaining to a race is in writing and attested.

The proof of the journey is in the private mark placed upon a feather of the bird's wing by a disinterested party, and that cannot, by the precautions that are taken, be known to any one interested in the result until seen on the bird's wing after liberating. This mark is shown in the combination following the name of the race station in the wing of a record bird. This wing is as that of the bird "Ned Damon" of Brooklyn appeared at the close of the season of 1885. It has not the mark of the first race of the series, from Philadelphia, eighty-one miles, the feather bearing this having been shed and replaced.

The countermarking and shipping is generally the second day previous to the race date. Before sending away, all baskets containing the birds are inspected, and after being sealed are delivered to the express. The liberators



BIRD TIED UP FOR REPORTER'S USE.

are always responsible gentlemen who are selected and instructed in their duties by a disinterested party. No identifying mark except the race secretary's name is permitted upon the feathers of a race bird; thus if caught *en route* the owner cannot be communicated with.

The "time" of return is not when the bird alights upon home property, but when it is secure beyond retreat in the loft. The entrance for the bird is by raising a pair of wires hung from staples at the top. These "bobs" swing in free, but falling against a ledge prevent the egress of the bird. The click of this "bob" after a bird as it enters the loft is the signal for "time." This time is taken by a referee at the loft. If the return is reported by telegram, the time given is that at which the message is delivered to the operator and which is included with the countermark in the message. From this time is deducted the allowance for reaching the office from the loft, to find the time of arrival. The competition in all one-day journeys is for average speed. This is obtained by dividing the air-line distance covered by each bird by its time of flying. As the bird does not, except in extreme cases, fly after sundown, this method does not apply to second-day journeys, when actual time out is taken instead.

There was formerly a rule in flying that a bird should not be liberated within a certain distance of a race station before the race; but it was found that birds made the best speed over unknown territory, and the repeated journey from a station was never in as good time as the first.

CATCHING-NET, TRAINING-BASKET, AND WATER-PAN.

HEAD OF "LITTLE JIM."

The attachment of the pigeon is not for mate or young, but for its home, its perch, and its nest-box. The homing pigeon is peculiarly possessed with the proprietary instinct and a dislike of change. The first place it selects in a loft it holds to the end. An owner knowing his loft can go in the dark and tell the bird he touches by its location. A bird absent for years takes its old place upon its return. But holding to its own to the death does not deter it from adding to its possessions. A lively young bird will sometimes defend his own peculiar belongings and at the same time attempt to occupy a line of perches and a tier of nest-boxes to the exclusion of others. It is a holiday in the loft when the king bird of it is sent away upon a journey, and his rival in possessing himself of his apartments leaves some other site free for another; but it is war when the owner returns, and however weary he may be he does not rest until the intruder is expelled and his belongings thrown out. A bird will accept a change of mate, will not grieve for loss of young or eggs, but it cannot be made to occupy new quarters so long as the old exist. It will submit to removal to another loft, and if when it "visits" the old home it is ill-treated it will return to the new home of its own accord, seeming to understand what is required of it; but the place that is its own in either it will not willingly yield to another. Birds have been known to be content in a new home, and yet to return to the old to dispute the possession of the old perch and box.

The much-discussed question of the homing of the pigeon, or, as the French term it,

"RED WHIZZER." OWNED BY R. L. HAYES, ESQ., PHILADELPHIA.

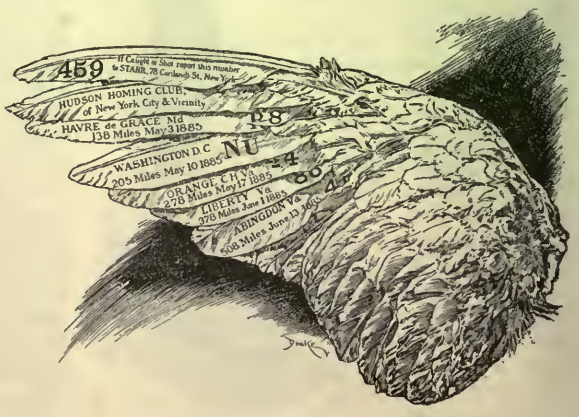
orientation, does not seem difficult to meet to one who has had much to do with the birds. There are, however, as many theories advanced as there are scientists who have studied it. One ascribes it to a sense of which we are not cognizant; as if the senses were six and man had knowledge of but five of them. Another finds a path for the birds in the magnetic currents of the atmosphere, another in its currents of heat and cold. Some rank the impulse with the instinct of the migratory bird, while others ascribe the performance to sight, and others again to luck and chance. The facts do not bear out any of these theories. The atmospheric currents may aid, but it is by their velocity and direction, not their temperature, and they hinder as often. The magnetic currents may affect, but it is in stimulating and intensifying, or, as they are adverse, in depressing. It is not instinct. Instinct is involuntary and unerring. Guided by instinct, the bird would not go astray, and the element of uncertainty upon which the sport depends would be lost. The homing pigeon not only errs, but shows indecision. Thus its action is voluntary and the result of a sort of reflection, and it is as the premises of which it takes cognizance are imperfect or false that its action is in error.

The sight of the homing pigeon is only limited by the dip of the horizon and the altitude at which it can sustain itself in the air. Its memory exceeds human understanding. Thus a bird will rise from a basket and be over a strange place only long enough to go away from it, but, if it feels itself to be lost, is injured, or is unable to proceed, it will return to the place of the start.

Eighteen Keyport birds liberated in Charlotte, N. C., in the spring of 1884, were kept in the upper room of a hotel while waiting for the time of the start. All left the roof together at five A. M. and went away out of sight towards the west, but soon returned, and after circling over the hotel took their direction towards the south. Again they returned, and after taking several wide circles over the city took an air-line course towards the north-east, going out of sight at half-past six o'clock, at great speed. A few minutes later six came back and settled upon the Masonic Temple, opposite the hotel. Three of these went away later in the day, but the other three returned through the open window to the room of the hotel in which they had been kept.

The little travelers were being watched for at Greensboro, nearly a hundred miles to the north; but when at half-past seven o'clock the twelve passed over, flying very high and with almost incredible swiftness, there was doubt expressed as to their identity, as the birds to be started numbered eighteen. The little travelers, to have been over that city at that time, must have traveled at the average speed of a mile and a half to the minute.

Another instance of intelligent although misdirected purpose will show another and not uncommon phase of the bird's character,


459
If Caught or Shot report this number to STARR, 78 Cortlandt St. New York
HUDSON HOMING CLUB
of New York City & Vicinity
HAVRE de GRACE Md
38 Miles May 31 1885
WASHINGTON D.C
205 Miles May 10 1885
ORANGE, C.H.
270 Miles May 17 1885
LIBERTY Va
370 Miles June 1885
ABINGDON Va
506 Miles June 13 1885

WING OF A RECORD BIRD.

if so we may term it. "The Scamp" was purchased by Mr. E. O. Damon, Northampton, Mass., from the loft of Judge Willard, Utica, N. Y., when a squealer. In due time it was put upon the road, and it returned regularly from all of the journeys up to that from White Plains, N. Y., one hundred and five miles south-west. While its owner was watching for it from this start, he received a telegram advising him of its presence in Utica, one hundred and fifty-three miles north-west of White Plains. The bird, sent home by express, was kept a prisoner until it was thought to have forgotten its escapade, and when liberated was seemingly the most contented bird of the flight. One morning, however, he breakfasted in Northampton, then persuaded his mate to fly with him to Utica, one hundred and thirty-eight miles away, where they were found at noon. They had taken possession of the nest-box in which "The Scamp" was hatched, after dislodging its occupants and wrecking their belongings, and had settled themselves in it for housekeeping.

My long experience with the homing pigeon in its vagaries and its methods leads me to rank its performance as the highest act of which an animal is capable, and to believe that it is not to be ascribed to the blind guidance of instinct or intuition, but that the bird is entirely dependent upon its intelligence; that its superior organization of brain permits some sort of mental direction to its actions of which others of the animal creation are not capable; that it is by its keen sight and wonderful memory, directed by its intelligence and poised by perfect physical condition, that it answers to the demand of the governing impulse of its nature — the love of home.

E. S. Starr.

SONGS AGAINST DEATH.

DEATH lieth still in the way of life
Like as a stone in the way of a brook;
I will sing against thee, Death, as the brook does,
I will make thee into music which does not die.

As the woodpecker taps in a spiral quest
From the root to the top of the tree,
Then flies to another tree,
So have I bored into life to find what lay therein,
And now it is time to die,
And I will fly to another tree.

Look out, Death: I am coming.
Art thou not glad? what talks we'll have.
What memories of old battles.
Come, bring the bowl, Death; I am thirsty.

1886.

He passed behind the disk of death,
But yet no occultation knew.
Nay, all more bright therethrough,
As through a jet-black foil and frame
Outshone his silver fame.

Leap through the Mystery of death as the circus-rider leaps through the papered hoop . . will we find Life ambling along beneath us on the Other Side?

TO J. D. H.

(Killed at Surrey C. H., October, 1866.)

. . . . . .

DEAR friend, forgive a wild lament
Insanely following thy flight.
I would not cumber thine ascent
Nor drag thee back into the night;

But the great sea-winds sigh with me,
The fair-faced stars seem wrinkled, old,
And I would that I might lie with thee
There in the grave so cold, so cold!

Grave walls are thick, I cannot see thee,
And the round skies are far and steep;
A-wild to quaff some cup of Lethe,
Pain is proud and scorns to weep.

My heart breaks if it cling about thee,
And still breaks, if far from thine.
O drear, drear death, to live without thee,
O sad life — to keep thee mine.

. . . . . .

1866. *Sidney Lanier.*

TWO RUNAWAYS.

I.

I HAVE little doubt but many people in Middle Georgia yet remember Crawford Worthington, who, in ante-bellum days, kept open house in Baldwin County. Major Worthington, as he was called, because of some fancied aid he had extended to his country during the difficulty with Mexico, was not a type, unless to be one of many singular characters in a region whose peculiar institutions admitted of the wildest eccentricities can constitute a type. He lived in the midst of peace and plenty upon his plantation not many miles from Milledgeville, surrounded by several hundred slaves with whom he was upon singular but easy terms. His broad, rolling fields, his almost boundless pastures, his solemn-fronted and tall-columned house, his comfortable "quarters," where dwelt the negroes, all bespoke prosperity and independence. Independent he was; no prince ever ruled with sway more potent than this bachelor planter surrounded by his blacks and acknowledging none other than his own will.

THE START.

This marked character was a man below medium height. His figure inclined very decidedly to portliness, and beyond a long narrow moustache and thin imperial of black and gray, his face was clean-shaven. Iron-gray hair in abundance crept out from under the white felt hat he generally wore, and his mixed suit of gray was illumined by a ruffled shirt and broad-spreading cuffs of the finest linen.

Self-willed and eccentric are weak words with which to stamp this gentleman's actions. In the long days of his idleness, when the Legislature was not in session, the negro was an unfailing source of amusement and study to him and his sole diversion, for he despised books from the day he left college, and beyond a sporting journal and a paper from a neighboring city, he had no periodical. Of course he was a Whig.

Upon the day which I have selected to open a page in the experience of Major Crawford Worthington he was sitting upon his broad veranda, which swept back from the front around to the shady eastern exposure and overlooked the spacious back yard. Twoscore pickaninnies in short shirts had scrambled in front of him for small silver coins, as he scattered them upon the ground beneath. The tears wrung from him by their contortions and funny postures had dried upon his cheeks, and, weary of the sport, he had turned away the black athletes by means of a few gourds of cold water skillfully applied to their half-clad forms, had settled back to enjoy the afternoon, and fell a-dreaming.

He remembered, in that easy method common to dreams, how years before he had sat upon that same porch watching a favorite old negro catching chickens in the yard.

"STICK TER 'IM, MASS CRAFFUD, STICK TER 'IM."

"Isam," he had said; and, moving with jerky little motions that seemed always to attune themselves to his master's moods as expressed in his tones, Isam had minced up the steps.

"Isam," he had continued, "you are fixing to run away."

He remembered the startled look that swept over the funny little man's countenance, and his answer:

"Lordy mussy, Mass' Craffud, whoev'r hyah de like er dat!"

"Yes, sir, and you are fixing to start right away."

There had been genuine grief in the negro's voice as he replied:

"Fo' Gawd, Mass' Craffud, you dun got de wrong nigger dis time. Isam is nigh onter fifty year ole, en' he ain' nev'r lef' de place on er run yet. No, sah!" Isam, however, spurred on by the suggestion, had really run off, and the overseer had scoured the country for him in vain. The black was enjoying freedom beyond recall, but one morning while the Major was breakfasting alone, and his two servants who attended the table were busy with fly-brush and waffles, Isam suddenly stood in the doorway. His clothes were torn and soiled, and his face wore a hang-dog look that was in truth comical. Since that day old Isam had run away annually about the same time of the year, and this without any apparent cause.

Evidently this was what the Major was thinking of, for smiles came and went upon his face like shadows under the swaying mimosa. And when at last his eyes fell again upon the old negro:

"Isam," he said, just as he had spoken years ago.

"Yes, sir," and the jerky little tones were the same.

"You are fixing to run away, Isam!"

"Me!" and again that reproachful, protesting voice.

"Yes, you; just as you have for years. You are getting ready to start. I have had my eye on you for a week. But," said the Major, fixing his lips after the Worthington fashion, "I am going to know this time where you go, and why you go."

There was silence a full minute; then the negro spoke:

"Mass' Craffud,'deed en' I dunno 'zactly how et is. Hit jes' sorter strikes me, en' I'm gone 'fo' I know 't. En' dat's er sollum fac', sho'."

"Well," said the Major. "Then go when it strikes you. It is a relief to get rid of you occasionally. But if you get off this time without letting me know when you start, I'll cut your ears off when you come back,—if I don't ——"

And Isam believed him.

II.

Isam's annual runaway freak had worried Major Worthington more than anything of like importance he had ever confronted. He cared not an iota for his lost time, nor for his bad example; but it galled him to think that there was anything in connection with a negro that he could not fathom. In this old negro he had at last found a cunning and a mystery that evaded his penetration. Study as he might, no satisfactory explanation could ever be secured. Year after year, about the first of July, his factotum failed to appear, and the place that had known him so long knew him no more for a fortnight.

It was seldom that the Major ever threatened a servant. Never before in his life had a threat been leveled at Isam, who was a privileged character about the house. It was not surprising, therefore, that just before daybreak next morning a knock was heard at the Major's window. That individual understood it, and quietly donning his clothes went outside, assured that he would find Isam on hand. He was not mistaken.

"Hit's dun struck me, Mass' Craffud, en' I'se 'bliged ter go," said Isam.

"Ah!" said the Major; "then we'll talk it over first."

Isam sat upon the steps, the Major in his old rocker, and talk it over they did, until a pale glimmer trembled in the east. What passed between them no one ever learned; but finally the Major rose, and preceded by Isam, who bore a pack that gave him the appearance of a sable Chris Kringle, struck out straight across the fence and the fields, disappearing in the woods beyond. Only the hounds knew when they left, and these tugged at their chains with noisy pleadings, but in vain. When day finally rolled in with streaming banners, Woodhaven was without its master, and the overseer, too much accustomed to the eccentricities of that absent power to worry over his sudden departure, reigned in his stead.

The path of the runaways led first directly past a growth of plum-bushes, an acre in extent, that stood out in the open field, a small forest in itself. This was the burial ground, where without regard to order or system the graves of departed negroes, covered with bits of glass, broken cups, abandoned cans, and other treasures of the trash heap, dotted the shadowy depths. These glimmered faintly in the gray half-light, and Isam shivered slightly as he passed. The movement did not escape the notice of the Major, who smiled grimly as he said:

"You don't come this way, Isam, when you run off by yourself."

The sound of a human voice was reassuring, and the negro answered cheerily:

"Yessir. Ain' nuthin' go'n' ter tech ole Isam. All dem in dere is dun boun' en' sot."

"And what the deuce is 'bound and sot'?"

The Major's inquiry betrayed impatience rather than curiosity; he knew well how secretive is the negro of any class when interrogated in connection with his superstitions. Isam shook his head.

"Lor' sakes, Mass' Craffud, don' you know all 'bout dat?"

"No," said the Major testily; "if I did, I wouldn't be wasting breath asking a fool nigger."

"Well," said Isam, willing to compromise in the interest of peace, "w'en er sperrit gits out'n de flesh, de only way hit can be boun' en' sot es ter plug er tree." He stepped in front of a broken pine near the path, and examined it critically. "Dere's er plug roun' hyah fur mi'ty nigh ev'y wun dem graves, ef yer knows where ter look."

"What do you mean by this nonsense, Isam? Do you expect me to swallow such stuff?"

"Hit's er fac', Mass' Craffud. Dere, now, dere's er plug, sho' nuff."

Years before—Major Worthington remembered it then—he had come across a split pine from which a half dozen of these plugs had fallen, and was surprised by the scare it had caused on the plantation. They were made up of old nails, bits of glass, red pepper, and tar, and sprinkled with the blood of a chicken. Each plug contained a few hairs from the head of the deceased and a piece of a garment that had been worn next the skin. Each ingredient had an important significance, but exactly what it was no one knew or knows to this day, unless some aged Voodoo lingers in the land and holds the secret.

The Major examined the signs pointed out. Only a practiced eye in broad daylight would have been apt to discover them. He deliberately took out his knife and began to pick at a plug. The change that came over Isam was ludicrous. He clutched the Major's arm and chattered out:

"Don', Mass' Craffud! don' do it, honey; you mout let de meanes' nigg'r on de place git loose, en' dere ain' no tellin' w'at ud happ'n. You git de chill 'n' fev'r 'n' cat'piller 'n' bad craps, sho's yer born. Oh, Lordy! Lordy! Lordy! Dere, now, t'ank de Lord!"

The Major had calmly persisted in his efforts to extract a plug until his knife-blade snapped. With a great pretense of rage he persisted with the broken blade until finally, sure enough, out fell the plug. In an instant the negro had seized it and thrust it in place again, and with his back to the tree was begging so piteously, the Major could not resist.

"All right, idiot," he said laughingly. "Lead the way; I won't trouble it."

Isam moved off without much ado, and the Major, who was not built for running races and climbing fences, had as much as he could do to keep up. The negro wagged his head ominously as he hurried along.

"Dere ain' no tellin' but w'at dat nigg'r dun got loos' en' 'gun his curvortin' roun' 'fo' now. One time, lightnin' busted er tree ov'r dere, en' seben er dem plugs drap out; en' dat summer de typhoid fev'r struck seben nigg'rs, en' de las' one uv 'm died spang dead. Ain' nev'r had dat fev'r 'fo' er sence on de place. But dey do say," continued Isam, now anxious to communicate his extensive knowledge of the subject, "ef dem folks hadn' burn de light'ud fum dat tree, nuthin' 'd happ'n. Bet you can't git er nigg'r 'n Baldwin County ter burn eny mo' uv de lightnin's light'ud en' mi'ty few go'n' ter rake pine straw 'bout dere."

III.

THE human race has certainly been evolved from a barbaric into a partly civilized state. At odd seasons the old instinct crops out and regains control of us. Major Worthington had entered upon his brief lapse into savagery, though he did not realize it. Ill-adapted as he was for foot-journeys of considerable length, the flush of new freedom sustained him.

But the unwonted exercise told at last. A halt must, perforce, soon have been ordered, when Isam plunged over a sharp decline, and indicating a long line of paler green and a denser growth in front, exclaimed:

"'Mos' dere now!"

The Major knew the place. It was the line of the Oconee River mapped in verdure. Reaching the welcome shade, he dropped down where Isam had already pitched his bundle.

Mumbling after the fashion of old darkies, a meaning smile upon his lips, which, after all, is but merely thinking aloud, Isam brought from the well-filled depths of his kit a small stone jug. Soon, after certain rites and ceremonies appropriate to the occasion, he approached the Major, and with a triumphant flourish extended a large tumbler of red liquid from which gracefully arose a small forest of mint.

"Dun foun' er noo spring," he said; but the man propped against the cypress was motionless, and his hands were folded peacefully in his lap. Stooping down, Isam peered cautiously under the broad hat-brim, with the whispered ejaculation: "Lor' bless my soul, ef he ain' dun gone ter sleep. I recken dat las' ten-railer war pow'ful wurrin' ter 'r man 'r his fat. Mass' Craffud! Mass' Craffud!" No answer came.

Getting down on his knees, he carefully inserted with a spoon a few drops of the beverage between the lips of the sleeper and allowed them to percolate downward. As the "apple" of the tightened throat darted up and glided down again into place, he whispered:

"Mass' Craffud, es yer dun fainted?"

The eyes opened, and the Major sat bolt upright. The next minute he drained off the drink, and sat contemplating the honest face, in whose eyes was a peculiar look.

"T'ank de goodness!" exclaimed Isam. "I bin er hold'n' dis hyah julup hyah fur half er hour. Ain' nev'r know you ter balk at er julup 'fo' en forty yeaurs!"

"That came in the right time, Isam, and it's good whisky," said the Major heartily. "Where did you get it?"

"Yessir," chuckled the negro, "hit's good; but hit ain' good ter ask er stray hen w'at's layen' en your orchud whar she belong, er how many teef she got."

The Major realized that he had become a guest. He laughed, sank back against the tree, and soon again was lost in slumber. When he awoke there had been a decided change in his surroundings. A low fire burned a few yards away, and sundry flips of bacon were browning in a frying-pan set jauntily thereon, while from the ashes beneath the brown ends of hoe-cakes protruded.

"'Tain' but er bite," said Isam apologetically, "but jes' wait tell de fish git mixed up wid dem sum er dese days, en' den you see w'at hit es ter be loos' en' free."

To be loose and free! The Major fixed his eyes upon the old negro as he produced tin platters from his kit, and transferred the smoking viands, humble but savory, from the frying-pan. The words haunted him,

and as the smoke arose there floated upon his vision pictures of boyhood's escapades. Isam had belonged to him from his own infancy, though for the first fifteen years the question of ownership seemed altogether unsettled, for the negro was five or six years the senior. How they had hunted and strayed off, and set gums for rabbits and snares for birds, and robbed nests! Loose and free! Old Isam surveyed with proud satisfaction the Major's fierce attack upon the morning meal.

"Dere ain' no spring chick'n en der pan," he said sententiously, "but er fuss-rate ap'tite kin git jes' es good er grip on er flip er bacon es hit kin on er yaller-leg' chick'n."

"There is something in that," said the Major. "Get your flip, you black rascal, and go to eating." But Isam shook his head.

"No, sah. W'en er nigg'r feeds he don' wan' no w'ite folks roun'. He wan' ter git off en' mop de pan 'thout 'tract'n' 'tention ter hisse'f."

"It seems to me," said the Major, as he transferred another flip of bacon to his platter, "that it must be mighty hard for an honest nigger to live comfortably out here."

Isam's face took on a look of personal injury.

"Er hones' nigg'r," he said, stirring up the ashes and inserting fresh cakes, "don' eat no mo' out hyah den he do at home; not er bit. Rashuns es rashuns ennywhar you fine 'em. En' I hear say," he continued significantly, "w'en folks goes er vis'tin' dey don' 'quire es ter de year-marks uv de pig, w'en back-bone en' spar'-ribs en' chine es sot out."

"Your idea of etiquette is perfectly sound, Isam."

"En der only time w'en folks w'at's vis'tin' got er right ter git der backs up es w'en de gem'man feed 'esse'f high en' feed t'others low."

With an air of dignity the old negro gathered up the remnants of the spread, the Major having finished, and retired to allay the pangs of an increased appetite; but he was doomed to further delay. A most profane ejaculation fell from the Major's lips and came to his ears.

"Jes' es I said, dere 'tis ergin,—terbacker, now." He put aside the repast, and grumblingly investigated the kit once more. "En' I reck'n w'en he see dis yer bag er terbacker he go'n' ter want hit's ped'gree all way back."

Nevertheless he produced it with a handful of corn-cob pipes, and cutting a reed stem handed to the Major the finest smoking outfit in the world. As Isam skillfully balanced a glowing coal upon the little heap of tobacco, he concluded:

"Somehow nuther sump'n said 'bout time de runaway noshun struck in, 'Isam, you go'n' ter see com'ny ter day, en' hit's go'n' ter be Mass' Craffud,' so I jes' laid in er extrer bag spesh'ly fur 'm."

The Major merely drew in and expelled a cloud of smoke. He contented himself with saying, "You are very thoughtful"; and laughing softly to himself, Isam retired to his meal. As he finished, and stuffed his own cob-pipe full of "natural leaf" and perique — brought along especially for his master — Isam cast his eye skyward.

"'Mos' ten er 'clock. Mus' be movin' outer hyah. Bimeby overseer en' houn' be 'long in er hurry. Got ter git whar meat es thicker too. Dat bacon en' hoe-cake hard ter beat, but dey don' half fill de bill wid er run'way nigg'r. Jes' wait twell we 'git er mess er red-belly en' brim, en' I reck'n sho' nuff de fun go'n' ter b'gin ter start. Time we uz go'n', Mass' Craffud."

The Major rose and followed cheerily. Skirting the swamp, Isam soon found a hog-path, and presently the runaways came in sight of the river. A bateau was tied up in a little branch near by, and in it lay an axe and a paddle.

"Isam," said the Major as he clambered in, "how does it happen that you find a boat and axe all ready here, and the runaway notion only struck you just before day this morning?"

Isam shook his head as he chuckled:

"Hit ain' de rite time er day ter 'splain t'ings, Mass' Craffud. Dere ain' no tellin' w'at time dem houn's go'n' ter strike er hot trail, en' de tree dat you kin clime ain' go'n' ter lif' you out'n de reach uv a dog."

The little boat, propelled by vigorous strokes, shot out into the river, and gliding under the willows bore its passengers swiftly down stream.

IV.

SHUT out from sight of the stream stretched a Bermuda sward hemmed in by gigantic trees, in whose boughs the cicadas were singing. The old boyish enthusiasm rose strong within the Major.

"This is the camp," he said, "and there," pointing to the log-jammed creek behind him, slowly mingling its clear waters with the river's mud, "is the place for bream and red-bellies." Isam fairly shouted.

"Dere, now, dey ain' nev'r no use tellin' er man wot knows how ter fish whar ter drap er line. De two go 'long tergether. Jes' you tek dese hyar lines, Mass' Craffud, en' git reddy fur supper, w'ile I ten' ter de res'."

Throwing open his pack, Isam displayed his simple tackle, hurried around and cut a pole from a neighboring brake, and, peeling the bark from a falling tree, picked out a handful of flatheads. Adjusting himself to a log, the Major cast his line and began to draw in the bream.

"Dere, now," chuckled Isam, "I ain' seen you do dat sence you was er court'n' Miss 'Mandy Bullard en' we all wuz down ter Sykes' fish-pond."

But the Major was landing fish, and did not have time to listen to Isam; observing which, that individual, casting an inquiring glance at the sun, seized his axe and went to work in the canebrake. In an incredibly short space of time he had cut down and dragged up enough poles to construct a rude hut, and soon after completed the shanty. Then, with one happy glance at the fugitive perched upon the log contentedly warring with the bream, he glided off into the woods and disappeared from view.

Despite the popular notion concerning the runaway negro, he never got very far from civilization in his wanderings. The swamp was to him merely a retreat. His smoke-house was elsewhere. When Isam glided away leaving the Major pleasantly engaged, he followed hog-paths with unerring instinct and recalled landmarks with surprising accuracy. But where he was going and for what are matters that can wait. The Major must not be left alone.

Isam had not been long gone before the fisherman began to suffer from the perversity of the piscatorial god. The bream and red-belly ceased to bite. The colony had been exhausted or driven away; and in its place settled a tribe of shining cats. These began to give the Major occupation. His float would go under handsomely; there would be a strong pull, and, resisting steadily, a cat-fish would break into view.

The Major stood this persecution, it may be, for fifteen minutes; then the patience of the fisherman was exhausted. As the hour wore away, I regret to say that the swearing became almost continuous, and the Major reached what is generally termed a "state of mind."

Isam was approaching the camp when the language of the fisher attracted his attention.

"Oomhoo," he said, stopping to listen. "Sum'n' dun gone wron' wid Mass' Craffud."

Creeping to the edge of the brake, he beheld his companion engaged in his unequal conflict with the fate that at times overtakes all fishers. Isam ducked back and held his sides.

"Ef dere's anyt'n' go'n' ter upsot dat kinder man quick, hit's cats. Jes' liss'n now."

The negro peeped out again. The Major was lashing the water with an unfortunate victim; then he saw the irate fisherman drop a huge cat upon the bank, and with the paddle dash him to pieces, and again grind another beneath his heel, and end by kicking the remains far out into the stream.

Isam reveled in this display of passion until wearied out, and then prepared to make his presence known. Going back a hundred yards into the canebrake, he shouldered his well-stuffed sack, and lifted his voice in song:

"Sum folks say nigg'r won' steal;
I caught one in my co'n-fiel'."

He was cheerfully giving expression to this suggestive refrain, when he broke in upon the scene and pretended to stumble over a gasping cat. Down came his bag.

"Dere, now. Ef I cood pick'd de ve'y fish I wanted fur ter mek dat chowd'r, hit 'ud er been dis same cat." Isam's teeth shone, and his eyes glistened. As he looked about and saw the other unwelcome captives he threw up his hands.

"Where you catch 'm, Mass' Craffud?"

"Right here," said the Major, regarding him suspiciously, "and I haven't been catching anything else for an hour."

"Den don' yer stop now; you jes' go rite 'long ketchin' 'em, en' we go'n' ter hav' er chowder fum 'way back. 'Spec' we'll want 'bout six more big ones. How long es hit bin sence you had er cat-fish chowd'r, Mass' Craffud?"

The Major's passion was vanishing.

"About twenty years, I reckon, Isam."

"Well, den, hit ain' go'n' ter be twenty years 'fo' you git ernuther. I'm go'n' ter git ev'n wi' dese hyah bigmoufs' en 'bout er minit. Lor'! Lor'! Es I wuz cummin' 'long back I kep' a-say'n', now Mass' Craffud ain' go'n' ter ketch nuthin' but brim er yaller-belly w'at ain' good for chowd'r meat, en' all dis co'n en' yinguns goter be eat jes' dry so; en' bless goodness, hyah's de chowd'r dun ha'f made en' lyin' reddy." And Isam began to shake his own prizes from the bag.

"Where did you get that corn?" The Major fixed his eye sternly upon the nonchalant babbler.

"Dis co'n," said Isam, shucking an ear, "es w'at dey calls 'vol'nterry co'n.' Hit es co'n w'at cum up fum las' year seed w'at de river en' de hog scatter. En' des yinguns es uv de wil' kine w'at es always up en' er doin'." The Major made no reply, but, fixing a new flathead on his hook, cast it far into the stream.

Above a blazing fire Isam soon had his kettle swinging, and within its depths sputtered great chunks of fish as they rose and sank in

a lake of green corn and onions. With the earnestness of a wizard preparing his strange concoctions, he hung over the boiling mixture, adding here a pinch of pepper and there a dash of salt. As he stirred the savory mess he sang a cheerful plantation ditty. The dusk of evening had fallen, and the red light of the flames brought out his figure in bold relief. He seemed a veritable genius of the swamp, and, lured from his sport by the cheerful picture and the odor of the meal, the Major cast his line down and strode into the lighted circle.

V.

To OTHER pens must be left the record of the runaways' every-day life. These pages would not hold the true chronicle of this novel expedition. Here only is space enough to deal with the prominent features and string them upon a particolored thread. Day after day the fishermen plied their rods. Day after day the kettle and the skillet and the coals gave forth their dainties. Fish-fries decked the table one day; a split rabbit, snared in the canebrake, broiled to a turn, served for the next; even a tender shote yielded up his innocent young life; and chowders came thick and fast.

But Isam was no longer the chief factor in the daily sins committed. Painful as the truth may seem, it must be told. The portly Major became accessory before the fact as well as after. And worse, he became actively *particeps criminis*. He learned to creep into the spreading field of "voluntary corn"—which, by the way, invaded the swamp lands, and rose in columns of surprising regularity—and to load a bag with the juicy ears. He renewed his early skill, and crawled behind snake fences to abstract dew-christened watermelons. In short, he gave way to savagery; for the time being civilization knew him not.

No especial time for breaking camp had been set, but the time was approaching, and the signs were evident. The whisky had long since vanished, and the tobacco was threatening to follow the whisky, when an event occurred which left a tradition that old folks in Middle Georgia yet tell with tear-dimmed eyes and straining sides.

The worthy pair had been foraging for dinner, and were returning heavily laden. The Major bore a sack of corn, and Isam led the way with three watermelons. Unless the reader has attempted to carry three watermelons, he will never know the labor that Isam had imposed upon himself. The two had just reached the edge of the canebrake, beyond which lay the camp, and were entering the narrow path, when a magnificent buck came sweeping through, and collided with Isam with such force and suddenness as to crush and spatter his watermelons into a pitiful ruin, and throw the negro violently to the ground. Instantly the frightened man seized the threatening antlers, and held on, yelling lustily for help. The deer made several ineffectual efforts to free himself, during which he dragged the negro right and left without difficulty, but, finding escape impossible, turned fiercely upon his unwilling captor, and tried to drive the terrible horns through his writhing body.

"O Lord, O Lord!" screamed Isam; "O Lord, Mass' Craffud, cum holp me tu'n dis buck loos'."

The laugh died away from Major Worthington's lips. None knew better than he the danger into which Isam had plunged. Not a stick, brush, stone, or weapon of any description was at hand, except his small pocket-knife. Hastily opening that, he rushed upon the deer. Isam's eyes were bursting from their sockets, and appealed piteously for the help his stentorian voice was frantically imploring, until the woods rang with his agony. Major Worthington caught the nearest antler with his left hand, and made a fierce lunge at the animal's throat. But the knife's point was missing, and only a trifling wound was inflicted. The next instant the deer met the new attack with a rush that carried Isam with it, and thrust the Major to the ground, the knife falling out of reach. Seeing this, the negro let go his hold, rolled out of the way, and with a mighty effort literally ran upon the top of a branching haw-bush, where he lay spread out like a bat, and moaning piteously.

"Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im! Wo' deer! wo' deer! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud."

And the Major stuck. Retaining his presence of mind, he threw his left arm over the deer's neck, and, still holding with his right the antler, looked about for Isam, who had so mysteriously disappeared. Something like the hold he had had more than once in boyhood served him well in school combats. But he had never tried to hold a full-grown buck, and so he somewhat anxiously searched the scene for the valiant negro. The first words he heard distinctly were:

"Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im. Hit's better fur one ter die den bofe! Hole 'im, Mass' Craffud, hole 'im! Wo' deer! wo' deer! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, steddy! Look out fur es ho'n! Wo'deer! Steddy, Mass' Craffud!"

By this time the struggles of the beast had again ceased, and, wearied from his double en-

counter, he stood with his head pulled down to the ground half astride the desperate man, who was holding on for life. Whether Major Worthington was frightened or not it is hard to say; probably he was; but there was no doubt about his being angry when he saw Isam spread out in the haw-bush, and heard his address. His face was livid with rage, and foam and sweat mingled upon it. As soon as he caught his breath, he burst forth with:

"You infernal black rascal! why don't you come — down out of that — bush and help — me?" Isam's face was pitiful in its expression. His teeth chattered, and he fairly shook the bush with his trembling.

"Don', Mass' Craffud, don'; you ain' got no time ter cuss now. Lif' up yo' voice en' pray! Lord, Lord, ef ev'r er man had er call ter pray, you dun got it now."

For one instant it looked as if the Major would abandon his attempt to hold the deer and turn his attention to the bush; but he did not have an opportunity to carry out such a resolution. Revived by his moment's rest, the buck made another effort for freedom and revenge. He dragged his corpulent captor in a circle, he rolled him on the sod, he fell over him, pounded him, and stamped, but without relief. The desperate man clung to his hold with a grip that could not be broken. It was the grip of death; indeed, it was now a question of life or death.

Wearied down at last, the deer gave himself and victim another breathing-spell, and the Major continued:

"If ever — I get loose from this — brute, — you infernal scoundrel, — I'll not leave a — whole bone in your body!"

"Don' say dat, Mass' Craffud, don'! you mustn't let de sun go down on yo' wraf! O Lord!" he continued, getting on his all-fours and as near a reverent posture as the circumstances would admit of, "don' you mine nuth'n he es er sayin' now, cos he ain' 'spons'b'l'. Lord, ef de bes' aingil you got wuz down dere in his fix, en' er fool deer wuz er straddl'n' 'im, dey ain' no tell'n' w'at ud happ'n, er w'at sorter langwidge he'd let loos'. Wo' deer! wo' deer! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im. Steddy, deer! steddy, Mass' Craffud!"

The Major got another resting-spell. By this time his breath was almost gone, and his anger had given way to unmistakable apprehension. He realized that he was in a most desperate plight, and that the only hope of rescue lay in the frightened negro up in the haw-bush. He changed his tactics when the deer rested again.

"Isam," he said, gently.

"Yes, honey."

"Isam, come and help me, old fellow."

"Good Gawd, Mass' Craffud," said the negro earnestly, "dere ain' nuthin' I woodn' do fur you, but hit's better fur one ter die 'n two. Hit's a long sight better."

"But there is no danger, Isam; none whatever. Just you come down and with your knife hamstring the brute. I'll hold him."

"No, sah! no, sah! no, sah!" said Isam, loudly and with growing earnestness. "No, sah! it won' wuk, no, sah! You er in fur hit now, Mass' Craffud, en' et can't be holped. Dere ain' nuthin' kin save yer but de good Lord, en' he ain' go'n'ter, less'n you ax 'im 'umble like, en' er b'liev'n' en es mussy. I prayed w'en I wuz down dere, Mass' Craffud, dat I did, en' look w'at happ'n. Didn' he sen' you like er aingil, en' didn' he git me up hyah safe en' wholesum? Dat he did, en he' nev'r spec' dis nigg'r war go'n'ter fling esse'f und'r dat deer arter he trubbl' hisse'f to show 'im up hyah. Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im. Wo' deer! wo' deer! Look ou' fur es ho'n! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud. Dere, now, — t'ank de Lord!"

Again the Major got a breathing-spell. The deer in his struggles had gotten under the haw-bush, and the Major renewed his earnest negotiations.

"Isam," he said, as soon as his condition would allow of conversation, "if you will get down — and cut this brute's legs — I will give you your freedom."

Isam's only answer was a groan.

"And fifty acres — of land." Again that pitiful moan.

"And — a mule and a — year's rations." The Major paused from force of circumstances. After a while the answer came:

"Mass' Craffud?"

"Well?"

"You know dis nigg'r b'en hard-work'n en' hones' en' look atter you en' yo'n all es life."

"Yes, Isam," said the Major, "you have been — a faithful, honest — nigger." There was another pause. Perhaps this was too much for Isam. But he continued after a little while:

"Well, lemme tell you, honey, dere ain' nuthin' you got er kin git w'at'll tem' dis nigg'r ter git down dere. W'y," and his voice assumed a most earnest and argumentative tone, "deed'n hit 'ud be 'sultin' de Lord. Ain' he dun got me up hyar out'n de way, en' don' he 'spec' me fur ter stay? You reck'n he got nuth'n 'tall ter do but keep puttin' Isam back up er tree? No, sah! he dun 'ten ter me, en' ef you got enny dif'culty, you en' de deer kin fight it out. Hit's my bizness jes' ter keep er prayin'. Wo' deer! wo' deer! Steddy, Mass' Craffud. Dere now, — t'ank de Lord!"

Again the Major defeated the beast's struggles, and there came a truce. But the man

was well-nigh exhausted, and saw that unless something was done in his behalf he must soon yield up the fight. Something like a spasm of fear flashed over his face, and in the glance he cast about him there was the one panic-stricken appeal that all men yield to at some time. It was hard to die there by the terrible horns of the beast astride him, whose eyes glared into his, and whose hot breath was in his face. What a death!

But the next instant he was calm and cautious. There came to his assistance his fine knowledge of the negro character.

"Isam," he said, slowly and impressively. But Isam was praying. The Major could hardly trust his ears when he heard the words.

"But, Lord, don' let 'm peer'sh 'fo' yo' eyes. He's b'en er bad man. He cuss 'n' sware, 'n' play keerds, 'n' bet on horse-race, 'n' drink whisky ——"

"Isam ——"

"En' he steal — good*ness*, he tek ter steal'n' like er duck ter water. Roast'n' yers, watermill-uns, chick'n — nuthin' too bad fur 'im ——"

"Isam ——"

"Tain' like er nigg'r stealin', Lord; dey dun know no better en' can't git t'ings enny er way, while he got money; but don' let 'im peer'sh rite 'fo' yo' eyes. Tek him by de slack er es briches en' shek 'im ov'r de flames, but don' let 'im drap ——"

"Isam!"

The word came upward in tones of thunder. Even Isam was obliged to regard it. He did so from force of habit.

"Yessir."

Then he sobbed forth: "Oh, Lordy, Lordy, I t'ot we wuz dun home ag'in."

"No, sir," said the Major, sternly, "we are not at home, and I'll never get there. I am going to die."

Isam gave a yell that ought to have been heard a mile away.

"Oh, don' let 'im die! Skeer 'im, skeer 'im, Lord, but don' let 'im die!"

"Yes," continued the Major, "I am going to die; but let me tell you something, Isam. I have been looking into this beast's eyes until I recognize him." A sound came from the haw-bush like the hiss of a snake, as the negro with ashen face and beaded brow gasped out an unintelligible word. The right chord had been touched at last. "You remember Dr. Sam?" Isam's only reply was a moan that betrayed an agony too deep for expression. "Well, this is Dr. Sam; he got loose the other day when the plug fell out, and he and I will never give you another hour of peace as long as you live."

The sentence was never finished. With a shriek that was blood-curdling in its intensity of fear and horror, the negro came crashing down through the bush with his hands full of leaves, straight upon the deer.

This was the crisis.

The frightened animal made one desperate plunge, taking the startled Major by surprise, and the next instant found himself free. He did not remain upon the scene, or he would have beheld the terrified negro get upon his feet, run round in a frenzy of terror, and close his last circle at the foot of the bush, up which he scurried again like a squirrel, old as he was. The Major lay flat upon his back, after trying in vain to rise. Then the reaction came. He fixed his eye upon the negro above and laughed until the tears washed the dirt from his face; and Isam, holding his head up so that his vision could encompass the narrow horizon, said slowly and impressively:

"Mass' Craffud, ef de Lord hadn't 'sist'd on Isum cum'n down ter run dat deer off, 'spec' by dis time you'd been er flopp'n' yo' wings up yander, er else sput'n' on er grid-i'on down yander." And from his elevated perch Isam indicated the two extremes of eternity with an eloquent sweep of his hand.

But the Major had small time for laughter or recrimination. In the distance there rang out faintly the full-mouthed cry of a hound. Isam heard it. For him it was at once a welcome and a stimulating sound. Gliding to the ground, he helped the wearied Major to his feet, and started on the run for the boat, crying:

"Run, Mass' Craffud! wors'n er deer's cummin'. Hit's dem folks w'at know about dat corn en' watermilluns, 'en yer can't 'splain nuthin' ter er houn' dog."

Broken down as he was, the Major realized that there was wisdom in the negro's words, and followed as best he could. The camp traps were thrown into the boat, and the little bark was launched. A minute later the form of a great thirsty-looking hound, the runaways' *bête noire*, appeared on the scene. But the hunters who came after found naught beyond the signs of a camp, if they found anything, and soon followed the hound, which had regained the trail of the buck, and yelping passed into the distance. The boat had long since passed the bend.

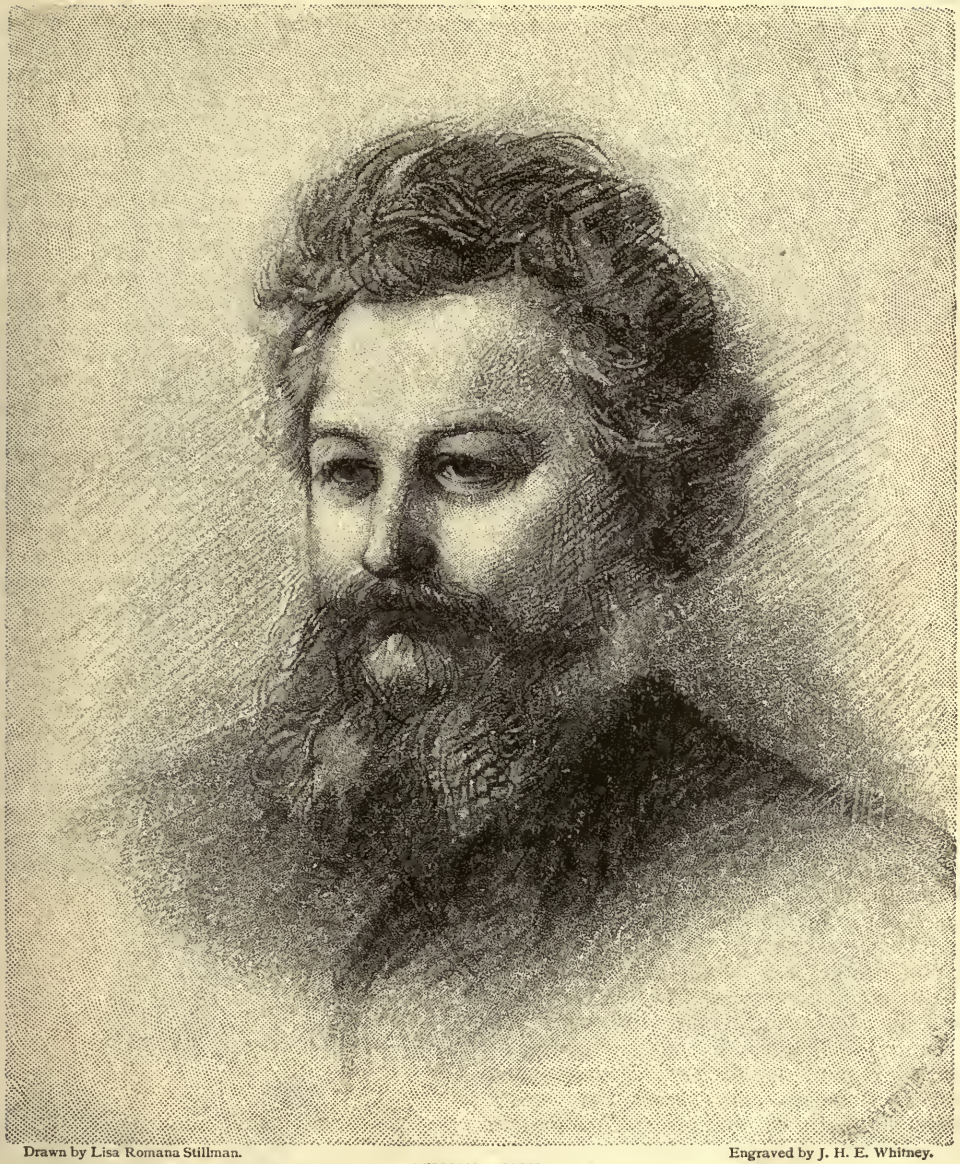
How Isam ever settled his difficulty needs no explanation. But it may interest the reader to know that one day he bore a message and a check that settled the corn and melon debt; and they tell it in Middle Georgia that every year thereafter, until the war-cloud broke over the land, whenever the catalpa worm crept upon the leaf, two runaways fled from Woodhaven and dwelt in the swamps, "loos' en free."

H. S. Edwards. ("X. I. E.")

A DAY IN SURREY WITH WILLIAM MORRIS.

EARLY in July the roses fairly run riot in the garden-like county of Surrey; all along the railway the little village stations are walled with thickly flowering vines, or hedged with blooming bushes. From one of these small, bevined stations in a deep cutting of the Croydon road, we started — a party of four — on a soft, gray midsummer morning for a day at Merton Abbey. Merton Abbey! the very name suggests visions of venerable Norman arches and cloisters, the roofless aisles and topless columns of some ruined seat of ecclesiastical power. In point of fact the Abbey whither we were bound is merely a utilitarian factory that supplies the market-wares for Morris & Co.'s decorative art shop in Oxford street. "'Tis five miles from Croydon, one mile from Wimbledon," Mr. Morris had said, in directing us where to find him; and we had chosen to take the shortest part of the little journey by rail, and to drive in an open carriage from Croydon to Merton. Here the enamored Nelson used to come to bask at the feet of his Delilah. Merton Place, which he gave to Lady Hamilton after her husband's death, is close by the Abbey, and revives the memory of that passionate intrigue, with its dramatic interplay of glory, shame, and beauty. The drive was not remarkably picturesque, leading at first through dead-and-alive provincial streets lined with the various ugliness of the suburban villa, and then issuing beyond the town to pass through a flat and sufficiently commonplace landscape. But to American eyes no bit of rural England can be devoid of interest and charm; the most ordinary objects seem under a spell to bewitch us back into the dream-world of a previous existence. An ivied wall, a pebbled brook, a thatched and lattice-windowed cottage, a single-arched stone bridge, an English daisy, a field of blood-bright poppies, take on a glamour that is not their own, but is borrowed from a thousand haunting memories of Shakspere and Wordsworth, of Spenser and Shelley, of Milton and Keats. The American sentimental traveler in England could supply curious notes to the expounders of the doctrine of heredity or the believers in the transmigration of souls. Was it he, or his remote forefather, who stood centuries ago precisely under this knotty-limbed oak, amid these crisply hedged, velvet-swarded meadows, opposite that identical gabled cottage of stone, smothered in its wealth of black-green ivy? How intimately he knows it all, how inexpressibly dear to him is the soil beneath his feet, the ever-changing mist and cloud-veiled sky above his head, the atmosphere of luxurious repose, the half-tearful, half-smiling, maternal look in the eyes of Nature, welcoming him to his ancestral home! Thus we drove through the tame and level fields of North Surrey with that subdued thrill of perfect physical and emotional content, that "sacred and home-felt delight," which we had come to associate with the very grass and air of England. The English friends who accompanied us had grown used to our easily excited enthusiasm, and appeared themselves to enjoy the familiar landscape through the medium of our fresher transatlantic vision. Feeling that we must be nearing our goal, we began to inquire of the passers-by our way to the Abbey, and before long we approached a plain, low, double house set back and somewhat raised from the level of the road, where we saw, framed against the black background of one of the upper windows, the cordial face and stalwart figure of William Morris, clad in a dark-blue blouse. Before we had alighted he was at the gate to receive us, welcoming us with his great, hearty voice and warm hand-grip. "The idle singer of an empty day" might sit for the portrait of his own Sigurd. He has the robust, powerful form of a Berserker, crowned with a tall, massive head, covered with a profusion of dark, curly hair plentifully mixed with gray. His florid color and a certain roll in his gait and a habit of swaying to and fro while talking suggest the sailor or the yeoman, but still more distinctly is the poet made manifest in the fine modeling and luminous expression of the features. An indescribable open-air atmosphere of freedom and health seems to breathe from his whole personality.

Merton Abbey was originally, as its name implies, a Norman monastery, but since the time of Cromwell it has been adapted to manufacturing purposes, and Mr. Morris, therefore, had no need to run counter to his art-instinct by transforming to business purposes a thing of pure beauty. For that matter, it is scarcely doubtful but that Morris the friend of the workingman would have ruthlessly overridden the compunctions of the author of "The Earthly Paradise," if necessary to give better facilities of air and sunshine to the artisan. The situation of Merton, within ten miles from London, as well as its command



Drawn by Lisa Romana Stillman. Engraved by J. H. E. Whitney.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

of water-power, eminently fits it for its present purpose, and the only visible relics of its ancient character are the broken fragments of a wall overgrown with the rank vegetation of ruins. This wall, which surrounded the Abbey lands, bounded a space of sixty acres. Some thirty years ago there still remained a piece of the old buildings, not on Mr. Morris's ground, but on the adjoining property of Mr. Littler, whose print-works are on the other side of the railway. Unfortunately, however, this interesting relic was allowed to fall into complete decay, and to be finally swept away.

The religious establishment dates back to the beginning of the twelfth century, when Gilbert Norman, sheriff of Surrey, built here a convent for canons of the order of St. Austin upon the demesne granted him by Henry I. Merton Abbey, as it was then called, was patronized by Stephen and Matilda, and was amply endowed with rich gifts. It is closely connected with at least two events of historic importance. A parliament was held within its walls in 1236, when the "Statutes of Merton" were enacted, and when was made the memorable reply of the English nobles to the

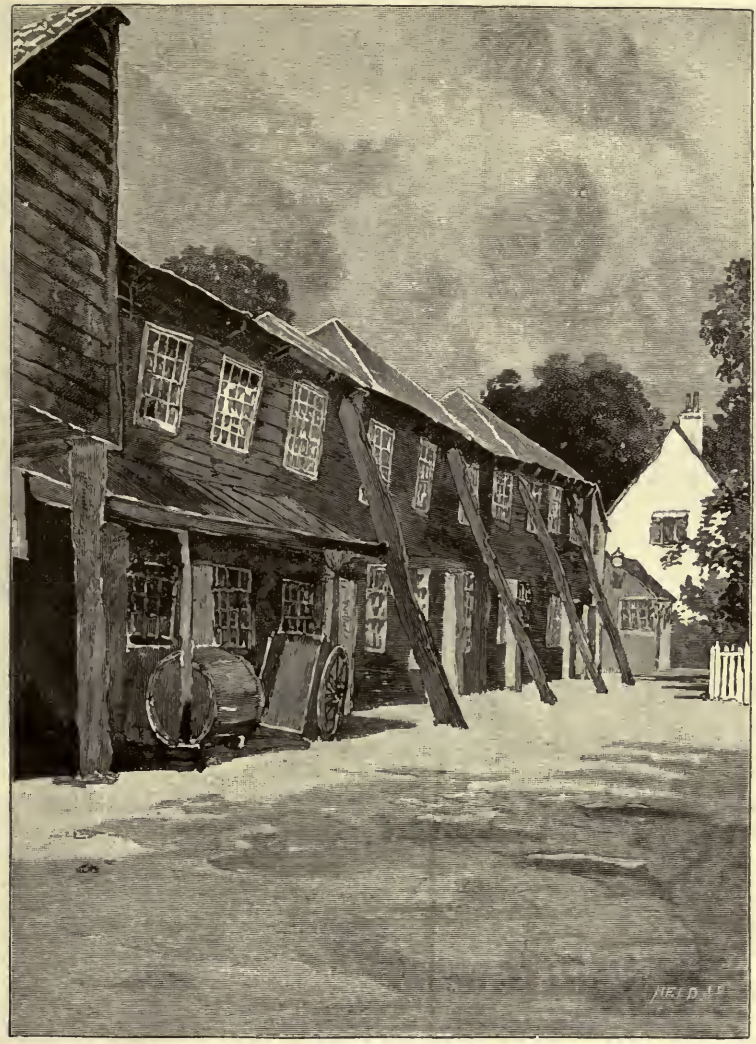
THE ENTRANCE.

prelates who wished to conform the civil to the ecclesiastical code : " We will not change the laws of England." *(Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare.)* In this house also was concluded the treaty of peace between Henry III. and the Dauphin. Upon the breaking up of the monasteries, after the Reformation, it was leased out to private persons, and is said to have been used as a garrison during the civil war of Charles I. To-day a branch of the " Democratic Federation " is peacefully and busily installed within its precincts, and in this romantic old garden, haunted by ghosts of sovereigns and monks, of legislators and nobles, of soldiers and artisans, the poet-socialist loves to sit and dream, building a thousand beautiful hopes of freedom and happiness for the people,— on this little spot of soil in which English law and English liberty took such deep and early root.

We were interested to hear that the place is the cradle of textile printing in England. Lysons, writing in 1726, says that two thousand men were employed within the boundaries of the Abbey, and he displays his " characteristic Philistinism " (as Mr. Morris termed it) by taking occasion to contrast this useful labor with the laziness of the old monks. " The block-printing industry still lives, or rather languishes," said Morris, " on the Wandle, but is pretty much confined at present to silk-printing (mostly for the Indian market), and the occupation of the blockers is very precarious." Following the guidance of our host, we found ourselves in an old-fashioned country dwelling-house, almost bare of furniture. In a small room over the stairs was a little circulating library for the benefit of the operatives; the books were as richly bound as though intended for the poet's private shelves, in consonance with his theory that the workingman must be helped and uplifted, not only by supplying his grosser wants, but by developing and feeding his sense of beauty.

The manufactory consists of a small group of detached buildings where the various processes of dyeing, stamping, and weaving fabrics of wool, cloth, and silk, and of staining designs upon glass, are carried on by male and female operatives of all ages, from fourteen or fifteen upward, and of different degrees of skill, ranging from the uneducated mechanic or dye-mixer to the intelligent artist. In the first outhouse that we entered stood great vats of liquid dye, into which some skeins of unbleached wool were dipped for our amusement; as they were brought dripping forth, they appeared of a sea-green color, but after a few minutes' exposure to the air, they settled into a fast, dusky blue. Scrupulous neatness and order reigned everywhere in the establishment; pleasant smells as of dried herbs exhaled from clean vegetable dyes, blent with the wholesome odors of grass and flowers and sunny summer warmth that freely circulated through open doors and windows. Nowhere was one conscious of the depressing

THE OLD ABBEY WALL.



THE WORKSHOP.

sense of confinement that usually pervades a factory; there was plenty of air and light even in the busiest room, filled with the ceaseless din of whirring looms where the artisans sat bending over the threads; while the lovely play of color and beauty of texture of the fabrics issuing from under their fingers relieved their work of that character of purely mechanical drudgery which is one of the dreariest features of ordinary factory toil. Yet this was evidently the department that entailed the most arduous and sedentary labor, for as we went out again into the peaceful stillness of the July landscape, Mr. Morris reverted with a sigh to the great problem, and asked why men should be imprisoned thus for a lifetime in the midst of such deafening clatter, in order to earn a bare subsistence, while the average professional man pockets in comfortable ease a fee out of all proportion to his exertions? The obvious answer, referring to the relative scarcity of intellectual as compared with physical capacity, seemed to lose much of its pertinence when addressed to a man who had tested both kinds of labor and could so accurately measure their relative claims. There is no branch of work performed in Mr. Morris's factory in which he himself is not skilled; he has rediscovered lost methods and carefully studied existing processes. Not only do his artisans share his profits, but at the same time they feel that he understands their difficulties and requirements, and that he can justly estimate and reward

THE TOWN OF MERTON ABBEY.

their performance. Thus an admirable relation is established between employer and employed, a sort of frank comradeship, marked by mutual respect and good-will. In this relation, Mr. Morris seems to have borrowed all that was sound and admirable from the connection between the mediæval master-workman and his artist-apprentices. The excellent custom, restored from the generally despised days that preceded the invention of the steam-engine, Mr. Morris has modified, by adding thereto that spirit of intimate, boundless sympathy which under the name of humanitarianism is the peculiar product, as it is the chief dawning glory, of our own age. The exquisite fabrics to be found in his workshop, which have so largely influenced English taste in household decoration, are intended to perform another service less conspicuous but still more important than the first. That the workman shall take pleasure in his work, that decent conditions of light and breathing-space and cleanliness shall surround him, that he shall be made to feel himself not the brainless "hand," but the intelligent coöperator, the *friend* of the man who directs his labor, that his honest toil shall inevitably win fair and comfortable wages, whatever be the low-water record of the market-price of men, that illness or trouble befalling him during the term of his employment shall not mean dismissal and starvation,— these are some of the problems of which Mr. Morris's factory is a noble and successful solution. For himself, he eschews wealth and luxury, which are within easy reach of his versatile and brilliant talents, in order that for a few at least of his brother men he may rob toil of its drudgery, servitude of its sting, and poverty of its horrors.

Mr. Morris's work has two distinct moral purposes,— one in its bearing upon the producer, which we have just considered, and the other in its relation to the purchaser. In the latter connection his aim has been to revive a sense of beauty in home life, to restore the dignity of art to ordinary household decoration. So strong and wide has been his influence that he may be said to have revolutionized English taste in decorative art. Graceful designs reproduced from natural outdoor objects, fabrics of substantial worth, be they the simplest cotton stuffs or the most exquisite silks and brocades, colors that shall stay fast through sunshine and shade,— these are the general characteristics of his manufactures. By a singular fatality, his very success has been in certain ways detrimental to him. His

designs have been imitated by manufacturers less scrupulous as to quality and thoroughness, until their peculiar charm of individuality is almost lost sight of. They have been cheapened and *commonplaced*, and so distorted from their original purpose as apparently to encourage indirectly that very taste for useless

posed to have brought into vogue a dingy, bilious-looking yellow-green — a color of which he has a special and personal hatred." All this misunderstanding arises not from any lack of clearness or consistency in his expression, but simply because of the perversion of his ideas through copies, imitation, and misre-

THE MILL-POND.

luxuries, sham art, and stupid bric-à-brac which it has been his chief endeavor to destroy. His name has become for some people (more especially in America) falsely associated with that modern fashion which is his detestation, of encumbering our rooms with silly baubles that, in his own words, "make our stuffy, art-stifling houses more truly savage than a Zulu's kraal or an East Greenlander's snow-hut." He has a special proclivity for "frank colors," pure and solid, and yet, as he himself complains with whimsical despair, "he is supported, and the unwillingness of many people to dispel their hazy notion of him by examining for themselves his actual work, whether in literature or in decorative art. No one insists more strenuously than he upon the necessity of simplifying our lives. "Nothing can be a work of art which is not useful, that is to say, which does not minister to the body when well under command of the mind, or which does not amuse, soothe, or elevate the mind in a healthy state. What tons upon tons of unutterable rubbish, pretending to be works of

art in some degree, would this maxim clear out of our London houses if it were understood and acted upon." For "London" read New York, and the lesson comes home to us with tenfold force. "If you cannot learn to love real art, at least learn to hate sham art and reject it. Learn to do without—there is virtue in those words, a force that rightly used would choke both demand and supply of mechanical toil. . . . And then from simplicity of life would rise up the longing for beauty; and we know that nothing can satisfy that demand but intelligent work, rising gradually into imaginative work which will turn all operators into workmen, into artists, into men."

In accordance with these ideas, one is not surprised to find his factory a scene of cheerful, uncramped industry, where toil looks like pleasure, where flowers are blooming in the windows, and sunshine and fresh air brighten the faces of artist and mechanic. After going through all the workshops, the best part of our visit has yet to come, in a walk through the enchanting old garden.

> "A fair, green close,
> Hedged round about with woodbine and red rose.
> . . . And all about were dotted leafy trees,—
> The elm for shade, the linden for the bees;
> The noble oak long ready for the steel,
> That in that place it had no fear to feel."

Are there just such gardens anywhere out of England, with their careless profusion and variety, their delightful little accidental walks and lanes leading nowhither, their absence of all primness in the arrangement of flower and berry beds, of all formality in their freely expanding, generously blooming trees! Here we stood for some time beside the merry little Wandle, which is no less full of sparkle and music because it has been coaxed into turning the great mill-wheel below the dam. Growing thick along the water, the blue-gray willows etch their delicate tracing of boughs against the soft sky.

> "Over the leaves of the garden blooms the many-folded rose."

If the Surrey roses were rich and plentiful along railway and roadside, what shall be said of their abundance and splendor in this protected spot! They clambered along the ruined abbey wall, and started up from bush and vine on every side, making the air spicy with their sweetness. Under the direction of this poet-husbandman, even the orchard and kitchen-garden seemed to wear a certain spontaneous grace with the partly disguised regularity of their well-ordered rows. Here, besides ordinary edible roots and plants, flourish others which were not considered susceptible of cultivation in England until Mr. Morris introduced them in order to extract particular juices for his dyes. One of the clear, brilliant yellows frequently employed in his fabrics is procured from the bushes of his garden. At our feet ripe strawberries nestled under their dark leaves, and overhead tall, gently rustling trees screened us from the tempered heat of the English sun. All was freshness and grace, all spoke of loving sympathy with nature and intelligent command of her virtues and activities; all was impregnated with that free, large, and wholesome beauty which Mr. Morris seems to obtain from everything that surrounds him.

In making the personal acquaintance of one whose artistic work is familiar and admirable to us, the main interest must ever be to trace the subtle, elusive connection between the man and his creation. In the case of Mr. Morris, at first sight, nothing can be more contradictory than the "dreamer of dreams born out of his due time," and the practical business man and eager student of social questions who successfully directs the Surrey factory and the London shop. Little insight is required, however, soon to find beneath this thoroughly healthy exterior the most impersonal and objective English poet of our generation. The conspicuous feature of his conversation and character is the total absence of egoism, and we search in vain through his voluminous writings for that morbid habit of introspection which gives the keynote to nineteenth-century literature. He has the child-like delight in telling a story for the story's sake of Chaucer, Boccaccio, and Scott, the plastic power of setting before us in simple and distinct outlines figures of force and grace entirely removed from his own conditions and temperament, the unmoralizing, hearty pleasure in nature and art which characterized an earlier age. He has succeeded in forgetting and in making us

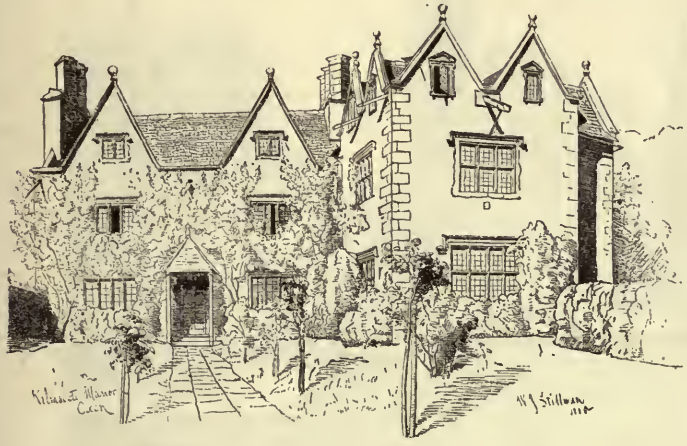
> "Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
> Forget the snorting steam and piston-stroke,
> Forget the spreading of the hideous town,"

and in setting before us

> "A nameless city in a distant sea,
> White as the changing walls of faërie."

The passion for beauty, which unless balanced by a sound and earnest intelligence is apt to degenerate into sickly and selfish æstheticism, inflames him with the burning desire to bring all classes of humanity under its benign influence. That art, together with the leisure and capacity to enjoy it, should be monopolized by the few, seems to him as

egregious a wrong as that men should go hungry and naked. With this plain clew to the poet's character, there is no longer any contradiction between the uncompromising socialist and the exquisite artist of "The Earthly Paradise." If Mr. Morris's poetry have (as I think no one will dispute) that virginal quality of springtide freshness and directness which we generally miss in modern literature, and which belonged to Chaucer as to Homer, the cause may be found in his reproduction in methods and principles of life of certain conditions under which classic art was generated.



KELMSCOTT MANOR. MR. MORRIS'S COUNTRY PLACE.

He has chosen to be a man before being a poet; he has rounded and developed all sides of a well-equipped and powerful individuality; he has plunged vehemently into the rushing stream of current action and thought, and has made himself at one with his struggling, panting, less vigorous fellow-swimmers. He has not only trained himself intellectually to embrace with wide culture the spirit of Greek mythology, the genius of Scandinavian as of Latin poetry, but he has cultivated muscle and heart as well as nerve and brain. The result upon his art has been indirect, but none the less positive. He seems intuitively to have obeyed those singular rules for poetic creation formulated by Walt Whitman:

"Who troubles himself about his ornaments or fluency is lost. This is what you shall do: love the earth and sun and the animals, despise riches, give alms to every one that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy, devote your income and labor to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence towards the people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown, or to any man or number of men, go freely with powerful, uneducated persons, and with the young and with the mothers of families, . . . reëxamine all you have been told at school or at church, dismiss whatever insults your soul,—and your very flesh shall be a great poem and have the richest fluency, not only in its words, but in the silent lines of your lips and face, and between the lashes of your eyes, and in every motion and joint of your body."

Mr. Morris's extreme socialistic convictions are the subject of so much criticism at home, that a few words concerning them may not be amiss here. Rather would he see the whole framework of society shattered than a continuance of the actual condition of the poor. "I do not want art for a few, any more than education for a few or freedom for a few. No, rather than that art should live this poor, thin life among a few exceptional men, despising those beneath them for an ignorance for which they themselves are responsible, for a brutality which they will not struggle with; rather than this, I would that the world should indeed *sweep away all art for a while*. . . . Rather than the wheat should rot in the miser's granary, I would that the earth had it, that it might yet have a chance to quicken in the dark."

The above paragraph, from a lecture delivered by Mr. Morris before the Trades' Guild of Learning, gives the key to his socialistic creed, which he now makes it the main business of his life to promulgate. In America the avenues to ease and competency are so broad and numerous, the need for higher culture, finer taste, more solidly constructed social bases is so much more conspicuous than the inequality of conditions, and the necessity to level and destroy, that the intelligent American is apt to shrink with aversion and mistrust from the communistic enthusiast. In England, however, the inequalities are necessarily more glaring, the pressure of that densely crowded population upon the means of subsistence is so strenuous and painful, that the humane on-looker, whatever be his own condition, is liable to be carried away by excess of sympathy. One hears to-day of individual Englishmen of every rank flinging themselves with reckless heroism into the breach, sacrificing all thought of personal interest in the desperate endeavor to stem the huge flood of misery and pauperism. Among such men stands William Morris, and however wild and visionary his hopes and aspirations for the people may appear to outsiders, his magnanimity must command respect. No thwarted ambitions, no stunted capacities, no narrow, sordid aims have ranged him on the side of the disaffected, the agitator, the

THE RIVER.

outcast. As poet, scholar, householder, and capitalist, he has everything to lose by the victory of that cause to which he has subordinated his whole life and genius. The fight is fierce and bitter; so thoroughly has it absorbed his energies, so filled and inspired and illumined is he with his aim, that it is only after leaving his presence we realize that it is to this man's strong and delicate genius we owe the enchanting visions of "The Earthly Paradise," and Sigurd the Volsung, the story of Jason, and "The Æneids of Virgil."*

Emma Lazarus.

* The following extract from a letter addressed to me by Mr. Morris, bearing date of April 21, 1884, will help to elucidate his socialistic and artistic views. — E. L.:

"I have no objection to stating the *kind* of profit-sharing that goes on in my business; it would not be worth while to give details of it. The profit-sharing only extends at present to the managers and heads of departments, not to use a grand word, foremen if you please, although properly speaking we have no foremen. The greater part of our men are paid by piece-work, according to the custom of their trade; this makes it neither so necessary that they should share profits, nor so easy to arrange a scheme. And now I must state that when I began to turn my attention to this matter of profit-sharing, though I had little faith in its proving a solution of the labor and capital question, I thought it might advance that solution somewhat in the absence of any distinct attempt towards universal coöperation, *i. e.*, socialism, and I hoped to

be able to put my whole establishment on a profit-sharing basis. I now see clearer *why* I had no faith in the profit-sharing, and at the same time see that things are tending towards socialism, so that there is no temptation to me to try to advance a movement which in its incompleteness would rather injure than help the cause of labor. At the same time, I see no harm in the profit-sharing business within certain limits; if, I mean to say, it only means raising the wages at the expense of the individual capitalist. I have always done this by giving wages above the ordinary market-price, and always shall do so.

"I ought to say why I think mere profit-sharing would be no solution of the labor difficulty. In the first place, it would do nothing towards the extinction of *competition*, which lies at the root of the evils of to-day; because each coöperative society would compete for its corporate advantage with other societies, would in fact so far be nothing but a joint-stock company. In the second place, it would do nothing towards the extinction of exploitage, because the most it could do in that direction would be to create a body of small capitalists, who would exploit the labor of those underneath them quite as implacably as the bigger capitalists do; just as peasant proprietors do in the matter of rent for land. In the third place, the immediate result of the system of profit-sharing would be an increase of over-work amongst the industrious, who would, of course, always tend upward toward that small capitalist class abovesaid. This would practically mean putting the screw on all wage-earners and intensifying the contrast between the well-to-do and the mere unskilled, the hewers of wood and drawers of water; for all these industrious successful people would take good care to have people to live on lower down. General result, increase of work done, which all reasonable people should try to curtail, increase of luxury, increase of poverty. Thus, you see, so accursed is the capitalist system under which we live, that even what should be the virtues of good management and thrift, under its slavery do but add to the misery of our thralldom and indeed become mere vices, and have at last the faces of cruelty and shabbiness. The bourgeois system is doomed, that is the long and short of it, and this permissible coöperative system, with its apparent fairness of sharing of profits, is but an attempt at insurance for it, by the creation of a fresh set of petty bourgeois.

"So much for sociology; a word or two about the art I have tried to forward. That is a simple matter enough. I have tried to produce goods which should be genuine as far as their mere substances are concerned, and should have on that account the primary beauty in them which belongs to naturally treated natural substances; have tried, for instance, to make woolen substances as woolen as possible, cotton as cottony as possible, and so on; have used only the dyes which are natural and simple, because they produce beauty almost without the intervention of art; all this quite apart from the design in the stuffs or what not. On that head it has been, chiefly because of the social difficulties, almost impossible to do more than to insure the *designer* (mostly myself) some pleasure in his art by getting him to understand the qualities of materials and the happy chances of processes. Except with a small part of the more artistic side of the work, I could not do anything (or at least but little) to give this pleasure to the workmen, because I should have had to change their method of work so utterly that I should have disqualified them from earning their living elsewhere. You see I have got to understand thoroughly the manner of work under which the art of the Middle Ages was done, and that that is the *only* manner of work which can turn out popular art, only to discover that it is impossible to work in that manner in this profit-grinding society. So on all sides I am driven towards revolution as the only hope, and am growing clearer and clearer on the speedy advent of it in a very obvious form, though of course I can't give a date for it. . . . I am, etc.,

"Yours very truly, WILLIAM MORRIS."*

* See remarks on above in "Topics of the Time."

THE LABOR QUESTION.

BY A WESTERN MANUFACTURER.

THE earliest historic records of the relations of the employed to the employer are those of compelled service; that is, some form of bondage, either slavery to the state (the state being composed only of those who had power) or personal servitude to individual masters. The power of organization was soon learned, and then came the classification of slaves by their duties. This condition continued until the fall of the Roman Empire established the feudal system, while the advance of Christianity gradually did away with slavery. The classified slaves, when freed, instituted *guilds* as a protest against feudalism. These guilds gradually consolidated the forces of the laboring classes against the control of the governing classes. In these guilds history repeated itself. They first became monopolies in their several trades; then wealth began to centralize and consolidate itself; the guilds divided among themselves into plodders and those who accumulated the savings of their toil, and so capital was born, as a new factor to utilize the labor of the many and a new enemy for labor to antagonize. The tendency to monopoly on the part of the wealthy led to organization on the part of the laborers, and thus grew up, for the first time in history, an independent *working class*. The question of wages also became prominent. Owing to famines and pestilences, during the fourteenth century the countries of Europe were greatly depopulated, resulting in a scarcity of laborers; but every attempt on the part of the latter to insure higher wages met with strenuous opposition on the part of employers. The application of power to machinery and the growth of the factory system strengthened the employer and weakened the employed, while between the two unceasing warfare continued.

The necessity of the laborers organizing themselves brought about the conception of the trades-union; and this form of organization, first legally possible about the beginning of the present century, has continued until the present time to thrive and combat capital. Introduced in this country by English workingmen, it has spread rapidly, until every trade has its union. In several instances the attempt is now being made to unite the workmen of all countries, employed in the same trades, in international unions; while during the present decade the endeavor has been made, with some success, to consolidate all forms of unions into one organization, known as "The Knights of Labor," whose various "assemblies" are composed of the diverse unions and of individual members, all auxiliary to and controlled by one supreme central authority. As will now readily appear, trades-unions originated as the inevitable and necessary outcome of those changes in industrial life which led to the growth of a capitalist class, and were fostered by the introduction of machinery, the consequent division of labor, the aggregation of large numbers of workpeople in certain localities, and the inauguration of factory life. They were the protest of the weak and outraged against the strong and overbearing; as veritable a revolution as was the protest of the French people in 1789. As in all revolutions, the swing of the pendulum has been from the extreme of oppression on one side to the extreme of oppression on the other side. With measures often actuated only by blind fury and hate, the result of an hereditary sense of long centuries of wrong and outrage, their power has been exercised alike against their natural friends and their natural foes, until many workmen have felt that what promised freedom and help brought only tyranny and hindrance; while the capitalist class, knowing the destructive power of this blind giant, shrink from encountering the inevitable risks of business, complicated by the hazards incident to dealing with this unknown and not to be estimated factor.

Lest any may consider that the reasons for the institution of trades-unions have been overdrawn and their tyrannical operations have been overstated, a few facts from the history and legislation of England in the past regarding labor may be cited on the one hand, and instances be given to justify the statements regarding their practical tyranny on the other hand. And first as to history and legislation.

The boasted freedom of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, be it remembered, was all enjoyed by the upper classes, to whom the inferior persons were slaves. It was not until the thirteenth century that wages began to be paid, and it is only about six hundred years that there have been laborers receiving a money wage, competing for employment, and arranging terms with employers. The power of legislation was with the employers, its complexion always in their favor, and the statutes of labor still retained a portion of this servitude, laying heavy penalties on workers in the various trades who refused to work at a regular fixed remuneration. By the poor-laws, also, those who would not work might be virtually enslaved by being compelled to work for any householder.

The law subjected all who either verbally or in writing combined to keep up wages or limit the hours of work to punishment by imprisonment as criminals. When after the pestilence of 1349 the reduced number of workmen demanded better pay, it was enacted that all laborers should be content with their former rates of liveries and wages; they were to continue to be paid in kind, where payment in kind had been customary; they were forbidden to hire themselves by the day, but must take service by the year or other fixed period; a rate of wages was fixed for all classes of hands, and their hiring must be public. In 1363 the diet and clothing of artificers and servants were fixed by act of Parliament. Clothiers must make and tradesmen sell cloth of a standard quality at a standard price. In 1548 a statute of Edward VI. enacts penalties on certain artificers, handicraftsmen, and laborers, who had sworn mutual oaths to do only certain kinds of work, to regulate how much work should be done in a day, and what hours and times they should work. These penalties were fines, pillory, and loss of ears. The rates of labor were so fixed for about two centuries, and the practice declined only because of the impossibility of preserving it. Within a hundred and fifty years a tariff of wages was drawn up by the Manchester justices which declared that any workman conspiring to obtain more than the fixed rate should, for the third offense, stand in the pillory and lose an ear. It was not until 1824 that in England combinations became lawful. So much for legislation of the past affecting laborers. The effect of this, in connection with other abuses, on the condition of the laboring class was and has been simply horrible. Time forbids the attempt to picture it. But to those who feel interested in pursuing this phase of the subject further, the reading is suggested of a book published in 1864 by Harper & Brothers, entitled "The Social Condition of the English People," by Joseph Kay, Esq. Pleasant reading is not promised, but it furnishes ample explanation of and reason for the profound

dissatisfaction that in a whole class is hereditary. Mr. Kay was commissioned by the Senate of Cambridge University, England, to travel in western Europe and examine the comparative social condition of the poorer classes in the different countries. Of England he says: "The poor of England are more depraved, more pauperized, more irreligious, and very much worse educated, than the poor of any other European nation, solely excepting Russia, Turkey, South Italy, Portugal, and Spain."

England is the mother of trades-unions. A modern trades-union is a somewhat complex organization, and may be defined as, *in theory*, "a combination of workmen to enable each to obtain the conditions most favorable for labor." As accessories, especially in England, the unions collect funds for benefit societies, insurance of tools, libraries, reading-rooms, etc.; but their trade objects may be stated in general as follows: 1. Collecting facts regarding the state of trade. 2. Registering unemployed men and aiding them to get places. 3. Regulating the number of apprentices employed. 4. Regulating hours of labor and proposing trade rules. 5. Opposing non-union employers and workmen. 6. Maintaining men in resistance to employers. 7. Organizing strikes.

The advocates of unions insist that they are the only means by which workmen can defend themselves against the aggressions of employers; that the individual workman cannot meet the employer on equal terms; that starvation treads too closely on his heels to permit successful opposition to a reduction of wages, however arbitrary and unjust; that associations of employers are practically universal, having the object mainly to secure for themselves an undue share of the profits which are the product of capital and labor united; that when trade is depressed wages are reduced, and when trade improves they are not raised; that any attempt to remedy this by individual action would be abortive; that association puts them on a par with employers when negotiating either as to rates of wages or terms of labor; that in both these matters there is a constant gravitation against the working classes that can be opposed only by combination; that many abuses have been corrected; that because of unions "the workingman's life is more regular, even, and safe"; that strikes will become less frequent as organization is perfected and the just limits of their action comprehended; that experience of past errors will warn against inconsiderate action in the future, and that in the end reason will control without recourse to force, either in the shape of strikes or lockouts,—the latter being only a strike of employers against the employed.

I have failed entirely if I have not sufficiently manifested my conviction that in the history of the past workingmen have had ample justification in demanding the correction of abuses, and in organizing to effect all the beneficent purposes above set forth. One cannot look into the matter without having his indignation kindled and his sympathy excited in the highest degree. It is only when we study the practical working of these organizations that we appreciate somewhat of their baleful influence, learn how far short they come of effecting the desired end, and see their many and serious evils.

As has been said, they were the product of a veritable revolution, and their power has been used as revolutionary forces usually are, blindly, and often fatally to friend and foe alike. The successful working of such a scheme as has been outlined implies the possession of a degree of intellectual and moral equipoise, education, and judicial conservatism, such as only could be the product of centuries of training. What wonder then that these organizations, composed mainly of those who lack these necessary qualifications, burning under a sense of wrong and outrage, in form a fierce democracy in which numbers alone control, and so subject to the guidance of those least qualified to rule, should, as they feel their power, be fierce, cruel, arbitrary, dictatorial—in a word, tyrannical!

The tendency of all unions is to place men on one dead level, and that not the level of the highest, but the level of mediocrity. They dislike the exertion of special or superior ability by any of their members, deeming it an injustice to the rest that one should gain higher pay or win a loftier position. For this reason they decry piece-work, and where it is imperative set a limit upon each individual's production beyond which he must not go. Some of their restrictions are so strange and arbitrary as to seem ridiculous, yet they are enforced with a severity that is appalling. For instance, in the London building trades, if a hod-carrier carries more than nine bricks at a time he is subject to fines and penalties. If he ascends a ladder at too great a speed, fines and penalties. If in going from the shop to work abroad, men walk faster than three miles an hour, fines and penalties. In nearly all trades, if any work is done beyond the limit set by the union, the pay for it goes to the union, and not to the workman doing it. In this way individual excellence is discouraged, and every man is coerced to his damage. This coercion is called "rattening," and is employed to enforce payment of dues and

obedience to rules. Contumacy is visited by punishments in fines, in threats of vengeance, in personal outrage, and sometimes by the murder of the offender.

The Parliamentary Commission of 1867 reported that out of about sixty trades-unions in Sheffield, England, all were charged and thirteen proved to have promoted or encouraged outrages of various degrees of criminality, from theft and intimidation up to personal violence and murder.

All this for members of the union.

Those outside of the union have no rights to be respected. They are "black sheep" and "scabs." Union men will not work with them nor permit them to be employed in the same shops with themselves; and any man who ventures to work on terms which the union condemns takes his life in his hand. So far as individual workmen are concerned, they have exchanged the right of private contract, with all its disabilities, for the despotism of the union, which acts as an effectual bar to the industrial progress of themselves and their class. It is difficult to see how men can preserve their self-respect who tie themselves body and soul to these organizations.

In endeavoring to control in matters that are outside of their proper functions, they also work only evil. By this is meant the arbitrary enforcement of obnoxious restrictions upon the hours and modes of working; opposition to the substitution of improved methods and machinery; the prohibition of apprentices from learning trades; the refusal to conform to the necessary changes demanded by changing tastes and markets; and the attempt to limit the action of non-union workingmen, who never have consented to submit to their control.

There is another and serious class of objections. There can be no doubt that unions foster an unfortunate spirit of antagonism. Being constantly and consciously on the defensive, they come at last to suspect evil in every movement and to put a sinister interpretation on every action of employers. The special interests of the trade affected are often alone cared for, and narrow, selfish, and unjust regulations are enacted for its supposed benefit; and that it may remain a close monopolistic corporation, objectionable terms of service and other coercive measures are enforced, unjustly affecting the working classes generally and subordinating the general well-being to the desired prosperity of a small and selfish number. Strikes have been ordered at times when the position of the market rendered success impossible, resulting in severe and prolonged suffering, while in some highly skilled and limited trades a far higher rate of wages has been enforced for a time than the value of the labor performed would justify, which, with the adoption of unnecessarily burdensome methods and rules, result in the end in materially checking production, deteriorating the quality of the goods produced, and so tending to transfer the industry to other countries. Not unfrequently arbitrary demands have been pressed upon employers, simply that they might compel compliance and thus show their power,—demands immaterial to the men, but which if submitted to were injurious to the employer, and if resisted must involve heavy loss. The spread of communistic and anarchistic sentiments among the working classes with the growth of trades-unions, and their political significancy since the organization of the Knights of Labor, which leads all political parties to cater to their ideas, however erroneous, has introduced into the discussion a new and perplexing factor. The enactment by Congress of a law at their demand, whereby it now is illegal to contract with any foreigner, except he be an opera-singer, for service to be rendered in this country, is a case in point.

This *résumé* of the past history and relations of employer and employed demands a brief statement of the position in which the two parties to the question now find themselves. It is simply a condition of war. The employer contending against the competition of the world finds himself hampered at every step by aggravated restrictions and senseless interferences with his business. Faithful and honorable service, as a rule, is a tradition, but no longer a fact. His interests are not studied, nor indeed cared for. So far as he can discern, his men rather rejoice at his loss than at his gain. He encounters a spirit of antagonism that prevents excellence or certainty of production. Endeavors to enforce discipline or to compel general economies are met by threats of strikes. He cannot even dispense with the services of unworthy or undesirable men, except at the same risk. And he is compelled to transact his business, if he subordinates himself to the behests of the union, at the expense of a serious loss of self-respect. In his endeavors to free himself from this bondage he finds the whole labor element of his community, whether interested in his specialty or not, leagued and arrayed against him, and ready to oppose him and those workmen who feel the burdens of their position to be too heavy by every conceivable means, whether legal or illegal. Through the medium of the various assemblies of the Knights of Labor, a complete espionage is kept over all his workmen as well as himself, and every endeavor is made to prevent any amicable arrange-

ments which do not recognize the union; while if such are made, the workmen and their families are denounced with opprobrium, terrorized by fear of outrage, or debauched with drink, for which purpose organized committees or paid agents are employed.

What wonder, when the conflict joins, that the sentiment, lamentable as it is, that starvation and suffering alone can secure reasonable consideration for employers, should exist and find expression?

The workmen, on their part, look upon their employer as their natural enemy. The historical reasons for this have been stated. Although the relations have so completely changed that the employer is now, perhaps, as frequently the victim of oppression as are the employed, the facts which justified organization have not been forgotten, and the feeling that now that labor has the upper hand, that hand shall be heavily felt, rules the temper of the unions. They justify any and every proceeding that in their opinion tends to maintain the monopoly of the union, prevent workmen from finding independent employment, or employers from conducting business regardless of it. The controlling sentiment is, "all is fair in war, and we are at war," and they are as ruthless, as regardless of age or sex or pity, as must be an actual army, while the grim endurance often manifested of the self-imposed sufferings growing out of strikes cannot but excite wonder alike at its stoicism and its folly.

The more intelligent and thoughtful of workingmen acknowledge that they attain their ends by means which entail a loss on their part of self-respect. The situation is one most deplorable; subversive alike of the best interests of employer and employed, of those of society at large, and of all correct economic principles; socially, economically, and morally wrong, and working only evil.

That there will always be some richer and some poorer, in property as in character and in intellect, must be accepted as inevitable. The most we can hope to attain is to remove unnecessary and destructive friction, and so enhance the general well-being. There is no specific panacea for all these woes. Help can come only from the general education and elevation of men, and from a nearer and nearer approach to the ordering of society in accordance with the principles of the Golden Rule; but a clear presentation of existing evils may lead to an intelligent appreciation of their gravity, and possibly may suggest the better way. Surely a condition which on both sides results in the loss of self-respect and in the absence of mutual respect, must be capable of improvement: there must be a better way.

The problem to be solved may now be stated. Given, a field of production open to the competition of the world, employing capital, the savings of labor applied to production, and labor, administrative, creative, and distributive, what relations shall exist between these so that the highest well-being of all shall be subserved? The question must be discussed not only as to man as a laboring animal, but also as to man as a social, intellectual, and moral being. The field of production must be so tilled that individual character shall be developed, and the proper division of the costs and profits of production be recognized in all states of the market as equitable and just. Under the wage system, when prices are high, labor gets less than its equitable share; when prices are low, it gets more than its equitable share, or production ceases and it gets nothing. To correct these evils strikes and lockouts are the sole remedy — a remedy almost worse than the disease. Arbitration has been proposed to meet such exigencies, but arbitration does nothing to remove the cause, and is confessedly only an expedient. It has no power more than temporarily to alleviate, and the moment a change of market occurs its basis of settlement is disturbed. No mutual interests are or can be by it created, that shall be operative under all conditions, and automatic and self-regulating in action.

This cannot be under the wage system, and some basis must be found that shall recognize what we all are so glib in expressing, that "the interests of capital and labor are mutual and identical"; that shall give that idea practical working force, so that capital and labor shall be in fact partners in the costs and profits, be they greater or smaller, of production; shall result in continuous and not spasmodic employment; shall be free from all socialistic and communistic taint; shall by its self-evident equity produce such content as is humanly possible.

The wage system a failure, its results pernicious,—what shall succeed it?

Before the answer is suggested, you will have anticipated it, and in your minds have said coöperation. The suggestion is not at all novel. To the idea of coöperation the best minds have been naturally led, and certain tests or partial tests of its value have been made, largely in Europe, where, in special industries in which it was of comparatively easy application, its workings have proved eminently satisfactory. "Why," it may be asked, "if this is so, has it not been universally adopted?" There are many reasons, some of which may be given.

On the part of employers. So long as the

wage system could be worked without dangerous friction, and the control of production and the laws regulating it were wholly in their hands, the necessity of change was not sufficiently felt to compel it. As the conditions grew more onerous this class were unwilling to admit that labor had any rights in the results of business. There was a profound ignorance on the part of both employers and employed of all economic truth. Employers were selfish, and, assuming it to be true that they took all the risks, demanded all the profits. They were wedded to the wage system, knew of no other, its results could be speedily and definitely ascertained, and change to an unfamiliar system seemed portentous. There were and are also practical difficulties in the way of accounting which render it hard to ascertain the proportion contributed by each to the cost of production. Employers mostly are not philosophers, but are hard-headed, dogmatic, averse to change, and especially averse to change that is forced upon them. The fact that as the subject was usually presented it involved some communistic features, and offered to the employees some degree of administrative control, was especially distasteful to employers. Since in most pursuits administrative control has well-nigh wholly passed out of their hands, and their two sole functions as producers now are, to provide material to be worked up under rules formulated by the workmen, and money to pay wages whose rate is not at all of their making, this objection now is less obvious; still, thus far they have doggedly stuck to the old way, though confessedly it was out of joint and failed to produce good results.

The employed also are ignorant of economic truth; wedded to the wage system with its frequent and final settlements; lack confidence in the truth of employers' figures as well as ability to verify them; are uncertain as to their final remuneration, and unable to wait for their pay until results are ascertained. Being aware that inefficient workmen are a dead weight on business, the good workmen dislike to carry the poor ones on their shoulders, and falsely think that the wage system compels the employer alone to sustain the loss incident to their employment. On both sides this is a formidable list of objections, those having their basis in ignorance and prejudice being perhaps the most difficult to overcome. But men are educated rapidly under the stress of necessity, and this pressure is upon us.

Let us see if it be not possible to suggest a practicable scheme of coöperation that shall be reasonable, not unduly difficult of application, self-acting so far as maintaining equitable relations in all states of the market, require no greater degree of educated intelligence to render it operative than all should aspire to, enable employer and employed to maintain their self-respect, stimulate individual excellence, and place production on a "peace footing."

To illustrate: The elements of the cost of articles are interest on capital, active and fixed, taxes, insurance, repairs, allowance for deterioration and renewals, and labor. Assume as a basis of cost the usual business interest on capital, taxes, insurance, repairs, a proper allowance for deterioration and renewals, a proper compensation for services of proprietors, salaries, wages to unskilled men, and the current wages at the time being of skilled workmen. Each of these will compose a definite percentage of the cost not difficult to ascertain. If the selling price of articles produced just meets this cost, there is no profit; if it is less, there is loss, under the present system sustained alone by the employer; if it is greater, there is profit, now unshared by the employee. If, however, the interest on capital, compensation of proprietors, salaries, and wages were increased or decreased in proportion as the selling price was higher or lower than cost, there would be practical coöperation, in which all would share the profit or loss in proportion to their respective contributions to cost.

Assume further that the wages are forty per cent. of this cost. If the business of any given year showed a loss of say ten thousand dollars, forty per cent. of this would fall upon employees and sixty per cent. on the employers. If for a like period it showed a gain of ten thousand dollars, the employees would receive of this, in excess of their computed wages, forty per cent., and the employers sixty per cent. In either case both capital and labor would receive all that the business as transacted was capable of paying.

I do not care to go into the details of its application, but is it not obvious that under such a system the workmen would be stimulated to lessen cost and increase production, to economize in time, material, and labor, so as to avoid loss and assure a profit to be shared by them; and would not this new spirit conduce to self-respect, to elevation of character, to sobriety, and to a general uplifting of all engaged in production? Would not the dissatisfaction which now spends itself on conditions then be alone felt as to results? Would it not tend to improve and elevate the social, intellectual, and moral nature of every man? Would strikes and lockouts be possible under such a system intelligently and honestly administered? Would not antago-

nisms be allayed because of all having a common interest, definite, practical, and easily appreciated? And might we not hope that with the subsidence of the war spirit between capital and labor, the divine truth and practical working value of Christ's second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," would be recognized, and so lead men to accept both the second and the first of his commands as their rule of life? The way is long; progress will be slow; but it is on such lines alone that there is hope.

Edward L. Day.

COÖPERATION.

BY A NEW YORK MASTER-PRINTER.

ABOUT twenty years ago some journeymen of an important trade in this city formed a coöperative association with the intent, as they said, to be their own employers. Most of them were good workmen. Their joint contribution of money gave them enough of capital to equip a respectable workshop. All had been members of a large trades-union, and had the sympathy of that union and the active good-will of the unions of other trades. They began business with hopeful prospects, with very little debt, and with assurances of excellent custom.

At the outset the association had all the work it could do. The receipts of the first quarter were larger than had been expected. Success seemed beyond all doubt. But this apparent success made changes in the habits of a few of the coöperators. Their industry slackened. Men who were earning, or thought they were earning, eight days' pay for six days' work, felt justified in coming later and going earlier every day, or in absenting themselves for an occasional entire day. To other coöperators who worked steadily, this irregularity was offensive. Quarreling followed, production fell off.

The balance-sheet of the first year's business did not show the large profits expected. Then came dissatisfaction with the management. Every coöperator was sure, if he were manager, that he would stop many useless expenses, and compel his fellows to do more work. The business meetings of the association were made inharmonious by trivial complaints and impracticable suggestions. The inability of the manager to always get the extreme high rates of the trade, or to compel customers to accept inferior work at ordinary price, was a frequent cause of complaint.

The second year's business showed no real profit. What was worse, the tools and materials were wearing out, and the custom of the association was not increasing. The manager said truly enough that custom would diminish if the association did not furnish buyers with the better workmanship that could be had from better machines. He recommended the purchase of improved machinery and severer penalties against indolence or neglect. A majority opposed the buying of new machinery — opposed any policy which postponed a present profit for a future benefit. Most of the members voted not to wait; they wanted results and profits at once.

Under these restrictions the business became entirely unprofitable, and the association broke up. All the coöperators returned to the older method of working weekly for fixed wages. To this day the failing coöperators attribute their failure, not to neglect and want of enterprise, but to internal dissensions and insufficiency of capital. There were other reasons which were not apparent to them then or now, and which will always have an influence on similar enterprises.

Not one of the coöperators had any training in the counting-room or at book-keeping, or knew the proper methods for managing a large business. Taught their trades in a workshop, they had no opportunity. They underrated expenses and overrated profits. As journeymen under the influence of the trades-union spirit, they had regarded capital as antagonistic to labor; as coöperators they could not divest themselves of the old opposition: but the capital to be opposed by them as an association was the capital represented by their friends the customers, who were often treated as old employers had been treated — not as friends to be conciliated, but as antagonists to be coerced or brought to terms. It was a more difficult task.

The greatest obstacle to the success of manufacturing coöperations of journeymen is their imperfect knowledge of the expenses of business, and of the smallness of the profit made from each workman. To illustrate. A factory that employs one hundred workmen and pays a net profit of $10,000 a year does a thriving business. Few journeymen can see that this profit of $10,000 a year, if paid to them, would give each only about two dollars more a week. The average workman is not

content with the risk and responsibility of a copartner for so small a return.

The intent of trades-unions is to secure uniformity of wages, with slight regard to conditions of business or to the unequal production of different workmen. The spirit of the coöperative method is the readjustment of the returns of labor in true proportion with the profits of the business and the true production of each coöperator. The two policies are in direct opposition. Men who have been educated to believe in the wisdom of the first policy will not cheerfully accept the second. To many, coöperation would be a disappointment. If every factory were organized under the cooperative method, there would be great inequality in the earnings of workmen in the same factory, and still greater inequality in the earnings of men in different factories. In some shops men would receive large dividends; in others, equally good and perhaps better workmen would get nothing. In other shops good workmen as well as poor might be debited on their weekly wages with the losses of an unprofitable year. That there might be more of the latter than of the former class is plain enough to any one who has consulted the statistics of manufacturing industries. Few succeed where many fail. The discontent of a superior workman who has been so unfortunate as to work in a shop that has made no profits, when he contrasted his scant earnings with the liberal returns made to another workman, perhaps his inferior in skill, who had been engaged in a lucrative business, would soon make him rebel at the apparent injustice of the coöperative method.

Manufacturing coöperations formed by employers of established responsibility with their foremen and leading workmen, who have a proper knowledge of the expenses of conducting business, and full trust in their employers' sagacity, have been of advantage to the cooperators. So far as I know these are the only ones that have been successful. They would be more numerous if employers could be assured that the journeymen who wish to be coöperators would take all the duties as well as all the privileges of the new position.

A cautious employer fears to propose cooperation when he considers the prejudices against unequal pay, and the peculiar notions about rights and duties which are held by many journeymen. Men who base their claim for full wages, not so much on their efficiency as producers, as on the prescriptive rights they have earned, or fancy they have earned, by serving apprenticeship, or from membership in a trade society — men who habitually evade the more disagreeable duties of their business, never doing more than is required of them — cannot be desired as good helpers in any cooperative enterprise. They may hinder it more as partners than as journeymen. They cannot help it.

The larger part of the world's work is now done, as it has been, for fixed wages. That some of this work is inequitably paid for may be freely admitted; but with all its evils, the preference of the great army of the employed is for fixed wages, the content which comes from present security, and full release from all risk and responsibility. When a larger share of the employed will accept their fair share of responsibility, one may begin experiments in coöperation with more hope of success.

This time should not be far off. Recent events must have shown to thinking mechanics what coöperation in trades-unions can do and what it cannot do in the matter of wages. A year or two more of experience may be needed to complete the demonstration, and prove that the strength of any association, whether it be a trade-union or a coöperative factory, is not in proportion to the number, but the quality of its membership — not in its large balance in bank, nor in its prescriptive rights, nor its ability to get gifts or loans, but in the skill, efficiency, and fair dealing of its individual members. The thoughtful workman must see that there are rewards for labor which no society can get for him — rewards to be earned by the discharge of duties which he must do himself; that it is better for him to be expert and active at his trade, trying to do more rather than less than is required of him, making himself more and more useful to his employer and to society, than it is to lean on any association for support or protection. It will be from the ranks of these men, and these men only, that the successful coöperative societies of the future will be formed.

Theodore L. De Vinne.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?"

IT is scarcely four years since Frank R. Stockton broached the enigma of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" and ceasing to be only "a rising young man," realized the complete success which he is now enjoying at the age of fifty-two. As he himself says, his career is an instance of "protracted youth." Before he was twenty he had made up his mind to be an author, and during nearly thirty years of sporadic literary work his nimbus, like the northern lights, had flickered a little this side or that, or momentarily shown a spectacular glow. It was entirely visible to many when the "Rudder Grange" sketches appeared in a haphazard, transient way. But not until the little conundrum of three magazine pages had set everybody talking did he become a celebrity.

Edward Eggleston used to say that Stockton's mind possessed one chamber that had been denied to the rest of mankind. It is certain that nearly everything he has written stands by itself, both for originality of plot and freshness of humor. His unique stories always did hit the mark, but they came at uncertain intervals, and their purpose was fancifully hidden, except for the obvious intention to amuse. But "The Lady, or the Tiger?" was a shaft condensed from the entire Stocktonese, and barbed with a puzzle which in the nature of human things no man could ever solve, and the author as little as any; and to complete the pique of the jest, any woman might solve it for herself, but for no other woman. But that fact did not deter people from trying. A "Lady, or the Tiger?" literature was the result, of which a part found its way into print, while no end of it gave new life to literary and debating societies.

Of course such an excuse for epistolizing the author was not neglected. Some wrote out of curiosity to know the author's opinion; others as an appeal to the superior court. But all the satisfaction the author has been able to give inquirers may be summed in the statement that the story contains everything he ever knew about the incident, and that "If you decide which it was — the lady, or the tiger — you find out what kind of a person you are yourself."

There was temerity in attempting a sequel to so great a success, but the author came off wondrously well with "The Discourager of Hesitancy." After it was printed nearly everybody who had written him before, inquired by letter whether the prince chose the lady who frowned or the one who smiled. He had once printed a skit called "Every man his own letter-writer," in burlesque of the polite letter-writer, so it may be assumed that he was well prepared to take care of this practical joke on himself.

Of the peculiar traits which determine his personality Mr. Stockton has a monopoly in a greater degree than most men — excepting of his parents, for he belongs to a large family of children. Almost as a matter of course every American Stockton is by birth or descent a New-Jerseyman. In 1656 Richard Stockton came to this country from Cheshire, England. His eldest son, Richard, settled in Princeton, New Jersey, and founded that influential branch. Two other sons made their home in Burlington on the Delaware, a little nearer Trenton than Philadelphia which has always been the metropolis, so to speak, of the Burlington branch. One of the Burlington sons of the elder Richard was named John, and from him by three removes we have Samuel Stockton, the grandfather of the novelist.

This grandfather married Hannah Gardiner, of a well-known New Jersey family. Her great-grandfather was the first Speaker of the general legislature when the two Jerseys were united in one colonial government. His father was one of the original proprietors of the Western Province of New Jersey, member of the Assembly and of the Governor's Council. It is from the Gardiners that Samuel Stockton's descendants have inherited many of their characteristics.

William S. Stockton, the father of Frank R., is remembered in the history of the Methodist Church as one of the most independent and militant of the laity. He was the leader

in the revolt against the Methodist Episcopal polity, and established "The Wesleyan Repository" at Trenton to advocate lay representation. After 1824 the controversy waxed bitter and this Wesleyan reformer was not in the habit of dipping his pen in oil. In 1830 he helped to establish the seceding Methodist-Protestant Church, which gave the laity equal strength and footing with the ministers in the general conference. He was also a fierce controversalist in his character of anti-Jesuit, temperance reformer, and abolitionist, and on the latter score the wing of the church which he had helped to foster was split in 1858, but in 1877 the Northern and Southern churches were reunited. Without being an exhorter, his pen was busy to the last with controversial subjects, and he edited a life of John and Charles Wesley which he himself published. When he was living in Arch street, he would cross to the sunny side on a hot summer's day, so as to avoid the shadow of the Arch Street Theater.

There is a tradition in the family, that the father in his lifetime read one whole novel and the half of another. In his efforts to fathom the Jesuits he dipped into Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew," but recoiled from the greater part of it. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" impressed him deeply and satisfied all his cravings for light reading. Religion and religions absorbed his thoughts, and his pastime was gardening.

By two marriages his family was divided into groups of children of varying tastes. The first wife was a Miss Hewlings of Burlington, whom he married very young. She bore him eleven children, only three of whom grew up and married. The eldest of these, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hewlings Stockton, was one of the most eloquent preachers of his time. During his ministry in Baltimore, he was, for a time, Chaplain of Congress. Henry Clay once said that Dr. Stockton was the greatest pulpit orator he had ever heard. He had a gift for poetry of a deeply religious cast, and his sister Elizabeth often contributed verses to the magazines of thirty years ago.

When William S. Stockton was forty-five he married, for his second wife, Miss Emily Drean of Loudoun county, Virginia, his junior by twenty-five years, and who, on her mother's side, inherited French blood.

Emily Drean bore him nine children, six of whom grew to adult age, including Frank who was the eldest of them. The half-brother and two half-sisters, children of the first wife, were so much older than the second family that their children came about the same time. Their uncle, Wesley Stockton, was the father of twenty children; so out of the two families and the grandchildren and the neighborly scions of the parallel line, not to mention the visiting Methodist brethren, there were always enough to crowd the board of the Wesleyan patriarch. When the Reverend Doctor with his family came to live with his father, nineteen Stocktons always sat down at one table, and mirth followed close upon the blessing. The father died at the age of seventy-five, his death being the result of an accident; and the second wife lived to be seventy-five.

Francis Richard, as is recorded in the family Bible with much particularity, was born in Philadelphia, at nine o'clock of a Saturday night, which was the 5th of April, 1834. He owes his given names to the romantic taste of his half-sister Emily, who thought him a worthy namesake of Francis I. and Richard Cœur de Lion. His next younger brother, John Drean, the journalist, succeeded in getting named after his maternal grandfather, but the half-sister scored another royalty by naming the literary sister Marie-Louise, after Napoleon's second spouse, but she is known to the reading public as Louise Stockton. Soberer counsels prevailed in the naming of the three other surviving children, who it may be a matter of interest to know have never shown symptoms of the writing fever. One became William S., Jr., another Mary, and the youngest Paul, in honor of the Apostle.

With peculiar solicitude the father kept Frank and John out of Sunday-school from fear of their meeting bad boys. But the Sunday exercises at home surpassed their desires. With two years between them the brothers were literally possessed with one spirit of deviltry, while having two heads and four hands for its execution. Much of their boyhood was passed in the country about Philadelphia, and as is usually the case with large families, the boys of the neighborhood who could keep up the pretense of being good, had the swing of the entire Stockton domain. Six or eight of the most intimate youngsters were initiated by the brothers into a secret society, known as the "A. O. B." and patterned on what was supposed to be the methods of desperate robbers.

One of the duties of the members was to perform strange deeds, such as the midnight conveyance of fruit and food. In pursuing this aim they once ate the mince-meat out of their mother's pies, replacing it with cold mush and carefully fitting on the top crusts. Two Methodist ministers were at the family dinner on the following day, which was Sunday. Frank and John didn't want any pie. They wanted to go, but with fear and trembling awaited developments. As soon as the reverend guests got

the first pieces and began to look dazed, the boys bolted.

While living in Bucks county the boys owned a dog which, of course, was death on cats. In hunting the favorite feline of a dangerous neighbor they were surprised by that watchful person. They fled and expected vengeance, but having heard that the neighbor had a brood of little pigs, they boldly and innocently returned to him and offered to buy a pig. A dollar cooled the man's ire, while the pigling was borne home and placed in the family pen. At feeding-time the boys would watch their chance of keeping back the other pigs with sticks while their little one gorged himself. By this means he grew to be the biggest in the pen and netted them a profit of seven dollars.

Another strange deed of the "A. O. B." was worthy of the future author of "The Reversible Landscape" and "The Remarkable Wreck of the *Thomas Hyke*." During the visit of a cousin, he and Frank and John had to sleep on an old-fashioned, high-posted bedstead. It occurred to them to turn the bedstead upside down so that it stood on its posts instead of its legs, and when the mattress and the bed-clothes were spread on the under, then the upper side, their heads came amusingly near the ceiling. This adventure was attended with some noise, and they had only begun to enjoy the novel situation before they were disturbed by a greatly surprised mother, who made them clamber down the tall posts, and spend the night in an improvised bed on the floor.

William S., Jr., the younger brother, was never allowed to join the secret society. He was an assistant, however, in many strange deeds, and notably by sitting on a bee's nest while the boys ran for switches to fight the insects. As soon as the bees awoke to the fact that it was a boycott, they raised the siege in a hurry and the allies fled with a screaming youngster at their heels.

With his evident genius for practical fun, parents ought to be thankful that Mr. Stockton has never in his stories encouraged the boyish nuisance.

For many years gymnastics and fishing were the principal recreations of the brothers. Frank, though slightly built, had a strong, wiry figure, and despite the lameness which has been with him since he was five, he was a leader in vaulting; for given a chance to use his strong arm as a lever, he could swing himself over wide obstacles.

John was even more athletic, and later in life was fond of breaking the ice for a plunge-bath. While living in New York he once engaged an old boatman near Hell Gate to row him into the East River, which at the time was spotted with floating ice. Great was the awe of the boatman while his fare leisurely stripped himself, took a dive, and as leisurely climbed in again. But he said not a word until John began to dress, when he exclaimed: "Young man, what you want is a *guardeen!*"

Their early schooling was under private care in West Philadelphia. Then Frank entered the Philadelphia public schools and in his eighteenth year finished with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, at the Central High School. That institution had a president and faculty and among a less modest people would have been called a college. Greek and Latin were a part of the four-years' course, but Frank sided with the modern languages, and for two years after he was graduated continued the study of Anglo-Saxon. It is said that he was not the ambitious boy who is always at the head of his class, but rather the facile scholar who invariably had second place without much effort.

Frank and John were as inseparable in juvenile schemes of authorship as in play. A prime amusement was to begin a story after going to bed and toss it back and forth between them for the benefit of the younger brother lying at the foot. Whenever William nodded he was kicked, because it was a rule that if he staid there at all he must listen.

At the age of ten Frank began the reading of novels, his taste for them being established by a much valued copy of Mrs. Redcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolfo." Somewhat later he wrote his first verses beginning,

> "My love she hath a black eye;
> Her lips are cherry red."

His companions laughed at a love with a black eye, and wanted to know how she came by it. When he was fourteen he celebrated the battle of Monterey in verse. About this time he, John and another schoolmate favored a religious weekly published in Baltimore with specimens of original poetry, the return of which convinced them that the editor was an ignorant person who really didn't know good poetry from bad. To test this, they copied out one of Milton's short devotional poems and sent it to the editor, hoping to have some fun with him when he sent it back as not good enough. But the poem was printed with a name other than Milton's, and the boys concluded that after all the editor did know good poetry when he saw it.

About the time of entering the high school he tried his hand at a continuation of "Charles O'Malley." During the course he wrote a prize story which was printed in "The Boys'

and Girls' Journal," and made his first appearance in the weekly "American Courier," as the author of a story in the prevailing French manner. On leaving school he joined the "Forensic and Literary Circle," whose members were thirty or forty ambitious young men. Among them was John A. Dorgan, the poet; W. T. Richards, the marine painter; Professor Riché, and Judges Mitchell and Ashman, of Philadelphia; John D. Stockton, the poet and editor, and many others who have since made a name at the bar and in other professions.

A feature of the weekly meetings of the Circle was a manuscript magazine, for which the "Ting-a-ling" stories were written. Afterward they were printed in "The Riverside Magazine," and eventually made his first book. It is recalled that his father was rather indifferent to the products of his son's fancy, and that, looking into one of Frank's manuscripts, he soon came upon an insect or a bird assisting in the conversation. The father smiled sadly and folded the manuscript.

The Ting-a-ling stories stamped their author as a humorist of delicate and original fancy, but he and his fellow-members were often deadly in earnest, and when he once delivered a lecture before the society and its friends, he chose the subject of "Female Influence," and treated it so solemnly that it is said it saddened the hearts of all who heard it.

"Kate," his first short story of any importance, was read before the society. Some of his friends urged him to publish. He fell in with the idea. Back came the story from the leading magazine with a printed reply. When he had recovered from his surprise he sent it to another magazine, with like result. By this time he was fully resolved to publish, and dispatched the luckless "Kate" in turn to all the other magazines. Those having printed replies sent them back with the MS. As an experienced editor he would doubtless justify the printed form as a necessary and courteous means of editorial explanation; still one instance is remembered where he profaned its honest dignity. A well-known author had visited the sanctum, and forgotten a pair of "rubbers," which were forwarded by messenger. Within the package was found the regular printed reply with this sentence underscored: "*The return of an article does not necessarily imply lack of literary merit.*"

But in the case of "Kate" it was the printed thanks of the editor which seemed to stand between its author and fame. At last the story found favor in the eyes of John R. Thompson, editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," who frankly said he would print but could not pay. By return mail he was urged not to hesitate on the latter account. "Kate" in print made a little talk which justified the editor in offering thirty dollars for a serial of three parts, "The Story of Champaigne," a French tale with a fanciful plot being the result.

From an early age, Frank had intended to be a physician; but as no doctor had ever been President of the United States, that profession ceased, after a time, to attract him. As a compromise between their father's practical views and their private literary hopes, Frank became an engraver on wood and John an engraver on steel.

Frank had a peculiar way of following his art, especially after his marriage, when he traveled leisurely, enjoying country scenes, and often visited in Virginia. Outdoor scenes, and flowers, fruits, and birds were generally his subjects, though he occasionally engraved portraits. As a rule he did his own drawing on the block. He was a regular contributor of pictures, verse, and prose to "Vanity Fair" and "Punchinello," two New York comic papers that aimed to be like "Punch" and died young. During the engraving period he was steadily at literary work, which was done at night. Finally he appointed a day a long time in advance when he would lay down the burin forever, and he kept the appointment. His brother dropped steel-engraving earlier, and at that time was a newspaper writer.

In 1860 Frank Stockton married, in Philadelphia, Miss Marian E. Tuttle, of Amelia county, Virginia. She was the half-sister of Dr. M. F. T. Evans who had married Frank's half-sister, the doctor's acquaintance with the family having begun while he was a student in Philadelphia. At the battle of Gettysburg Dr. Evans's regiment, the Fourteenth Virginia, was in the van of Pickett's charge upon Hancock's line, where William S. Stockton, Jr., who with other infantrymen was working a gun that had been stripped of cannoneers, was taken prisoner by his brother-in-law's regiment; but when the tide of battle quickly turned he escaped. Often each went over a battle-field looking for the other, dead or wounded.

Frank had wished that the war might be averted by a compromise involving the gradual freeing of the slaves, and indemnity to the owners, and he also thought that theoretically a state had a right to secede. In the spring of 1861 he published at his own expense an independent pamphlet called "A Northern Voice," which aimed to assist in settling the difficulty; but the "Voice," which had met with a considerable sale at five cents a copy, was effectually hushed by the firing on Fort Sumter. Before the clash of arms Mrs. Stock-

ton hastened South to visit her relatives. She soon found herself on the Dixie side of the picket-line, and while detained opposite Washington, saw the whole invading army pass into Virginia. With other ladies she was at the time under the protection of the New York Seventh.

John's success in journalism, as well as his own inclinations, had been drawing Frank in the same direction. Having the family taste for horticulture, he was asked to describe that department of the Sanitary Commission's fair for the Philadelphia "Press." One survey of the field showed him that it was too big for his own knowledge; so he asked each exhibitor for brief descriptions of his rarest plants. Collecting these, and licking them into shape with little trouble, he made the hit of all the floral reports, and showed that he possessed the journalistic instinct.

About the time he gave up wood-engraving Jay Cooke was placing the 7.30 government loan. John had influence with the banker and Frank was enlisted to help inculcate the principle that a national debt was a national blessing. With five others he gave his attention to the financial interests of the citizens of New York and gained, if little else, a wide knowledge of the metropolis and its suburbs.

Returning to Philadelphia, he went on "The Morning Post," a paper that had been started by his brother and John Russell Young, and which, in 1872, supported Horace Greeley and fell amid the ruins of that memorable campaign. During his brief newspaper experience he also wrote for the "Riverside Magazine."

In the autumn of 1871 "Punchinello" asked him for a Christmas story and engaged an artist to illustrate it, but the paper died on the threshold of the holidays. He brought the orphaned story to New York and showed it to Dr. Holland, who sent him a moderate sum, which yet seemed so unusually large to the author that he thought he was to share it with the artist. So it happened that "Stephen Skarridge's Christmas," a burlesque on Dickens's imitators, was printed in the January number of this magazine for 1872 and helped to fix his future in New York.

In the same year he became news-editor and writer of short editorials on the family weekly "Hearth and Home," edited by Edward Eggleston. One of its features was a home and children's department conducted by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, and to that he was also a contributor. Of the funny column, "That reminds me," he had full charge.

On the demise of "Hearth and Home," he joined the staff of "Scribner's Monthly" as an editorial assistant; but in the autumn of 1873 he became Mrs. Dodge's assistant on the new magazine, "St. Nicholas." No serial story had been secured, and without one the magazine could not go forth. The assistant editor produced "What Might Have Been Expected" by working at night after a long day at the office. He used to be afraid that he would break down, and that everybody would then say: just "What might have been expected!" But he did not break down and the story was finished in due time.

Any one who takes a look into this model story for boys and girls will be sure to glean it, if only for the negro character and conversation and for the quiet touches of humor. Wherever he has touched negro character as here and in "The Late Mrs. Null," the canvas fairly pulses with vigor and humor. And they are all studies from the life obtained during many visits to his wife's family home in Amelia county, in the "black belt" of Virginia, where the colored people are about ten to every white person. Here, at a backwoods cross-roads called Paineville, the "Akeville" of "What Might Have Been Expected," was a chance to study the unmixed, old-fashioned negro with the romancing tongue of Peggy, and the fussy superstitions of Aunt Patsy and Aunt Judy. The latter was first used in "What Might Have Been Expected," of which Aunt Matilda, Uncle Braddock, and the youngster John William Webster were both real characters and veritable names. As each part of the story came out it was read down there within hearing of the assembled prototypes, and great was their pride when their names were sounded. Two namesakes in the negro colony attest the favor in which "Mr. Frank" is held.

Both the character and incidents of that delightful negro story "The Cloverfields Carriage" are real and belong to Paineville. "The Story of Seven Devils" was suggested to him by the narrative of an old negro; and the droll sketch "An Unhistoric Page," which in 1884 gained the "Youth's Companion" prize of $500 for the best humorous story, belongs to his Amelia county sojourn.

After a visit of recuperation to Florida and Nassau he wrote "A Jolly Fellowship," his second serial for "St. Nicholas." It abounds in lively descriptions and adventures and is ingenious; but of all his writings for children it is the only story, to my thinking, with little interest for older heads.

Two or three of the travel papers collected in "Roundabout Rambles," refer to the same trip. These approach the vein of his short stories, but never reach the high level of his imaginative writings. Apparently he must have his own stage, his own plot, and his own

people, real yet of the fancy, or even purely whimsical, in order to produce that peculiar fusion of reality, fancy, philosophy and humor which is the true Stocktonese.

His second Christmas story, written for this magazine, and printed in January, 1872, is called "The Pilgrims' Packets," and ends in an enigma. In more than one respect it was a forerunner of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" It contains at the outset a bit of mental autobiography, for the tall pilgrim, who, like the two others, has written a story that nobody will appreciate, complains that "the Materialists and Rationalists of Literature will have none of me. They object to my machinery and send me to the children. But I have nothing for children. There is a moral purpose running through my story — a purpose for maturest minds."

He is never loath to explain that from the first adventure of the fairy Ting-a-ling, through "The Floating Prince" series, and down to the recent story of "The Griffin and the Minor Canon," all of his marvelous tales were written for grown people. But when editors of "grown-up" magazines have objected to his "machinery," he has been compelled to carry them to the children, who, to be sure, carry them direct to the grown people. In large part the humor of his fairy stories depends upon their travesty of the traditions of fairy literature; something that only the adult or maturing mind can fully enjoy; but with the humor, there is always a story of incident which satisfies a child's love of adventure and of the marvelous.

His minor stories show a progression from fairy tales to what the author, with a special liking for the kind, calls "fanciful tales." But he has always avoided the big and little immortals, and purely barbarous incidents which characterize the fairy legends of tradition, as handed down by Grimm, and softened and beautified by Andersen. His fairies are human beings of exaggerated traits and powers. There is no "quick-as-a-wink" or fairy wings about their travels. If they have business requiring dispatch they must saddle a grasshopper or a butterfly and obey the laws of inertia and gravitation. When they climb it is by something more tangible than a streak of light from sun or star. At the time he sent his first fairy story to the "Riverside Magazine," the rules of fairy fiction were regarded with the old reverence for the Greek unities, and the editor thought it necessary to apologize for his contributor by explaining in a subheading that the story was only "a make-believe fairy tale."

A moral purpose may be discovered underneath the fanciful tales, but it is never obtruded. For instance, "The Griffin and the Minor Canon," may be construed as teaching the repression of harmful tastes. There is nothing the Griffin so much desires as to make one mouthful of the Minor Canon, and if he does not do so at once, it is because his purpose to eat him is so settled that he thinks he can afford to humor conscience, which nevertheless always gets the better of his appetite. And in "The Queen's Museum" the man apprenticed to a hermit loathes the business. The desire of his soul is to become a terrible robber; yet he remains a hermit, and has the satisfaction of robbing robbers as a reward of virtue.

Every grown fool, even, knows that children are wiser than they look; but few wise men have shown such trust in the youthful understanding as Mr. Stockton, who has never thought it necessary to "write down to children." The little son of a publisher was chatting one day with the author of "Ting-a-ling," and expressed great liking for the story of the maiden whose head was put on wrong, so that she faced backwards, until a prince, taking pity on her, kissed her. It was the first time a young man had kissed her, and it *turned her head.* "It was enough," said the little commentator, "to turn any girl's head."

A youthful admirer of the stories once wrote to ask if it were not true that Mr. Stockton had a large family of children who always heard the stories told before they were written out, and who gave the inventor "points" as to the things children in general would and would not like. It would be interesting to know the comments of this young philosopher on learning that Mr. Stockton's children are all in his books, and that the position of juvenile oracle, as well as literary critic, is held by Mrs. Stockton, in whose autograph the author's always dictated writings are dressed.

By virtue of a good memory and methodical habits of composition his work goes forward without much regard to surroundings and interruptions. The story of "The Transferred Ghost" was written within ten days in six different houses in the suburbs of New York. For six years his summers were spent in the Virginia mountains at "Lego," a country mansion near Monticello, and once part of the estate of Thomas Jefferson. On the spacious lawn there was an immense cherry-tree, around which stood three stakes like the feet of a tripod. One end of a hammock was tied to the trunk of the tree and the other end moved from stake to stake, according to the position of the sun. In that hammock the author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" spun many a yarn,

while his wife spread it upon paper, on one of Thomas Jefferson's writing-tables.

Before a word is put upon paper his story, long or short, is invented, molded and finished, even down to the points and often to the full text of the conversations. While in the clay state the most radical changes may take place; but once finished it remains firmly traced in the author's memory, ready to be dictated at any time. As an illustration, "The Late Mrs. Null" was begun a year ago on the 9th of February, and interrupted by a serious illness and the crowding in for prior attention of eight short stories. Yet his first novel was virtually composed before pen was put to paper. It was completed finally in November, 1885.

Mr. Stockton's habit of dictating was acquired when his days were given to editing. Then it rested him to be able to register his ideas without the intervention of a pen. Now, he would find it difficult to write freely in any other way. With the regularity of the clock he begins his morning's work at ten. If he is drawing on his store-house of finished stories he dictates for two hours and a half, seldom longer. But if he is composing he gives his thoughts entirely to himself, with the same regularity as to time, and perhaps for many days together. Few changes, and these only verbal, are made in the first written draft; and while he always seeks to find the word of all words that would lend felicity and vigor to a phrase, he never polishes. Once penned, a story is seldom kept over night, but is at once sent to its destination. In the afternoon he goes forth for recreation and acquaintance with the world that he paints. He studies character everywhere, and in an imaginative way is as much given to models as any graphic artist. It will be remembered that in "Our Story," the supposed author-hero says that the characters "were to be drawn from life, for it would be perfectly ridiculous to create imaginary characters when there were so many original and interesting personages around us."

That theory is helped out by the origin of the ever delightful "Rudder Grange," which must stand as a master-piece of fanciful, refined comicality, profound enough in its way to entitle the author to a seat in the American Academy. Nearly all of its incidents and characters are real. But who else would have seen fun and philosophy in them and touched them with the same life-giving art? Surely in its quiet, wholesome, fireside humor this book is inimitable. You may hear strangers in public places and friends in social privacy use precisely the same words, "The funniest book I ever read." And you may hear people recommend it to friends much as you would a side-splitting farce capitally acted, and soon to go off the boards. But the guffaw way of viewing it misses half the flavor and nearly all the intention; for "Rudder Grange" is, if you like, a profound treatise by a professor of human nature, who is aware that the most trivial proceedings of mankind need only to be dressed in the true motives, to become amusing and instructive to an illuminating degree. Therefore it is enough if the appreciative reader cons it with a contemplative smile, heightened, to be sure, by a mellow laugh, when the group on the wood-shed roof are found besieged by Lord Edward, when Pomona is reading, when Pomona gets the better of the lightning-rod man, and when the borrowed baby is chucked under the buggy-seat.

Americans have so much exercise in laughing, and are so respectful of the opportunity, that they do not always take the trouble to look behind the jest. When Edmund Gosse was in this country he was reported in "The Critic" as saying that he thought Stockton's "originality, his extraordinary fantastic genius, has not been appreciated at all"; which was not so true as his added remark that "people talk about him as though he was an ordinary purveyor of comicality" — if we may omit the word ordinary. But his writings will outlive a thousand laughs, because fun is only their color, and not their substance. Their substance is human nature thrown into relief by a glass which imparts a comical hue. His humorous view is broad and not epigrammatic, though wit lurks in the felicity of his terse sentences. And the same gravity of mien which in his writings never betrays his humorous intention is peculiar to the man.

With large dark eyes, features angularly strong and varied, and a face of great sensibility, his speech is intensely practical and idiomatic, and his usual manner serious to the verge of sadness. But when his eyes look outward they always smile; his deep, quiet voice is ever the voice of leisure and geniality, even when the situation demands the sarcasm it gets. When fun is going forward his eyes laugh heartily; but even when his face shows that he is convulsed his merriment is almost soundless. It is the laughter of a man whose risibles have lost their voice through a persistent habit of laughing to himself.

In "Rudder Grange" he found a theme exactly suited to his fancy, otherwise it would be a matter of wonder that so artistic a work should have had so happy-go-lucky an origin. The first "Rudder Grange" paper was written early in the autumn of 1874, when he was work-

ing very hard as assistant editor of "St. Nicholas" and finishing its first serial. It was printed in the following November number of "Scribner's Monthly," and doubtless would have been the last as well as the first of its series, if it had not gone straight to the public heart. The next paper, which was illustrated, did not appear until the following July. This as well as each of the succeeding chapters was in form capable of serving as the conclusion of the series; yet bound together as they twice have been, they form a symmetrical work of art. The book was published plainly in 1879, and last year* in worthy form, charmingly illustrated by Mr. Frost, whose own figure, always with the face concealed, has served as the model for the hero.

As to the reality of the characters and incidents, it is enough to say that the house-hunting so amusingly described at the outset of "Rudder Grange" was drawn from the experience of the author and his wife in ransacking New York and its suburbs for a suitable habitation. In the search they discovered a poor man's family snugly housed in an old canal boat tied to the mud bank of Harlem river. In imagination the poor man was ousted and the author and his wife moved in with the domestic experiences they were acquiring in a house they had rented at Rutherford Park, New Jersey. But the initial fact of the story was a book on domestic affairs, called "The Home — How to Furnish a House on a Thousand Dollars," which Mr. and Mrs. Stockton had together written and published without profit. There was nothing imaginary in the gentle satire aimed at that enterprise and at the difficulty of furnishing a house according to their own manual. The boarder was a verity, as was also Lord Edward, the author's only canine character. Pomona was based on the romantic mind and eccentricities of a real maid-of-all-work; and Old John is living out there still. There are those who are privileged to suspect that Euphemia is no fiction, and that the author, who is always partial to his heroines, and usually gives them three-fourths of the quality and nearly all the sovereignty of his universe, has in this instance been modestly chary of the original.

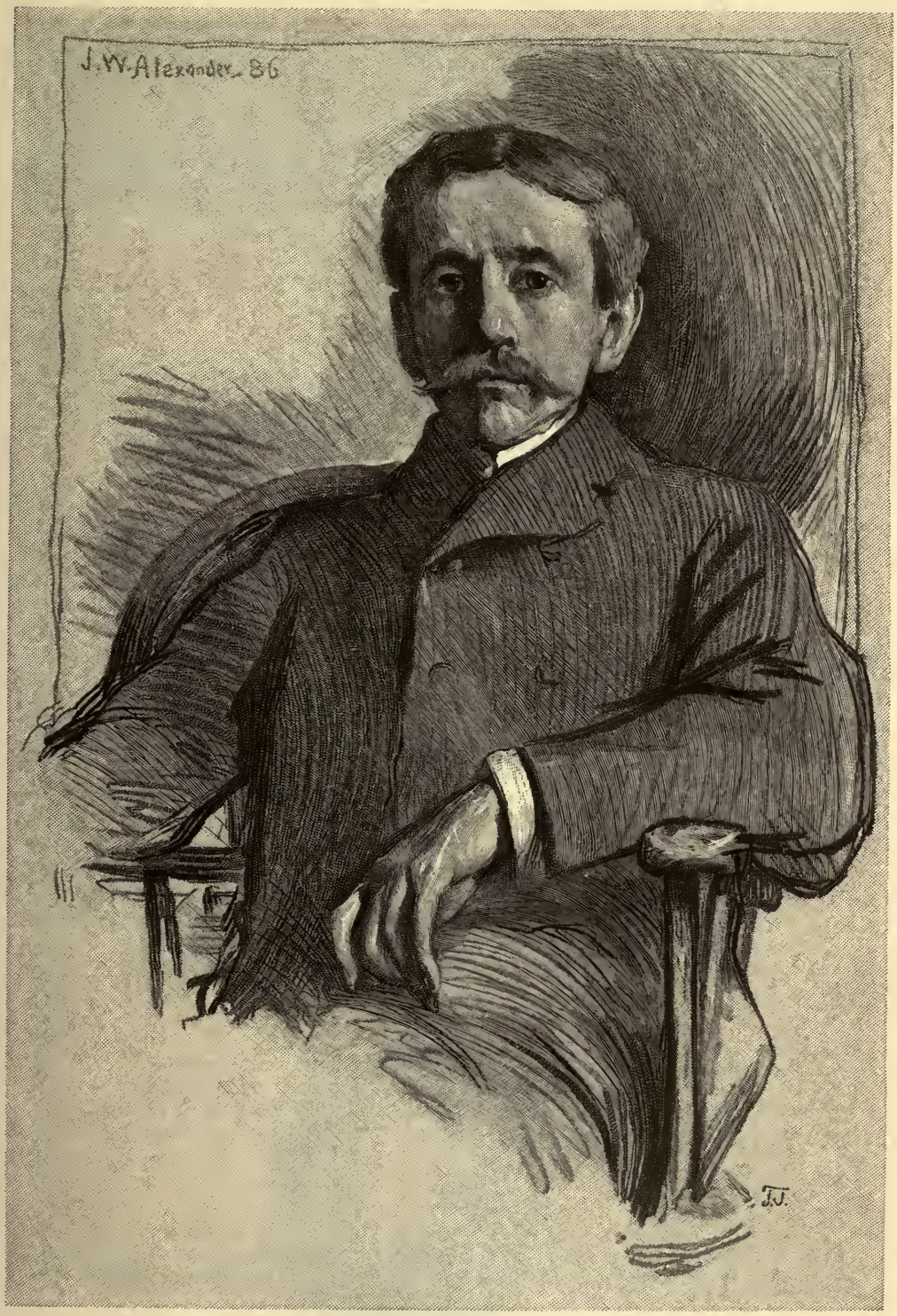
While abroad for two years from 1882, the author experimented with the Rudder Grangers as foreign tourists, and with only moderate success. But he wrote amid foreign scenes some of his best short stories, like "The Remarkable Wreck of the *Thomas Hyke*," "Our Story," "A Tale of Negative Gravity," and "His Wife's Deceased Sister." This last bit of cleverness was no fiction as regards the central idea, because a story he much liked, called "My Bull-Calf," had been refused by an editor on the ground that it was not so good as its preceding story, "A Tale of Negative Gravity."

Of "The Late Mrs. Null,"* everybody has just made an opinion or is forming one. It has been praised with the criticism that it is too clever, and running over with prodigality of invention and surprises of situation. Possibly it is like some paintings which would not be so interesting if they were more perfect works of art. Its negro characters are so racy and so wonderfully distinct that the white ones suffer a little by comparison, but that fault, if it is a fault, is partly chargeable to the civilization which puts a premium on conventionality. Peggy, Aunt Patsy, Letty, and Uncle Isham are unconscious and original beings, while the unromantic Lawrence Croft, the quite lovable and interesting Roberta March, the scheming and attractive Annie, the eccentric Mrs. Keswick and her elusive nephew Junius, are all flesh and blood of a self-conscious, calculating order. There is skill in the love-story, which is fresh and fascinating, and not a little instructive. To be sure, in the middle of the novel the reader scents a fox-chase of a plot, and shortly has the suspicion forced upon him that there isn't even a fox, but that the author has made an ingenious trail with an anise-seed bag. But soon confidence is restored by a remarkable surprise, one of the neatest strokes of which is the clever little allegory, which reconciles the reader to an astonishingly sudden use of the adage, "Off with the old love; on with the new." As for old Mrs. Keswick's revenge, that both amuses and staggers.

Though "The Late Mrs. Null" is a little uneven in texture, as might be expected of a first novel from a hand long practiced in the form of the short story, we may still think it the author's deepest and broadest work. It certainly proves that he is perfectly at home in the region of novels, and it is no secret that his studio is now set with large canvases. And if satiety of success should prompt him to lay down the brush, let us hope that the voice of "The Discourager of Hesitancy" will be heard at his elbow whispering, "I am here."

C. C. Buel.

* Charles Scribner's Sons.



FRANK RICHARD STOCKTON.

MORS TRIUMPHALIS.*

I.

IN the hall of the king the loud mocking of many at one;
While lo! with his hand on his harp the old bard is undone!
One false note, then he stammers, he sobs like a child, he is failing,
And the song that so bravely began ends in discord and wailing.

II.

Can it be it is they who make merry, 'tis they taunting him?
Shall the sun, then, be scorned by the planets, the tree by the limb!
These bardlings, these mimics, these echoes, these shadows at play,
While he only is real:—they shine but as motes in his day!

III.

All that in them is best is from him; all they know he has taught;
But one secret he never could teach, and they never have caught,—
The soul of his songs, that goes sighing like wind through the reeds,
And thrills men, and moves them to terror, to prayer, and to deeds.

IV.

Has the old poet failed, then,—the singer forgotten his part?
Why, 'twas he who once startled the world with a cry from his heart;
And he held it entranced in a life-song, all music, all love;
If now it grow faint and grow still, they have called him above.

V.

Ah, never again shall we hear such fierce music and sweet,—
Surely never from you, ye who mock,—for his footstool unmeet;
E'en his song left unsung had more power than the note ye prolong,
And one sweep of his harp-strings outpassioned the height of your song.

VI.

But a sound like the voice of the pine, like the roar of the sea
Arises. He breathes now; he sings; oh, again he is free.
He has flung from his flesh, from his spirit, their shackles accursed,
And he pours all his heart, all his life, in one passionate burst.

* Read at the eighth Commencement of Smith College, June 23, 1886.

VII.

And now as he chants those who listen turn pale—are afraid;
For he sings of a God that made all, and is all that was made;
Who is maker of love, and of hate, and of peace, and of strife;
Smiles a world into life; frowns a hell, that yet thrills with his life.

VIII.

And he sings of the time that shall be when the earth is grown old,
Of the day when the sun shall be withered, and shrunken, and cold;
When the stars, and the moon, and the sun,—all their glory o'erpast,—
Like apples that shrivel and rot, shall drop into the Vast.

IX.

And onward and out soars his song on its journey sublime,
Mid systems that vanish or live in the lilt of his rhyme;
And through making and marring of races, and worlds, still he sings
One theme, that o'er all and through all his wild music outrings;—

X.

This one theme: that whate'er be the fate that has hurt us or joyed,
Whatever the face that is turned to us out of the void;
Be it cursing or blessing; or night, or the light of the sun;
Be it ill, be it good; be it life, be it death, it is ONE;—

XI.

One thought, and one law, and one awful and infinite power;
In atom, and world; in the bursting of fruit and of flower;
The laughter of children, and roar of the lion untamed;
And the stars in their courses—one name that can never be named.

XII.

But sudden a silence has fallen, the music has fled;
Though he leans with his hand on his harp, now indeed he is dead!
But the swan-song he sang shall forever and ever abide
In the heart of the world, with the winds and the murmuring tide.

R. W. Gilder.

MANY of our countrymen seem to have but a vague idea of the meaning of the recent operations of the French troops in Asia. In order to make all clear it is necessary to go back to the beginning. The first Catholic missionary entered Cambodia in 1553, and French missions were regularly established in the peninsula early in the seventeenth century, in Cochin China in 1610, and in Tonquin in 1626. With some fluctuations of fortune their success was marked, and the number of converts steadily increased for rather more than one hundred and

fifty years. During all this time, although several projects were brought forward, no serious attempt was made to establish a political or commercial connection; but in 1774, when the ruling dynasty of Annam was overthrown, and its representative Nguyen, afterwards Gialoong, sought refuge with the head of the church, the opportunity was seized upon to form a close alliance. Through the bishop, d'Adran, the ear of the French government was secured, and a treaty was signed in Versailles promising on the part of France aid in ships and troops, in return for valuable concessions, among which the liberty of the Christian faith and protection of the church were solemnly guaranteed. This treaty, though rendered almost inoperative by the outbreak of the French Revolution, has formed the starting-point and foundation of all that has since taken place.

Gialoong regained his throne, and with the assistance and advice of the French officers, who drilled his troops and built his fortresses, he extended his dominions by the conquest of Tonquin. He faithfully observed his engagements with regard to the Christian religion; but upon his death in 1820, his successor entered upon a course of the most bitter persecution, which was continued with small interruption until the murder of Monsignor Diaz in 1857. France was then compelled to abandon remonstrance for action, and an expedition was fitted out to exact reparation for the past and to secure safety for the future. This was the first step of the present conquest, reluctantly undertaken, and with no ambition or wish for territorial acquisition, but forced upon her by the duty of protecting her missionaries. Saigon was seized, and a new treaty was signed in 1862, ceding three provinces: it stipulated religious toleration, the opening of Touron, Quinhon, and Balat, and the payment of an indemnity of twenty million francs. But persecution went on; constant friction was kept up. The French were compelled to push their conquests, and on the 15th of March, 1872, the whole six provinces of lower Cochin China passed by treaty into their hands.

Before this time England had made many attempts to open communication with the rich western provinces of China through Burmah, but without practical results; and the French immediately turned their attention to the exploration of the Meikong, hoping it might prove the true channel of this trade. They were disappointed: the navigation was impeded by rapids; but it was ascertained that the Songkoi, the Red River of Tonquin, also took its rise in the mountains of Yunnan, and offered an easy route to the sea.

In furtherance of the plans suggested by this discovery, Lieutenant Garnier, who had been practically the chief of the exploration of the Meikong, conducted an expedition to Tonquin in 1873, which, successful at first, was ultimately defeated, with the death of its leader. The king, Tu-Duc, however, alarmed by a simultaneous rising among his subjects, in March, 1874, signed a treaty, establishing the protectorate of France over Annam, stipulating the liberty of the Christian religion, and granting many other valuable privileges. But, as usual with Asiatics, as soon as the French troops were withdrawn, he entirely disregarded its provisions, and soon, in order to put down an insurrection in the north, invoked the assistance of China, which was gladly rendered. This could not of course be accepted by France, and in 1882 a new expedition was prepared under the command of Captain Rivière. Like that of Garnier, it was at first entirely successful, but—a handful of men among myriads — it soon met the same fate. In attempting a reconnoissance, it was led into an ambuscade, defeated with heavy loss, and Rivière, like Garnier, was left dead on the field. The situation was critical, but the French intrenched themselves and held firm. Troops were hastily dispatched from France, and upon the arrival in Tonquin of the first detachment early in July vigorous action was at once commenced. Several successful battles ensued, and Hué, the capital, was taken by assault on the 20th of August. Annam immediately submitted, and on the 25th of August signed a treaty, by which she anew recognized the protectorate of France, and was interdicted from having independent relations with any foreign power, *including China*.

This removed her from the diplomatic arena, and China and France were left face to face. It becomes here necessary to say that we regard the claim of China to suzerainty over Cochin China and Tonquin as entirely untenable. For centuries the relations between them have been simply the complimentary homage of an inferior to a superior, and not those existing between a vassal and his sovereign. It is a sufficient refutation of the assertion of a recent English writer that investiture of the King of Annam by the Emperor of China is necessary to the recognition of his royal rights by his own subjects, to point out that neither Gialoong nor his powerful successor Min-Mang, 1775–1841, received this investiture; and we consider that France is entirely justified in holding this claim of no effect.

It is a simple question of which is the stronger. In 1884 the French arms were everywhere victorious. The fortified towns of Bacningh and Sontay had been taken, and the Black Flags driven pell-mell out of the

delta. On the 11th of May, 1884, a treaty was signed at Tientsin by Li-Hung-Chang, representing the Emperor of China, and Captain Fournier on the part of France, by which China gave up her claim of suzerainty over Annam, opened the entire extent of her southern provinces bordering on Tonquin to French commerce, and engaged to withdraw her garrisons from the frontier fortresses. A column of troops started at once to take possession of Langson, a fortified town, commanding the principal pass in the northern mountains, by which the Chinese gain access to the Red River delta. The commander of a Chinese post, barring the road, opposed their passage, asserting that he knew nothing of any convention, and proposed that they should halt till he could get instructions. The French, however, attempted to force their way, and were repulsed with loss. Upon this, the French government, believing in treachery, demanded as indemnity the enormous sum of 250,000,000 francs, which demand the Chinese refusing to entertain, hostile operations were commenced, without, however, a formal declaration of war.

On the coast of China several actions were fought of no great significance. The arsenal and fleet at Foochow were destroyed, and Kilung and Tamsui in Formosa occupied. In Tonquin the progress of the French was steady and constant. The Chinese were forced back step by step, defending every fortification, and losing, it is said, ten thousand men; and General Brière de l'Isle was able to telegraph: "The national flag floats over Langson, and the Chinese army is in full retreat."

But this long series of engagements had taught the Chinese the art of their opponents, and they soon assumed the offensive in overpowering force. Their first attacks were delivered on the 22d and 24th of March, 1885, inflicting heavy loss on the French, who were on the 30th compelled to abandon Langson in hasty retreat. The pursuit, however, was not vigorous, and they simply fell back upon the positions of Chu and Kep, where they strongly intrenched themselves. Meanwhile negotiations for peace were rapidly brought to a conclusion, and a convention was signed embodying nearly the same conditions as those of 1884, all question of indemnity being excluded.

Since that time the pacification of the country has gone steadily on with occasional drawbacks, till now it may be said to be practically complete. The calm has only been seriously broken by the last desperate attempt of the Annamite war minister, who on the night of the 5th of July attacked General de Courcy, then at Hué with a small body of troops, with a large force variously estimated at from ten to thirty thousand men. He was defeated with heavy loss.

Langson is held by a garrison of three hundred men, and columns of one hundred or two hundred men move freely about the interior in a manner unknown of late years. China has loyally fulfilled her engagements and withdrawn her troops.

Let us now describe the bone of contention. The empire of Annam, consisting of three divisions, stretches along the sea for a distance of rather more than 1200 miles, and comprises within its limits an area somewhat exceeding 200,000 square miles, or nearly equal to the dimensions of France. The most southerly section, known as Lower or French Cochin China, with a surface of 21,600 square miles and a population of 1,600,000 souls, is entirely formed of alluvial deposits, and, being abundantly watered by the great river Meikong, which with its subsidiary streams traverses it in every direction, is of surpassing fertility. Rice is the chief staple, but sugar, indigo, and all tropical productions grow luxuriantly. Unhappily the climate of these low, moist lands is unsuited to the white. The mean temperature is 83°, and the thermometer indoors in April and May sometimes rises to 95° and 97°. Fevers abound, but the chief enemy of the stranger is dysentery. The health of Saigon, however, has much improved within late years, owing to better and more suitable buildings and a fuller knowledge of the sanitary conditions, and will continue to improve as the town gains solidity and age.

North of Lower Cochin China, between a range of mountains and the sea, lies the kingdom of Annam proper, for the most part a narrow strip of land hardly exceeding in width an average of fifty miles, though widening towards its southern extremity to nearly two hundred miles. It is mountainous, heavily wooded, and although the plains, well watered by numerous rapid streams, are devoted to the cultivation of rice, their extent is not sufficient to provide for the needs of its population. About the interior of the country little is known.

Its principal ports, Touron and Quinhon, have been often visited by foreigners, but are of no especial importance; and Hué itself, the capital and residence of the king, has no other claim to notice.

Farther to the north again, we reach the magnificent province of Tonquin, spreading upwards and outwards like an open fan, till it touches the south-western limits of China. Plains stretch up from the sea till they reach the foot of the mountains, which then rise abruptly above them, and the country may

be said to be unequally divided into two regions of an entirely and suddenly differing configuration. It comprises an area of seventy thousand square miles, and has a population of twelve million souls, of which fully seven-tenths occupy the lower lands. These — equal in extent to about one-fourth of the entire surface — irrigated by the Songkoi and its innumerable affluents, which are supplemented by a vast network of canals, are among the richest rice-producing districts in the world; and its mountains are clothed with extensive woods of teak, walnut, and other precious trees, rivaling in value the famous forests of Burmah. Of its mineral wealth little is known, but tin and copper are certainly found, and gold and silver are believed to exist. But of far more value than deposits of precious metals, and sufficient in itself to repay all the labor and cost of the conquest, coal has been discovered, of excellent quality and in abundant quantity, in close proximity to the sea. In the peculiar position of France the importance of this discovery, if substantiated, can hardly be exaggerated. To-day her navy may be said to be entirely dependent on foreign supply, and war in eastern seas, making it contraband, would paralyze her forces; but the possession of these deposits makes her independent and multiplies her strength. Tonquin, moreover, possesses a superior climate, and forms a necessary complement to the French whole. There are no mountains in Lower Cochin China, and the exhausted invalid of the plains may resort to these elevated regions with full confidence in their efficacy to restore his energies. The summer is hot, but there are five or six months of a good winter when the thermometer falls to forty-one or forty-two degrees. The missionaries of old vaunted its salubrity.

With our present knowledge it is impossible to say how far the sparseness of the population in the elevated districts is due to inferior agricultural productiveness, and how far to their lawless and disturbed condition. There are no roads, but communication throughout the low lands is easy and general by water. The soil is fertile, and the population more numerous, more laborious, and more energetic than that of the southern provinces. Rice is the staple food and the chief export, but the sugar-cane, the mulberry, indigo, tobacco, and all tropical plants may be cultivated to advantage.

Cambodia does not belong to Annam, but is included in the same protectorate, and destined ultimately to be ruled by the same authority. Its extent is thirty-five thousand square miles, and its population about a million. The greater part of its surface is plain, and of extreme fertility, being watered by the Meikong, which traverses it irregularly from northeast to southwest. A high range of mountains, however, shuts off its eastern border from Annam, and a lower range on the west follows the coast from north to south.

Lower Cochin China has been in the possession of the French for more than twenty years. For many years after its acquisition the home government was undecided whether to abandon or to keep it, and settlers who came in search of concessions of land with the intention of fixing themselves in the colony, as was the case with many sugar-planters from Mauritius, were turned away unsatisfied, and did not come back when it was finally decided to remain. But from the first there has been vacillation, and the frequent change of governments in France has had its faithful reflex in the councils of the colony. Its chief want is labor, and the uncertainty regarding the future has not been calculated to encourage immigration either of Europeans or of the neighboring populations. Under the circumstances its progress has not been altogether unsatisfactory. Its entire commerce for the year 1881 amounted to one hundred million francs, of which fifty-three and a half millions were exports. In that year the crop of rice was bad, but it figured for thirty-two millions in the exports (against forty millions the year before), showing its great proportionate importance. Of this half went to China, and the other half was divided between the Straits, Java, and the Philippines, with a small quantity to Europe.

Its imports come chiefly from China and Singapore, as is natural from the old relations existing between the peoples, and consist of a great variety of articles. The total amount of trade with China in 1881 reached forty million francs and with Singapore twenty-three millions. In 1879 there entered the port of Saigon four hundred and twenty-three sea-going ships, one hundred and twenty-three Chinese junks, and three thousand two hundred and three Annamese craft, giving a total movement of seven or eight hundred thousand tons, which is certainly not to be despised, though far below the figures registered at Singapore and Hong Kong. In 1872, when M. Harmon first visited the Red River, he was surprised to see only a few scattered boats. Haiphong was a poor village, but in 1880 under French protection its importance had increased, and the official figures of its commerce reached thirteen million francs, which was believed to be below the fact. The resident, M. Kergaradec, estimated it to be fully twenty million francs.

These figures may indicate in what direction development may come, but they can form no measure of the trade which will grow up

under a firm, enlightened government. All the upper part of Tonquin has been for twenty years in the possession of hordes of pirates, chiefly Chinese, who have strangled commerce in its birth. They have completely barred off southern China as with a wall. The rivers are obstructed and a large part of the country is literally depopulated. Clear out all these robbers, protect the people, establish a firm, just rule, and population will flow in to enjoy the security of the foreign flag. Open such roads as are needed, make communication easy and rapid and safe, and the prosperity which will follow — growing from this fertile soil and industrious people — will seem marvelous. All this vast rice-field — not to allude to other productions — which now yields so much, may easily, it is asserted, double its harvest; and there is no reason why the experience of Burmah should not be repeated here.

There, too, the population was comparatively scanty, given to continual broils, and the British Government hesitated long before accepting the charge. But the result was a triumphant justification of its final decision, and has at last led to the annexation of the whole country. Its net revenue for the last ten years has been nearly £1,000,000 a year, but no doubt fear of French intrigue stimulated recent action. Theebaw could always be relied on to furnish a suitable pretext, whenever it was required, and, as the Lorcha "Arrow" ushered in the last China war, so here a convenient timber contract with a trading company sufficed to change the destinies of a country nearly as large as France. The work has been thoroughly done, and means will be found of coming to an understanding with China. For some time, no doubt, there will be occasional trouble with the natives, but there will be no question of England retiring from the field. She knows too well the value of her conquest.

Even the "Spectator" cannot restrain its enthusiasm:

"Statesmen cannot be indifferent to the magnificence of the prize. It is perhaps the one kingdom in Indo-China seriously worth having. It is more than two-thirds the size of France, is accessible by three splendid rivers, of which one, the Irrawaddy, is the most convenient water-highway in Asia, and is splendidly fertile almost throughout. The forests are full of teak, the mountains overflow with minerals, and the plains, under the rudest culture, produce everything cultivated in the tropics. The reservoirs of earth-oil rival those of Pennsylvania, and there are large fields of coal. Gold exists in large quantities, and Burmah is the native land of the ruby, the sapphire, and the emerald."

Like causes will produce like effects in Cochin China; and in estimating the value of the colony, we must not forget that, in addition to the resources of the various states of Cochin China, Cambodia, and of that vast misty country to the north — half Siamese, half independent — known as Laos and the Shan kingdoms, all of which must fall inevitably under the control of any strong power established in the peninsula, Tonquin is conterminous with the rich provinces of southwestern China, and across her territory lies the natural highway of their commerce with Europe. The advantages of the Red River have at times been greatly exaggerated, but there seems little doubt that the stream is practicable for light-draught steamers as far as Laokai, three hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, or may easily be made so; perhaps even to Manghao, seventy miles further. But even if there were no river, across Tonquin is the shortest road to the sea from Yunnan, Kweichau, and Kwangsi, and the difficulties of this route by rail even are no greater than the route through Burmah, if so great, while as already stated the distance is much less.

The recent annexation in no way changes the conditions of the problem. Capital will be more secure, but no amount of security can induce capital to scale mountain-ranges unless under the pressure of absolute necessity; and a railroad from Burmah to China, when built, will be built somewhat on the lines indicated by Colquhoun, starting from Rangoon or some similar point in the south.

France, it will be seen, is pursuing no common or unworthy object. Many of her steps have been uncertain and groping, and it is not astonishing when one reflects on her frequent political changes; but there have always been some minds who have steadily grasped and persistently maintained the idea of a great colonial empire in the East. Whether she is able to do justice to the task she is undertaking is a question which will be answered by each in accordance with his individual opinion of the nation. First of all she should be careful to secure not only the indifferent acquiescence but the cordial, friendly coöperation of China. This is not only essential for the more easy preservation of tranquillity on the frontier and for the full development of the valuable commerce to which we have alluded, but is also of the highest importance in the avoidance of friction in the various branches of local administration.

Augustine Heard.

SYMPATHY.

AS out into the night we stepped,
And turned our faces toward the town,
The stars (that hitherto had slept
Unseen) looked gayly down;

And the pale moon threw off the cloud
Within whose folds her light was lost,
Awakened by the whisperings loud
That thrilled the starry host.

For they their sister, she her child,
Beheld in thee, O radiant maid,
Than whom a fairer star ne'er smiled
In heaven, then earthward strayed!

But when I mark the deep unrest
That lurks within thy lustrous eyes,
I question if that choice was best
Which led thee from the skies;

For there thy steadfast sisters dwell,
Forever bright and strong and free,
Unmoved though tempests rise and swell,
Calm as eternity;

Whilst thou — who chose another part,
And all that glittering state resigned
To wear on earth a woman's heart
And sympathetic mind—

Must suffer not those ills alone
That even selfish natures bear:
Thou mak'st the widow's loss thy own,
And dost her sorrow share;

Thy neighbor's grief is thine no less
Than hers; the sufferer turns to thee,
And solace in his deep distress
Draws from thy sympathy.

Thus others' burdens lighter grow
Whilst thine are doubled. Ay, but he
Who set the stars in heaven doth know
What thy reward shall be!

J. B. G.

AMERICAN COUNTRY DWELLINGS. III.

THE exteriors of our new country homes are so various that it is easier to characterize their general virtues by negative than by positive description. We may most clearly note their divergence from "vernacular" results by noting what "vernacular" expedients and features have been abandoned or greatly modified in their creating. The "French roof," for example, has disappeared. I do not mean altogether: there is still no quarter of the land where it does not often recur in work produced by the rural builder. But this builder and his devices are no longer typical of our best temper, and doubtless will gradually die out before the spreading of that new influence which naturally shows as yet most strongly in the neighborhood of our larger towns. When an *architect*, as we may fairly interpret the name to-day, has been set to work, then it is certain the French roof will not show itself. Truly it is, as the children say, a very "good riddance."

We may rejoice almost as heartily that our adherence to the clapboard is no longer so single-minded as it was. The old-time shingle, long despised as the humble expedient of unskilled, primitive hands, has very generally been adopted in its stead, and is a better thing, its small size and irregular shape being far more helpful as regards possibilities of good tone and color. In place of a succession of straight, close-drawn, mathematically parallel long lines, it supplies an infinitude of short, broken, varied lines, which of themselves give tone to the surface. And this surface is no longer mechanically smoothed, but is pleasantly roughish to the eye, and may be stained instead of painted, or left to the "weathering" of its natural hue. Thus its color may have gradation and vitality, and the resultant tone may be as soft and broken as we will. We have already experimented widely in this direction; indeed, a little too widely. We have sometimes tried for too much variety of color, and have lost simplicity, even temperance and unity, in the result. We have sometimes tried for too much mellowness, and ended by being weak and vague and over-subtile in our tone. And we have often shown a desire, which cannot but savor of affectation, to antedate those effects which only the hand of time can legitimately give. But all this has been, perhaps, a not unnatural reaction from the old hardness and

monotony of our clapboard days. Doubtless we shall soon see and respect the limits of the really good possibilities in the way of tone and color which the shingle offers.

Except in very small houses, we ought not, I think, to use it quite alone; for it is palpably a mere sheath and covering, expresses nothing of the true structure, and if used by itself in a large building can hardly give sufficient evidence of solidity. But we do not very often thus employ it. Much more often there is at least a visible foundation of more solid aspect — another improvement on our "vernacular" practices; and the best effect results, solidity is still more apparent, and the design gains in both coherence and variety, when the stone or brick is not strictly confined to the foundations or to a low basement-story, but is carried up in certain places, as in outside chimneys or possibly in the staircase wall. A very good example of such treatment may be seen in the illustration, given with my last chapter, of Messrs. McKim, Mead & White's house for Mr. Newcomb at Elberon, and in a Newport house built by Messrs. Rotch & Tilden for Mr. Augustus Jay. Here bricks were the most natural and therefore the best resource; but in many places, especially in those New England regions where half the surface of mother-earth is not soil but rocks, a stone substructure, not too carefully "finished," commends itself alike to common sense and to the eye. And in a cottage for Mrs. F. R. Jones built at Mt. Desert by the architects last named, the lower story is of smoothed logs,— a simple enough expedient, but pretty, and appropriate to the thickly wooded site and the modesty of the structure, while expressive of much greater solidity than would have been the unmixed use of shingles.

But there are certainly cases when, however it may be blent with other factors, the shingle seems a mistake — displeases both eye and mind by being out of keeping either with the character of the exterior design itself or with the size and character of the rooms within. For example, I think it is out of keeping both with the design and with the interior in Mr. Goelet's house on the Newport Cliff, the interior of which has already been referred to. Such an interior, so large, so dignified, so sumptuous and refined in decoration, is not fittingly to be sheathed in shingles. And while the design, already too heavy, too massive in effect for the place it holds, would have looked still heavier had it been executed in sterner materials, yet nevertheless as a design judged in the abstract (judged intrinsically, without reference to site and purpose and surroundings) it would, I think, have greatly been the gainer. It is an idle speculation, of course, but I should be glad to know just how the same artists would do the same piece of work if they might do it over now. There is so much that is good about the house, and the aim which it expresses seems to have been so nearly right, that we feel a second and somewhat different expression might be something wholly admirable. For even now it is very dignified while very simple; it shows great feeling for breadth and mass, for the beauty of repose, and is a valuable protest against that heterogeneous accumulation of "features" for which we have too great a fondness still. As it stands it is not a beautiful house outside, though within it has that high kind of beauty we call architectural *style*. But even outside it seems to me, despite its patent faults, an interesting and a promising conception.

Neither clapboard nor shingle is always, I repeat, a very good resource. Yet it is not true to say — as so often has been said — that wood is in itself a poor resource, is essentially but a primitive, makeshift material; that our work must suffer, must be condemned to pettiness in treatment and to poverty or at least rusticity in effect, just in so far as we insist upon its use. We should rather rejoice that we have it to use, since it gives us one more factor than is possessed by any other civilized land toward the production of variety in effect, which means toward the true expression of varied needs and purposes. If we look at current work abroad, we shall see how hard it is to build small and pretty country houses when it is wholly denied the builder. Even if it gave us nothing but the shingle, it would be richly worth the having. But the shingle by no means exhausts its possibilities of excellence. There is a solid way of using it in logs for which we may find happy hints in the architecture of the Scandinavian lands. And, best of all, there is the "half-timbered" method of construction,— with great interlacing beams and a filling-in of brick or of rougher units plastered over,— which may be studied almost anywhere in Europe.

If we have been at Warwick, for instance, and Stratford-on-Avon, and the neighboring Shottery, we have seen it used in a variety of ways that are simple and more or less humble, yet charming in expression; and we had not to go far afield to find it, in some old manor-house, expressing with equal felicity a more dignified estate. In Chester we may learn that it is just as well adapted to the street as to the country; and in many a French and German town, that it may take on a truly rich and stately aspect. It is a method which looks delightfully stable, and which, if rightly used and not superficially imitated, is just as stable as it

looks. The beams may be smoothed and painted, or may be carved (as they are in the continental street-fronts I have cited) with any degree of richness up to the most lace-like elaboration; and in color, too, one may do pretty much as he wills with it.

Truly it is a sensible, flexible, and attractive way of building; and it is one which to a non-professional eye seems as though it ought not to be expensive. Not nearly so often as we might guess has it yet been used in this country, but we find occasional examples, as, for instance, in Messrs. Rotch & Tilden's large house built at Mt. Desert for Mrs. Bowler. Good use has here been made of its possibilities in the way of color. The high substructure is of gray trimmed with red granite; the tower, and the terrace, and the piazza walls are of red; and the same tones are repeated in the wood-and-plaster work above: the wood is painted of the darkest possible red, and the gray slap-dash is filled with red granite pebbles. Surely so effective and variable a process ought to prove popular, especially in houses of just this kind—houses which are so large and dignified that the shingle is too naïf and rustic-looking a device, yet which by reason of their placing and their merely summer purpose would appear too massive and ambitious if wholly built of brick or stone. Moreover, while the conspicuous use of stone was here very sensible, since both the red and the gray granite were obtained from ledges on the place, yet it is by no means always necessary, for, as I have said, half-timbering is in itself satisfactorily sturdy-looking; and many a large and charming country home in older countries was built with it alone in those older days when they too had free command of wood.

I cannot but pause a little over the virtues of this method as regards the good use it allows us to make, not only of wood, but of plaster too. Unaccustomed as we are to the thought, plaster is yet a very admirable material for many of our purposes. Not in the shape of thin coats of stucco, painted in futile imitation of some other substance, but solid and straightforward, frankly confessing itself for what it is, plaster may be given qualities unattainable in any other material; a surface, for example, that is neither too rough nor too smooth, but exactly suited to the production of those effects of *tone* which we have learned to recognize as most desirable. And for color, especially for color at once light and strong,—which is to say, for color peculiarly well in keeping with our atmospheric conditions,—there is nothing like it. What pinks and yellows, what golden browns and lovely grays and tender greens one sees in the plastered walls of Italy and South Germany, and even of the southern English counties; and what dullards we shall show ourselves if we fail to take the hints they offer! Moreover, there is nothing but plaster (save only that marble which is all but out of the question as concerns summer houses) with which we can well get *white*.

The way in which we used white in our clapboard days — in unbroken stretches of oil-paint applied to a hard, smooth, mechanically ruled-off surface, and contrasted with grass-green blinds — was certainly not an artistic way. But when we became convinced of this fact, we were rather stupid to fall into the opposite extreme — to condemn white as such, *in toto*, without appeal. Surely it is not a bad color for our use. Who can say so if he knows its effect in those southern lands abroad the physical condition of which resembles ours, and where the use of white has been constant in every age? Who can say so if with an unprejudiced eye he judges its effect even from one of our old-fashioned home-examples, when this is seen at such a distance that only the white and not its quality is perceptible? As yet, I think, we use our eyes too little in such matters — depend too much upon theories and sentiments drawn from that north of Europe whence we came, which from an intellectual point of view may be our proper teacher, but which from an artistic point of view has much less than we have fancied in common with ourselves and our environment. When we *do* learn to use our eyes, then I believe we shall often ask for white again, and for other light and bright and cheerful hues; and perhaps decide that in wood and plaster we have one of the very best ways — if not *the* very best way — of getting them.

A word now as to the development of that piazza which was the one good feature of the "vernacular" period. Two tasks were laid upon us with regard to it. On the one hand, we had to make it more architectural in itself—less fragile and shed-like and trumpery-looking; and on the other, we had to bring it into more vital architectural relation with the main body of the structure. From the illustrations in this and the two foregoing chapters some idea may be gained of a few of the fashions in which we have tried to deal with it; but it would take a far longer list of pictures to typify our general advance or to suggest all our best experiments.

Fortunate is it, indeed, that we *have* advanced in our efforts to bring it within the domain of art; for, as I said long ago, it is the one thing which no one who builds a country house in America can escape from,—the one thing more essential than all others

to the comfort, dearer than all others to the affection, of every American client. Better do without even that "livable" hall which we now enjoy so greatly than without that piazza which went far to compensate us for the lack of so much else in our "vernacular" homes. It is more necessary to our well-being than is his *loggia* to the Italian, or his paved terrace to the Frenchman, or his vine-clad arbor to the German. As far as comfort and variety of service go, it is a better thing than any of them; and it remains for us to prove that it may be made, from the point of view of art, as good a thing as even the first named of the three.

In "vernacular" days it was so beloved (perhaps because there was so little else about a house that could be loved) that we thought we could not have too much of it. Now we are a little more chary of its use, as indeed could not but be the case with the different ground-plans we have adopted. Yet niggardly in using it we are not; or if we have thought good so to be upon occasion, our mistake is forced upon us very quickly. I know one or two houses (but only one or two), built with English models in mind, which try to make shift with a mere upper bay or so, and an abundance of broad windows and bays to the main apartments below. It was supposed that they could do without piazzas, as they would be "all piazzas" themselves. But the analogy is not very vital, and I think even their builders and owners only try to believe in it.

Many, I repeat, are the variations in our treatment of the real thing itself, and many are the outside hints which have been utilized in its improvement. Not always is it now covered along its whole length, though always, of course, it ought to be to a very considerable extent. Sometimes it is combined with an open terrace, whose flights of steps unite it pleasantly with the lawn below — the influence of French fashions being clearly manifest. Sometimes, in addition to the main projecting piazza, there are others of a recessed sort, prettily adapted from the *loggias* of Italy. As for the roof, it is now flat and balustraded, forming an uncovered piazza to the upper story, now steeply sloping, and now a prolongation of the slope of the house-roof itself. Stone or brick is often used for the foundations, and even for the parapets and roof-supports; while if these last are of wood, they are given forms of a more sturdy kind than those they took in our old jig-saw days. It is interesting to see here and there wooden pillars with corbeled-out capitals, such as are common in the far East and the oriental South, and to see how well — being sensible straightforward shapes, truly characteristic of the nature of the material — they fit in with elements drawn from very different sources. But it would take much more space than is here at command really to describe our piazzas in their present state, I will not say of perfection, but of steady and varied approach toward excellence and beauty. I can only add that it is a distinct disappointment nowadays to find one which looks as they all looked but a few years ago — like an excrescence, an afterthought, a mere disconnected shed, and not a vital portion of the house-fabric proper.

If it is difficult to describe our piazzas, it would be still more hopeless to try to describe the houses of which they form a part. Sometimes they are adapted from current English types, and have a modified flavor of "Queen Anne" about them; sometimes they are glorifications of the humble, early, shingled New England farm-house with its gambrel-roof and dormers; sometimes they are intelligent modifications of the later, more stately, "classic" colonial type; and sometimes they can be called by no other name than late-nineteenth-century-rural-American only. For modest dwellings in really rural situations, the farm-house pattern is peculiarly well suited; while the colonial is better fitted for use in less distinctly rustic localities. Two of the most charming small colonial designs I have seen show houses built at Mt. Desert by Messrs. Rotch & Tilden; but I doubt whether they look quite so well on this rocky coast as they would, for instance, at Newport or in the neighborhood of Boston. Here, of course, colonial reproductions are perfectly at home, alike to the eye and to the memory when it seeks their genesis; and here they are very frequent and very charming. In feature and detail they are now more modest than they sometimes were of old — a true sense being preserved of the nature of wood, and its unfitness to a "monumental" classic design. Yet the classic flavor is preserved, and gives a charming air of dignity and refinement. The irregularly shaped and applied shingle would strike a note of discord in such a design, and we accordingly find it giving way either to the clapboard itself or to shingles cut square and arranged in parallel lines. Nor would broken tones and irregularly varied colors be appropriate, symmetry and regularity being essentially part and parcel of the idea. The usual device is to paint the body of the house a red that is not too dark and is not too strong, or a yellow that is pale and clear, and the trimmings white. If the tints are well chosen, the effect is not crude or staring, while cheerful and bright enough to be thoroughly in keeping with the strong blue of our skies and the clearness which our atmosphere gives to all the hues of nature.

HOUSE AT BRAINTREE, MASSACHUSETTS.

Among our illustrations are a few which typify our recent endeavors to bring the colonial type into accord with those interior arrangements which do not readily submit themselves to the old rectangular outline. The house at Braintree was built by Messrs. Chamberlin & Whidder, and the Newport houses for Mr. Taylor and Mr. Edgar by Messrs. McKim, Mead & White. Of the three, the last named seems to me the most successful, the old idea being developed with at once the most of freedom and the most of unity. In smaller structures with less exacting interiors, the old-time shape may often be preserved without detriment to comfort. The piazza, as will be noted, is likely to bear a discreet and far-away resemblance to the classic portico.*

Mr. Alden's house at Cornwall, Pennsylvania, is pictured here chiefly for the sake of its great window. As a house it does not seem to me very successful, bearing too close a resemblance to a studio or something of that kind. But the window, I think, is very interesting, showing how it is possible to build such a one — whether for the lighting of a studio or, as is here the case, of a large three-storied hall — in a truly *constructive* way, so that it will look solid and architectural, and not like a mere screen of glass suggesting a photographer's atelier within.

Many more things occur to me which might be said with reference to our domestic architecture, and many more names which might be cited with reference to its good results. To omit to speak of the country homes built by Mr. Bruce Price, for instance, by Messrs. Rossiter & Wright, by Messrs. Cabot & Chandler, Messrs. Andrews & Jacques, and more than a few other artists, is to omit many things that would be pleasant in the saying. But I dare not suppose either an editor's or a reader's patience indefinitely elastic.

And, in truth, I have said quite enough if only I have said it rightly. For I did not set out to give a complete summary of the state, the needs, and the possibilities of American

* Need I say that if piazzas do not appear in all our illustrations, it is simply because only one side of each house has been represented?

architecture, or a *catalogue raisonné* of the best among its products. I merely meant to show in a general way, and to illustrate by a few examples, that there has been a recent movement in our art which may fairly be called revolutionary; to indicate the main ideas and impulses which have prompted it; and to explain why and how these seem to be prophetic of further excellence to come. I ought to have said enough for this, I repeat; yet there are still a few words I must add in order that the last-named point may be made as clear as possible.

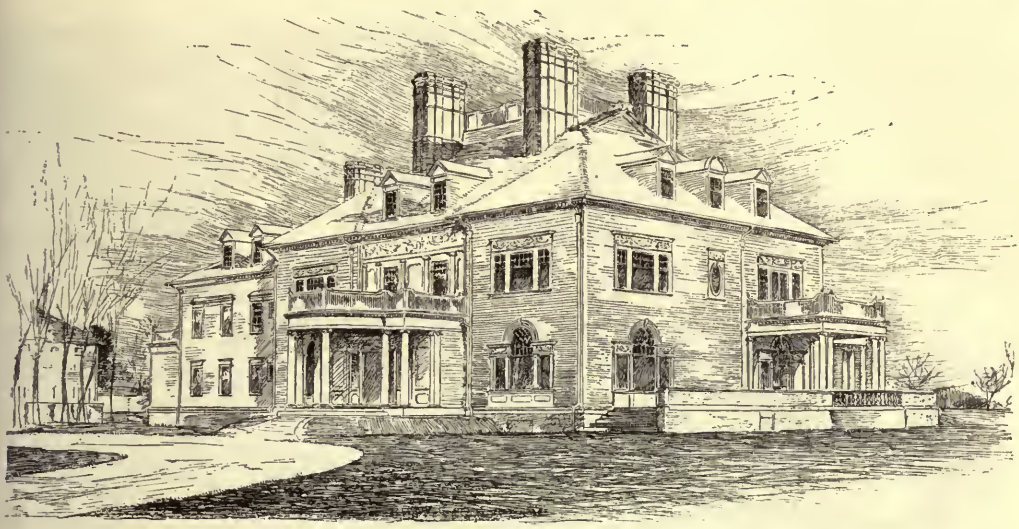
I know the danger of letting one's self be tempted into prophecy about a matter one has near at heart, but it is a danger I cannot quite escape from here. In fact, if from the first I had not meant to incur it,— if from the first I had not meant to express the strong hope I feel in the future of our art,— these pages would not have been written at all. For, good and interesting as are, intrinsically considered, many of our new results, I hardly think I should have been justified in speaking of them at such length and to so large and so mixed an audience if they had seemed to me to have intrinsic worth and interest *only;* if I had looked upon them as casual, sporadic, merely individual examples of success — uncharacteristic of any growing, widening, spreading stream of effort, unprophetic of any broad and common excellence to follow. No; the chief importance of our best results seems to me to lie in the fact that they are but the most successful outcome of aims which have much more often been followed; their chief value to consist in their hopefully prophetic character.

This character I identify with the fact — I think it *is* a fact — that in them all, beneath their manifold degrees of excellence and diversities of aspect, we can discern as a common foundation *the desire to do rational work and to prepare for it in a rational way.* We can discern that their creators have felt that the main question was the manner in which their own particular problems might best be resolved, not the manner in which some other problem had been resolved by some other hand; and that, while feeling this, they have felt none the less that they could not approach the main question intelligently or answer it artistically unless they had made a preparatory study of the history which tells and the monuments which show how an infinite number of other problems had been resolved by a long line of other hands. In short, I think we are getting to desire, not that we should be independent merely, and not that we should be scholarly and nothing else, but that we should be *independent in a scholarly way,*— unconventional, yet law-abiding; spontaneous, yet cultivated; free to do new things, yet bound not to do them in crude and blundering and illiterate fashions. I am sure this is the right, the only right, ideal. But I know, of course, how lofty an ideal it is — so lofty that no modern people can dare to boast of its full realization. Far be it from me to boast thus of ourselves, even in remote anticipation! I only think that we are beginning to *perceive* the right ideal, and to strive toward its realization in a vigorous and not unintelligent or inartistic manner. Yet this belief is surely enough to warrant the cherishing of a hope that there may be a future in store for American architecture,— not a future of immediate general excellence, certainly not a future of quick-coming perfection, very likely not of perfection at all as we use the word when thinking of the great old times of art; but still a future of growing, spreading, developing excellence, and perchance even of an ultimate degree of accomplishment which will be an expression of national characteristics through a truly national and artistic form of speech.

If a foreign critic should read these words and test them only by the evidence of the illustrations it has been possible to print with nine brief chapters, he might perhaps think them too confident. Even if he should come here and look about for himself, he might still not see the full grounds of my faith. He would view as an undecipherable, undated mass the whole of the work we have so rapidly built during our century of national life, and would see the bad results outnumbering the good, the senseless results the sensible, the ugly results the beautiful, in the proportion of hundreds to one. But I can see what he could not — the date when each was built, the circumstances under which each arose. I can see, as in a panorama by themselves, the products of the last ten or fifteen years, and can contrast them with the aggregate of those of earlier days. I can see how young our art is in its best estate, and how young are many of the artists who have wrought it; and thus can speak with confidence of advance and promise.

Moreover, I could cite for his convincing many items of evidence besides those which stand revealed in our new work itself. For example, there has lately been an immense improvement in the equipment, the standards, and the frequentation of our architectural schools. There is a strong and waxing belief in the desirableness of foreign study, the necessity of foreign travel. We have recently seen established such student-clubs as the "Architectural League" of New York, which prove

the serious and enthusiastic way in which the young profession now approaches its life's work. And such facts encourage us to believe that the days are fairly over when a man could open an office and call himself an architect, pretty much as he might open a shop and call himself a grocer,— indeed, with far less sense of responsibility, and with far less



HOUSE OF H. A. C. TAYLOR, ESQ., NEWPORT, R. I.

time and thought and money spent in the laying-in of a stock-in-trade.

We have more than one architectural journal, unborn ten years ago, which is now well established and well entitled to respect. And another good sign, another good influence, deserves citation,— and, be it said, should excite to imitation on a generous scale. Those who founded the "Rotch Traveling Scholarship" for architectural students of the State of Massachusetts have done much more than the mere good work of promising to send every year for a two-years' stay in Europe a properly prepared and capable young artist. They have offered an incentive to earnest study which will yearly profit many more than the one who wins the prize; and they have proclaimed, distinctly enough to impress the most indifferent ear, that our architecture should be fostered, and that private generosity must play the part which our governments are not yet in a mental condition to assume.

And now, in conclusion, there are certain interesting questions we may ask ourselves. If there is indeed a possible future for our art, what is likely to be the character of its development? Will it have a very marked or only a very slight degree of originality? Shall we have a new style, an "American style"? If so, what is it likely to be? If not, what historic style are we likely to embrace? Or shall we embrace no one more closely than another, but always have, as we have had thus far, many men of many minds, only each one touched to a finer issue? Or these questionings may take a different turn: instead of asking what we are likely to have, we may ask what we *ought* to have. Indeed, we not only may but must ask ourselves all these questions in both these ways, if we really take an interest in the matter. But to answer them — even to think of answering them — is quite another thing!

As regards, for instance, what we *ought* to have, certain of our architects are convinced in theory and pretty consistent in practice. But they are not in agreement among themselves, while many of their brethren seem to have no very marked convictions — try one road with one kind of problem and another road with another kind; often, indeed, now one road and now a different, although the problems are analogous. When the doctors thus not only disagree but fail to arrive at individual conclusions, how shall a layman hold even the shyest theory?

Yet there is just one oft-propounded query which I think even a layman is justified in answering with decision. If our art is to be good — practically, expressionally, and æsthetically — must it be radically *novel?* Must we pray, as for our sole salvation, for the dawning of an "American style"? Its advent, its perfectioning would be agreeable, of course: it is always pleasant to create, to originate, to found, and not to follow. But

a *necessary* advent it is not. We want an American architecture which shall be perfectly fitted to our needs, perfectly expressive of ourselves, and perfectly satisfying to our eyes. But we might have it, I am sure, with but few new forms or features or details of decoration. The general effect would at times be new — as we see in our country homes step by step and inevitably — not suddenly and by an effort of will.

But we have no more need, I say, to pin our hopes upon its advent than has any other people. In truth, we have less need than any other, for we are peculiarly entitled to make free with all earlier inventions of every age and clime. We are more at liberty than is any other civ-

HOUSE OF WILLIAM EDGAR, ESQ., NEWPORT, R. I.

which are as "American" in their late and good as they were in their old and evil state. But this is not all that is meant by those who have raised the foolish clamor for an "American style"; and it is no more imperative that we should have such a novel architectural language as they desire, than that we should write something else than English ere we can have a literature essentially our own.

And it is idle even to discuss the question; for even if both the possibility and the desirability of a "new style" could be clearly proved, such proof would not help us toward it. It could not be formulated in advance. It ought never to be held up as a definite goal. The mere effort to foretell it and work up to it would be a negation of the true principles of progress. For that intimate coherence of forms and features and details which constitutes a *style* has never been, can never be, the starting-point even in idea. It always has been and always must be the final flowering of a long and gradual development. If an "American style" is to come, it will come ilized nation to choose what and how and where we will from the world's great museum of precedents and ideas. No style, no scheme, no motive, feature, or manner of expression has with us an ancient local root. No venerable monuments excite a fear lest what is erected now shall strike a clashing discord. No existing or once existing form of architectural speech can show a really valid title to our allegiance. The little parallel I just drew with regard to literature was not quite correctly drawn, for in architecture we have a score of languages to choose among for the expression of our ideas, and are not bound to the artistic tongue of England only. Not the north more than the south, not the west of Europe more than farthest Asia, need be accepted as our magazine of forms and details; and not any one alone, but all together, may be drawn upon for the notes of a possible future harmony. To some this limitless freedom of choice seems but an added difficulty in our path. To my mind, on the contrary, it seems a vast advantage, of which the good

results may already be traced with much distinctness, while the current efforts of most European countries do not seem to force an envy of the conditions amid which *they* work. But from either point of view that logic is equally at fault which would deduce from *our* condition an especial need for some absolute novelty of our own invention.

I might easily let myself be tempted quite beyond the bounds of discretion, and try a little definite prophesying with regard to what the future holds in store for us. But the attempt would be as profitless as indiscreet unless I could put my readers actually in face of all the evidence which has worked on my own mind.

So I will only say that it seems as though the architecture of the South (broadly speaking), and not the architecture of the North, would furnish us with our main devices. Theoretical examination — based not on mere facts of descent in blood, but on climate and atmosphere, and on our actual tastes and habits and minds and tempers — would lead us to such a belief, and the aspect of the majority of our best results seems to confirm it. I think that of all the constructive and decorative schemes which have been born in elder times, and are now struggling together for readoption in the Europe of to-day, the ones least likely to be acclimatized in America are those Gothic schemes which are most characteristic of the spirit of the North. But to say this is not to say much in the way of prophecy. How wide is still the range of possibilities with the round arch and the lintel of the South as our resources!

The round arch, we know, has been very conspicuously used of late. Alike in its Romanesque and in its Renaissance phases (both essentially creations of the South) it has many devoted adherents and many skillful adapters. Mr. Richardson has been perhaps its most energetic champion, and has preferred not only its Romanesque development, but the most pronouncedly Southern type of this. His work is always seductive and impressive; and if sometimes it seems exotic in its charm,—individual, willful, rather than purely natural and exactly *right*,— very often it has an accent which could hardly be imagined more appropriate, truthful, sensible. In marking this difference I do not mean that he sometimes seeks charm at the expense of usefulness; that his wish to reproduce the beauty of ancient examples sometimes works to the detriment of practical fitness. I only mean that sometimes, in the features and the decorations of those buildings which he plans so wisely, he reproduces the almost barbaric

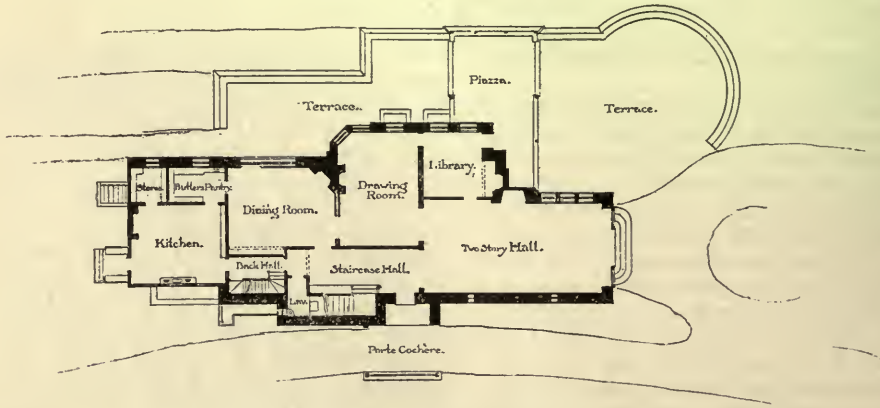
WILLIAMS COTTAGES, GERMANTOWN, PA.

MILLWOOD.— HOUSE OF R. PERCY ALDEN, ESQ., CORNWALL, PA.

strength and exuberance of Romanesque days without due remembrance that those days were unlike our own, and that the unlikeness springs from our greater intellectual refinement, and from the greater feeling this gives us for *artistic* refinement as distinguished from artistic vigor and luxuriance. We, who know so well the art as well as the thought of classic Greece, cannot but exact from modern art a fuller measure of repose and reticence and balance and grace and purity than satisfied the mediæval nations.

It is not to be wondered at that many of those who recognize this fact should have but small faith in the wisdom of attempting to draw at all from mediæval precedents; should say that a better quarry is to be found in that Renaissance art wherein mediæval ideas have already been modified by the reborn influence of Greece; wherein we have the language of a time whose civilization is the true parent of our own. Yet there are arguments which plead the other way, or, at least, which plead that we need not base our efforts wholly on Renaissance suggestions.

All the various Renaissance schemes save one or two of the very earliest came, alike in construction and in decoration, to be pretty definitely and completely worked out. It is hard, therefore, to treat them now with freedom without incurring the reproach of unscholarliness. Nay, it is hard to treat them with freedom even if we are content to incur such reproach;



PLAN OF MILLWOOD.

for there seems to be a singular analogy between architectural and human life. When a style has really run its course, has developed gradually and naturally up to the highest imaginable perfection, and then gradually and naturally fallen into decay, it seems impossible that it should be resuscitated and made the basis of new developments. For example, we have seen the experiment tried in England with that our turn even if we could make ourselves content to copy them.

What we need is some scheme or schemes able to meet all demands, however lofty, however modest; fitted for use with many different materials; possible of modification into new expressions; and (should we ever work these out) capable of receiving new decorative motives. That is to say, we want some scheme

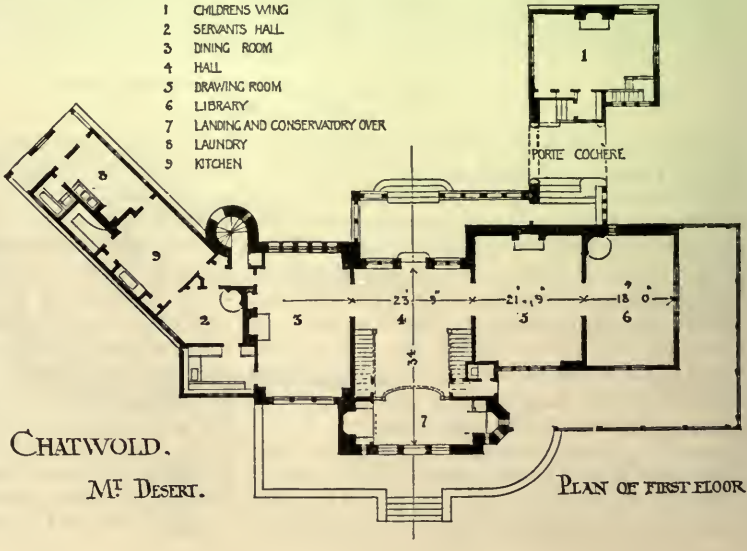
CHATWOLD.— HOUSE OF MRS. BOWLER, MT. DESERT.

Pointed art which there lived a long life of many phases and died at last of inanition. We have seen it tried very faithfully and earnestly and cleverly, but are growing every year more conscious that the trial has been a failure.

Of course the styles we call by the general name of Later Renaissance have not died out in the same hopeless way. They are certainly vital still in France, which is the only modern land that can boast of a living and national form of architectural speech. But it would be useless for us to try to take them up as employed by France to-day. For they are *fully developed*, and French wants, French tastes, French ideas, are so singularly unlike our own that French expedients would but poorly serve or schemes more susceptible of *fresh development* than is any which has already once run a complete and perfect course. Those are undoubtedly right who think that such a scheme is offered to us by the earlier Renaissance fashions of the northern parts of Italy — by those which used the round arch and the lintel very straightforwardly without much reliance upon the column; for in the first place they are very sensible and very flexible, and in the second place they never lived out their life and came to a death of natural exhaustion: they were replaced, while they seem to us to have been still instinct with latent capabilities, by those columnar fashions known as "Roman" or "Later Renaissance."

ARCHWAY AND SEAT AT DR. R. H. DERBY'S, LLOYD'S NECK, LONG ISLAND.

But these early Renaissance styles are close akin in spirit, though not always in superficial effect, to the Romanesque fashions of a still earlier day. Both sprang from the same primal root; both incorporated the same general ideas and used the same main features. See, for example, how hard it is for an unskilled eye to tell in Venice which are the true "Byzantine" house-fronts, and which are those that were built in the first flush of the classic revival—although the long interval that lay between included all the Pointed work that Venice ever wrought. And the Romanesque of the South is another scheme which never lived out its life to natural expiration. The true Byzantine style of the East flowered very early into the most splendid blossoms, but then ceased from effort and neither developed nor declined. And its foster-children in the West—alike in Auvergne, in Tuscany, in Lombardy, and in the upper Rhine lands—were superseded, while still very vital, by Pointed fashions imported bodily from those more northern countries where they had had their birth. It is important to note that their typical ecclesiastical structures offer us, in the rectangular ground-plan, something far more appropriate to our modern needs than do the Gothic churches of the North; and quite as important to remember that in every other class of buildings we may take up their somewhat primitive elements



HOUSE OF WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, ESQ., ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

and develop them as we will without any very stringent fetters in the way of precedents which it would be "unscholarly" to ignore. Their decoration, as I have said, if literally reproduced from western prototypes, seems too emphatic, too luxuriant, too barbaric for the expression of modern sentiment; yet it offers us — and especially in its eastern, Byzantine examples — types and motives and manifold lovely suggestions capable of development into a most appropriate form of artistic speech.

Nothing, for example, could be fresher, more unhackneyed, newer to modern western eyes, than the decoration based on Byzantine motives which Mr. Richardson has wrought in many of his interiors — as, for instance, in the exquisite wood carvings which line the Quincy Library; yet nothing could be more refined, more modern in feeling, more entirely appropriate and satisfactory.

Of course it will be understood that I have not said all this with the foolish idea of "giving advice," with the least wish to point out any road which our art "ought" to follow. I have only been trying to explain that the impulses which already have so strongly led our artists in these two directions are both sensible, both promising; and that they are *kindred* impulses, and therefore perhaps prophetic of some still closer accord to follow in the future.

Mr. Richardson's example seems already to have had a very strong influence upon the younger rank of the profession. But if it proves to be a *lasting* influence, the reason will be found, not in his mere personal force and accomplishment, but in the fact that

HOUSE OF DR. R. H. DERBY, LLOYD'S NECK, LONG ISLAND.

through these he gave the first outspoken voice to tastes and sympathies latent in his countrymen at large. If our architecture ever really develops upon the basis of the round arch into anything that may be called a *style* proper to ourselves, it will be because such a style is really what would suit us best, and because our artists will have felt the fact in their own souls and not believed it upon the mere evidence of one single man among them.

But (I must remind myself, I see, as well as you) speculation is quite idle. We cannot even pretend to guess whether we shall grow into architectural concord of any sort whatever. But here, you may protest, we can surely say what *ought* to be our course. Yes, surely, if this is a point where the course of past developments must be accepted as illustrating a natural, unescapable law. Success in the past has certainly meant concord in style. But can we be sure that success in the future *must* come in the same manner? Can we be quite sure that individuality, personality, which today in so many directions is so much more potent a force than it ever was in days gone by, may not be destined to play a greater rôle in architecture than it has ever played before? Of course I am not desirous of predicting that such will be the case; I only think that no one should too dogmatically say that the case is in itself impossible.

Time alone can give the answer to this as to all questions of the sort. Our task is not to theorize or prophesy, certainly not to guide, dictate, or dogmatize; but first *to help in the education of the artist and then to give him liberty to work in his own way and opportunity to work his best.*

And if almost always we yet find something in our architects' results to criticise, and sometimes much to condemn, much to deplore, let us remember how difficult are many of their tasks, and how often we make their difficulty greater. Let us remember how ignorant we are ourselves, and how our ignorance reacts on them. Let us remember what our condition was but a few short years ago—how young, as I have said, is our good work, how young are most of our good workers. Let us remember all this, and then, not their sins and stumbles, but their virtues and successes will seem to us remarkable. We shall then pause from condemnation, hesitate to criticise, and cultivate a grateful mood;—at the same time frankly confessing with the French philosopher that the liveliest source of gratitude is the expectation of greater benefits to come.*

* The Germantown cottages and Dr. Derby's and Mr. Alden's houses were built by Messrs. McKim, Mead & White. Mr. Phelps's is an old house altered and enlarged by Messrs. Babb, Cook & Willard.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

HOUSE OF CHARLES J. OSBORNE, ESQ., MAMARONECK, N. Y.

IN THE WAKE OF BATTLE.*

A WOMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF SHEPHERDSTOWN DURING ANTIETAM WEEK.

SEPTEMBER was in the skies of the almanac, but August still reigned in ours; it was hot and dusty. The railroads in the Shenandoah Valley had been torn up, the bridges destroyed, communication made precarious and difficult, and Shepherdstown, cornered by the bend of the Potomac, lay as if forgotten in the bottom of somebody's pocket. We were without news or knowledge, except when some chance traveler would repeat the last wild and uncertain rumor that he had heard. We had passed an exciting summer. Winchester had changed hands more than once; we had been "in the Confederacy" and out of it again, and were now waiting, in an exasperating state of ignorance and suspense, for the next move in the great game.

It was a saying with us that Shepherdstown was just nine miles from everywhere. It was, in fact, about that distance from Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry — often-mentioned names — and from Williamsport, where the armies so often crossed, both to and from Maryland. It was off the direct road between those places and lay, as I said, at the foot of a great sweep in the river, and was five miles from the nearest station on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. As no trains were running now this was of little consequence; what was more important was that a turnpike road—unusually fine for that region of stiff, red clay — led in almost a straight line for thirty miles to Winchester on the south; it was the scene of "Sheridan's ride" and stretched northward, beyond the Potomac, twenty miles to Hagerstown. Before the days of steam this had been part of the old posting road between the Valley towns and Pennsylvania, and we had boasted a very substantial bridge. This had been burned early in the war, and only the massive stone piers remained; but a mile and a half down the river was the ford, and the road that led to it lay partly above and partly along the face of rocky and precipi-

SHEPHERDSTOWN, FROM THE MARYLAND SIDE. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

BELOW SHEPHERDSTOWN — THE POTOMAC TO THE FORD (WHERE THE RIVER NARROWS) BY WHICH LEE RETREATED.

* The reader is referred to the May and June numbers for illustrated descriptions of the battles of South Mountain, Harper's Ferry and Antietam. — EDITOR.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE ON HIS WAR-HORSE "TRAVELER." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY M. MILEY, IN 1876—SEE NOTE *, NEXT PAGE.)

tous cliffs. It was narrow and stony and, especially in one place, around the foot of "Mount Misery," was very steep and difficult for vehicles. It was, moreover, entirely commanded by the hills on the Maryland side, but it was the ford over which some part of the Confederate army passed every year, and was used by the main body of infantry in '63 before Gettysburg. Beyond the river were the Cumberland Canal and its willow-fringed towpath, from which rose the soft and rounded outlines of the hills that from their farther slopes looked down upon the battle-field of Antietam. We could see the fort at Harper's Ferry without a glass on clear days, and the flag flying over it, a mere speck against the sky, and could hear the gun that was fired every evening at sunset.

Shepherdstown's only access to the river was through a narrow gorge, the bed of a small tributary of the Potomac, that was made to do much duty as it slipped cheerily over its rocks, and furnished power for several mills and factories, most of them at that time silent. Here were also three or four stone warehouses, huge, empty structures, testifying mutely that the town had once had a business. The road to the bridge led through this cleft, down an indescribably steep street skirting the stream's ravine, to whose sides the mills and factories clung in most extraordinary fashion; but it was always a marvel how anything heavier than a wheelbarrow could be pulled up its tedious length, or how any vehicle could be driven down without plunging into the water at the bottom.

In this odd little borough, then, we were waiting "developments," hearing first that "our men" were coming, and then that they were not coming, when suddenly, on Saturday, the 13th of September, early in the morning, we found ourselves surrounded by a hungry horde of lean and dusty tatterdemalions, who seemed to rise from the ground at our feet. I did not know where they came from, or to whose command they belonged; I have since been informed that General Jackson recrossed into Virginia at Williamsport, and hastened to Harper's Ferry by the shortest roads. These would take him some four miles south of us, and our haggard apparitions were perhaps a part of his force. They were stragglers, at all events,—professional, some of them, but some worn out by the incessant strain of that summer. When I say that they were hungry, I convey no impression of the gaunt starvation that looked from their cavernous eyes. All day they crowded to the doors of our houses, with always the same drawling complaint: "I've been a-marchin' an' a-fightin' for six weeks stiddy, and I ain't had n-a-r-thin' to eat 'cept green apples an' green cawn, an' I wish you'd please to gimme a bite to eat."

Their looks bore out their statements, and when they told us they had "clean gin out," we believed them, and went to get what we had. They could be seen afterwards asleep in every fence corner, and under every tree, but after a night's rest they pulled themselves together somehow and disappeared as suddenly as they had come. Possibly they went back to their commands, possibly they only moved on to repeat the same tale elsewhere. I know nothing of numbers, nor what force was or was not engaged in any battle, but I saw the troops march past us every summer for four years, and I know something of the appearance of a marching army, both Union and Southern. There are always stragglers, of course, but never before or after did I see anything comparable to the demoralized state of the Confederates at this time. Never were want and exhaustion more visibly put before my eyes, and that they could march or fight at all seemed incredible.

As I remember, the next morning—it was Sunday, September 14—we were awakened by heavy firing at two points on the mountains. We were expecting the bombardment of Harper's Ferry, and knew that Jackson was before it. Many of our friends were with him,

* Major Campbell Brown of Spring Hill, Tenn., says in a recent letter in regard to the photograph of General Lee on his war-horse "Traveler": "Both horse and master show age, but the picture is characteristic and reminds me of General Lee, the first time I ever saw him and in the midst of his first great battle. I was on Ewell's staff, and our division led the advance of Jackson on McClellan's right at Gaines's Mill. We went in astride of a public road. General Ewell sent me back to find General Jackson. This I failed to do, but was told he had ridden to the right. Going in that direction, I came on Longstreet and General Lee. Longstreet, usually phlegmatic, always brightened up under fire, and he was unusually animated and earnest on this occasion. Lee sat listening, with his eyes fixed steadfastly to the front, his head raised, an intense earnestness on his face, his feet firmly in the stirrups (which I well remember were shorter than in this picture, so that the heel was just a bit lower than the toe), his iron-gray horse standing like marble, but tugging at the bit and evidently impatient of the restraint. The impression made on my mind then was that I was looking at the greatest man I had met—one whom I could follow with full trust—and it never weakened or gave way under any subsequent events nor in that familiar intercourse with which I was afterwards privileged; for from 1863 to 1865 I saw him almost daily. General Lee was charming in private life, and to young people (of whose company he never seemed to grow tired) absolutely fascinating and delightful. With us he was always playful, kindly, patient, ready to jest and smile, and, General Pope to the contrary notwithstanding, he was fond of a jest."

and our interest there was so intense that we sat watching the bellowing and smoking Heights, for a long time, before we became aware that the same phenomena were to be noticed in the north. From our windows both points could be observed, and we could not tell which to watch most keenly. We knew almost nothing except that there was fighting, that it must be very heavy, and that our friends were surely in it somewhere, but whether at South Mountain or Harper's Ferry we had no means of discovering. I remember how the day wore on, how we staid at the windows until we could not endure the suspense; how we walked about and came back to them; and how finally, when night fell, it seemed cruel and preposterous to go to bed still ignorant.

I believe there was more firing at Harper's Ferry on Monday, but I retain a very indistinct impression of the morning. In the afternoon, about two or three o'clock, when we were sitting about in disconsolate fashion, distracted by the contradictory rumors that reached us from town, our negro cook rushed into the room with eyes shining and face working with excitement. She had been down in "de ten-acre lot to pick a few years ob cawn," and she had seen a long train of wagons coming up from the ford, and "dey is full ob wounded men, and de blood runnin' outen dem dat deep," measuring on her outstretched arm to the shoulder. This horrible picture sent us flying to town, and we found the streets already crowded, the people all astir, and the foremost wagons, of what seemed an endless line, discharging their piteous burdens. The scene speedily became ghastly, but fortunately we could not stay to look at it. There were no preparations, no accommodations — the men could not be left in the streets — what was to be done?

A Federal soldier once said to me, "I was always sorry for your wounded; they never seemed to get any care." The remark was extreme, but there was too much justice in it. There was little mitigation of hardship to our unfortunate armies. We were fond of calling them Spartans, and they were but too truly called upon to endure a Spartan system of neglect and privation. They were always ill-fed and ill-cared for. It would have been possible, at this time, one would think, to send a courier back to inform the town and bespeak what comforts it could provide for the approaching wounded; but here they were, unannounced, on the brick pavements, and the first thing was to find roofs to cover them. Men ran for keys and opened the long empty shops and unused rooms; other people got brooms and stirred up the dust of ages; then armies of children began to appear with bundles of hay and straw, taken from anybody's stable. These were hastily disposed in heaps, and covered with blankets — the soldiers' own, or else one begged or borrowed from anywhere. On these improvised beds the sufferers were placed, and the next question was of the proper dressing of their wounds. No surgeons were to be seen. A few men, detailed as nurses, had come, but they were incompetent of course. Our women set bravely to work and washed away the blood, or stanched it as well as they could, where the jolting of the long rough ride had disarranged the hasty binding done upon the battle-field. But what did they know of wounds beyond a cut finger, or a boil? Yet they bandaged and bathed, with a devotion that went far to make up for their inexperience. Then there was the hunt for bandages. Every housekeeper ransacked her stores and brought forth things new and old. I saw one girl, in despair for a strip of cloth, look about helplessly, and then rip off the hem of her white petticoat. The doctors came up, by and by, or I suppose they did, for some amputating was done. Rough surgery, you may be sure. The women helped, holding the instruments and the basins, and trying to soothe or strengthen. They stood to their work very nobly; the emergency brought out all their strength to meet it.

One girl who had been working very hard, helping the men on the sidewalks, and dressing wounds afterwards in a close, hot room, told me that at one time the sights and smells (these last were fearful) so overcame her that she could only stagger to the staircase, where she hung, half conscious, over the banisters, saying to herself, "Oh, I hope if I faint some one will kick me into a corner and let me lie there!" She did not faint, but went back to her work in a few moments, and through the whole of what followed was one of the most indefatigable and useful. She was one of many; even children did their part.

It became a grave question how to feed so many unexpected guests. The news spread rapidly, and the people from the country neighborhoods came pouring in to help, expecting to stay with friends who had already given up every spare bed and every inch of room where beds could be put. Virginia houses are very elastic, but ours were strained to their utmost. Fortunately some of the farmers' wives had been thoughtful enough to bring supplies of linen, and some bread and fruit, and when our wants became better known other contributions flowed in; but when all was done it was not enough.

We worked far into the night that Monday, went to bed late, and rose early next morning. Tuesday brought fresh wagon-loads, and would have brought despair, except that they were accompanied by an apology for a

commissariat; and other and more regular sources of supply were organized among our country friends. Some doctors also arrived, who—with a few honorable exceptions—might as well have staid away. The remembrance of that worthless body of officials stirs me to wrath. Two or three worked conscientiously and hard, and they did all the medical work, except what was done by our own town physicians. In strong contrast was the conduct of the common men detailed as nurses. They were as gentle as they knew how to be, and very obliging and untiring. Of course they were uncouth and often rough, but with the wounded dying about us every day, and with the necessity that we were under for the first few days, of removing those who died at once that others not yet quite dead might take their places, there was no time to be fastidious; it required all our efforts to be simply decent, and we sometimes failed in that.

We fed our men as well as we could from every available source, and often had some difficulty in feeding ourselves. The townspeople were very hospitable, and we were invited here and there, but could not always go, or hesitated, knowing every house was full. I remember once,—probably this Tuesday, but I cannot be sure,—that having breakfasted upon a single roll, and having worked hard among sickening details, about four o'clock I turned, perfectly ravenous and wolfish, and ran to a friend's house down the street. When I got there I was almost too faint to speak, but my friend looked, at me and disappeared in silence, coming back in a moment with a plate of hot soup. What luxury! I sat down then and there on the front doorstep and devoured the soup as if I had been without food for a week.

It was known on Tuesday that Harper's Ferry had been taken, but it was growing evident that South Mountain had not been a victory. We had heard from some of our friends, but not from all, and what we did hear was often most unsatisfactory and tantalizing. For instance, we would be told that some one whom we loved had been seen standing with his battery, had left his gun an instant to shake hands and send a message, and had then stepped back to position, while our civilian informant had come away for safety, and the smoke of conflict had hidden battery and all from view. As night drew nearer, whispers of a great battle to be fought the next day grew louder, and we shuddered at the prospect, for battles had come to mean to us, as they never had before, blood, wounds, and death.

The seventeenth of September looked down from cloudy skies upon the two armies facing each other on the fields of Maryland. It seems to me now that the roar of that day began with the light, and all through its long and dragging hours its thunder formed a background to our pain and terror. If we had been in doubt as to our friends' whereabouts on Sunday, there was no room for doubt now. In the thickest of the fight, where the "Old Stonewall" was ever to be found, there was it now and they with it, and here were we, not two miles away, listening in anguish as beyond the river the tide of battle surged to and fro. There was no sitting at the windows now and counting discharges of guns, or watching the curling smoke. We went about our work with pale faces and trembling hands, yet trying to appear composed for the sake of our patients, who were much excited. We could hear the incessant explosions of artillery, the shrieking whistles of the shells, and the sharper, deadlier, more thrilling roll of musketry; while every now and then the echo of some charging cheer would come, borne by the wind, and as the human voice pierced that demoniacal clangor we would catch our breath and listen, and try not to sob, and turn back to the forlorn hospitals, to the suffering at our feet and before our eyes, while imagination fainted at thought of those other scenes hidden from us beyond the Potomac.

On our side of the river there were noise, confusion, dust; throngs of stragglers; horsemen galloping about; wagons blocking each other, and teamsters wrangling; and a continued din of shouting, swearing, and rumbling, in the midst of which men were dying, fresh wounded arriving, surgeons amputating limbs and dressing wounds, women going in and out with bandages, lint, medicines, food. An ever-present sense of anguish, dread, pity, and, I fear, hatred—these are my recollections of Antietam.

When night came we could still hear the sullen guns and hoarse, indefinite murmurs that succeeded the day's turmoil. That night was dark and lowering and the air heavy and dull. Across the river innumerable watch-fires were blazing, and we could but too well conjecture the scenes that they were lighting. We sat in silence, looking into each other's tired faces. There were no impatient words, few tears; only silence, and a drawing close together, as if for comfort. We were almost hopeless, yet clung with desperation to the thought that we were hoping. But in our hearts we could not believe that anything human could have escaped from that appalling fire.

On Thursday, the two armies lay idly facing each other, but we could not be idle. The wounded continued to arrive until the town

was quite unable to hold all the disabled and suffering. They filled every building and overflowed into the country round, into farm-houses, barns, corn-cribs, cabins — wherever four walls and a roof were found together. Those able to travel were sent on to Winchester and other towns back from the river, but their departure seemed to make no appreciable difference. There were six churches and they were all full; the Odd Fellows' Hall, the Free Masons', the little Town Council room, the barn-like place known as the Drill Room, all the private houses after their capacity, the shops and empty buildings, the school-houses,— every inch of space, and yet the cry was for room.

The unfinished Town Hall had stood in naked ugliness for many a long day. Somebody threw a few rough boards across the beams, placed piles of straw over them, laid down single planks to walk upon, and lo, it was a hospital at once. The stone warehouses down in the ravine and by the river had been passed by, because low and damp and undesirable as sanitariums, but now their doors and windows were thrown wide, and, with barely time allowed to sweep them, they were all occupied; and even the "old blue factory." This was an antiquated, crazy, dismal building of blue stucco that peeled off in great blotches. It had been shut up for years and was in the last stages of dilapidation. The doorways were boarded up; its windows looked through eyeless sockets; boards were missing from the floor, leaving only rafters to bridge alarming gaps; while, in one place at least, it was possible to look down through successive openings, from the upper story to the basement, whence came back the sound of rushing water, for the stream, that had once turned the machinery (long since departed), still ran under archways in the foundations of the building.

On Thursday night we heard more than usual sounds of disturbance and movement, and in the morning we found the Confederate army in full retreat. General Lee crossed the Potomac under cover of the darkness, and when the day broke the greater part of his force — or the more orderly portion of it — had gone on towards Kearneysville and Leetown. General McClellan followed to the river, and without crossing got a battery in position on Douglas's Hill, and began to shell the retreating army and, in consequence, the town. What was confusion before grew worse; the retreat became a stampede. The battery may not have done a very great deal of execution, but it made a fearful noise. It is curious how much louder guns sound when they are pointed at you than when turned the other way! And the long-drawn screeching of shells, though no doubt less deadly than the singing of minie-balls, has a way of making one's hair stand on end at times. Then, too, every one who has had any experience in such things, knows how infectious fear is, how it grows when yielded to, and how, when you once begin to run, it soon seems impossible to run fast enough; whereas, if you can manage to stand your ground, the alarm lessens and sometimes disappears.

Some one suggested that yellow was the hospital color, and immediately everybody who could lay hands upon a yellow rag hoisted it over the house. The whole town was a hospital; there was scarcely a building that could not with truth seek protection under that plea, and the fantastic little strips were soon flaunting their ineffectual remonstrance from every roof-tree and chimney. Of course they did not stop the firing; but when this specific failed, the excitement became wild and ungovernable. It would have been ludicrous had it not produced so much suffering. The danger was less than it seemed, for McClellan, after all, was not bombarding the town, but the army, and most of the shells flew over us and exploded in the fields; but aim cannot be always sure, and enough shells fell short to convince the terrified citizens that their homes were about to be battered down over their ears. The better people kept some outward coolness, with perhaps a sort of "*noblesse oblige*" feeling; but the poorer classes acted as if the town were already in a blaze, and rushed from their houses with their families and household goods to make their way into the country. The road was thronged, the streets blocked; men were vociferating, women crying, children screaming; wagons, ambulances, guns, caissons, horsemen, footmen, all mingled — nay, even wedged and jammed together — in one struggling, shouting mass. It was Pandemonium. The negroes were the worst, and with faces of a ghastly ash-color, and staring eyes, they swarmed into the fields, carrying their babies, their clothes, their pots and kettles, fleeing from the wrath behind them. The comparison of a hornet's nest attacked by boys is not a good one, for there was no "fight" shown; but a disturbed ant-hill 'is altogether inadequate. They fled wildly, and camped out of range, nor would they venture back for days.

Had this been all, we could afford to laugh now, but there was another side to the picture that lent it an intensely painful aspect. It was the hurrying crowds of wounded. Ah me! those maimed and bleeding fugitives! When the firing commenced the hospitals began to

BLACKFORD'S, OR BOTELER'S, FORD, FROM THE MARYLAND SIDE. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

This picture, taken from the tow-path of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, shows the ford below Shepherdstown by which Lee's army retreated after Antietam, the cliff on the Virginia side being the scene of the disaster to the 118th Pennsylvania, or Corn Exchange, Regiment. When Porter's corps arrived at the Potomac in pursuit, on September 19th, Confederate artillery on the cliffs disputed the passage. A small Union force, under General Griffin, moved across the river in face of a warm fire, and, scaling the heights, captured several pieces of artillery. This attacking party was recalled during the night. Next morning, the 20th, two brigades of Sykes's division crossed and gained the heights on the left by the cement mill, while one brigade of Morell's division advanced to the right toward Shepherdstown and ascended the heights by way of the ravine. The 118th Pennsylvania formed beyond the crest and abreast of the dam. Soon the Confederates attacked with spirit. The Union forces were withdrawn without much loss, except to the 118th Pennsylvania, which was a new regiment, numbering 737 men, and armed, as it proved, with defective Enfield rifles. They made a stout resistance until ordered to retreat, when most of the men fled down the precipitous face of the bluff and thence across the river, some crossing on the dam, the top of which was then dry. They were also under fire in crossing; and out of 361 in killed, wounded, and captured at this place, the 118th Pennsylvania lost 269.— EDITOR.

empty. All who were able to pull one foot after another, or could bribe or beg comrades to carry them, left in haste. In vain we implored them to stay; in vain we showed them the folly, the suicide, of the attempt; in vain we argued, cajoled, threatened, ridiculed; pointed out that we were remaining and that there was less danger here than on the road. There is no sense or reason in a panic. The cannon were bellowing upon Douglas's Hill, the shells whistling and shrieking, the air full of shouts and cries; we had to scream to make ourselves heard. The men replied that the "Yankees" were crossing; that the town was to be burned; that *we* could not be made prisoners, but they could; that, anyhow, they were going as far as they could walk, or be carried. And go they did, but how?

Men with cloths about their heads went hatless in the sun, men with cloths about their feet limped shoeless on the stony road; men with arms in slings, without arms, with one leg, with bandaged sides and backs; men in ambulances, wagons, carts, wheelbarrows, men carried on stretchers, or supported on the shoulder of some self-denying comrade — all who could crawl went, and went to almost certain death. They could not go far, they dropped off into the country houses, where they were received with as much kindness as it was possible to ask for; but their wounds had become inflamed and angry, their frames were weakened by fright and over-exertion; erysipelas, mortification, gangrene set in; and the long rows of nameless graves still bear witness to the results.

Our hospitals did not remain empty. It was but a portion who could get off in any

UNION HOSPITAL IN A BARN NEAR ANTIETAM CREEK. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

manner, and their places were soon taken by others, who had remained nearer the battle-field, had attempted to follow the retreat, but having reached Shepherdstown, could go no farther. We had plenty to do, but all that day we went about with hearts bursting with rage and shame, and breaking with pity and grief for the needless, needless waste of life. The amateur nurses all stood firm, and managed to be cheerful for the sake of keeping their men quiet, but they could not be without fear. One who had no thought of leaving her own post, desired to send her sister — a mere child — out of harm's way. She, therefore, told her to go to their home, about half a mile distant, and ask their mother for some yellow cloth that was in the house, thinking, of course, that the mother would never permit the girl to come back into the town. But she miscalculated. The child accepted the commission as a sacred trust, forced her way out over the crowded road, where the danger was more real than in the town itself, reached home, and made her request. The house had its own flag flying, for it was directly in range and full of wounded. Perhaps for this reason the mother was less anxious to keep her daughter with her; perhaps in the hurry and excitement she allowed herself to be persuaded that it was really necessary to get that strip of yellow flannel into Shepherdstown as soon as possible. At all events, she made no difficulty, but with streaming tears kissed the girl, and saw her set out to go alone, half a mile through a panic-stricken rabble, under the fire of a battery and into a town whose escape from conflagration was at best not assured. To come out had been comparatively easy, for she was going with the stream. The return was a different matter. The turbulent tide had now to be stemmed. Yet she managed to work her way along, now in the road, now in the field, slipping between wagon wheels, and once, at least, crawling under a stretcher. No one had noticed her coming out, she was but one of the crowd; and now, most were too busy with their own safety to pay much heed to anything else. Still, as her face seemed alone set towards the town, she attracted some attention. One or two spoke to her. Now it was, "Look-a here, little gal! don't you know you're a-goin' the wrong way?" One man looked at the yellow thing she had slung across her shoulder and said, with an approving nod: "That's right, that's right; save the wounded if ye kin." She meant to do it, and finally reached her sister, breathless, but triumphant, with as proud a sense, I dare say, of duty done, as if her futile errand had been the deliverance of a city.

I have said that there was less danger than appeared, but it must not be supposed that there was none. A friend who worked chiefly in the old blue factory had asked me to bring her a bowl of gruel that some one had promised to make for one of her patients. I had just taken it to her, and she was walking across the floor with the bowl in her hands, when a shell crashed through a corner of the wall and passed out at the opposite end of the building, rocking the crazy rookery to its foundations,

filling the room with dust and plaster, and throwing her upon her knees to the floor. The wounded screamed, and had they not been entirely unable to move, not a man would have been left in the building. But it was found that no one was hurt, and things proceeded as before. I asked her afterwards if she was frightened. She said yes, when it was over, but her chief thought at the time was to save the gruel, for the man needed it, and it had been very hard to find any one composed enough to make it. I am glad to be able to say that he got his gruel in spite of bombs. That factory was struck twice, and what miracle kept it together I could never understand. A school-house, of course full of wounded, and one or two other buildings were hit, but I believe no serious damage was done. I was told that a bomb exploded in the street and killed several men, but I did not see it. We were told so many wild stories that I wish only to repeat what I actually saw, or know positively to be true; and while there was so much to be done in the hospitals, we really were comparatively ignorant of what was passing outside of our own wards.

On Saturday morning there was the fight at the ford. The negroes were still encamped in the fields, though some, finding that the town was yet standing, ventured back on various errands during the day. What we feared were the stragglers and hangers-on and nondescripts, that circle round an army, like the great buzzards we shuddered to see wheeling silently over us. The people were still excited, anticipating the Federal crossing and dreading a repetition of the bombardment or an encounter in the streets. Some parties of Confederate cavalry rode through, and it is possible that a body of infantry remained drawn up in readiness on one of the hills during the morning, but I remember no large force of troops at any time on that day.

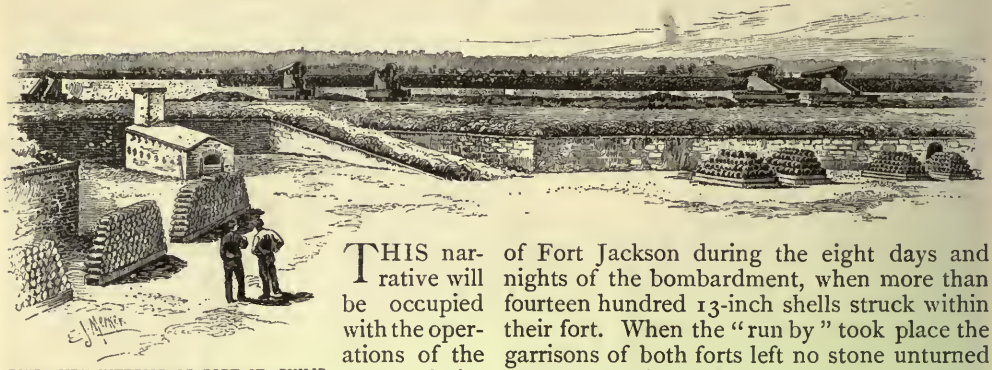
About noon, or a little after, we were told that General McClellan's advance had been checked, and that it was not believed he would attempt to cross the river at once — a surmise that proved to be correct. The country grew more composed. General Lee lay near Leetown, some seven miles south of us, and General McClellan rested quietly in Maryland. On Sunday we were able to have some short church services for our wounded, cut still shorter, I regret to say, by reports that the "Yankees" were crossing. Such reports continued to harass us, especially as we feared the capture of our friends, who would often ride down to see us during the day, but who seldom ventured to spend a night so near the river. We presently passed into the debatable land, when we were in the Confederacy in the morning, in the Union after dinner, and were on neutral ground at night. We lived through a disturbed and eventful autumn, subject to continual "alarms and excursions," but when this Saturday came to an end, the most trying and tempestuous week of the war for Shepherdstown was over.

Maria Blunt.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT SHEPHERDSTOWN.

FIGHTING FARRAGUT BELOW NEW ORLEANS.*

BY THE COMMANDER OF THE "GOVERNOR MOORE."



RIVER-SIDE INTERIOR OF FORT ST. PHILIP.

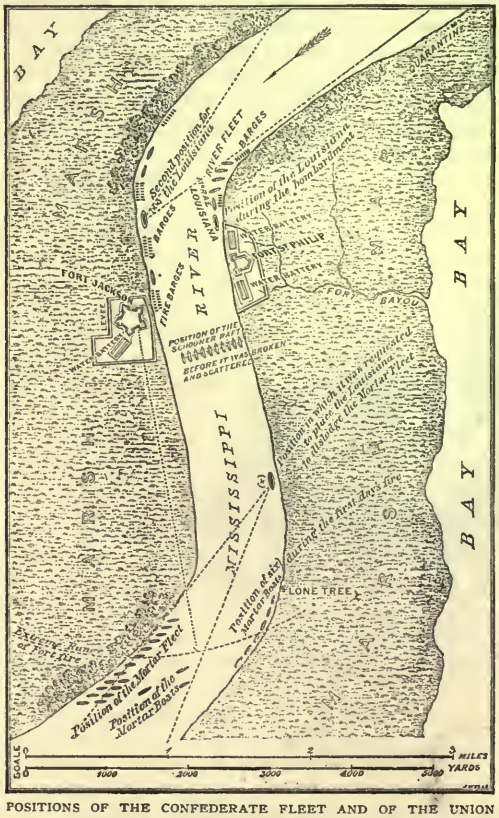
THIS narrative will be occupied with the operations of the State and River Defense gun-boats, and especially with the movements of my vessel, the *Governor Moore*, and without particular reference to the forts. No men ever endured greater hardships, privations, and sufferings than the garrison of Fort Jackson during the eight days and nights of the bombardment, when more than fourteen hundred 13-inch shells struck within their fort. When the "run by" took place the garrisons of both forts left no stone unturned to stem the tide of battle, but to no purpose.

Nor shall I refer especially to the *Louisiana*, *Manassas*, and *McRae*, of the regular C. S. Navy. Of these I saw nothing after the battle began. I did see and do know of the movements of all the other gun-boats, which, to avoid confounding with the regular navy vessels, I will refer to as "rams."

The *Louisiana* was simply an iron floating battery. She was in an unfinished state, and although officered from the regular navy, her crew was composed exclusively of volunteer soldiers, totally unused to ships and the handling of heavy guns. Her ports were too small to admit of the elevation or depression of her guns, thereby almost entirely destroying her efficiency. The responsibility for this was long since placed with Secretary Mallory, who not until four months before New Orleans fell, and *after* Stevenson fashioned that "pigmy monster" the *Manassas*, and in a measure tested her power, ordered the construction of the *Louisiana*, which had been a floating dock. She was decked over, roofed, iron-plated, armed, and given engines which never propelled her until after the fight was lost. Commander McIntosh, her "fighting captain," was killed early in the action, and was succeeded by Lieutenant John Wilkinson, and his brave officers and men did all in their power to beat back the enemy, but to little purpose, as thirteen of the enemy's seventeen vessels passed their vessel and the forts.

The *McRae*, a small vessel mounting a battery almost exactly like that of the *Owasco*, Farragut's smallest vessel, lost her commander, T. B. Huger, early in the battle, and as it

The top of the map is *west*.



POSITIONS OF THE CONFEDERATE FLEET AND OF THE UNION MORTAR-BOATS BEFORE THE RUNNING OF THE FORTS BY THE UNION FLEET.—EDITOR.

* In THE CENTURY for April, 1885, the reader will find other maps and illustrations relating to the subject and accompanying Admiral Porter's paper on "The Opening of the Lower Mississippi."—EDITOR.

happened, he was killed by a shot fired from the *Iroquois*, the vessel on which he was serving when he resigned his commission in the United States Navy. He was succeeded by Lieutenant Reed, who fought the ship gallantly until the end of the battle.

The *Manassas*, commanded by Lieutenant Warley, had previously done good service, and this time came to grief after two hours' fighting, because every ship that neared her selected her thin, half-inch-iron roof and sides for a target. In considering the responsibility for the fall of New Orleans, it should be remembered that Messrs. Benjamin and Mallory were better fitted for the law than to preside over the War and Navy Departments of a newly fledged government.

THE "GOVERNOR MOORE," AT THE END OF THE FIGHT.

The vessel which I commanded was formerly the ocean-built wooden paddle-steamship *Charles Morgan*, of about nine hundred tons, and having a walking-beam engine. When armed by the State of Louisiana she was named the *Governor Moore*, and received two rifled 32-pounders (not banded and not sighted) and a complement of ninety-three persons. She was not iron-plated in any manner whatever. Her stem was like that of hundreds of other vessels, being faced its length on its edges above water, with two strips of old-fashioned flat railroad iron, held in place by short straps of like kind at the top, at the water-line and at three intermediate points. These straps extended about two feet abaft the face of the stem, on each side, where they were bolted in place. The other eight "rams" had their "noses" hardened in like manner. All had the usual-shaped stems. Not one had an iron beak or projecting prow under water. All of them had their pilot-houses, engines, and boilers perfectly protected by a bulkhead of cotton bales which extended from the floor of the hold to five feet or more above the spar-deck. These and other such vessels were fitted out by the State and the city of New Orleans after the regular navy refused to take them, and to Lieutenant-Colonel W. S. Lovell (ex-lieutenant United States Navy) is due the credit of their novel construction.

Of the other eight "rams," the *General Quitman* was like my ship, but smaller. The remaining seven had been tug-boats, and were of wood, with walking-beam engines. Each of them mounted one or two guns, had about thirty-five men, and measured not far from one hundred and fifty tons.

These nine "rams" were an independent command, and recognized no outside authority unless it suited their convenience; and it was expected that this "fleet" and its branch at Memphis "would defend the Upper and Lower Mississippi, without aid from the regular navy." We lay at the head of the turn in the river just above the forts, the place of all others for all the Confederate vessels to have been. Here they would have been less liable to be surprised; they would have been clear of the cross-fire from the forts and not exposed to the broadsides of the enemy when passing them, while both guns of each ram could have raked the enemy for over a mile as they approached; they would have been out of the smoke, and would have had extra time to raise steam, to prepare to fire and to ram; moreover they would have been at a great advantage to ram, since the advancing vessels would have had to incline to the eastward on reaching

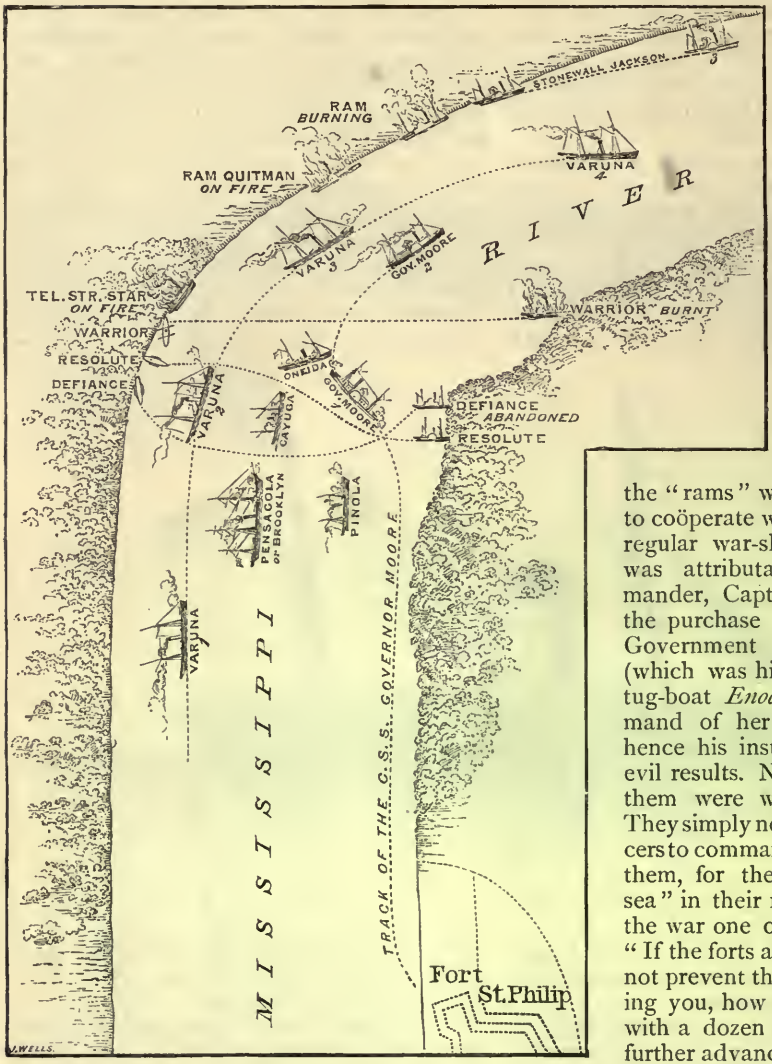


CHART OF THE FIRST MOVEMENTS OF THE "VARUNA" AND "GOVERNOR MOORE."

them. Not one of them to my knowledge, nor was it ever reported, availed itself of one of these advantages, for when they saw the enemy approaching, those having steam tried to escape, whilst others that did not have it were set afire where they lay, as I myself witnessed. Not one of them made the feeblest offensive or defensive movement, excepting in the accidental case of the *Stonewall Jackson* nearly three hours after, as I shall relate. Had they done their duty simply in firing, what might they not have accomplished! Nearly every United States ship reports firing into them, but not a single one reports having been rammed or fired at by one of them, with the exception of the *Stonewall Jackson* and my ship.

As an act of fairness to the people on board the "rams" who so signally failed to coöperate with the forts and the regular war-ships, I must say it was attributable to their commander, Captain Stevenson. On the purchase by the Confederate Government of the *Manassas* (which was his creation from the tug-boat *Enoch Train*), the command of her was refused him; hence his insubordination and its evil results. None of the men on them were wanting in courage. They simply needed competent officers to command, lead, and instruct them, for they were totally "at sea" in their new vocation. After the war one of them said to me, "If the forts and you fellows could not prevent the enemy from reaching you, how could you expect us with a dozen guns to check their further advance? I saw there was no use risking life for nothing, so I fired the vessel and skipped." The fault rests with those who kept them there. Had regular naval officers, instead of being kept in the mud forts on the creeks in Virginia, and in the woods of the Carolinas cutting timber to build iron-clads, been sent to these vessels even at the eleventh hour, they would have proven very formidable.

The Confederates had in all thirteen vessels, and but thirteen of Farragut's vessels passed the forts.* The former lost a fine opportu-

* The "Navy Register" of January, 1863, gives Flag-Officer Farragut's seventeen vessels one hundred and ninety-three guns, and Commander Porter's seven vessels sixty-five guns. The frigate *Colorado*, being unable to cross the bar, transferred April 11th her 24-pounder howitzer to the *Sciota*; on the 6th of April four 9-inch guns to the *Oneida* and *Iroquois*; and on April 9th, *three* officers, 142 men, and her spar-deck battery of twenty 8-inch guns, for distribution in the fleet. Add thirty-eight 32-pounders, and nineteen 13-inch mortars on board the "bombers" and twenty-nine 12-pounder howitzers, one to each of twenty-four vessels, the five larger ones having two, both in their tops, and we find they had in all, three hundred and sixty-nine guns, of recent construction, fully equipped with latest improvements, and commanded and handled by trained men. Excepting

GENERAL J. K. DUNCAN, IN COMMAND OF FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

nity here. Richmond, in the minds of some officials, bore the same relation to the Confederacy that Paris has ever done to France; hence the delay for several months to prepare for the defense of New Orleans, whilst Richmond was being fortified, and the mistake in not sending Commander John K. Mitchell to the "three fleets," near the forts, until three and a half days before the fight, and then with a vessel (the *Louisiana*) which could simply float, but nothing more!

The *Governor Moore*, which was anchored near Fort St. Philip opposite Fort Jackson, could not have been surprised at any time. I slept for the most part only during the day, and but rarely at night. At eight P. M. four sentinels were always posted on the spar-deck and wheel-houses, and a quarter-master in the pilot-house; an anchor and engine-room watch was set; the chain was unshackled and the fires were banked; both guns were carefully pointed at the opening in the obstructions through which the enemy had to pass to reach us. The vessel being secured as firmly as if at a dock, effective firing of her guns was assured. Every opening in the vessel's side through which a light might be seen was kept closed. At dark the vessel's holds and decks and magazines were brightly lighted to save delay in the event of a sudden call to quarters. Two gun's crews were ready for service, and the officer of the deck and myself were always at hand.

The evening previous to the battle I reported to General Duncan, the commander of the two forts, my observations on the enemy's movements as seen by myself from the mast-

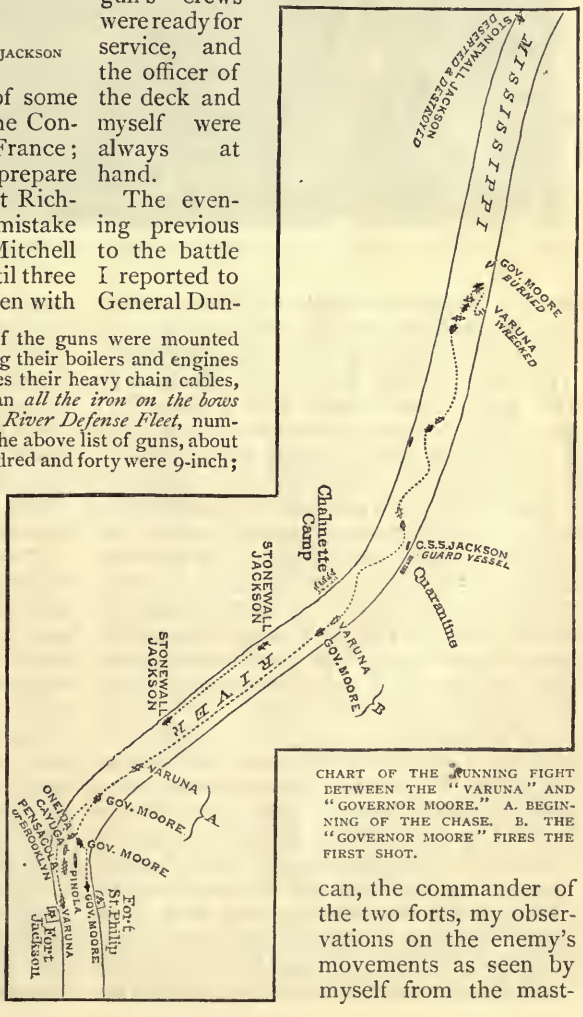
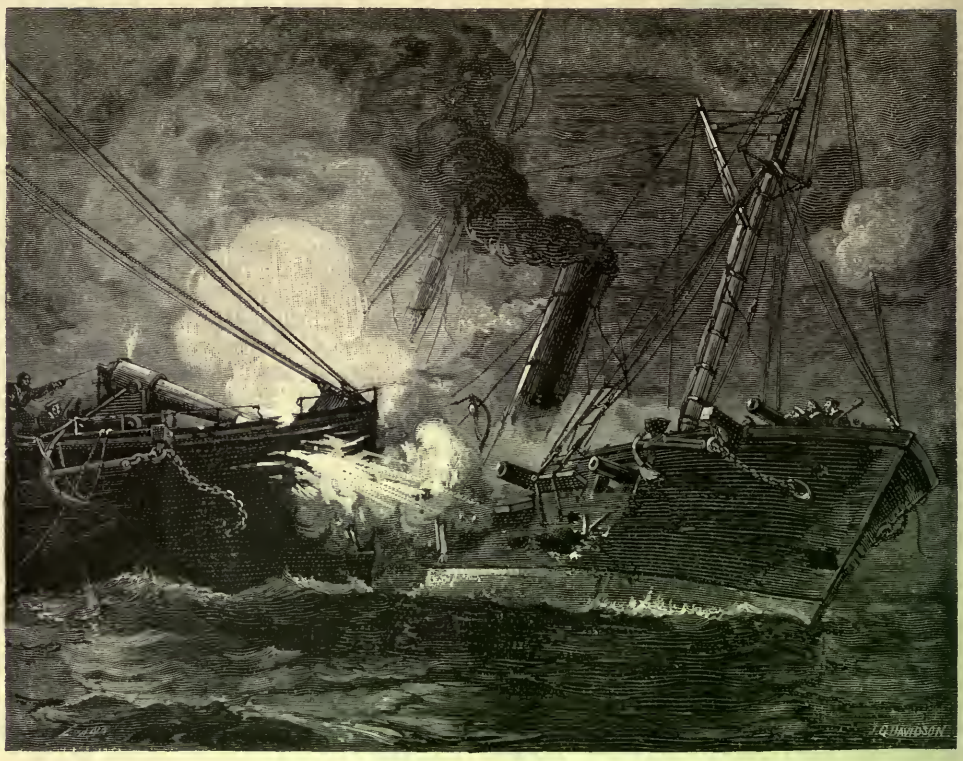


CHART OF THE RUNNING FIGHT BETWEEN THE "VARUNA" AND "GOVERNOR MOORE." A. BEGINNING OF THE CHASE. B. THE "GOVERNOR MOORE" FIRES THE FIRST SHOT.

one sailing ship and the mortar vessels, all of the guns were mounted on board steamers, the larger ones protecting their boilers and engines by tricing up abreast them on their outer sides their heavy chain cables, sixty links of one of them weighing more than *all the iron on the bows and elsewhere on all the Confederate State and River Defense Fleet*, numbering nine vessels, and all built of wood. In the above list of guns, about twenty-six were 11-inch pivots; about one hundred and forty were 9-inch; about fifty-four were 8-inch; about sixty were 32-pounders; about forty were rifled 20 to 80 pounders, nineteen were 13-inch mortars, thirty were howitzers. To meet them the Confederates had one hundred and twenty-eight guns of assorted sizes in the two forts, and forty-one on board their vessels. Of this number thirty-two only were of recent manufacture and fully equipped. The remainder were out of date by several years, and were commanded and manned, as a rule, by inexperienced though brave men; one hundred and twenty-two were old-time 32-pounders. There were also three 7-inch and thirteen 6-inch rifles, four brass field-pieces, eleven mortars (eight 10- and one 13-inch), four 8-inch, four 9-inch, and eight 10-inch guns; total, 169. If I have erred, it is in not giving all the guns on the United States ships, as the "Register" always gives the least number mounted. Howitzers are never included, any more than pistols, but when mounted in a vessel's tops to be fired at men on an exposed deck, as was the case with the Federal ships in this action, they become formidable weapons.—B. K.



FIRING AT THE "VARUNA" THROUGH THE BOW OF THE "GOVERNOR MOORE."

head. Yet to my knowledge no picket boat was sent down by us, or any means adopted to watch the enemy and guard against surprise. The result was they were abreast the forts before some of our vessels fired a shot. In a few moments this space was filled with smoke from the guns and exploded shells, intensifying the darkness of the night. A slackening of the fire on both sides was necessary, since neither could distinguish friend from foe. In some places no object was distinguishable until directly upon it, when it was as soon lost to view, yet the U. S. squadron steamed ahead, blind-folded, as it were, through the darkness and confusion, soon to find themselves in places of absolute safety and with comparatively few casualties.

At about 3:30 A. M. (April 24, 1862) an unusual noise down the river attracted my attention. As we expected to be attacked at any moment I descended the ladder to near the water, where I distinctly heard the paddles of a steamer (the *Mississippi*). I saw nothing on reaching the deck, but instantly fired the after gun, the one forward being fired by the sentry there; at the same moment the water batteries of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip let drive, followed in an instant by a general discharge from all the available guns in the forts, and both batteries of the advancing fleet, mounting two hundred and forty-two guns, and Commander Porter's squadron of seven vessels mounting seventy-two guns, which attacked Fort Jackson's flank below the obstructions. There was also a splendid practice from nineteen Federal mortars, which fired their 13-inch shells at intervals (between the vessels) of ten seconds.

The bursting of every description of shells quickly following their discharge, increased a hundred-fold the terrific noise and fearfully grand and magnificent pyrotechnic display which centered in a space of about twelve hundred yards in width. The ball had not more than fairly opened before the enemy's ships were between the forts, and the Uncle Sam of my earlier days had the key to the valley of the Mississippi again in his breeches-pocket, for which he had to thank his gallant navy and the stupidity, tardiness, ignorance, and neglect of the authorities in Richmond.

The first gun fired brought my crew to their stations. We had steam within three minutes, it having been ordered by that hour; the cable was slipped, when we delayed a moment for Lieutenant Warley to spring the

Manassas, then inside of us, across the channel. A little tug-boat, the *Belle Algerine*, now fouled us — to her mortal injury. By the time we started, the space between the forts was filling up with the enemy's vessels, which fired upon us as they approached, giving us grape, canister, and shell. My vessel being a large one, we had too little steam and elbow room in the now limited and crowded space to gather sufficient headway to strike a mortal blow on ramming. So rather than simply "squeeze" my adversary, I made haste slowly by moving close under the east bank to reach the bend above, where I would be able to turn down-stream ready for work. I took this course also to avoid being fired and run into by the Confederate rams moored above me; but the ground for this fear was soon removed, as, on getting near them, I saw that one had started for New Orleans, while the telegraph steamer *Star*, ram *Quitman*, and one other had been set afire at their berths on the right bank, and deserted before any of the enemy had reached them, and were burning brightly. They being in a clear space were in full view, and I was close to them. Another reason for leaving our berth directly under Fort St. Philip, where the *Louisiana*, *McRae*, and *Manassas* also lay, was to get clear of the cross-fire of the forts and that of each ship of the enemy as they passed up close to us, for we sustained considerable damage and losses as we moved out into the stream.

When we were turning at the head of the reach we found ourselves close to the United States steamer *Oneida*, thirteen guns, with the United States steamer *Cayuga*, six guns, on our port beam. On being hailed, with "What ship is that?" I replied, "United States steamer *Mississippi*," to deceive, she being a side-wheel vessel also, but, seeing our distinguishing light, the *Oneida* raked with her starboard broadside at a few feet distance; the *Cayuga* delivered her fire thirty yards distant; the *Pensacola*, twenty-eight guns (or the *Brooklyn*), a little farther from us, at one fire with shrapnel from the howitzers in her tops cleared out twelve men at our bow-gun. Beyond her the firing of single guns in quick succession, as some vessel, unseen to any one, was moving rapidly up-stream, attracted my attention. At the same instant the United States steamer *Pinola*, five guns, close to on our port quarter, delivered her fire, killing five men in our bunkers. This combined attack killed and wounded a large number of men, and cut the vessel up terribly. Suddenly two, then one Confederate ram darted through the thick smoke from the right to the left bank of the river, passing close to all of us. They missed the channel for New Orleans, grounded on and around the point next above and close to Fort St. Philip; one was fired and deserted, and blew up soon after as we passed her; the others, the ram *Defiance* and ram *Resolute*, were disabled and deserted.

One (the *Defiance)* was taken possession of later by men from the Confederate steamer *McRae*. I do not know what became of the *Resolute*, the smoke was so dense. All this passed in a few moments. Suddenly I saw between my vessel and the burning *Quitman*, close to us on the west bank, a large, two-masted steamer rushing up-stream like a racer, belching "black smoke," firing on each burning vessel as she passed, and flying her distinguishing white light at the mast-head and red light at the peak. I thought of General Lovell, not far ahead of her on board the passenger steamer *Doubloon*, and quickly made a movement to follow this stranger in the hope of being able to delay or destroy her. Besides, the four or even more large ships so close to us, but obscured from view, needed but a little more room, and one good chance and a fair view of us, quickly to annihilate my old "tinder-box" of a ship. I therefore slipped out in the smoke and darkness around us after the advancing stranger, which proved to be the *Varuna*, Captain Charles S. Boggs, mounting ten 8-inch, one 11-inch, two 20-pounder rifles, one 12-pounder howitzer, with a complement of about two hundred persons. My whereabouts remained unknown to my former adversaries until all of them came to the *Varuna's* assistance at 6:20 A. M., nine miles above, where she sank, and where parts of her wreck are yet to be seen.

When I started after the *Varuna*, I shot away our blue distinguishing light at the mast-head with a musket, as to have hauled it down would have attracted notice. We could see her, as she was in a clear space, and her lights showed her position. But she soon lost sight of us, for besides being somewhat in the smoke there were back of us at this location moderately high trees thickly placed, the spaces filled with a luxuriant undergrowth, making a high dark wall or background on both sides of the river. Until we got clear of this, there was nothing to attract attention toward us, the *Varuna* being half a mile ahead, as shown by her lights. Her engines were working finely and driving her rapidly on her "spurt." We too, by using oil on our coal, had all the steam we needed. My old ship, shaking all over and fairly dancing through the water, was rapidly lessening the distance between us.

As soon as we reached an open space we hoisted a white light at our mast-head and a red light at the peak. This ruse worked successfully, as the sequel proves. Since our

existence depended upon closing with her before she made us out, I urged the men to resist the temptation to fire and to be quiet and patient, otherwise we would soon be put under water from the effects of her broadsides. We were now one and a half miles from the forts, and one mile from where we gave chase. On our port bow and the *Varuna's* port beam, close under the land, I saw the runaway ram *Stonewall Jackson* making slow progress for want of steam, but working hard to get out of danger. She did not notice us. The *Varuna* could not have seen her or would have fired at her. We soon left the *Stonewall Jackson* astern. Four miles more and we were nearly abreast of Szymanski's regiment at Chalmette camp. Still the *Varuna* had not recognized us. I wanted assistance from that regiment, for I could now see I had a far superior vessel to mine on my hands. I hoped also for assistance from the ram *Stonewall Jackson*, now a mile or two on our quarter, and from the Confederate States gun-boat *Jackson*, over one mile above us, serving as guard-boat at the quarantine station. To secure all this assistance I had but to show our colors and make ourselves known. The day was just dawning, and there was no smoke about us; so as a bid for help from the sources named, we hauled down the enemy's distinguishing lights and opened fire for the first time upon the *Varuna*, distant about one hundred yards, and with a surprise to her people plainly to be seen. This shot missed her! She replied quickly with one or more guns, when a running fight commenced, she raking us with such guns as she could bring to bear, but not daring the risk of a sheer to deliver her broadside, as we were too close upon her. Her former great superiority was now reduced to a lower figure than that of our two guns, for we, having assumed the offensive, had the advantage and maintained it until she sank.

Our hoped-for and expected aid never came from any source. So far from it the gun-boat *Jackson*, lying at quarantine, slipped her cable when the fight commenced, fired two shots at both of us, believing both enemies, one striking our foremast, and started with all haste for the headwaters of the Mississippi, delaying at New Orleans long enough for her people with their baggage to be landed, when Lieutenant F. B. Renshaw, her commander, burnt her at the levee! The infantry at Chalmette camp could not help us, and the "ram" *Stonewall Jackson* would not!

Then I saw we had to fight the *Varuna* alone. On finding our bow-gun useless because it was mounted too far abaft the knight-heads to admit of sufficient depression to hull the enemy, then close under our bows, and that every shell from the enemy struck us fair, raking the decks, killing former wounded and well men, and wounding others, I realized that something had to be done and that quickly. I then depressed the bow-gun to a point *inside our bow* and fired it, hoping to throw its shell into the engine-room or boiler of the chase. It went through our deck all right but struck the hawse-pipe, was deflected and passed through the *Varuna's* smoke-stack. It was soon fired again through this hole in our bows, the shell striking the *Varuna's* 11-inch pivot-gun, where it broke or burst, and killed and wounded several men. Until we had finished reloading, the *Varuna* was undecided what to do, when suddenly and to my surprise she ported her helm.

Not wishing to avoid her fire any longer, being quite near to her, we put our helm to port and received the fire from her pivot-gun and rifles in our port bow, but as her shot struck us, under the cover of the smoke our helm was put hard to starboard,— she not righting hers quick enough,— and before she could recover herself, we rammed her near the starboard gangway, receiving her starboard broadside and delivering our one shot as we struck her. Her engines stopped suddenly. We backed clear, gathered headway again, and rammed her a second time as near the same place as possible, doing damage of such mortal nature, although we had been going in the same direction, that she was steered for the eastern bank, where she grounded forward, her after end soon sinking in deep water.* Before separating, the two vessels dropped alongside each other for a couple of minutes and exchanged musket and pistol shots to some injury to their respective crews, but neither vessel fired a large gun. I expected to be boarded at this time and had had the after gun loaded with a light charge and three stand of canister, and pointed fore and aft ready for either gangway. It was an opportunity for the *Varuna's* two hundred men to make a second Paul Jones of their commander, but it was not embraced. As for ourselves, we had neither the men to board nor to repel boarders. The vessels soon parted, hostilities between them ceased, and the *Varuna* was beached to prevent her sinking in deep water. Then and not until then did the *Varuna's* people know that any other Confederate vessel than mine was within several miles of her. Suddenly the ram *Stonewall Jackson*, having to pass the *Varuna* to reach New Orleans, made her presence known by ramming deep into the latter's port

* The first instance of a wooden vessel ramming her adversary in battle as her principal means of offensive-defensive action.—B. K.

gangway as she lay grounded forward and sinking aft. When close upon her, the *Varuna* delivered such of her port broadside guns as could be brought to bear. The *Stonewall Jackson*, having no need to strike again, backed clear, steamed about four miles up the river, and was beached, on the opposite bank, fired, and deserted. Her wreck is there now. Having but one gun, and that mounted aft, she did not fire it. Within two minutes after the *Stonewall Jackson* struck the *Varuna* the latter finished sinking, leaving her topgallant fore-

THE "STONEWALL JACKSON."

castle out of the water, and upon it her crew took refuge.

The United States ships *Oneida*, *Iroquois*, *Pensacola*, *Pinola*, and *Cayuga* were now rapidly approaching and near at hand. I started down-stream to meet and try to ram one of them. On passing abreast the *Varuna* some thoughtless man, knowing her forecastle rifle was loaded, fired it and killed and wounded five of our men, one officer included. Had I returned the fire with our after gun, which was loaded with canister, at the crowd of people closely packed upon and near that little shelf, the damage to life and limb would have been fearful. But not a shot did we fire at her after she was disabled.

We had proceeded down-stream but a short distance when Mr. Duke, the first lieutenant, then at the conn,* where, though wounded, he had remained throughout the fight doing his duty like a brave man, exclaimed, "Why do this? We have no men left; I'll be —— if I stand here to be murdered," so he slapped the helm hard a-starboard. As we came round, the enemy's ships, being near, fired a shower of heavy projectiles which struck the vessel in every part. One gun was dismounted, the boats were already destroyed. The wheel-ropes, the head of the rudder, the slide of the engine, and a large piece of the walking-beam were shot away; the latter fell on the cylinder-head and cracked it and filled the engine-room with steam, driving every man out of it. The head of the jib was now hoisted, and with a strong current on the port bow, assisted by the headway left on the vessel, we succeeded in reaching the river bank just above the *Varuna's* wreck, where the anchor was let go to prevent drifting into deep water to sink, the last heavy firing having struck the vessel on and under her water-line. At this place she was destroyed by fire, her colors burning at her peak. The vessel was not disabled until this last attack upon her, although much cut up. By it no one on the *Governor Moore* outside the cotton bulkhead protection to the engine, excepting those in the magazine and shell-room, escaped being struck by shot, bullets, or splinters. Additional men were killed, several more of the wounded were killed, and others wounded. It should be remembered that my vessel had been under a terrific fire for three hours, in a narrow river, with unruffled surface, and at close quarters, from vessels mounting in the aggregate over sixty of the heaviest guns afloat. We lost fifty-seven killed, and seventeen wounded, of whom four died in the hospital.

Twenty-four years have now passed without any Confederate account of this fight being made public. Now that "the fictions of hastily compiled histories of partisan writers" are being corrected, I add my mite as an act of justice to all interested, and to the gallant dead and those living, of the *Governor Moore*.†

The burning of my ship has ever been a source of regret to me, as it was done by my order, and by me individually, simply because

* The person who stands at the compass in a man-of-war, to see that the correct course is steered, is "at the conn."—EDITOR.

† When the *Governor Moore* was destroyed she was four miles from any Confederate vessel under water, and nine miles from any Confederate vessel on the water. But she and the *Varuna* were surrounded on the water front by five United States ships.—*B. K.*

I did not wish to surrender her. Finding that the boats of the United States ships were picking up the *Varuna's* people, I ordered the uninjured of my crew to assist our wounded to our boat, and to the shore. Many took hold, others did not. I saw several wounded men landed. I aided several to leave the vessel, and called to men then standing in the water to help them, which they did. I placed life-preservers on others. One man who was wounded in the arm was afraid to jump; he had on two life-preservers. I shoved him overboard and saw him assisted to the shore. When the boats reached the ship I tried to save my servant, he having had his leg shot clean off; but we had to leave him, because on moving him to the gangway his body broke open near the shattered thigh. These two cases, in part, led to my being put in solitary confinement on board the *Colorado*, and in close confinement on board the *Rhode Island*, and at Fort Warren — in all, three months. Some one had reported that "I had killed my steward because he had failed to call me at three o'clock in the morning, and that then I had thrown his half-dead body overboard." I did not depend upon any one to call me. Moreover, the steward and his eight-year-old boy, who was on a visit to him (and who was to have returned on the steamer *Doubloon*), being in the magazine, were not touched. They were made prisoners.

When every wounded man in sight of me was removed, I set fire to the ladders leading to the magazine and shell-room, first pouring oil over them and over clothing hanging in some of the state-rooms to insure the ship's destruction. I went then to the gangway, expecting to find what remained of one of our boats, into which I had ordered Lieutenants Haynes and Henderson (both wounded slightly) to place such of the wounded as were unable to move themselves. I found those two had taken it *alone*, and left the vessel. As they were quite near, I "persuaded" the return of the boat, which the latter brought back, the former jumping overboard and being picked up by the *Oneida's* boat. He went to Fort Warren. Into our boat I was preparing to lower some wounded men when the boats of the squadron came alongside, and took them and myself off the burning ship. When I went to the gangway to see if any wounded had been placed in our boat, for I expected the boilers and magazines to explode at any moment, I found the wounded men referred to, in the gangway. They said, "Captain, we stood by you; do not desert us now." I told them I would not, and I remained with them until they left the vessel, and then I left in the *Oneida's* boat, and not half a second too soon. I was too much bruised to help any one overmuch, but I did all I could. Had no uninjured man left the vessel until the wounded had been cared for, I could have escaped capture, like Lieutenants Duke and Frame and the purser, the two former being wounded.

When the *Oneida's* boat approached the *Governor Moore*, one of its crew recognized me. The officer of the boat wished to know if there was danger of an explosion. I replied, "You surely can come where I can stay; come and take off these wounded men." In a moment it was done. One of the boat's crew asked, pointing to a room close by, "Is that your trunk?" I no sooner said it was than he had it in the boat.*

We soon reached the *Oneida*, whose captain, S. P. Lee, having known me from a child, received me kindly and entertained me most hospitably. The wounded of my vessel were attentively cared for on the *Oneida* and other United States ships. They ultimately went to the city hospital. The uninjured prisoners of my crew (eighteen men) were transferred to the *Hartford*, where I saw them. I do not think any of my wounded were burned. If they were, it was because they were stowed out of sight, and I was left alone (as is well known) to care for them.

As to the fate of the thirteen Confederate vessels, Commander Porter in his official report states that "the *Louisiana*, *McRae*, and ram *Defiance*, with the *Burton* and *Landis*, both river passenger boats, which had been used by the *Louisiana*, close to which they lay, to berth her officers and crew, were still at the forts flying their colors two days after the battle." The *Jackson*, two guns, escaped before daylight to New Orleans from Quarantine Station, six miles above the forts, without being seen by any other United States vessel than the *Varuna*. The *Manassas*, disabled by the *Mississippi*, aided by other vessels, was destroyed by her commander, who swam to the *Louisiana* with his crew and was made prisoner with her people two days after. The *Stonewall Jackson*, seen in the distance only, excepting by the *Varuna's* and *Governor Moore's* people, was destroyed by her officers about thirteen miles above the forts, and out of gun-shot of the enemy; and my ship was destroyed by my own hand about nine miles above them. The *Quitman* and another gunboat, with the telegraph steamer *Star*, were fired on the report of the first gun. They

* Charles W. Hassler, Esq., of New York City, who was Paymaster and Signal Officer on the *Oneida*, informs us that Captain Lee sent him to secure the personal effects of the Commander of the *Governor Moore*, in the hope of capturing the signal book, which was found in the trunk, but with the "key" torn out. — EDITOR.

THE "PENSACOLA" DISABLING THE "GOVERNOR MOORE."

Captain H. W. Morris of the *Pensacola* says, in his report: "The ram [*Governor Moore*], after having struck the *Varuna* gun-boat, and forced her to run on shore to prevent sinking, advanced to attack this ship, coming down on us right ahead. She was perceived by Lieutenant F. A. Roe just in time to avoid her by sheering the ship, and she passed close on our starboard side, receiving, as she went by, a broadside from us.' Until I read this, I thought the vessel that did us most damage was the *Oneida*, the other vessels being astern of her. Captain Bailey of the *Cayuga*, Captain Lee of the *Oneida*, Lieutenant-Commander Crosby of the *Pinola*, and Captain Craven of the *Brooklyn*, in their reports speak of firing into the *Governor Moore*.—B. K.

were blazing when my ship reached them. I have already described the fate of the *Resolute* and one other ram. The passenger boat *Doubloon* reached New Orleans all right. My vessel ran over the little tug *Belle Algerine*. The *Mosher* was destroyed when taking a fire-raft alongside the *Hartford*. Of the little tug *Music* and three of the rams I know nothing beyond seeing them burn and explode their magazines after being deserted.

My old classmates and messmates among the officers, and shipmates among the crews of the U. S. ships at New Orleans, treated me with great kindness. To mention a few, Captain Lee shared his cabin with me. Lieutenant J. S. Thornton gave me his room on board the *Hartford*, and with Lieutenant Albert Kautz made it possible for me to extend some hospitality to friends who called upon me. Lieutenant-Commanding Crosby on receiving me on board the *Pinola* gave me the freedom of the cabin. When taking me to the *Colorado* Lieu-

THE "STONEWALL JACKSON" RAMMING THE "VARUNA."

Captain Boggs and Lieutenant Swasey of the *Varuna* state, in their official reports, that their vessel was rammed twice by the *Governor Moore* before the *Stonewall Jackson* showed herself.—B. K.

THE "GOVERNOR MOORE" IN FLAMES.

The Union ships in their order, beginning with the left, are the *Oneida*, the *Pinola*, the sunken *Varuna*, the *Iroquois*, and, in the foreground, the *Pensacola*.— EDITOR.

tenants Kidder Breese and Phil Johnson, both my classmates, came with offers of money and clothes, as did Acting Master Furber. When on board the *Oneida*, anchored close to the levee at the city, I slept from choice under a shelter aft — not a poop deck exactly — which was under the orderly's eye. Near daylight something called him away. An old sailor who had been on several ships with me, and who by my evidence in his favor was once rescued from much discomfort and trouble, suddenly jumped to my cot, saying, "The preparations are made, lose no time, out of the port by the line there ready for you," and handing a paper inclosing several gold pieces was off as suddenly as he came. I watched my opportunity and returned his money to him rolled up in a tobacco wrapper, saying in as few words as possible why I would not betray the confidence placed in me.

When General Butler came on board the *Cayuga* he asked of Lieutenant-Commanding Harrison, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder at me as he walked aft, "Where did you catch him?" Loud enough for Butler to hear I replied, "Where you were not on hand, or your army either."

I was to have been paroled, but the burning of my vessel, the reported killing of the steward and reported burning of my wounded changed my destination to Fort Warren, where, although I was denied the freedom enjoyed by the other prisoners, I was treated with much consideration by Colonel Justin Dimick, who made fast friends of every prisoner under his charge for his kindness to them.

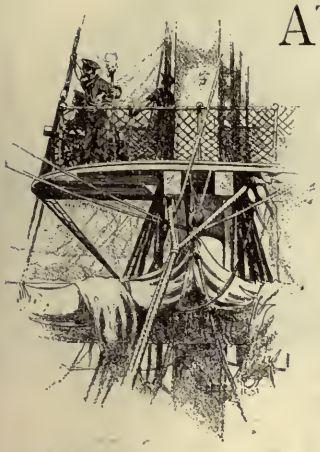
The war has long been over with me, and the most "uncompromising" on both sides must acknowledge the creation of a new, richer, happier, and better South and mightier common country as the result of the unhappy strife.

My old antagonists have ever been kind to me, and to many others of their old ante-bellum companions and friends. In 1867 a Union man gave me the command of a vessel he owned. In 1868 a Boston company offered me the position of first mate of one of their new iron steamships. In 1869 the colonel of a New York regiment and a rear-admiral of the United States Navy secured my appointment as Colonel of Coast Defenses in the Egyptian Army; and I am now holding positions for which I was recommended by an officer whose ship fought mine below New Orleans.

Beverley Kennon.

INCIDENTS OF THE OCCUPATION OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY AN OFFICER UNDER FARRAGUT.



THE MAIN-TOP OF THE "HARTFORD" WITH HOWITZER.

AT one o'clock P. M. of the 25th of April, 1862, Farragut's squadron, having completed its memorable passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and having silenced the Chalmette batteries, anchored in front of the city of New Orleans. A drenching rain was falling at the time, but this did not dampen the ardor of Farragut or his people, neither did it wash away the bitterness from Confederate lips. On board the ships every face beamed with joy and smiles, while the excited and infuriated mob that had taken possession of the levee made the very air sulphurous with curses. Here were two factions of the same nation in such close proximity that they could hear each other's voices and look into each other's faces. One was in exuberant spirits, with banners streaming over them from every masthead; the other, depressed and exasperated, was surrounded by the blackened and charred remains of steamers and cotton bales which they themselves had fired.

Captain Theodorus Bailey, being second in command, claimed the privilege of carrying ashore the demand for the surrender of the city. This was accorded him by the flag-officer, and the captain, accompanied by Lieutenant George H. Perkins (now captain), at once proceeded to the City Hall. Mayor Monroe took the ground that as General Lovell had not yet left the city, the demand should be made on him. At the captain's request the mayor sent for the general, who in a few moments appeared with his staff. General Lovell said he would not surrender the city, adding that he had already withdrawn his soldiers, and at the close of the interview intended to join his command. Captain Bailey had to return and report to Farragut that there was no one on shore willing to surrender the city. Two or three gentlemen had accompanied Captain Bailey and Lieutenant Perkins to the City Hall, and after the interview Colonel Lovell and one other of the general's staff escorted them to the landing. The mob, overawed by the frowning batteries of the ships, really seemed dazed and did not offer to assault the Union officers. On the following morning, however, the people in the streets began to wonder whether anything more was going to be done, and, maddened by liquor and loss of sleep, they became more violent and boisterous.

Farragut determined to make a formal demand for the surrender on Mayor Monroe, and at ten o'clock on the morning of the 26th he sent me ashore, with instructions to deliver the official demand to the mayor. My little force on leaving the *Hartford* consisted of Midshipman John H. Read and a marine guard of twenty men under command of Second Lieutenant George Heisler. We landed on the levee in front of a howling mob, which thronged the river-front as far as the eye could reach. It was expected that I would take the marines with me to the City Hall, as a body-guard, and Farragut informed me that if a shot was fired at us by the mob he would open fire from all the ships and level the town. The marines were drawn up in line, and I attempted to reason with the mob, but soon found this impossible. I then thought to clear the way by bringing the marines to an aim, but women and children were shoved to the front, while the angry mob behind them shouted: "Shoot, you—— Yankees, shoot!" The provocation was certainly very great, and nothing but the utter absence of respectability in the faces of the people, caused me to refrain from giving the order to fire. Fortunately at this critical moment I discovered an officer of the City Guards, whom I hailed and told that I wished to communicate with the mayor. He begged me to leave the marines on the levee, for he felt sure that to march them through the streets at this time would provoke a conflict. As my object was to communicate with the mayor without

CAPTAIN BEVERLEY KENNON, COMMANDER OF THE "GOVERNOR MOORE."

ARRIVAL OF THE FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD" AND THE FLEET OPPOSITE THE LEVEE.

unnecessarily shedding blood, I sent the marine guard back to the ship, retaining only one non-commissioned officer, with a musket, on the bayonet of which I tied my handkerchief, and with Midshipman Read and this man took up the march for the City Hall. We were cursed and jostled by the mob which filled the streets, but no actual violence was offered us. We found the mayor in the City Hall with his council. The Hon. Pierre Soulé was also there, having doubtless been called in as an adviser. The mayor declined to surrender the city formally, but said as we had the force we could take possession. I found the mayor polite and courteous in his manner, and distinctly remember how he invited me into his private office to wash my hands, I having been jostled by the mob in crossing the levee and

THE UNITED STATES MINT, NEW ORLEANS.

William B. Mumford, who hauled down the flag which by Farragut's order had been raised over the Mint, was convicted of treason, and by General Butler's order was hanged on the 7th of June from a gallows placed under the flag-staff of the Mint. Mumford, who was a North Carolinian, though long a resident of New Orleans, addressed a vast crowd from the gallows. He spoke with perfect self-possession, and said that his offense had been committed under excitement.— EDITOR.

pushed bodily into a ditch of muddy water, blackening my hands and covering my uniform with pieces of burned cotton, thus giving me anything but a dress-parade appearance. I soon, with the assistance of the mayor, managed to brush up enough to pass muster, and had a pleasant chat with the different gentlemen in the council chamber, the topic being the passage of the forts.

with Farragut's instructions. It had only been floating to the breeze a short time when Mumford hauled it down. It was seized by the mob, which paraded it through the streets with fife and drum, until they reached the City Hall, where it was destroyed, as above described. I afterwards happened to be present when Farragut reported the hauling down of this flag to General Butler, and I heard the latter say, "I

SCENE AT THE CITY HALL — HAULING DOWN THE STATE FLAG.

The local papers spoke of the State flag on the City Hall at the time, as the "Lone Star flag." General Beauregard, in a letter to Admiral Preble, in 1872, says this flag was adopted in 1861 by the State Convention of Louisiana. It had thirteen stripes, four blue, six white, and three red, commencing at the top, with the colors as written. The Union was red, with its sides equal to the width of seven stripes. In its center was a single pale-yellow five-pointed star.— A. K.

While we were in the City Hall, a mob came up from the lower part of the city with an American ensign, and when they saw us they tore the flag to shreds, and threw them into the open window at us. I did not comprehend the meaning of this singular and wild demonstration at the time, but afterwards learned that on the morning of this same day Farragut had instructed Captain H. W. Morris of the *Pensacola*, then at anchor abreast of the United States Mint, to hoist a flag on that building, it being United States property. Captain Morris accordingly sent Lieutenant Stillwell with some officers and men from the ship, and the flag was hoisted in conformity

will make an example of that fellow by hanging him." Farragut smiled and remarked, "You know, general, you will have to catch him before you can hang him." General Butler said, "I know that, but I will catch him, and then hang him." History attests how well he kept his word, and there is no doubt but that this hanging proved a wholesome lesson.

To my mind the situation in the City Hall, after the flag scene, was decidedly uncomfortable, and I soon discovered that Mr. Soulé was as little charmed with it as I was; nor was the mayor very happy. Had I felt the same while standing before the mob on the levee, I would probably have given the order

had come for him to take formal possession of the city; he felt that this was a duty he owed to the navy, and he accordingly sent an expedition on shore under command of Fleet Captain H. H. Bell, and of this party I was second in command. I had a detachment of sailors and two boat-howitzers, and was assisted by Midshipmen John H. Read and E. C. Hazeltine. It is a strange fact that the three officers of the line with whom I went on shore on this occasion were all afterwards drowned. Bell as rear-admiral and Read as lieutenant-commander were

PRIVATE HOUSES IN WHICH CONFEDERATE OFFICERS WERE CONFINED DURING THE OCCUPATION BY THE UNION FORCES.

to fire, and then Farragut would have destroyed the city. The mob appeared to be growing more violent, and above the general din was heard an occasional invitation to "the —— Yankees" to "come out and be run up to lamp-posts." At this time Mr. Soulé suggested to me that it would save much trouble to all concerned if I would take my party in a carriage from the rear exit of the hall, the mayor's secretary, Mr. Marion Baker, going with us, while he addressed the mob. He did not hope to have the mob obey him, he only expected to hold it long enough to give us time to get to the landing; and he accomplished his undertaking admirably. This episode made an indelible impression on my memory, and I have ever since entertained a profound admiration for the forensic ability of Pierre Soulé. Few people ever knew what an important service Mr. Soulé rendered to New Orleans on this occasion, and I do not know that he ever received any public recognition, but I do know that I shall never forget it.

Farragut was glad to see me return safely to the ship, and fully approved of my management in communicating with the mayor as I did. I was not expected to bring a satisfactory answer from the mayor, for he was really helpless and had no control over the city. All he could say was, "Come and take the city; we are powerless."

The 27th and 28th passed in rather a fruitless negotiation, but time did an important work. The mob tired itself out, and no longer threatened such violence as on the 26th.

On the 29th Farragut decided that the time swamped in a boat while going ashore from the *Hartford*, at Osaka, Japan, and Hazeltine as an ensign went down in the *Housatonic*.

A battalion of marines made part of our expedition; this was under the command of Captain John L. Broome. We landed at the foot of Canal street and proceeded to a position in front of the Custom-house, where the marines were drawn up in line, with loaded pieces and flanked by the howitzers, loaded with shrapnel. The people made no demonstration, but looked on in sullen silence. Captain Bell and I, with a boatswain's mate carrying our ensign, entered the Custom-house, where the postmaster received us cordially, remarking, "Thank God that you are here. I have been a Union man all the time. I was appointed by Buchanan, not by Jeff Davis; he only allowed me to remain." The postmaster showed us to the roof of the building, where we found a flag-staff with halliards. The boatswain's mate bent on the flag and I reported all ready, when Captain Bell gave the order "Hoist away!" and the boatswain's mate and I put our hands to the halliards and "the stars and stripes rose into the sky and swelled on the breeze." A guard with a lieutenant of marines

was left in charge of the flag at the Custom-house, and the landing party moved on to the City Hall, the crowd increasing as that small body of Union men approached the "State flag." There the marines were again drawn up in line, and the howitzers commanded the streets; thousands of spectators filled the open spaces. That immense assemblage had the will to annihilate the small force of sailors and marines, but they had begun to think, and the impression that resistance to United States authority would invoke the wrath of the squadron had gone abroad; still no one knew but what one or two desperate men were ready to fire the train that would lead to the magazine.

Captain Bell gave Mayor Monroe the privilege of hauling down the State flag, but he indignantly declined. Captain Bell then directed me to go to the roof of the building and haul the flag down, he remaining on the top floor at the foot of the ladder. An ordinary ladder led to the roof, through a small covered hatchway. The boatswain's mate ascended first, shoved the hatch cover to one side, and gained the roof. I followed him, and finding the halliards knotted, I drew my sword and cut them; we then hauled the flag down, took it to the floor below and handed it to Captain Bell, who on our return to the ship delivered it to Farragut.

Before we ascended to the roof, the mayor informed Captain Bell, in the presence of his officers, that the men who attempted to haul down the flag might be shot by the indignant populace assembled on the surrounding house-tops, and he expressed his fears in the hope that he would not be held responsible for the act, in case it should be perpetrated. Fortunately for the peace of the city of New Orleans, the vast crowd looked on in sullen silence as the flag came down. There was no flag hoisted on the City Hall in place of the State flag, for the reason that it had not covered United States property. The mission of the landing party having been accomplished, the officers and men returned to the levee in marching order, where they took boats for their respective vessels. The flag on the Custom-house was guarded by the marines of the *Hartford*, until the arrival of General Butler with his troops.

CAPTAIN HENRY H. BELL, FARRAGUT'S CHIEF-OF-STAFF AND COMMANDER OF THE THIRD DIVISION OF THE FLEET.

On the morning of May 2d Farragut sent me with the keys of the Custom-house to the St. Charles Hôtel, where I delivered them to General Butler, remarking as I did so, "General, I fear you are going to have rather a lawless party to govern, from what I have seen in the past three or four days." The general replied, "No doubt of that, but I think I understand these people, and can govern them."

The general took the reins in his hands at once, and held them until he was relieved of the command of the Department of the Gulf.

Albert Kautz.

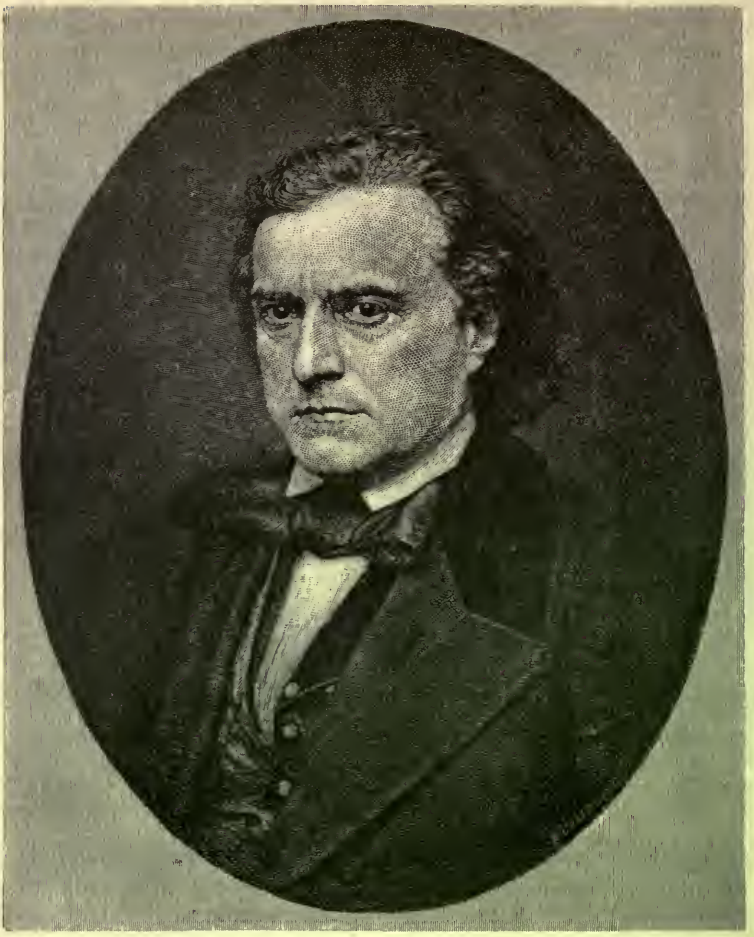
FARRAGUT'S DEMANDS FOR THE SURRENDER OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY THE MAYOR'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

ON the morning of the 25th of April, 1862, there being no longer any doubt as to the approach of the Federal fleet, Mayor Monroe determined to hoist the flag of Louisiana over the City Hall. At his request, I ascended to the roof of the building prepared to execute his design, but with instructions to await the issue of the possible contest at Chalmette, some four miles below the center of the city where our last line of defense was established. I waited accordingly with the flag bent on to the halliards, and my gaze fixed eagerly upon the approaching steamers.

Suddenly quick flashes leaping from their dark sides recorded the fact that they were abreast of the redoubts, but their fire was delivered without check to their speed, and in hardly more time than I take to tell of it, they were dark and silent once more.

I reported to Mr. Monroe, who was standing in the street below, that it was all over, and at a signal from him the flag whose lowering was to be the occasion of so much angry controversy ran fleetly to the mast-head, and spread its folds to the moist kisses of the east wind.



PIERRE SOULÉ. (FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE IN THE COLLECTION OF ALFRED HASSACK.)

There was now nothing left to do but to wait, and speculate upon the probable course of the enemy, and we were not long kept in suspense.

At half-past one two officers, wearing the uniform of the United States Navy, were ushered into the mayor's parlor.

Mr. Monroe received them courteously, and presented them to the Hon. Pierre Soulé and a number of other gentlemen who chanced to be present, chiefly councilmen and members of the Committee of Public Safety. The senior officer, Captain Bailey, second in command of the fleet, then stated that he came as the bearer of a demand from Flag-Officer Farragut, for the surrender of the city, the lowering of the State flag on the City Hall, and the hoisting of the United States flag over the post-office, custom-house, and mint.

The interview took the form of an informal, open conference, between Captain Bailey and the mayor, Mr. Soulé, and the other gentlemen whose connection with public affairs gave them the right to engage in it. The mayor's advisers agreed with him that he had no authority to surrender the city, and that General Lovell was the proper person to receive and reply to that demand. To the second clause, relating to the lowering of the State flag, an unqualified refusal was returned. Mr. Monroe then sent for General Lovell, and while they waited for his coming, conversation turned upon other subjects. Captain Bailey warmly deprecated the destruction of property, which he had witnessed, and which he regarded as a most unfortunate mistake. Mr. Monroe replied that the property was our own, and we had a right to do as we pleased with it; that it was not done wantonly nor recklessly, but as a solemn act of patriotic duty.

General Lovell appeared promptly, and Captain Bailey repeated his demand to him, prefacing it with the statement that his mis-

sion was to the mayor and common council. The general refused to surrender the city or his forces, but stated that he would retire with his troops, and leave the civil authorities to act as they saw fit. The question of the surrender being thus referred back to him, the mayor said that he would submit the matter to the council, and send a formal reply as soon as their advice could be obtained, whereupon the officers withdrew, being furnished with an escort by General Lovell.

The council met at 6:30 that evening, and received a message from the mayor. As a civil magistrate, he held that he was incompetent to the performance of a military act, and thought it would be proper to say that the withdrawal of the troops rendering resistance impossible, no obstruction could be offered to the occupation of the place by the enemy; but that all acts involving a transfer of authority must be performed by the invading force themselves. "We yield to physical force alone," said the mayor, "and maintain our allegiance to the Government of the Confederate States. Beyond this a due respect for our dignity, our rights, and the flag of our country, does not, I think, permit us to go."

The council, unwilling to act hastily in so important a matter, simply listened to the reading of this message, and adjourned to meet again at ten A. M. of the next day. I saw the mayor at his own house that evening, and he requested me to go off to the *Hartford* as early as possible the next morning, and explain to Flag-Officer Farragut that the council would meet at ten that morning, and that a written answer to his demands would be returned as soon as possible after that hour. Mr. Monroe took this step entirely upon his own responsibility, fearing probably that the delay in the official reply might in some way be construed to our disadvantage. About six o'clock the next morning, Mr. McClelland, chief of police, and myself took a boat at the foot of Lafayette street, and hoisting a handkerchief upon a walking-stick by way of a flag of truce, were pulled out to the flag-ship. Having made myself known as the bearer of a message from the mayor of the city to Captain Farragut, we were invited on board, and shown to the flag-officer's cabin, where we found assembled the three commanders, Farragut, Bailey, and Bell.

Captain Farragut, who had known me from my boyhood, received me with the utmost kindness, and when my errand was disposed of readily answered my inquiries about the battle at the forts. He took me over the ship and showed me with almost boyish interest the manner in which the boilers were defended, and the scars upon the ship's sides where the shots had taken effect. Then making me stand beside him upon the very spot where he had stood during the passage of the forts, he described in eloquent terms the conflict, perhaps the most terrific that had ever been withstood. "I seemed to be breathing flame," said the captain. It was still quite early when we reached the wharf on our return, and the levee appeared deserted, but though we saw nobody, we were seen. We went at eight o'clock to the mayor's office to make our report. While still with him Mr. Soulé entered, accompanied by his son, and with much excitement made known the fact that two persons, traitors beyond doubt, had that very morning been seen to leave one of the enemy's ships and land at the levee. He strongly urged the arrest and punishment of the guilty persons, and the mayor blandly promised that it should be attended to, while the guilty persons silently enjoyed the little joke.

The council met at the appointed hour, and having listened to a second reading of the mayor's message, unanimously resolved, that being "informed by the military authorities that the city was indefensible" no resistance would be made to the forces of the United States. Also that the "council and the entire population of this metropolis concurred in the sentiments expressed by the mayor, and that he be respectfully requested to act in the spirit manifested in said message." In anticipation of such a result, a letter had already been prepared embodying the views contained in the message, and reiterating the determination neither to hoist the United States flag nor lower that of our own adoption.

Mr. Monroe, though a man of much energy and decision of character, was entirely a "self-made" man, and his secretary was very young. Both were inexperienced in diplomatic correspondence; indeed, the emergency was one quite unexampled in the experience of the chief magistrate of an American city. We had, therefore, called to our assistance Mr. Durant da Ponte, at that time one of the editors and proprietors of the New Orleans "Delta," with which paper I had been connected previous to my appointment as private secretary to the mayor. At the invitation of the council I appeared before them and read the letter we had prepared. It was well received, and from expressions let fall by some of the members I retired with the impression that it was entirely satisfactory. Shortly afterward, however, a message was brought the mayor, requesting his presence in the council chamber.

The object of this summons was to gain his consent to the substitution of a letter written by Mr. Soulé, and submitted to their consideration by one of the members.

The relations between the mayor and the council had not been of the most harmonious character, and he, wishing to conciliate them at this unfortunate juncture, yielded to their wish.

Before a copy of this letter could be made ready for transmission to the fleet, two officers, Lieutenant Albert Kautz and Midshipman John H. Read, appeared bearing a written demand, couched in the most peremptory terms, for the "unqualified surrender of the city," the hoisting of "the emblem of the sovereignty of the United States" over the Mint, Custom House, and City Hall by meridian of that day (Saturday, April 26th), and the removal of all emblems of sovereignty other than that of the United States from all public buildings by that hour.

Mr. Monroe added a paragraph to the letter acknowledging the receipt of this last communication, and promising a reply before two o'clock if possible. I set out at once to convey it to Captain Farragut. As a matter of fact, the United States flag had already been raised on the Mint, and I called the attention of the Federal commander to the fact that a flag had been raised while negotiations were still pending. Captain Farragut replied that the flag had been placed there without his knowledge, but he could not now order it down. His men, he said, were flushed with victory, and much excited by the taunts and gibes of the crowd on the levee. Pointing to the "tops" where a number of men were stationed, some armed with muskets, others nervously clutching the strings of the howitzers, he called my attention to their excited appearance, and remarked that it was as much as he could do to restrain them from firing on the crowd, and should he attempt to haul that flag down, it would be impossible to keep them within bounds.*

I returned to the City Hall before Lieutenant Kautz and Midshipman Read had concluded their visit. A large and excited crowd were outside. Some of them pressed their way up the front steps, and seemed intent upon entering the building. In order to prevent their forcing an entrance, the mayor ordered the heavy doors to be closed. Upon my arrival, I learned that the United States flag had just been torn down from the Mint.

Mr. Monroe thinking it unwise for the officers to attempt to return openly to their boat, proposed to send them back under military escort. Lieutenant Kautz thought that quite unnecessary, but the mayor persisting that there was danger, a carriage was sent for, and stationed at the corner of Carondelet and Lafayette streets. Aided by two special officers of the police I conducted them through a rear entrance, while the mayor occupied the crowd in front, and got them into the carriage, but we were discovered as we drove away and some of the crowd started up St. Charles street with the evident expectation of heading us off. I ordered the driver to whip up his horses and to turn into Julia street, the second street above, and drive post-haste to the river. Many of our pursuers were armed, and I expected that we would be fired at as we crossed St. Charles street, but we went by so rapidly that they had no opportunity to fire, even had they so intended. They kept up the chase for some distance, but we so outstripped them, that the most enduring finally gave it up. The officers' boat was found lying some little distance off in the stream, and the coxswain explained that he had been compelled to push out from the landing to prevent his tiller-ropes from being cut. No violence was offered to our party. As we took our places in the boat,

* This conversation, which was quite informal, did not at the time assume in my estimation the importance lent to it by subsequent events, which occurred after I left the city, as bearer of dispatches to President Davis at Richmond. In the excitement of the next few hours and the anomalous multiplication of my duties, it is possible that I may have even neglected to report it to the mayor, but it is certain that the impression obtained at the City Hall that the act was entirely unauthorized. Parton, whose account of the capture of the city is, in some respects, very incorrect, and who makes the tearing down of the United States flag from the Mint occur on Sunday the 27th, instead of Saturday the 26th, as shown by the record, says that General Butler arrived a few hours after that event, to share in the exasperation of the fleet, and the councils of its chief. It was Butler, according to this historian, who advised the threat to bombard, and the order for the removal of the women and children. It may have been by his advice, also, that Captain Farragut assumed the placing of the flag on the Mint as his act, wishing to give it sufficient weight to make the tearing of it down a punishable offense.— M. A. B.

It will be noted that on page 457 Commander Kautz says the flag was raised over the Mint on the morning of April 26th in accordance with instructions from Farragut to Captain Morris of the *Pensacola*. But in a letter to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, dated April 27th, Farragut himself says: "This morning at six A. M. I sent to Captain Morris, whose ship commanded the Mint, to take possession of it and hoist the American flag thereon, which was done, and the people cheered it."

The apparent contradictions of these various statements cannot be disposed of by a study of the "Official Records." Neither do military and naval histories shed clear light on the subject. But the facts, half-truths, and explainable misapprehensions that can be sifted from the mass, indicate that early on the morning of the 26th a boat's crew from the fleet, without orders from Farragut, raised a flag over the Mint. This flag was hauled down by Mumford on April 27th, as related by Farragut, above, another flag was raised over the Mint in accordance with the flag-officer's instructions to Captain Morris. Before the first flag had been hauled down, the flag-officer, as intimated in his conversation with Mr. Batier, had decided to assume responsibility for the raising of it; this he did officially in a communication to the mayor dated April 28th. Apparently, therefore, Commander Kautz has made the mistake of connecting the first flag with the order for the raising of the second flag.— EDITOR.

a shot was fired from the bow-gun of the *Hartford*, and for a moment I fancied that the fleet was about to bombard the city, but the officers explained that it was the signal recalling them to the ship.

The police force being clearly inadequate for the preservation of order, the mayor now called to his assistance the European Brigade, an organization made up of foreign residents, and commanded by General Paul Juge, *fils*. This general issued a proclamation assuming command of all foreign troops "by order of his Honor John T. Monroe," and asking the aid of all good citizens in the preservation of order.

The mayor was thus constituted commander-in-chief of an army, as well as of the civic forces, and the City Hall became a sort of military headquarters. Officers in gorgeous uniforms glittering with gold lace, clanked their swords across the marble-paved halls, and from one to half a dozen mounted orderlies were constantly in waiting in the street, while I and the whole clerical force of the office were kept busy issuing requisitions for arms, horses, forage, and provisions for the home brigade, and orders for transportation by steamboat and rail, for Confederate troops, en route from the outlying fortifications to General Lovell's headquarters at Camp Moore. Martial law reigned, and a countersign was communicated to the patrol every night, without which no citizen was allowed to pass after nine o'clock. A dispute arising between two officers of the French Legion as to precedence in rank, the matter was referred to the mayor for decision. Mr. Monroe improvised a military court, before which the disputants appeared represented by learned counsel. Mr. Soulé was advocate for one side, and under the threatening guns of the fleet the momentous question was gravely argued and decided. I have still before me the dramatic figure of the victor as he issued from the tribunal, waving his cap in triumph, closely followed by the gorgeously equipped members of his staff.

Sunday passed without intercourse with the fleet, but Monday brought a still more vivid excitement in the shape of a communication from Flag-Officer Farragut, reciting all the evidences of insubordination and contumacy on the part of the citizens and authorities, and admonishing us that the fire of the fleet might be drawn upon the city at any moment. "The election is with you," says the flag-officer, "but it becomes my duty to notify you to remove the women and children within forty-eight hours, if I have rightly understood your determination."

This communication was brought to the City Hall by Commander Henry H. Bell, who was accompanied by Acting-Master Herbert B. Tyson. After reading it Mr. Monroe said: "As I consider this a threat to bombard the city, and as it is a matter about which the notice should be clear and specific, I desire to know when the forty-eight hours began to run."

"It begins from the time you receive this notice," replied the captain.

"Then," said the mayor, taking out his watch and showing it to the captain, "you see it is fifteen minutes past twelve o'clock."

Commander Bell acknowledged the correctness of the mayor's time, and went on to say that he was further charged to call attention to the "bad faith" of the commander of the *McRae*, the steamer which had brought up the wounded and dead from the forts under a flag of truce, in either sinking or allowing his steamer to sink without reporting to the flag-officer his inability to keep his pledge and take it back to the forts.

The council was convoked for the consideration of Captain Farragut's letter, and the mayor appeared before them and gave his views regarding the answer to be returned. Captain Farragut had assumed as his own act the raising of the flag on the Mint and alluded to an attempt having been made by him to place one upon the Custom House. The mayor's reply, which was drafted by Mr. Soulé, renews his refusal to lower the flag of Louisiana. "This satisfaction," he says, "you cannot obtain at our hands. We will stand your bombardment, unarmed and undefended as we are."

Accompanied by Mr. Soulé I conveyed this reply to the *Hartford* early on the morning of the 29th. On our arrival Mr. Soulé at once entered upon a discussion of international law, which was listened to patiently by the flag-officer and Commanders Bailey and Bell. When Mr. Soulé had concluded, Captain Farragut replied that he was a plain sailor and it was not expected that he should understand the nice points of international usage, that he was simply there as the commander of the fleet and aimed only to do his duty in that capacity.

Mr. Soulé having apparently fulfilled his mission now asked to be set on shore, as he had an engagement at nine o'clock. This engagement was to meet the mayor and some others, including, if I remember aright, General Lovell (who had come down to the city from Camp Moore), with a view of urging upon them a scheme for making a combined night attack upon the fleet, whose ammunition it was generally believed had been exhausted, by means of a flotilla of ferry-boats. There had been an informal conference at the

mayor's residence the evening previous, at which I was present, when Mr. Soulé unfolded his plan of the contemplated night attack and urged it strongly upon the mayor's attention. The meeting at nine o'clock the following morning was for the purpose of discussing this matter more freely. It was, however, too late for such an undertaking, even had the plan been a much more feasible one. The forts had surrendered! Captain Farragut had already dispatched a message to the mayor notifying him of that event, and adding that he was about to raise the United States flag on the Mint and Custom House. He still insisted that the lowering of the flag over the City Hall should be the work of those who had raised it, but before I left the ship he had yielded that point also, and I reported to my chief that there would be no bombardment and that the ungrateful task of lowering our flag would be performed by those who demanded its removal.

Mayor Monroe at once issued a proclamation requesting all citizens ".to retire to their homes during these acts of authority which it would be folly to resist," and impressing upon them the melancholy consolation that the flag was not to be removed by their authorities "but by those who had the power and the will to exercise it."

I carried a copy of this proclamation on board the flag-ship. Captain Bell, who was charged with the duties of raising and removing the flags, seemed a little nervous in regard to the performance of the last part of his mission. Calling me aside, he asked me whether I thought the crowd would offer any opposition to his landing party. I replied in the negative.

I left the ship in advance of the force, and returned to the City Hall to report their coming. The stage was now set for the last act, and soon the officers, marines, and sailors appeared in Lafayette square with bayonets and two brass howitzers glittering in the sunlight. The marines were formed in line on the St. Charles street side of the square near the iron railing which at that time inclosed it, while the guns were drawn through the gates out into the middle of the street, and placed so as to command the thoroughfare either way.

The crowd flowed in from every direction and filled the street in a compact mass both above and below the square. They were silent, but angry and threatening. Many openly displayed their arms. An open way was left in front of the hall, and their force being stationed, Captain Bell and Lieutenant Kautz passed across the street, mounted the hall steps and entered the mayor's parlor. Approaching the mayor, Captain Bell said: "I have come in obedience to orders to haul down the State flag from this building."

Mr. Monroe replied, his voice trembling with restrained emotion, "Very well, sir, you can do it; but I wish to say that there is not in my entire constituency so wretched a renegade as would be willing to exchange places with you."

He emphasized this speech in a manner which must have been very offensive to the officers. Captain Bell visibly restrained himself from reply, and asked at once that he might be shown the way to the roof. The mayor replied by referring him to the janitor whom he would find outside.

As soon as the two officers left the room, Mr. Monroe also went out. Descending the front steps he walked out into the street and placed himself immediately in front of the howitzer pointing down St. Charles street. There, folding his arms, he fixed his eyes upon the gunner who stood lanyard in hand ready for action. Here he remained, without once looking up or moving until the flag had been hauled down by Lieutenant Kautz and he and Captain Bell reappeared. At an order from the officers the sailors drew their howitzers back into the square, the marines fell into marching order behind them, and retired as they had come. As they passed out through the Camp street gate, Mr. Monroe turned toward the hall, and the people who had hitherto preserved the silence he had asked from them, broke into cheers for their mayor.

Marion A. Baker.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

The Author of "Life on the Alabama," in the April "Century."

SINCE you ask me for some account of my experience as a sailor, I may say that I was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in February, 1836, and was taken to England when I was two years old. My parents settled at Whitehaven in Cumberland, and I was sent to "Piper's Marine School." When I got older I spent some time at a Catholic seminary at St. Omer in France, where I learned to speak the language and to dislike the people for all time.

My father was a retired East India naval officer and an intimate friend of Sir Charles Napier, by whose influence I received a warrant as midshipman in the British Navy, and joined the *Swiftsure* frigate in November, 1853.

My messmates were a gang of ruffians, and they hazed me for being a "Yankee." I was constantly in hot water, and had a miserable time of it.

I was transferred to the *Britannia* flag-ship and was wounded in the attack on the forts at Sevastopol, October, 1854. I was sent home invalided and gladly resigned the service. I made the China voyage as second officer on the ship *Redoute* and then went to India and saw the beginning and end of the Sepoy mutiny, and must say that the pandies were not a whit more brutal and savage than the English civilians and soldiers.

I had a relation in the Commissary Department at Delhi, and I got there in time to carry a musket as volunteer with the Seventy-fifth Regiment, in the storming of September, '57, and I saw such fighting as I had only read of in story.

The conduct of the men was grand, and their officers wasted their own lives like water.

I had my left hand nearly cut off by a sword stroke, as it was all bayonet fighting, the rebels showing wonderful courage and persistency. As soon as I could travel I crossed the Punjaub to the Indus, and went down that river to Kurrachee and took steamer for Canton.

The Taiping Rebellion was commencing, and there was no peace in all the land. I had no trouble in getting a commission as second lieutenant in the Chinese Navy, and cruised along the coast capturing pirates. As we took no prisoners, it was butchering work, and I soon got tired of it. I resigned in 1860, and going ashore, made the acquaintance of General Ward, an ex-Yankee clipper-mate and the best soldier in China, bold, bloody, and resolute. I also met Captain Gordon, well known by his later reputation, and I thought him a very commonplace gentleman. There was one thing he could do to perfection, and that was swear; and his Fokee levies had the benefit of his talent in that direction.

Ward's death, the next year, ended a career that promised to be remarkable. He would have made himself a power in the East.

The climate did not agree with me; in the fall of '61 I returned to England, and in '62 shipped on the Confederate privateer *Alabama*. After her destruction I went to blockade running, and made a little fortune by lucky ventures, but this was soon ended by the downfall of the Confederacy.

Save several voyages to the West Indies, I have been on shore since 1866.

When I first went to sea, educated young men were common in the forecastle, thither led by a spirit of adventure, but no decent man would go to sea now save from dire compulsion.

His associates would be broken-down turnpike sailors and 'longshoremen,—perhaps vicious and unendurable,—and most likely all foreigners. So the common sailor that really is a sailor and has intelligence to tell what he knows will soon pass away forever. Herman Melville was the greatest and the last. Clark Russell is too literal, and to a sailor his long descriptions are tedious; but Melville is glorious.

Philip Drayton Haywood.

PHILADELPHIA, April 15, 1886.

General George H. Thomas at Chattanooga.

IN his paper on "Chattanooga," published in THE CENTURY for November, 1885, General Grant says:

"On the 7th, before Longstreet could possibly have reached Knoxville, I ordered Thomas peremptorily to attack the enemy's right, so as to force the return of the troops that had gone up the valley. I directed him to take mules, officers' horses, *or animals* wherever he could get them, to move the necessary artillery. But he persisted in the declaration that he could not move a single piece of artillery, and could not see how he could possibly comply with the order. Nothing was left to be done but to answer Washington dispatches as best I could, urge Sherman forward, although he was making every effort to get forward, and encourage Burnside to hold on."

This statement is in substance like one in General Badeau's military history of Ulysses S. Grant. A paper, however, over the signature of General Grant has a very different value. And it is in text and inference so unjust to the memory of the late Major-General George H. Thomas that it is proper to make a statement of facts taken in the main from official papers.

Mr. Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, was in November, 1863, at Chattanooga, and reported by telegraph from day to day to the Secretary of War all matters of interest with reference to the Army of the Cumberland and the plans of Generals Grant and Thomas, with both of whom he held intimate official relations. Under date of November 5th, 11 A. M., he telegraphed to Mr. Stanton:

". . . Grant and Thomas considering plan proposed by W. F. Smith to advance our pickets on the left to Citico Creek, about a mile in front of the position they have occupied from the first, and to *threaten* the seizure of the north-west extremity of Missionary Ridge. This, taken in connection with our present demonstration in Lookout Valley, will compel them to concentrate and come back from Burnside to fight here."

It is perhaps well to explain here that at that time no plan for future operations had been discussed. On the supposition that Sherman's forces would be united with those of Thomas in front of Chattanooga, more space than we occupied was necessary for the proper encampments and probable developments for a battle. This made a move to the front at that time, for the acquisition of more ground, a proper one under all circumstances. It will be seen that in the plan proposed by me, as chief engineer, only a *threat to seize* the north-west end of Missionary Ridge was intended and with the idea that such a feint might force the recall of Longstreet. I think I may safely state that I did not propose at that time, in view of the condition of the Army of the Cumberland, to suggest anything which would bring on a general battle unless under the guns of our forts at Chattanooga. The next telegram to Secretary Stanton referring to this move is dated November 7th at ten A. M., and states:

"Before receiving this information" [report of a rebel deserter] "Grant had ordered Thomas to execute the movement on Citico Creek which I reported on the 5th as proposed by Smith. Thomas, who rather preferred an attempt on Lookout Mountain, desired to postpone the operation until Sherman should come up, but Grant has decided that for the sake of Burnside the attack must be made at once, and I presume the advance on Citico will take place to-morrow evening, and that on Missionary Ridge immediately afterward. If successful, this operation will divide Bragg's forces in Chattanooga valley from those in the valley of the Chickamauga, and will compel him either to retreat, leaving the railroad communication of Cheatham and Longstreet exposed, or else fight a battle with his diminished forces."

From General Grant's order of November 7th, the following extract is made:

". . . I deem the best movement to *attract* the enemy to be an attack on the northern end of Missionary Ridge with all the force you can bring to bear against it, and, when that is *carried, to threaten* and even attack if possible the enemy's line of communication between Dalton and Cleveland. Rations should be ready to issue a sufficiency to last four days the moment Missionary Ridge is in our possession—rations to be carried in haversacks. When there are not horses to move the artillery, mules must be taken from the teams or horses from ambulances, or, if necessary, officers dismounted and their horses taken. The movement should not be made one moment later than to-morrow morning."

It will be seen from this order that the plan proposed by me had been entirely changed, for while I had proposed only to threaten the seizure of the north-west end of Missionary Ridge, General Grant proposed "to attack the enemy" by carrying the Ridge and then "to threaten and even attack if possible" the lines of communication; *that is, to bring on a general engagement.* When it is remembered that eighteen days after this Sherman with six perfectly appointed divisions failed to carry this same point of Missionary Ridge, at a time when Thomas with four divisions stood threatening Bragg's center and Hooker with nearly three divisions was driving in Bragg's left flank (Bragg having no more strength than on the 7th), it will not be a matter of surprise that the order staggered Thomas. After the order had been issued I sought a conversation with General Grant for the purpose of inducing a modification, and began by asking General Grant what was the plan proposed by General Thomas for carrying out the order. To this General Grant replied, "*When I have sufficient confidence in a general to leave him in command of an army, I have enough confidence in him to leave his plans to himself.*" This answer seemed to cut off all discussion, and nothing more was said on the subject.

Shortly after that General Thomas sent for me, and under the impression that the order related to my plan referred to in Mr. Dana's dispatch of November 5th said, "If I attempt to carry out the order I have received, my army will be terribly beaten. You must go and get the order revoked." Without replying to this I asked General Thomas to go up the river with me, and we set out directly, going to a hill opposite the mouth of the South Chickamauga Creek, where we spent an hour or more. We looked carefully over the ground on which Thomas would have to operate, noted the extreme of Bragg's camp-fires on Missionary Ridge, and then becoming convinced that Thomas with his force could not outflank Bragg's right without endangering our connection with Chattanooga, on our return I went directly to General Grant, and reported to him that after a careful reconnoissance of the ground I was of the decided opinion that no movement could be made in that direction until the arrival of Sherman's forces. That very evening the order for Thomas to move was countermanded, and no further effort to aid Burnside was attempted till the Army of the Tennessee had joined the army at Chattanooga. On the 8th of November at eleven A. M., Mr. Dana sent to the Secretary of War the following dispatch:

"Reconnoissance of Citico Creek and head of Missionary Ridge made yesterday by Thomas, Smith, and Brannan from the heights opposite on the north of the Tennessee proved Smith's plan for attack impracticable. The creek and country are wrongly laid down on our maps, and no operation for the seizure of Missionary Ridge can be undertaken with the force which Thomas can now command for the purpose. That force cannot by any effort be made to exceed eighteen thousand men. The deficiency of animals, forage, and subsistence rendering any attack by us on Bragg's line of communication at Cleveland or Charleston out of the question, it follows that no important effort for the relief of Burnside can be made."

General Grant in his official report says:

"Directions were given for a movement against Missionary Ridge, with a view to carrying it . . . . of which I informed Burnside on the 7th of November by telegraph. After a thorough reconnoissance of the ground, however, it was deemed *utterly impracticable* to make the move until Sherman could get up, because of the inadequacy of our forces, and the condition of the animals then at Chattanooga; and I was forced to leave Burnside for the present to contend against superior forces of the enemy until the arrival of Sherman with his men and means of transportation. In the meantime reconnoissances were made and plans matured for operations."

As a matter of perhaps some historical value it may be stated that the hill visited by General Thomas on the 7th of November with his chief engineer and chief of artillery was the same one to which Sherman was taken on the 16th of November, and which is spoken of by him in his report of operations about Chattanooga.

I think there will remain no doubt in the mind of any reader of the foregoing that the official papers prove conclusively that the order of November 7th "to attract the enemy" by "an attack on the northern end of Missionary Ridge . . . and when that is carried to threaten and even attack if possible the enemy's line of communication between Dalton and Cleveland," was one for which the entire credit should be given to General Grant, but that the failure to carry out the order has been incorrectly laid at the door of General George H. Thomas by General Grant, who apparently failed to refresh his memory by a reference to his own official reports and letters — a negligence which is liable in these late days to be injurious to any military authority, however high.

William Farrar Smith.

The Man with the Musket.

SOLDIERS pass on from this rage of renown,
This ant-hill, commotion and strife,
Pass by where the marbles and bronzes look down
With their fast-frozen gestures of life,
On, out to the nameless who lie 'neath the gloom
Of the pitying cypress and pine;
Your man is the man of the sword and the plume,
But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! By all that is noble, I knew
This commonplace hero I name!
I've camped with him, marched with him, fought with him, too,
In the swirl of the fierce battle-flame!
Laughed with him, cried with him, taken a part
Of his canteen and blanket, and known
That the throb of this chivalrous prairie boy's heart
Was an answering stroke of my own.

I knew him, I tell you! And, also, I knew
When he fell on the battle-swept ridge,
That the poor battered body that lay there in blue
Was only a plank in the bridge
Over which some should pass to a fame
That shall shine while the high stars shall shine!
Your hero is known by an echoing name,
But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! All through him the good and the bad
Ran together and equally free;
But I judge as I trust Christ will judge the brave lad,
For death made him noble to me!
In the cyclone of war, in the battle's eclipse,
Life shook out its lingering sands,
And he died with the names that he loved on his lips,
His musket still grasped in his hands!
Up close to the flag my soldier went down,
In the salient front of the line:
You may take for your heroes the men of renown,
But the man of the musket is mine!

H. S. Taylor.

CLAIBORNE KEAN.

KEAN was junior editor of a new medical journal, and lived with his older brother, Dr. George, and his wife, Helen. She and her brother-in-law, "Clay," as they called him, were fast friends.

Helen had been a McLean, and had an intimate friend and school-mate, Edith Norris, for whom Kean came in time to entertain something more than a friendly regard.

Things went on smoothly for a time; then Kean went one evening to call upon Edith, cherishing certain pleasant fancies by the way, and found with her an early acquaintance of hers, named Charles Marcy, returned after some years' absence in the West. Edith introduced them, but Kean said coldly that he already had that honor; and Marcy greeted him warmly, telling Edith that Kean and he had been well acquainted in the West, and that Kean had treated him very handsomely, particularly in one affair of which he had no reason to be proud, and in which very few would have shown the generous forbearance that Kean had practiced toward him. Kean did not respond to this cordial frankness, but remained distant and cold, and came away presently in a very different humor from that in which he had gone.

The next day he hunted up Marcy at the real-estate office which he had opened in the city. He greeted Kean jovially and swung him an arm-chair, but Kean took another.

"You were pretty frank last night," he said. "Why didn't you speak a little plainer, and say that I trusted you and you turned out a scoundrel and a thief, and that I ought to have put you in jail?"

Marcy paused a moment in the act of lighting a cigar, but then went on.

"No," he puffed, "no; I really can't accept your terms. Some fellows would consider your language impolite. You ought to study drawing it mild, *suaviter in modo*, you know. But I *am* frank, and I acknowledge I owe you a balance, and let this go on the account."

"You know you are no fit company for Miss Norris," Kean persisted roughly; "and I want to know whether or not you propose to make it necessary for me to expose you."

"Well, I'm not making proposals at present, but I'm frank to allow that I'm not entirely up to her high-water mark: do you happen to know any young man that is? I look at it from the other side, you see; I'm quite aware that I'll bear some moral elevating, like most human people I've met, and I agree with Mill's doctrine (isn't it Mill's?) — 'enlightened self-interest,'— you remember. Most people do, I believe. As to exposing me, as you call it, I'm not afraid of you there; it's not in your line. You can't be a tattler if you would; you're too stiff in the back-bone to get down to that. Oh, I've got a very good opinion of you, Kean; I know where to find you all the time. And that's where I've got you on the hip; you're a crusader and I'm a free-lance. Go in and win, my boy; I don't ask any odds. I'll always talk you up; I'll get credit for generosity by it and score one against you there. Now I think of it, I'll drop into particulars myself, as you can't. I used some money of yours, expecting to cover it in and no one be the worse or wiser, like these bank-presidents and cashiers. Things went against me and I couldn't come up to time, so I put myself and the whole thing into your hands; and you acted the good Samaritan and said, 'Go and sin no more.' It is really touching, Kean, and no woman would find it in her heart not to heap sympathy and forgiveness on the repentant sinner. Yes, that is good: 'I thank thee, Jew!' Oh, nothing pays so well on the investment as the truth, the whole truth, the touched-up and beautified truth!"

He laughed, and Kean stood up and spoke harshly.

"I warn you not to presume on this lying effrontery. I will stand upon no fine-drawn sham semblance of honor in dealing with you and your shameless impudence."

Marcy nodded cheerfully; and Kean came away, anything but cheerful.

Kean's grandfather had left him some property in the West, and it was while out there that he had employed young Marcy to look after it, and been first robbed and then fooled by the plausible fellow. His first knowledge of the fraud came to him from Marcy himself, who furnished him all the evidence, much of which he could have destroyed, and put himself at his mercy, and he had been merciful. But looking back now, he could see that it had been a well-played game; that by forestalling discovery, and supplying all possible evidence himself, Marcy had both prevented Kean from finding it, and taken a purchase on his honor that effectually precluded him from using it. Instead of putting himself in his hands, Kean saw now that Marcy had

tied them by his artful frankness, as no deception could have done.

And he perceived that the world was no simple matter. A misgiving that he would not regard took the heart out of him; a physical fear came over him sometimes when he thought of Marcy; and it seemed to him that the cunning of the devil incarnate must wear some such frank, smiling countenance when he would deceive the very elect.

The idea of rivalry with the fellow was utterly odious. The thought of finding him with Edith kept him away in spite of his hunger to go. He could not be a tell-tale, as Marcy said; and even if he could, there was nothing to tell that would not fit into Marcy's own story, and nothing in that story that he could deny. The different coloring he would put upon it would be naturally ascribed to a more obvious source than the white light of truth.

Consciousness of all this, and the thought of Marcy counting on it, and playing it with pleased assurance as a card in his game, put Kean in a lock-jawed humor when with Edith that was only the more so for his knowledge that she must misjudge it; and his changed demeanor toward her naturally aroused a resentment on her part that he misunderstood in his turn. So they crossed one another fatuously, and the end soon was that he ceased to go, and so played the more into Marcy's hands knowing that he did so.

Helen perceived more or less vaguely how things were going, and naturally took the matter to heart. After thinking a good deal about it, she took a sudden determination, went to Edith, sat awhile looking at her absently, and then, in response to Edith's questioning glance, said abruptly:

"Clay does not know anything about my coming to you, dear. But I'm afraid you are making a great mistake."

The blood flew up into Edith's face, and she replied hotly:

"You are prejudiced. He is too proud and——" Her voice broke, her eyes dropped a moment, and she brushed her cheek quickly. "What kind of forgiveness is it that pardons an error, to which we are all liable, and then scorns the confessed and penitent offender for years afterward? I had rather——"

But Helen stopped her, laying her hand on her mouth an instant and putting her arms about her, partly for the feeling she had that estrangement was in danger of coming between them. Edith suffered her passively, and after a little Helen kissed her and came away.

So Edith, having but few friends in the city and no near relatives but a rather weak aunt, was soon left very much to herself; and thus Marcy had the course pretty clear and made the most of his chances; and, to be brief about it, he and Edith were married late in the following year, when they went off to the South-west to invest her little fortune in an enterprise of great and certain profit, which Marcy had devised.

Time went on, as before. Kean worked away doggedly at his medical journal, was helpful and in the main cheerful at home, fond of the children and a great favorite among them. But he seemed not to care to see any one outside of that household and a very few friends. He stuck close to his work and home, and when they by-and-by urged him to go away for a change he turned it off with a joke. But when Helen spoke of it again he turned suddenly passionate.

"You must not urge me; don't you see that it's all I can do?"

Years passed. Kean had ordered the sale of his Valley City property, and he now received a statement from his agents that astonished him. The sale had been effected on good terms and the money paid into the Great Valley bank. So far, right and good. But then a large part of it had been paid out on Kean's order to "H. M. Charles." Kean telegraphed that he knew no one named Charles and had given no order. The reply started him West at once.

There it appeared that the man calling himself Charles had brought the brokers a letter of authorization in Clay's handwriting, and had ordered certain stocks of them, for which he gave a draft on the Great Valley bank ostensibly drawn to his order by Kean. The brokers had had the draft cashed and delivered the stocks to Charles. One of the firm took Clay over to the bank, and there they laid before him the draft and letter, with an expert's certificate that the most of the letter and the signatures of both were in the same hand as certain other papers of Kean's which the brokers had. As he sat and examined the writing it seemed to look him in the face familiarly, like his reflection in a glass; and he grew confused after regarding it awhile, as if it put him out of countenance, and looking up he saw the two men sharply watching him.

"It certainly looks like my writing," he said. "But I suppose I would know if I had written them."

They nodded slightly, with unchanged gravity; and Kean stood up, more grave than they, and spoke slowly:

"I have not been in the habit of having my word disbelieved, and you must excuse me if I don't take to it kindly."

He went to the chief of police, who recommended a detective named Heller. He was

a little dark Jew, with a look Kean did not like. He felt at first as if those small, deep-set eyes looked through him with suspicion, but he soon forgot his dislike in admiration of the hound-like instinct with which he tracked the man Charles under various names, found where he had sold the stocks, lost the scent and caught it again and again, zigzagging west, east, and south, always south. Kean went with him from place to place.

At the end of a week or two they went out one day to Sharp's Junction, and Heller and the station-agent talked together. Kean did not hear much of what they said, but sat looking out at the sunny, level southern country, still and lonely under the brooding sky. But suddenly he caught one word of their conversation — "Franklinburg." Upon the instant he got up and went out upon the track.

He walked along one of the lines, mounted a slight swell a little way off, and looked round at the wide, desolate land with a heavy sense of the sufficiency and silence of nature and man's strange dependence and isolation in its midst. He had taken a sudden great disgust toward Heller and his own life of these last days. Franklinburg was the place to which the Marcys had removed, and the mention of the name let in upon him a flood of recollection that rolled over him and would have its way. He wandered apart to a place screened from view and threw himself down in the dry herbage. He still lay there while the sun sank red and droughty, while the twilight passed and the stars came out in the southern night.

When he came back to the station, Heller said nothing, but regarded him with the same furtive suspicion as on the first day. Kean paid him off, and saw him take the night train for the north. There would be no train east till toward morning. He lay on a bench, still in that waking dream, powerless even to wish to shake it off, until at last he drifted into a disturbed sleep.

By-and-by he woke in the great stillness of that wide, uninhabited land. The faint airs of the night stole through the open doors and windows; and Kean's mood had wholly changed. He felt sore and hard. The faces of those grave men at the bank, the cunning glance of the detective, the whole hateful attitude of deceit and stupid roguery in which the swindle had placed him, scorched his soul like white-hot metal. To be not only robbed, but put at the same time in the light of the thief, stung him intolerably. And he knew now who the swindler was, had known it all this night since he heard that word which let in the flood of remembrance that swept away all care and thought of the detestable affair. But it came back to him now and made him furious. The signatures were genuine; all the while he had felt it, had seen the reflection of himself in them.

He got up and went out, impatient for the train. It seemed very long till he heard the hoarse whistle, but finally the train came clanking dismally, and then he was off eastward. He ached and hungered to have the scoundrel by the throat.

It was afternoon when they clanked into Franklinburg. Kean got a room and refreshed himself. Then he came down and went into the bar-room to make some inquiries, but he saw through the open doors the man he wanted coming jauntily across the dusky road, and he stood still and waited for him. The fellow stopped abruptly in the doorway, and his sanguine face turned white and haggard. He had been prepared for this possibility, and had planned out how he should walk straight up to Kean and salute him heartily; but now, when the occasion had come, it was somehow different. Kean's still look staggered him; he steadied himself by the door-posts. But he summoned up his assurance and came forward gamely.

"Why, Kean, old fellow, where did you drop from? I'm blessed glad to see you."

But he did not lay his hand on Kean's arm as he intended, and he did not seem particularly glad. Kean neither moved nor answered for a minute, looking past him out-of-doors. Then he said simply:

"Go upstairs."

The fellow looked to right and left; a feeling of fear came over him, but he could not have turned his back then if he would. He hesitated a moment, then went a little unevenly up the stairs and into the room Kean pointed out. Kean followed and closed the door. The fellow lounged by the window. Kean motioned to a chair against the wall, and he went slowly and took it. Kean leaned back against the bed and took a folded paper from his pocket-book.

"You forged this draft."

Marcy gathered himself together as he could, and the programme he had rehearsed helped him, though feebly. He attempted no vain denial.

"You will hardly make it forgery, I think; the signature is genuine."

Kean lifted his eyes.

"Be careful," he said. "You stole the paper with my signature."

Marcy grew a little more like his customary bold self. He raised his head and crossed his legs.

"I am not quite sure that a man can steal from his wife."

Kean rose to his feet, and the fellow quailed.

"Take care, I tell you," Kean said. And after a pause he continued in the same low, menacing way, "Will you go voluntarily to Valley City and confess your villainy, or shall I have you taken there?"

"I don't think we shall do either," Marcy answered; and his head was thrown back and a lock of his hair straggled down his forehead as of old. "You can't strike *me* alone."

Kean's face flushed blood-red. He swayed slowly forward and back. A film came over his sight, and he stood still awhile, then turned slowly away.

Marcy's words had been well chosen. The paralyzing sense of impotence that had gagged and manacled Kean from the first took all force out of him. The game had been so well planned that even the player might not hold his hand, though he quailed never so cravenly, from the final moves. A smothering sense of the iron grasp of fate seized upon Kean. He felt the place sink and heave under him, saw a blackness in the sunshine and heard thunderous tones in the still air. The whole universe circled about him, and he the one thing in the midst that could not move.

Suddenly he caught sight, through a dusty window across the way, of Heller's dark, watchful face.

It was too much; the bonds that held him snapped. He turned round; and when Marcy saw his look, he stood up and grew white and staid so. Kean seemed to have grown heavy and sunk together, and there was murder in his face.

He grasped a wooden chair by the back with both hands, raised it, and advanced slowly; and Marcy backed, step by step, before him, till he struck the wall and could back no more. He did not dare to move hand or lip; he knew that to move or speak would be to bring the first crashing blow; and he felt with a swooning terror how, once begun, the blows would follow one another, swift, merciless, horrible, till blows mattered no more. Things swam before him; the sight went out of his staring eyes.

There was a small looking-glass in a red square frame on the wall close to Marcy's head; and as Kean advanced, he saw the window reflected, and through it, beyond the ragged chimneys of the house opposite, a white road slanting up a hill, and on it a young woman walking with a child. They were descending the hill; the little girl stumbled as he looked, and the mother stopped to lift and comfort her. He watched them till they came on again and passed out of sight.

His face fell; he lowered the chair and stood, still grasping its back. Hedged thus in his corner, Marcy's strength went out of him, and he sank down abjectly in a heap. Though Kean's eyes were bent upon him, he did not see him, but still only the white hill road, and the woman walking on it with the child. And then Marcy began to beg in a cringing tone from where he crouched:

"You don't want to hurt me, Kean; it wouldn't do you any good. I can't pay back the money now; I did intend to, I swear I did. I was worth twenty thousand dollars three weeks ago, and now I haven't got a cent. The luck always turns against me. I'll make you the only reparation I can — I'll go away and stay. After a while you'll very likely hear of my being shot in some row. I make you this offer honestly. You can be sure I won't come back; you hold over me what will secure you of that."

Kean only heard him vaguely; all he saw was a white hill road and a young mother on it, bending over a child.

And Marcy maundered on, growing bolder from Kean's silence, till at length he dared to mention names.

Then Kean straightened up stiffly and turned a look on the fellow that froze his speech; and he lifted his foot and placed it on his breast, quelled him with a pressure of detestation, turned away and fumbled at the lock of the door, and went out and down the stairs and into the street.

It was late afternoon. He went along slowly, and turned into the road that led up the hill toward the railway. He walked weakly and crossed the path from side to side. Gaining the height, he stood and looked down at the straggling village in the valley; he could see the long low hotel with its broad verandas, and certain ragged chimneys a little to the west. He walked along the ridge road until below him he saw a steep by-road winding down toward the river. He descended it part way. Here was the place, just above this little shop which he recalled.

Here she had stopped; here was the stone on which the child had tripped, yonder the turn where they went out of sight. He felt sick and leaned against a tree, aside in the shadow. The sun was down and the dusk beginning to draw over. Presently a lamp was lighted in the little shop. A woman came slowly up the hill and went in, and a man came out and went down. Then Kean heard the man speak to some one below, out of sight; and soon he heard light feet rasping on the gravel, as they came up slowly. Before he could see any one, he heard a child's voice chattering. Then, as they came near the small shop, he saw them. The little girl turned toward the lighted window, in which were displayed cakes and fruit, and he heard her

ask mamma to buy her something, complaining that she was hungry. But the mother drew her on, saying she had no pennies now. The child fretted a little and then asked to be carried, complaining that she was tired. They were nearly opposite then, and the mother answered that she could not carry her — she was too heavy; it was only a little way now, and they would soon be home. But the child fretted on:

"I carry, mamma; I falls down."

The mother stood a moment, looking down at her, and stooped to take her up.

Then Kean left the tree where he leaned and crossed the road; and Edith straightened up at the sound. There was nothing between them and the west here, and it was still light out of the shadows. She drew a long, deep breath, and pronounced his name. He did not answer, but looked at her a moment with a searching gaze. In that moment he knew that all estrangement had been washed away from between them, that the deep-rooted regard and confidence of their early companionship had not been weakened by time or distance. And he knew, too, that she had not changed, that nothing could change her, that hers was the purity to which all things are pure and of which all is of good report. But he saw, by unmistakable signs and with a sudden resentment, that she had suffered much and was in want. He could not speak to her, but he stooped down and took the child up in his arms, and said:

"I will carry the little girl if she will let me."

But she was frightened and would have cried, and he turned back toward the shop and coaxed her with an offer of cakes and candy; and he took her in and held her up while she pointed here and there with her pretty hand and gave her orders soberly:

"One of 'ese, and two of 'ese, and one-two-six-four of 'ese."

With a cake in her hand and mouth, and her other purchases clasped tight, she looked with solemn inquiry into his face as he brought her away.

"You can give some to your brother; you've got a little brother, haven't you?" Kean said.

"'Es," she answered, with a pretty nod. "Holly's his name; he's in heaven now. He can't come back, but he isn't sick any more, and mamma's going to take me to see him some day, and I'll take him some of 'ese. You can go there too, if you're good."

Edith walked beside them as they talked; and as the child prattled of her dead brother, he saw the mother's hand grope hastily for her handkerchief and put it to her face.

"Oh, forgive me, Edith," he besought; "I did not know."

The child looked troubled at her mother a moment, but then she turned back to Kean.

"Mamma won't ky any more when we go to heaven. And I want you to come too; you are good now, I know, and you're going to be good?"

"Yes, dear, yes!" he answered; "I will try."

"And you'll want to know my name, won't you?" she continued. "It's Ellie, Ellie Lane Marcy."

"Ellie Lane," he repeated with a thrill,— "Helen McLean, is it?"

"'Es; after my Aunty Ellie. I've never seen her, but mamma has, and she's real good."

"Yes, Ellie," he answered. "She is my sister, and she is very good."

Kean found himself walking unsteadily; the slight child's weight was a burden to him. As she still prattled they gained the level, went a little way to the left, and stopped at a gateway. The gate was gone and the fence broken. He saw without looking that it was a tumble-down place and that poverty dwelt within. He set the child on the rickety gatepost and held her there with his arm about her, partly for his own support.

Edith doubled her handkerchief and pressed it hard on either cheek, then put it in her pocket out of sight; and she looked up and spoke, but with the grieving note still in her voice.

"You must not misunderstand; I have no complaint to make. I was crying about my little boy. It is so fresh and sharp!"

She turned away again a moment, but looked back directly.

"But I mustn't be selfish; I haven't asked about you. Have you been well; and — how is Helen? I saw by the papers that she had a loss too; I was very sorry."

"Helen is well," he said.

Then there was a pause. After a while he spoke again, his voice sounding to him like something apart from himself. "I did not set out with any intention of coming here. I have been through a great trial; it is not safe for me to stay here; I should go away on the first train. But I can't quite trust myself; I feel very tired, and am afraid of what may happen. I want you to help me."

She looked at him earnestly, troubled and vaguely infected with his fear.

"The northern train passes here soon," she said. "Ellie and I will come with you to the station; it is not very far."

She bade the little girl to show the good gentleman the way, and they walked along beside him. She asked him about old friends; and he answered, speaking and walking languidly.

They sat down in a corner of the waiting-room. The station-master passed by them and saluted Edith politely; Kean had noticed that others whom they met treated her with the same marked respect. She went over presently and spoke with the agent. She came back and stood beside Kean and the child and talked in her old soft, low way.

"The train is behind time, but will be here in half an hour," she said. "Mr. Gates is a neighbor of mine; they are all very kind."

Their talk drifted back to the dead child, of whom Edith spoke freely out of her full heart, as if it had been pent up and she were glad of the relief of utterance to one who would care and comprehend. And Kean listened to her sacred confidence with such emotions as may be imagined. He said what he could to console her and reassure her sorely tried faith; and they talked on of the more real concerns, the imminent matters of death and immortality. And, more out of a well-remembered conviction than any present feeling of his shattered consciousness, he strove to strengthen her with the profound assurance that had taken deeper and deeper root in him the longer he lived, that there is an underlying order in all the seeming confusion and blindness of the world, as in the stars' nightly round; that a higher right than our dull sense can apprehend rules in this strange being of ours, and that all things work together for righteousness.

He forgot the lapse of time, but the striking of a clock reminded Edith.

"It is nearly time now," she said; "have you a ticket?"

He got up wearily and went across to the office. The child had tired of playing with her purchases and was sleepy and fretful, and her mother was trying to keep her awake as Kean came back with his pocket-book in his hand. He snapped the bright clasp to amuse her, and she roused up and took it to play with. When the train whistled Edith bade her give it back, but she demurred; and Kean said:

"No; keep it, Ellie. Here are some pennies I'll put in it, for you and nobody else. Get mamma to put it away for you when you go home."

Edith thought he had of course taken out the rest of his money, but when she looked that night she found he had not. Her instant impulse was to return it, and she sat down to write to Helen about it, but finally could not make up her mind that she had a right to take it from the child nor find the heart to thrust it back upon him.

When Kean had given the child the pocket-book they three went out upon the platform. It was bright moonlight by this time. The train came clanging in and stood, hissing. Kean stooped and kissed the little girl, then held Edith's hand a moment. She said good-bye; and he turned and climbed up the steps of the car, grasping the irons with both hands. Edith lingered till the train was gone, but did not see him again.

Kean sat with his back to the window, and the train went plunging on. To his sense it was as if chaos crashed round him. All that central order and calm of which he had spoken to her was no more. He was swallowed up in a sea of confusion. All was false, mocking, unjust; truth trampled and spit upon, lying deceit rewarded and triumphant, Satan the ruler of the world and the earth his fit abiding-place. Job's old desperation cried out again: "He will laugh at the trial of the innocent"; "The just, upright man is laughed to scorn"; "The tabernacles of robbers prosper!" Sounds and sights of terror raved round him, waking dream and dozing vision and swoon of utter exhaustion and desolation mingling and succeeding one another.

Night and day were alike to him, and he staid where he was in the ordinary car. The conductor's lantern flashing in his face half roused him now and then; and when he continued to drowse after daylight he excited contempt.

When another conductor took the train, the two came in and looked at him sunk in his corner.

"A day of fasting and humiliation will bring him round, I reckon," one said.

The next conductor was more doubtful, and another talked to him and telegraphed ahead. When they stopped for breakfast on the second morning, a doctor was waiting for them and came into the car. Kean lay still in the corner of the seat.

"He hasn't been out of the car and hardly ever moves," the conductor said.

The doctor bent over and held Kean's wrist and examined his face closely.

"He's no drinking man," he said.

He took hold of him and made him get on his feet, shook him, and called sharply into his half-open eyes:

"What's the matter with you?"

Kean heard the words from the upper air and tried to remember, but the waters were too deep above him.

They got him out of the car, and the crisp air revived him somewhat.

The doctor took him into the breakfast-room, set him down in an arm-chair, got him some food, and ordered him to eat; and he tried, but did not succeed very well. The doctor brought something in a glass and made

him drink. Then he sat close in front of him and questioned him distinctly and with repetition, making notes with his pocket-pen on a prescription paper. Then he went into the telegraph office. When he came back he said:

"I've sent word to your brother." He went back into the car with him, spoke to the conductor, and said a parting word to Kean. Kean felt in his pockets and looked blank, trying to remember something.

"I don't think I've got any money," he said.

"I haven't asked you for any," the doctor answered, and went out abruptly.

Then Kean felt the world swinging on again, and the deep sea rolled over him. At nightfall Dr. George boarded the train and took charge of his brother.

Some time later, while Kean was still weak and confined to the house, he told Helen one day a part of the story; and she showed him a letter she had received from Edith, written the night of his departure from Franklinburg, in which she told Helen of her meeting with him and her fear that he was ill, and anxiety to hear of his safe arrival.

The broken intercourse thus resumed, Helen and Edith kept up a correspondence thenceforth, in which the affectionate relations of the two friends were renewed.

A year or two later Edith was forced to leave her husband and returned with her little girl to her native village, where Helen went occasionally to visit her and helped her to find work to support herself. She was in the city now and then, and Kean met her casually and exchanged a few words with her once or twice in half a year. So three or four half years passed by.

It was summer, and the shadow of pestilence fell upon the far South.

One afternoon Kean came in hastily, and showed Helen an evening paper in which she read:

"Charles H. Marcy is down with the fever here, the only new case to-day."

Kean left Helen reading it and went upstairs to his room. She heard him tramping about overhead. She followed him and found him packing a valise. He asked her about some of his things. She went over and closed a drawer and leaned against it.

"What are you about, Clay?" she asked.

"I'm going down there," he said. "Don't try to hinder me."

When he first saw the dispatch, he fell into a revery from which he awoke suddenly with something like affright, and a remembered phrase in his mind about one who was "consenting unto his death." He took a quick resolve, got up, and came hurriedly home.

Helen left him in his room, came down, and sent for her husband. Presently there was a ring, and she heard Edith's voice and went to meet her. Edith was excited; she saw the paper in Helen's hand.

"You have seen it then," she said; "tell me what I ought to do. I think I should go there, but I haven't the money."

Helen heard George on the stair and went out and told him. He came in and took Edith's hand, and spoke to her gravely:

"I don't think you should go there; your first duty is here with your child."

Quick steps came down the stair, and Kean tramped in with his valise grasped tight and his hat on his head. He had heard part of the words; he looked round and comprehended. He stood before Edith, and a great thankfulness came over him that he had so decided.

"I am going there," he said to her.

Then Edith sank down on a low seat and covered her face. George came and took hold of his brother, and drew him outside the door.

"Clay," he said, "what do you mean? He has no claim on you. There isn't one chance in ten of your coming back, and he may be dead before you get there."

But he answered: "George, I'm sorry about you and Helen, but don't try to hinder me. It is no use. I'm going on my own account, not his."

George studied him earnestly and shook his head; but he brought him in again, and said to him:

"Wait here. We will go with you to the depot."

He ran down to order a carriage, and Helen left the room. Kean came and stood over Edith. Both were silent awhile.

"Oh, I have made much trouble!" she sobbed.

"Hush, Edith," he answered; "don't do that. I feel it no trouble. I am eager to go, except for Helen and George."

George and Helen came back presently, and the carriage was waiting. Helen took hold of Clay's arm and he felt her trembling; but she did not dissuade him. At the door Clay faltered and looked back. Helen went over where Edith still sat and brought her with them. In the carriage Clay penciled some instructions, then talked cheerfully to one and another. The others had all three the feeling that they were going to a funeral. Then they stood together in the thronging depot. George held him and dropped his head a moment, then said:

"Promise that you will use every precaution and do all you can to keep well, or I won't let you go."

Clay promised and turned to Helen, who was leaning on her husband's arm, and she did not speak but drew down Clay's face quickly and kissed him. He hesitated, looked at them all, took Edith's hand, and was gone.

Helen made Edith come and stay with them. They heard pretty constantly from Clay, directly or through the press; and one day the report came that Marcy was convalescent, and that he would undoubtedly have died but for the devotion of Dr. Kean.

Two weeks later George came in one morning and brought them news that his face told without words — Clay was down.

Marcy, still weak and subdued from his near approach to death and not wholly recovered from the astonished thankfulness for Clay's great and ill-deserved service, did all he could for him.

How the three at home went about hushed in those anxious days, as if beside the bed where Clay lay stricken far away, the heart-sick prayers that went up in the waking nights, the mingled dread and eagerness for the daily report, the sinking confidence, the succeeding dumb expectation, need not be further told. Deep gloom settled down upon them, and then was suddenly pierced by a ray of promise.

And as they had feared together and mourned in anticipation, so now they rejoiced with one another, at first with trembling and then with grateful confidence. Clay continued to revive, and by-and-by was reported out of danger.

Edith went home again. The prayed-for frosts quenched the plague, and presently Clay came creeping home, to meet in George and Helen the strong joy over one raised from the dead.

Kean heard from Marcy once or twice, then they lost all track of him for a good while. Kean took up his old life cheerfully, and came more and more to the front in his medical journal, whose increasing success was acknowledged to be largely due to him.

One winter Helen told him she thought Marcy had hunted up Edith and was taking money from her, and later that she was sure of it. In early spring, on his way to the office, Kean met Edith for the first time in a good while; and he walked a few blocks with her, going a little out of his way. Soon after reaching the office a man inquired for him, and was shown into his room. Kean was standing, leaning back thoughtfully, and he lifted his eyes and saw Marcy. He did not move or say anything, but looked at the fellow steadily; and Marcy abruptly asked him for money to pay his fare west.

A certain assurance in the fellow's manner increased Kean's desire on general principles to fling him downstairs. But he stood still with unchanging features and his eyes on the swaggering intruder while he argued the case with himself. Ought he not to send him out of mischief if he could? He had nothing to gain by it and no wish to spend money on him; he could get him a ticket and see that he started. Then he saw clear again. He straightened up, looked round, saw an improved scalpel lying near, took it up, and said he would give him a ticket to another place; and he drove him before him, tripping and stumbling down the stairs so that people came out to see.

Once or twice, after that, he saw him in the company of faro men and like gentry.

Finally Edith was obliged to consult Helen and George, and they advised and helped her to remove out of the way of his pursuit and robbery. Then Clay scarcely ever saw her.

Some time afterward he got a note from his friend Dr. Bain of St. Lazarus Hospital, saying they had a man there who wished to see him. He went up, and found it was Marcy. He saw it was a bad case, and the house-surgeon confirmed that opinion. He went to see him several times, and one night he found him excited and garrulous. He said he was glad to see Kean, that he felt better to-night, and wanted to talk to him.

"There's a minister that comes round here, and he's been talking up his little ground-plan of things to me. He's a clever little fellow, but he tries to square accounts by putting the cash to balance on the same side of the sheet with all the other entries; and it won't work. The whole thing's right here, Kean (you know I've always been frank). You've gone straight and I haven't, and you're there and I'm here; that's about the short meter of it. You wouldn't even shake hands, I believe; and I don't know as I blame you. But how was it? You were made cool and clean, without strong passion, and you got a straight start and went right along, square heel and toe. Oh, I know your score's true; I've watched you when you were off guard. But I wasn't made or started that way. I was put in a broker's office when I was ten, to help my mother off of three dollars a week; and I was smart at catching the tricks, and they used to laugh and coddle me when I played it sharp. But I played it a little too sharp for them afterward. I've been playing it on somebody ever since, and you can count my winnings easy; they're all right here. It hasn't made any difference to you which side of the cent came up; it was always 'Heads, I win; tails, you lose,' with you. And it doesn't stand to reason to balance the profit and loss by putting more loss on my side, does it?"

Kean did not respond to the implied invitation to shake hands, and his voice sounded stern, though he felt no enmity toward the poor wreck, but rather a deep awe toward the Author of all the strange issues of life.

"Don't build on any such shallow sophistry," he said. "You are very much mistaken if you believe that about me. You ought to know that if I have kept the straight road, as you say, it hasn't been altogether smooth or flowery. I advise you to listen to what the clergyman has to say."

Marcy dropped away then from his forced manner, whimpered a little and acknowledged that he had not deserved well of Kean, and declared that he was going to make a fresh start when he got out again.

Kean did what he could for his comfort and came away, and in the morning they sent him word that Marcy was dead.

He had not asked for Edith, and Helen now sent her the first news she had heard of it. Kean came in from making some arrangements for the burial, feeling tired and sore, and found Edith just arrived. She was flushed with a pained look. She turned on Clay:

"Oh, why did you not tell me? You ought to have told me — I should have been with him!"

Kean wheeled away from her, and when Helen looked in his face she turned sharply to Edith and spoke for him:

"Be still, Edith! You don't know what you are saying. You have no right to reproach Clay."

Kean saw that Marcy was decently buried, with as little showing of his own hand in the business as was possible. Edith knew, however, and one day later she asked his forgiveness for her ungrateful words. He easily forgave, but could not forget.

Helen pursuaded Edith to move into the city, where she could better help her to support herself and little Helen; and the stream of their lives flowed on with a smooth surface once more. Young Helen and Kean were fast friends, and by degrees he fell into the way of doing many friendly offices for the girl and her mother.

One Decoration day he met them on their way to a neighboring cemetery, and went with them. As they walked among the white stones and greensward of the sunny slope, Edith stopped and stood forgetfully before a child's simple monument. He saw that it bore a boy's name and the words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And his thoughts went off with hers to a far-away church-yard with a sweeter air and mellower sunshine brooding over it.

A day or two afterward he asked her if she knew whether or not there was a stone at her boy's grave. He told her Marcy had been going to have one put up when he left him after the fever. She did not know, and Kean offered to write and find out. She said she would like to know very much. He did write; but it was some time before he reported to Edith, and then he simply sent her two photographs in an envelope, one of the church-yard with the little grave, and one of the stone, showing the inscription with the same text as that which she had seemed to like. She spoke about it the first time he saw her, saying that he was very good and the pictures were a great comfort, and remarking how much the inscription pleased her. Something more she had intended to say, but could not to him; but to Helen she expressed remorse toward Marcy, when she showed her the pictures and told her about them.

Helen spoke to Clay about it afterward, and he became abstracted and forgot to answer a question she asked him. When she repeated it more pointedly he laughed suddenly and got up and went out.

With all the help Helen could manage to give Edith without offense, it was evident enough that she had a sharp struggle to live and keep Ellie at school. After a while she came in one day upon Helen and Clay, as they sat waiting for George. She was excited and showed them a sum of money which she said she had received from the West, with the information that a like amount would be due her regularly in future. She had no particulars as to its source; but, after thinking it over, she had no doubt that it was the proceeds of some mining investments which Marcy had made some years before. He had shown her a large sum of money at one time and told her he was going to invest it in her name. And she asked Clay to let her pay Marcy's funeral expenses now, as she had promised him to do when able, and she put the money into his hands. He spread it on his knee mechanically and sat looking at it; and after a while he counted out a part of it, rolled up the rest, and returned it without speaking.

Edith took leave quickly, and Helen went down with her.

When Helen came back some time afterward, Clay was still sitting where she had left him. He presently noticed that she stood looking at him, and he got up and laughed harshly, as before. He went out without speaking, and Helen found the money Edith had given him on the floor. When she offered it to him, he said:

"Can't you spend it for them somehow? I couldn't touch it."

He seemed a little hard for a time, but soon

renewed his friendliness with Edith, consorting indeed much more with young Helen, for whom he assumed the right to buy books and the like, and with whom he renewed his youth by association in her studies and sympathy with her enjoyments and occupations, in which she let him share. In fact, a certain involuntary sternness came into his manner toward Edith sometimes.

So they drifted on with the stream of the world. And by-and-by there came a great disquiet into all their hearts. Helen was not well; then she was less well, and still less.

One evening George went out early and bade Clay take Helen for a walk. She still laughed; nothing could subdue that dauntless spirit of hers. But as they went it made Clay's heart ache to feel how heavily she hung on his arm and how her feet lagged, weary and slow.

It put him in a sorry humor, and he spoke to her more openly than he ever had of certain matters of his own. He complained that Marcy seemed to have been fated to pursue him all his life; that even since his death he continued to curse him and fool Edith.

"She has been canonizing his miserable memory, and it seems as if I could not turn my hand without helping to gild the false god she has made of him."

They were silent for a while, and then Helen said:

"Clay, there are some things I don't quite understand that I think I ought to know."

And she put question after question to which he answered yes and no.

Edith was out of town, and on her return found an urgent message from Helen and went directly. Helen was failing rapidly; they knew the end could not be far off. The house was hushed and drear.

As Edith entered Helen's room softly, she sat propped up languidly trying to eat some watery-looking food. She looked sadly wasted and faint, but the old light came into her eyes, and she moved the dish toward her friend with such an expressive smile, and gesture of invitation to partake, that Edith could not help laughing, though both knew that death looked on. Helen lay down then and rested awhile. Then she made Edith come close, so that she could hold her hands and look straight in her face. She lay still so a little while, and then she said:

"Edith, you love Clay."

Edith turned white and then scarlet, and sank beside the bed as if struck down; and she cried:

"Oh, Helen, do not put me to shame. Oh, I have suffered."

"Edith, listen," Helen pursued; "I must speak to you. You have felt remorse toward Charles Marcy since his death, and believe him better than you learned to think him. It's time you knew the truth; he was a great deal worse than you ever dreamed. He was a forger and a thief. Even in that first knavery of which he was so frank to you, he added lying to cheating; he did keep one of the papers, a letter of credit from Clay, and he afterward altered it and used it again. Did you ever miss a page from your album on which Clay had written? Well, he took that and erased all but Clay's signature and forged a draft on it; and with the two papers he robbed Clay again. That was what brought Clay to Franklinburg when you saw him.

"And oh, Edith, the annuity you have had these years is the income of what was left of Clay's Valley City property when he stole the rest, and which Clay would never touch till he ordered it sent to you. You paid him for the funeral expenses with some of his own money. And Marcy did not put up the stone to your boy, but spent the money which Clay left for the purpose. Clay had it put up afterward. I never knew all this till now. I made Clay tell me the other night."

"Oh, Helen!" Edith cried. She was overwhelmed. Helen's phrases beat upon her like great waves and washed away the sands on which she had built her life, and there seemed to be nowhere any ground for her feet. She sat there helpless and hardly conscious. She did not know that Helen pulled her bell-cord and gave a whispered message.

After a while Clay came in. Edith did not move. He stood looking down at Helen; she lay with her eyes closed, then looked up at him and smiled.

"Clay," she said faintly, but with her old humor showing through all weakness, "I have been telling Edith how she has been deceived in you, and exposing you to her in your true character."

He looked at her with pain and reproach. Then he turned toward Edith. She sat in a low chair, downcast, with her hands outstretched in her lap. She could not get up, but she raised her eyes with painful constraint and said coldly:

"I must have seemed very dull and ungrateful. I have been very blind, but I am not ungrateful."

Her words and manner struck him with a chill pang. He turned from her and bent his head low beside Helen's.

"Oh, Helen," he cried bitterly, "you must not leave me. My heart is broken; she might have spared me her gratitude. I shall come with you: I shall not live!"

Helen laid her hand on his cheek, the mere ghost of a hand now; but her low laugh came still, and she chided:

"Oh, you poor, foolish children! Must I do it all? Clay, there is one thing I have not asked her, and one I have not told her, one you must tell her and ask her yourself."

He searched her face eagerly, then turned toward Edith; and he told her with one passionate cry, and continued:

"I don't want your pity or gratitude, but — oh, Edith, Edith!"

He held out his hands to her, without going nearer; and after a moment she got up and came and put her hands in his; and he drew her slowly, slowly, as if across the gulf of all the bitter years.

And so there came into that house a great grief and a deep, still joy. And both dwell there yet and temper one another after years have passed.

Edith came to live there, and lessened, as far as she might, the irreparable loss of Helen's children and their lonely, stricken father.

Edith and Clay go in and out with the sense of a great peace having fallen on the world after a long night of darkness and storm. They are not nearly so sure as they once were that they know much about the scheme of the world, but are confident that their more pressing concern is that they should be faithful in little or much. And so, perhaps, it is for all.

James T. McKay.

A BŌZŬ OF THE MONTO SECT.

IT was evening when we reached Kiōto, arriving by rail from Kōbé. For an hour past we had been riding through a valley not unlike the Shenandoah, save that instead of waving wheat and rustling corn we passed through fields of rice, the tanks here and there for irrigation sparkling in the rays of the setting sun like diamonds in fields of emerald.

There is only one thing to be done when you have no guide — keep your eye on the coolie who has taken the most of your baggage, and at the same time dart hither and thither through the crowd, pull the hair, kick, cane those who have taken rugs, coats, bags, even the book which you had laid down as the train came in, and which has been seized by some enterprising boy as a bait to draw you to his *jinrikisha*.

"Nakamaria's," we say, and away they go. A broad and imposing avenue is before us, but that we soon leave and turn into a narrow street, dark save for the lantern of the *jinrikisha*, which glides swift by the closed doors — for they go to bed early in Japan.

There is a sudden stop, a vigorous blowing of noses and wiping of brows; and we are at "Nakamaria's," larger than any tea-house we have yet seen. Last night we sat on the floor with our plates between our knees; to-night we have tables and chairs, a capital dinner, and comfortable beds.

"Well," I call out next morning in the cheerful tones of one who feels refreshed, "how did you sleep?"

"Don't ask me; didn't you hear that cow?"

"What cow?"

"*What* cow! You never hear anything. Why, that cow with the bell; she was in the bushes all night, and never stopped till three o'clock."

"Not cow, master," said the bright-eyed boy who acted as waiter; "not cow, plenty much ringing."

"I should say there was 'plenty much ringing.' What was it?"

"One man."

"What the deuce was a man ringing a bell for all night?"

"Plenty much bad, he do bad. Bōzŭ he say ring bell; he ring bell all night — all night."

This we found to be true. One of the penances prescribed by the priests is the constant ringing of a bell, the penitent to move from place to place repeating his prayers.

Ten minutes after breakfast we were whirling through Kiōto toward the great temple of the Monto or Shin sect; for since the preaching of Buddha (about 550 B. C.) Buddhism has not only split into the two great divisions of Northern and Southern, but in Japan itself there are no less than thirty sects, which is not the only way in which it resembles Christianity!

I believe the great Shinto temple at Tōkiō, which was burned in 1871, was considered the most splendid temple in Japan, with the exception of the one at Nikko; but certainly no *Buddhist* temple can compare with this, or rather *these*, for there are three in the one inclosure.

We enter by one of the three magnificent gates, built of wood and splendidly carved, but alas! painted. Here and there the paint has chipped off, and it is a continual disappointment to see marks of neglect in what was so gloriously planned. Like the religion,

the gates are more imposing from a distance. The paint is said to be necessary to protect the wood; the wonder is, to any one who has seen it rain in Japan, how the wood lasts at all, yet some of these temples date from the seventeenth if not sixteenth century!

Passing the gate, you enter a court-yard paved with stone. Stone lanterns stand on either side; on the left is a fountain, and on the right a sacred tree, looking suspiciously like maple, but in truth grown from a twig of that tree under which Gaûtama breathed forth his soul, and was absorbed in Nirvâna. (The sacred tree of Buddhism is like the pieces of the "true cross" in Italian cathedrals!)

The idea of the original model of all buildings, the tent, has been very completely retained in the Buddhist temples; the entrance, however, is from the side, and not from the end. The building is of a reddish-brown color, ornamented at the eaves with painted figures, yellow, red, and green dragons and the fabled *Kirin*. The temple is not graceful in form, it is even heavy.

We remove our shoes, and, having put on the straw sandals, ascend the broad steps to the piazza, which runs the whole length of the building, and stand within the temple.

Above the altar sits Buddha on the lotus flower. The altar itself, of polished lacquer ware, is resplendent with bronze candlesticks and vases filled with artificial flowers; slowly and languidly a thin spiral smoke ascends and is absorbed in the upper air. Below are the boxes in which is placed the sacred canon, remarkable in that here it is in the vernacular, while elsewhere it is in the mystical Sanskrit. The illuminated MSS. at San Marco or the Armenian convent at Venice are not to be compared with these for brilliancy of color or delicacy of touch.

The Japanese measure their temples by the number of mats it takes to cover the floor. A mat is about three feet by eight. This temple has 370 mats, *i. e.*, it contains 8880 square feet of floor. About one-sixth of this space is fenced off as a chancel; on a line with the "chancel-rail" is an "altar-screen" depending from the roof about fifteen feet. This is covered with gold, and wonderfully carved in chrysanthemums; it makes one think of the pomegranates in Solomon's temple. The chancel-wall and the pillars which support the roof are overlaid with beaten gold! Within this inclosure the priests alone may enter. The floor is covered with clean, cool mats of straw, and from the roof hang bronze lanterns of exquisite workmanship and delicately carved. The pillars are of *kiaki* wood, perfectly plain, but polished like cedar.

Opening from this is the Mikado's reception-room, where in former days the abbot received his Majesty. The walls are covered with gold lacquer, on which are pictures of peacocks and other birds of gorgeous plumage. At the end is a dais, and above that a painting representing the Emperor receiving homage from the Liu Kiu Islands. In the next room is a painting of the reception of the Mikado's son, for in the palmy days of Buddhism it was customary to place the second son of the imperial family in a monastery;—not a bad place for a "second son," one would say, to judge by the appearance of the jolly abbot, who, dressed in white cassock and yellow robe, is smiling at the "lay brother" who is putting on his sandals in the porch yonder. There were reasons why it would have been very inconvenient for the abbot to perform that office for himself.

On entering the "abbot's room," lions, tigers, and leopards seem ready to spring upon you, so faithfully are they carved upon the wall. Each piece of the carving, however, is done separately and fitted in like a child's puzzle, the whole fastened to the wall by minute brass-headed nails.

Passing from room to room we come to the garden, a beautiful and peaceful spot; it is here the monks read, and meditate, and do penance. In the center is an artificial pond, in which the gold and silver carp, some of them two feet long, were darting hither and thither till there were as many colors as in the sky at sunset.

Leaving the garden, we returned to the temple, where we found the priest waiting for us. He spoke English very correctly, but with a slight hesitation. He spoke very pleasantly of the Americans he had met, and then leading the way into the temple, and standing before the image of Buddha, he made his genuflection, and turning to us said: "I beg you will ask me any questions about the religion, and I will be glad to answer them if I can." We thanked him, and Bonner having suggested that I should question for both so as to avoid confusion, I began.

There were some thirty persons, men and women, in the temple, all of them very devout, kneeling and telling their beads. The rite is this: The worshiper on entering the temple strikes a gong which hangs at the door, to call the attention of God, and having thrown some "cash" into the treasury, to obtain a favorable hearing, devoutly kneels before the altar, and rubbing the beads which he holds between his extended hands, he puts up a prayer for grace or pardon, comfort or deliverance, as men have done in every nation since they walked with God in the garden.

Kneeling beside me was an old man who had fixed his eyes with an agonizing expression on the calm and immovable face of Buddha, which looked indeed as if it held the "key to all the creeds," but gave little promise of guiding into the truth any of the sons of men. Turning to the priest and pointing to this man, I said:

"Does that man worship the *image?*"

"Most certainly not; he prays to what the image represents, which is God."

"What then is the use of the image?"

"As a help. You and I are educated men, we have studied, we have thought, we are able to think *at once* of God; but what can a poor man know? You tell him there is a God; he will say 'Yes,' but he will not know what it means, he will forget. When he sees the image, he will remember and think of God. You have pictures of God in your Bible, but they are not God, they only make you think of him."

"True, you, an educated man, can distinguish between the type and the reality, between the image and God; do you think the common people can?"

"I cannot say, we do not so teach them; but it is hard to say what is in the minds of the ignorant people!"

"You speak of *God:* do you believe there is but one God?"

"Most certainly, I believe there is but one God."

"But how is it that yesterday I saw a Buddhist temple in which there were five hundred gods? and there is a temple to the goddess of mercy, and one to the god of war, and I know not how many more?"

"Ah," said he, "I tell you what *we* believe. There are many kinds of Buddhists, and one teach one thing, and another another, but I think *this* is true Buddhism. Besides," he added, his fine eye lighting up, "it is easy to *prove* that there cannot be many gods."

I did not feel that as a Christian it would be right to make a point against Buddhism on account of its divisions; it would be taking an unfair advantage! "We are not divided, all one body we!!"

"Let me ask you another question."

"Certainly."

"You say there is but one God?"

"Yes."

"Did he create the universe?"

"No; God cannot *make* matter, it already existed."

"Well, admitting that matter is eternal, how did it get into its present shape? 'By the fortuitous concourse of atoms?'"

"I do not understand you."

"How was this world made? It did not always exist in this shape."

"No one can tell. Probably by *trying:* the matter went this way and that way through a great many ages, and at last it took this form."

"But," said I, "we have nothing like that in life. You cannot fancy this temple building itself?"

"I cannot."

"This temple shows a plan, does it not?"

"Yes," said he, looking at the work with some pride.

"And if it had a plan, it must have had a planner, an architect?"

"Yes."

I was rather pleased with the argument thus far; it struck me it had a Socratic style, and that I was Socrates, in which conceit I was encouraged by Bonner's remarking in a stage whisper, "You're getting him." Still there was a trembling look in his eye, as if a thought were being held back, which in due time would spring forth, that I didn't like.

In an evil hour, without one thought of Paley, I pulled out my watch. He laughed.

"Oh," said I, "you know Paley's argument?"

"Yes," he said, and laughed again.

So I put back my "stem-winder," feeling very much like a *sophomore!*

"Well, anyway," I remarked, "it makes no matter whether we take a watch or a temple, or *what* we take." (I had been taught at college that if "Paley's man" had found a *stone* it would have done just as well!) "They all show design, and so prove a designer."

Then the eyes were thrown open and the thought leapt forth.

"No, they do not all show design. Only *artificial* things show design, only things which can be made. And what do you mean by saying a thing shows *design?* You only mean that by trying a man could make it. A watch shows design, a temple shows design, everything *made* shows design. A temple shows a builder; does the *wood?* does the *stone?* Do you understand chemistry?"

"A little," I answered. O spirit of Socrates, come to my aid!

"Then you know that there are certain *simple* substances which cannot be made; they always were. Gold shows no design, because it can neither be made nor destroyed. A *ring* shows design, but not the gold. When men can *make* a world, then they can prove that this one shows design, for the only way they know of design is by what they *make.*"

"But," you will say, "why didn't you tell him ——?" Yes, my friend, if you had said half the witty things at dinner that you thought

of on the way home, you would be a successful "diner-out" instead of a bore! I am not telling you what I might have said, but just as little of what I did say as will serve to cement the words of the Bōzŭ of the Monto sect.

"So, then, matter always existed, and came into this present shape by chance, and there is no Creator?"

"Yes."

"And the souls of men, did they too always exist?"

"Yes, and they pass from one body to another; the soul you have now existed before your body, and will live when that is dead."

"What proof have you of that?" I asked.

"Do you think that the soul will ever die?" said he.

"No, I do not."

"Well, then, it *never was not.*"

"But that is only an assertion. If I had lived in a previous condition, I should remember something of it."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes."

"Were you born dead or alive?"

"What!"

"Were you alive at one day, at one month, at one year? *What do you remember of it?*"

"Well, when I die what sort of a body shall I take?"

"That depends upon your life. If you have done good here, you may go to another planet and then to another, each life being higher than the one before, till you are perfect. But if you lead an evil life, you will go down to a beast, a horse or, worse, a pig, perhaps to a tree or stone."

"But let me ask you, you say that souls always existed?"

"Yes."

"Well, after the world got into this shape, and the first pair——"

"Excuse me, that is a mistake of your Bible; we did not come from one pair."

"How then do you account for the fact that men are alike all the world over?"

"Because they were made in the same way all over the world, had the same causes. You have fir-trees and maple-trees in America?"

"Yes."

"So have we in Japan; but they did not all come from the same root!"

"Still there must have been a time when the human race *started* on this earth?"

"Yes."

"Let us then suppose that it began with one hundred pairs."

"Yes."

"And that each pair had two children."

"Good."

"And that none of the parents died before the children were born."

"Well?"

"Then there must have been four hundred souls on the earth where there had been but two hundred; now, where did the souls of the children come from?"

"You must remember that there are other planets; they came from them."

"No matter where you begin, you still have this difficulty, that if the number of births be greater than the number of deaths, there will be souls for which you cannot account."

"Sir, perhaps you can see to the end of the planets. *I* do not pretend to be able to comprehend the universe!"

"Then the God whom you worship is not a creator of matter, nor of spirits, they, too, being eternal. Now, is he a moral governor of the universe?"

"How do you mean?" said the Bōzŭ.

"Does he rule men as a king, or as in material things? The present form is the result of chance: is the same true of nations and individuals?"

"Yes."

"What! do you not believe in progress? Is not the human race continually growing wiser and better?"

"Yes."

"Do you not think, then, there is a plan to be seen in history?"

"No, I think not. We improve by finding what is best. You go into a forest, you wish to find your way out; you try this way, that way, you cannot get out; then you go *this* way" (pointing straight ahead).

"But you find in all history that those progress who follow a plan. If the English and French were to make war against Japan, if the Mikado had no plan and let his army go each man as he saw fit, and the others had a plan and followed it, what would be the result?"

"No doubt the Mikado would be beaten for the time, but he would learn and be better *next time.* That is the way we learn all things! And besides, God cannot govern the world, because he is good!"

"How so?"

"Is there not pain and sickness in the world?"

"Yes."

"If God had anything to do with man, he would not have that. There is a sickness when you are hot and cold. You call it——?"

"Chills?"

"I think so. What do you call the medicine to cure that?"

"Quinine."

"Yes. Now we have not found that long; a good God would not have let so many people suffer if he could have given them that. A man found it by chance. The sickness and the suffering in this life are for wrong done in another life."

"What do you mean by wrong?" I asked.

"That which is not for the best."

"Well, when my watch goes too fast or too slow, I say it is wrong: does it commit sin?"

"I do not understand."

"When a tiger comes into a village and eats a man, it is not for the best, is it?"

"No."

"Does the tiger do right or wrong?"

"He does right for the tiger and wrong for the man. It is best for the tiger to eat the man, for the man to kill the tiger!"

"Is it wrong for one man to kill another?"

"Yes."

"And to lie and steal?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because it destroys the harmony of the social relations. You must not hurt me, for then I would want to hurt you; and if all men lived in that way, there could be no peace. You must not lie to me, for then I should not know whether to do one thing or another, for I could not trust you."

"So then I must not hurt you for fear you might hurt me?"

"Yes." *

"Is there no other reason?"

"I do not know any."

"Is there no *rule* of right which all men must follow?"

"No; if there were, all men would think the same things bad. They do not. You think it is bad to have more than one wife; some other nations do not. They think it is bad to drink anything which you drink. There can be no rule, but each nation finds out what is best for itself."

"We too," said I, "think that things may be expedient for one nation which are not so for another, but deeds are right or wrong as they conform or do not conform to a rule, which is the will of our God; and those things of which we have spoken — lying, stealing, murder, and such like — we agree with you in thinking wrong and hurtful to society, and we have commandments forbidding them. This we call our duty to man; but besides that is there no other duty?"

"I do not understand."

"Do you owe nothing to Amida Buddha?"

"Oh, no!"

"What then is your God? He did not create you; he does not help you; you do not owe him anything. What is this God?"

This question, to which more than any other I wished an answer, received none; for at that instant a lay brother appeared and spoke to the priest, who, turning to us, said he was needed and must go.

"Tell me," I said, "before you go, have you ever read the Bible?"

"Some of it."

"Well, is it not a nobler and fuller religion than this?"

"For you, yes. I do not think it would suit us. The Japanese are not a European nation; it is a mistake to try and make them dress and talk like Americans. Your religion is good for you, this for us. There is but one God; you call him Christ, we call him Buddha. I must go; I wish you good-bye, and I thank you for talking to me."

And so, gentle and courteous and full of thought, he left us, and we slowly left the temple, having much to think of, for in a nation "very superstitious" we had met a man who was "working righteousness."

The sky is overcast, a chill wind from the north shakes the sacred tree: does it foretell the fall of Buddhism, or is it only shaking off the dead leaves? These indeed are showered upon us, and slip themselves, as it were, willingly beneath our feet; they are crushed to pulp, not dead; no! they have only taken one more step in the infinite journey of life.

Banish from your thoughts the idea that Buddhism is a senseless idolatry.

It is a great religion; it has its saints, philosophers, and poets; its philosophy is the same as our French and English positivism.

IT would be an interesting question, but one which must be left to an abler pen than mine: Has the East borrowed from the West, or Europe from Asia? Or, is neither true, but as there are "fir-trees in America, so are there in Japan," and the same law has produced the same results on both sides of this little planet?

Leighton Parks.

* "This grand moral system of Buddhism, starting with the idea of the entire renunciation of self, ends in that downright selfishness which abhors crime, not because of its sinfulness, but because it is a *personal* injury; which sees no moral pollution in sin, but merely a calamity to be deprecated, or a misfortune to be shunned."—"Buddhism," by Ernest J. Eitel, M. A., Ph. D., p. 63.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Negation not a Remedy.

THE present number of THE CENTURY contains several discussions of the labor question, three of them by employers of labor: Mr. William Morris, the well-known poet, artist, and art-manufacturer; Mr. E. L. Day, a manufacturer in a Western State; and Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne, of the De Vinne Press. Mr. Morris was one of the earliest contributors to this magazine. His genius, the warmth and breadth of his sympathies, and the purity of his intentions few will question; but we are sorry to find Mr. Morris's hopes for a solution of the labor question so vague, and presented in language so easy to be misunderstood.

An old writer, Algernon Sidney, has given us a work on government. In spite of its implicit belief in the theory of the Social Contract, in one or other of its phases, the work is to be commended to Mr. Morris's serious attention, in that it shows on every page the reverence with which a man of Sidney's ability regarded the task of government, even when the society in which he lived had far fewer individual members, and far less intense individual wants, than at present. In one striking sentence Sidney declares his contempt for the understanding of those who believe that "the care and direction of a great people were so easy a work that every man, woman, or child, how young, weak, foolish, or wicked soever, may be worthy of it, and able to manage it." Anglo-Saxon society has heretofore taken as its guide the principle here upheld by Sidney; it has believed that the individual's ability would be fully occupied if the care of himself and his interests were left as far as possible to himself, and that the individual, though he be an autocrat or a government agent, is foredoomed to failure in any effort to exercise a general paternal care and restraint over the interests of others; individual liberty has thus had its roots rather more in distrust of human ability than in assertion of human privilege. On what new revelation of governmental capacities does Mr. Morris base his proposed "revolution"? How long is it since the state acquired the ability to do with success what the individual finds difficulty in doing even very imperfectly?

Mr. Morris evidently does not propose to banish production from his revolutionized society. Where are we to look for the managers of this production? The question is the pivot of the discussion. Mr. Morris's school never have answered it, and ought to answer it before expecting a respectful hearing. At present there is need of the most intense energy on the part of that arch-fiend, Competition, in order to evolve such managers; they must be given the largest salaries; and even then the lament is that the supply is by no means equal to the demand. How is "universal coöperation, *i. e.*, socialism," to obtain its managers of production without offering them incentives which shall at once raise them above the body of their fellows and reintroduce the antagonistic principle? And, on the other hand, as we are to deal with the modern civilized state, accustomed to have its wants supplied regularly and promptly by men who are brought to the work by the rewards which it promises, are we really to deprive it suddenly of their services without preparing or suggesting a substitute? Is not this rather a serious proposition? Is it not fair to demand that the new society should first prove its claims to recognition on a smaller scale, where the consequences of failure would be minimized? The retail trade, under the guidance of the object of Mr. Morris's uncompromising hostility, Competition, supplies the people of every city daily with just the number of loaves of bread and quarts of milk needed therein. Some individuals, it must be admitted, get less than they desire or need. Let Mr. Morris persuade the government he wishes to reform to intrust to him, as head of a bureau, the task of supplying London. If he does not leave a far greater number of individuals empty than Competition ever did, he will have a fairer claim on public attention than ever before. If he cannot yet persuade society to intrust to him this comparatively trifling task, on what grounds does he claim the infinitely larger one of regulating and supplying the individual wants of a great people?

Until the school for which Mr. Morris speaks is willing to descend to some such practical test, to offer clear propositions, and to defend them in plain terms, their disquisitions tend to no conclusion. Mr. Morris may say that he is "driven toward revolution as the only hope"; but the plain fact is that he is only driving others. The words are pleasant and satisfactory to him; they are a soothing-syrup which enables him to enjoy all the advantages of competition with the rest of us, while repudiating all responsibility for it. But there are countless others to whose temperaments they are as firebrands and sharp arrows. The dissatisfaction which is but a plaything to some is a bitter and a burning thing in the hearts of others; and the socialist leaders of our day might find better work for humanity than that of fanning it into a hopeless and destructive conflagration.

Civil Liberty and Equal Rights.

THE study of man as he is in human society shows him in an aspect very different from any in which he can be dealt with by theology, or economics, or natural history. He is no longer merely a moral agent, or an economic force, or a bimanous mammal. All the characteristics or rules which could be derived from the most careful study of man in these aspects might be summed up and yet entirely fail to give any definite idea of man as a member of society. Here he is hedged in by metes and bounds; he is conditioned on every side by limitations of which he can know nothing in his other aspects. He may not intrude upon the property of another, nor may he burn his own house; he may not lock up his enemy in his dungeon, nor may he drive his horses over a drawbridge at a rate faster than a walk; he may not send threatening

letters to another, nor may he offer money to another to induce him to vote righteously; he may not practice as a lawyer without the permission of society, nor may he buy poisons at retail except from those whom the agents of society have designated to sell them. There are restrictions on every side of him, and the bulk of his education as a citizen consists in learning the exact nature of these restrictions, and in learning to appreciate the overwhelming attendant advantages which more than make them good. When he has learned the nature and extent of the restrictions which society has imposed upon him, he knows also the residue of his freedom of action, which makes up his civil liberty.

Until the present, our branch of the human race, particularly in the United States, has been fortunate in the simplicity of the social forms to which it has been able to confine itself. There seems to have been a peculiar self-restraint in the blood of the people, which has led individuals to be chary of asserting the full measure of their civil liberty, so that society has found it necessary to proclaim and enforce only certain general restrictions. Public opinion, that most formidable factor in a fully developed democracy, has been felt by every individual as a restriction on his civil liberty, the more powerful, perhaps, in that it was enforced by no organized power, was formulated in no permanent terms, and yet reached to particulars more minute than any with which human law could ever concern itself. Simple as this social system has been, it has shown a wonderful power of absorption. English, Irish, Scottish, French, and German blood has been poured into the body politic, and has shortly ceased to be distinguishable from the original. It has seemed as if the mold which the fathers of the republic had provided would be able to fashion into Americanism the blood of all the nations that be upon the face of the earth, and that here civil restriction would always be light, and civil liberty correspondingly large and generous.

Now we find a thin stream of blood which persistently refuses to be assimilated, and is, moreover, irreconcilably hostile to the society which it has entered. We have to deal with professed anarchists, to whom a law has no value except as furnishing the opportunity to break it, to whom public opinion is only the supreme irritant, and to whom modern science has furnished destructive agents of indefinite power. Alien in blood, in sentiment, in purpose, in language, in everything that makes man man and distinguishes him from the beasts that perish, they have injected themselves into a country whose institutions abhor them and are abhorrent to them. Why are they here? Who invited them hither? What prevents their going elsewhere, to some still uninhabited quarter of the globe, and there constituting society to suit themselves? Do they stand on their "liberty" of going where it pleases them? Then let them learn and remember that they have voluntarily obtruded themselves upon a society where only civil liberty is recognized, and that bomb-throwers and dynamiters, who are in society but at war with it, shall have only the laws of war up to an unconditional surrender. If they despise the surface weakness of American society, they shall feel the weight of its arm as no enemy has ever felt it before. When they assert by overt acts their liberty of attacking society, of killing policemen and resisting militia, the only argument in reply will be the rifle and the rope.

But there are other demagogues who may well anticipate and avoid the lesson. We have prided ourselves on the fact that our society was mainly composed of workingmen; and the great mass of our workingmen have an American horror of the coward who stabs in the back or throws dynamite. But there are professional agitators, who are ignorantly inciting workingmen to acts which differ only in degree from those of the anarchists; and some of their disciples, having no better instruction than the agitators are in the habit of furnishing, are inclined to apologize for or defend acts committed in the name of labor which they would condemn at once if a professed anarchist were the doer. They should learn the meaning of civil liberty, that it is the measure of natural freedom which society considers to be consistent with the equal freedom of others. Let it be shown, at any time, that the measure of civil liberty is so large that some are using it to abridge the equal liberty of others, and society must and will abridge civil liberty so far as is necessary to secure equal rights.

Can society, at least in our American form of it, accomplish such a task as this if it should become necessary? The anarchist thinks not; he evidently has but a meager notion of the war-power of democracy; for forcible resistance to society must be considered as war. Only monarchies and aristocracies make war and peace with facility. A democracy seldom prepares for war, always begins it with a succession of costly blunders, and usually succumbs only through absolute exhaustion. The manner in which republican France threw back Europe from her borders in 1793 and assumed the hopeless contest with Germany in 1870–71, the desperate nature of the struggle between the United States and the seceding States and between the two republics of Peru and Chili, are but examples of the intensity with which democracy rises to the height of an increasing danger. The poet's simile of "a wild-cat mad with wounds" is none too strong for a democracy when it is pushed into a dangerous position. Is there any reason to suppose that the American democracy has changed its nature in twenty-five years?

The courts are open for all; the laws may be altered peaceably. If laws are bad, if rich oppressors exist, powerful labor organizations are just the element needed to reform the one and to prosecute the other. But let the work be done decently and in order, without infringing the recognized and equal civil liberty of others. Above all, let the organizations impress upon their members, as the very first lesson, that violent resistance to society can only be of evil omen for these organizations, for society itself, and for civil liberty.

Charity Organization.

In a systematizing age it is inevitable that so large a branch of human activity as is comprehended under the term charity should share in that tendency. Seventeen years ago this propensity took the form in London of an association of practical and devout philanthropists, who expressed their aim by calling themselves "The Society for Organizing Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicity." That the movement was

opportune is shown by the character of those who have come to its support, and by the rapid expansion of the organization. In whatsoever city it has planted itself it would be difficult to find a person conspicuous for actual service among the miserable, or for intelligent acquaintance with the problems of philanthropy, of any religious faith or any nationality, who has not been one of the promoters of its enterprises. Since its inception in London, in 1869, the society has grown into more than sixty provincial auxiliaries, and has enrolled among its correspondents a hundred other local associations within the United Kingdom. In America, during the past eight years, more than fifty organizations tracing their initiative impulse directly to the London society have arisen in our chief cities, from Portland to Kansas City and New Orleans.

No large or genuine reformation in society ever took root which had not a long series of antecedent experiments, out of the failure or success of which the true line of movement gradually came to view. Thus it has been with Charity Organization; otherwise it could never have commanded the general support of eminent philanthropists in the widely divergent communities where it has gone.

Aware that immeasurable harm to those whose hardships leave them defenseless against it was constantly flowing in the channels of so-called charity, the promoters of the new movement warned the rich and the religious, the educated and the generous, that they were responsible for the consequences of their crude, sentimental prodigality, and that they were doing mischief instead of good by it. They told this heedless, self-complaisant public that its cheap methods denoted alienation from and not pity for the poor, whom it could not treat so injuriously if it had the heart to acquaint itself with their true wants. It is no answer to say that poverty cannot be eradicated because Christ has forewarned us that "the poor ye have always with you," since he did not say that poverty must of necessity be a whining, dissolute mendicancy.

Among the long train of evils which lavish alms and heterogeneous administrations of them have caused, experience has shown these to be the most obstinately recurrent: The accumulation of many donations in a common treasury, whether that of a board of guardians or of a voluntary society, seduces by its magnitude the imagination of those to whom five cents is a large provision for a dinner; the applicants for a share in these funds are tempted to fit their narratives to the temper and conditions which govern their distribution; a sense of right to provisions made expressly for their ilk grows up in them, without a corresponding sense of gratitude, because those who furnish the money have no intercourse with or interest in the individuals who receive it; the success of one application is almost immediately followed by scores of others from the same locality; trades spring up based upon traffic in the things which such mechanisms gratuitously supply; idleness and intemperance are fostered among the weak, and encouraged in proportion to the extent to which society releases them from the necessity of taking care of themselves; illegitimacy, the abandonment of children and wives, and the neglect of aged parents increase as the hard-pressed find provisions made to take the place of the duties of natural affection; the lot of honest toil is handicapped by competition with those who cast their responsibilities and cares upon the charity purse; wages are lowered as the alms-chest fills up, and the infection of mendicity grows more virulent with depressed conditions; through enticement to easy lying, rascality gets the prize and uprightness is neglected; the children of those whom the strangers' money has corrupted grow up in squalor, familiar with the shifts, the tricks, and the obscene character of pauperism. What charity is there in schemes that bear such fruit?

Two processes have been successfully employed in Charity Organization for preventing these mischiefs. First comes that of registering those who apply for gratuities. The names are obtained from public officials, from corresponding societies, from churches, and from private citizens. In the New York society the registers now record about 75,000 families, or 300,000 names. The object of these lists is as much to sift out and certify to the good character of the meritorious as it is to detect rounders, impostors, and dissolute households. For the most part the lists are in fact a registry of laziness, craft, and vice, but this result is an illustration of the kind of life which is nourished by the old methods of almsgiving. Registration does not cause but only exposes it. The information thus accumulated is accessible only, as to individual cases, to those who have occasion to use it for charitable purposes. It also affords an initial point for investigation into the real circumstances of the mendicant, and the means of arriving at an understanding of the course which should be pursued to reclaim those who are not incorrigible. The value of such a system in rendering futile the frauds of the base, in accrediting the worthy poor to the charitable, in protecting the generous from misapplied services, and in furnishing almsgivers with the means of concerted or complementary relief, needs only to be suggested.

The second process of Charity Organization aims to secure the intercourse and coöperation of all the agencies and individuals engaged in ministering to public distress. This aim is naturally slow of achievement, because adhesion to the new movement implies defects in old customs, and wounds the *amour propre* of their followers. But in the wide constituency of charity there has always been enough sweet graciousness to rally hundreds of thoughtful men and women to "try all things and to hold fast that which is good." There has always been enough coöperation to show how excellent a thing it is. Among the economies gained by it are these: The associates protect each other from impositions, and thus liberate from misuse large sums for the aid of genuine misfortune; they make the varied knowledge of each the common property of all, in respect both to acquaintance with the poor and to methods of dealing with them; they save each other from duplicating and reduplicating the same investigations and experiments; they supplement each other's work, so that the aggregate of aid from several varied sources becomes adequate to the complete relief of a case of destitution; they gain in the intellectual and moral emulations of mutual intercourse and in the sense of power arising out of liberation from disheartening deceptions, and the consciousness of more precise direction of their energies.

Though Charity Organization is largely a matter of administration, yet nowhere is the impotency of

machinery and of money more keenly felt. Its service calls not for less, but for a different and a more arduous sort of effort. In its judgment relief is not relief, but a snare, until it puts an end to the condition of dependence. Each instance of necessity must be studied by itself; the means of recuperation which may inhere in it are to be sought out even at the cost of months of patient watching and inquiry; it is firmly and wisely to be restrained from following hurtful impulses and using injurious helps. This thing cannot be done until the prudent, the wise, the brave, and the chastened become the household friends of those who falter and stumble in the rough paths of life, for the face of man answereth to face, and not to purse. Hence Charity Organization emphasizes the worth of personal intercourse between those who would give and those who need; it summons the benevolent to conference that the blundering hand may learn skill, and the truest word may be the guide of them all; it sends out corps of household visitors, and is intent on gaining for every miserable home at least one friend, with whom dissembling is useless, and from whom it can draw the inspiration of hope, the strength of truth, and the guidance of discretion.

OPEN LETTERS.

Christian Union.

LETTERS FROM CONGREGATONAL DIVINES.

From President Seelye of Amherst.

CHRISTIAN union in the New Testament has its originating impulse and continued inspiration in the Christian's union with God. It belongs thus to the deepest reality of the Christian life. This is expressed in the utterance of the Redeemer, when he prays "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us. . . . I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." (John xvii. 21, 22.)

This oneness with God and this oneness with one another spring from the same fountain. The blood of Christ is the living source in both. So Paul expressly states in the first and second chapters of his epistle to the Ephesians. It is the blood of Christ through which "we have redemption, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace" (Eph. i. 7), and it is the blood of Christ "which hath broken down the middle wall of partition between" Jew and Gentile, "for to make in himself of twain one new man, so making peace." (Eph. ii. 14, 15.) "Wherefore remember, that ye being in time past Gentiles in the flesh, who are called uncircumcision by that which is called the circumcision in the flesh made by hands; that at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world. But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometime were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." (Eph. ii. 11, 12, 13.)

Christianity is thus fellowship, in its innermost meaning,—fellowship with God, and therefore fellowship with man. The love which unites Christians with one another is no more the result than it is the reality of the love which unites them to God. "We love him because he first loved us." (1 John iv. 19.) "And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also." (1 John iv. 21.)

This is very different from a pantheistic union, which merges and absorbs the individual in the universal. In the truly Christian fellowship, the Christian, so far from losing, only thus gains his true individuality. He who comes to know himself as distinctly loved of God, comes to a distinct apprehension of himself, and by the power of loving thus awakened gains his highest power of personal life. He only finds his life by losing it. (Matt. xvi. 25.)

By loving his fellow man also, he does not diminish, but rather enlarges and intensifies the reality of his individual life. This is quite unlike the relations existing in the natural world. There the individual exists only as the representative of the species. He has no worth nor end save as the species shall be mirrored and reproduced in him, and when this has been accomplished he disappears and ceases to be. But in human life inspired by love, the loving will lifts the individual into his only true individuality. Self-sacrifice does not destroy, it creates the true self. Love emancipates the self from its bondage, gives it true liberty, and is its only life. What is personally its own, the truly Christian life retains for itself in all purity and excellence, because it has first given all its own to others. This seeming paradox is in reality the profoundest truth of the Christian life.

This fellowship of Christian hearts is the church. As the word used to denote it in the New Testament literally means, the church is primarily an assembly, the assembly of believers, called together not to constitute the fellowship, not to create the love which unites Christian souls, but to express, and thus to perfect and maintain, the living communion — the communion of saints — in which is the reality of the Christian life. As such the church is manifold. There are various assemblies, many churches,—according to the various localities in which they are gathered together. In the New Testament more frequent reference is made to these individual assemblies than to the general fellowship in which they are all participant. But the same word denotes both. We find in close connection, as in 1 Cor. x. 32, and xi. 16, references to "the church of God" and "the churches of God." Christ is "the Head of the church" (Eph. v. 23); it is "the church of the living God" (1 Tim. iii. 15), and there are also "churches of Christ" (Rom. xvi. 16), and "churches of the saints" (1 Cor. xiv. 33).

The unity and the plurality are both distinctly marked, and neither can be to the prejudice of the other. Indeed, as in the personal Christian life the individual does not lose but rather gains his complete individuality by the love which unites him to God and to his fellow men, so the individual church, by the consciousness of its relationship to the church universal, increases also in the consciousness of its own identity and rights and powers. The freedom belonging to the individual church of managing its own affairs — the freedom of self-determination — is not impaired by that fellowship which belongs to "all the churches of the saints." Neither is this fellowship which constitutes "the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood" (Acts xxii. 28), and "which is his body, the fullness of him that filleth all in all" (Eph. i. 23), any more inconsistent with the freedom of the various churches, than is that fellowship in which individual hearts are united in love to one another and to God inconsistent with their own individual freedom. Freedom belongs to fellowship and fellowship to freedom. Liberty and love grow out of the same root in the reality of their meaning, as in the origin of the words which express them. The individual church is free by virtue of the fellowship of the church universal, and the church universal is a fellowship in so far as it fulfills and upholds the freedom of all the churches which participate in it. The fellowship of all believers is one. They are all members of the one living body of Christ, which is the church,— one body with many members. That union may be the closest which permits the greatest diversities.

The freedom of the churches and the unity of the church are similar, if not identical, with the freedom and the unity belonging to the state. The state is a unit. In strictness of meaning it is the organic unity of mankind. All men are united in the state as members of an organism wherein each member is the means and the end of all the rest. Each man has his manhood only by virtue of this union. He is a man only as he is a means for the well-being of all men, and at the same time an end of their well-being. Considered apart from this union, as alone and separate from other men, he ceases to be a man, as the old proverb puts it: *Unus homo, nullus homo.* This organic unity of mankind which is the state, makes it proper to affirm that there is, in the broadest meaning of the term, but one state. And yet there are many states, with also great diversities in their constitutions and laws. We have monarchies, republics, democracies, all exercising the functions of government, and all claiming a right, which is also universally acknowledged, to the prerogatives of states. This diversity, however, does not militate against their unity. It is equally true that there is but one state, and that there are many states. The universal and the particular complement each other and are not contradictory. The organic unity which is the state requires for its actualization that there be particular states, as geographical or other conditions determine. These particular states are states in so far as they typify the one state, just as individual men are men only as the universal qualities of manhood are mirrored or expressed in them. The particular states together do not constitute the one universal state, any more than individual men in the aggregate make up the one universal manhood. The state is one and universal, as manhood is one and universal, and at the same time there are particular states as there are individual men. The unity of the state, therefore, does not require — indeed in the actual condition of men would not permit — that all particular states should lose their individuality of government or institutions, and be merged in what might be deemed the visible embodiment of the one universal state. The universal state has no visible embodiment. It finds its expression, in certain degrees, among the different states, but is itself beyond all expression, and higher than any forms can reach. Yet it is not thereby without reality or power. In our modern world nothing has shown itself more real or potent. What we call international law, or the law of nations,— unknown except in the vaguest, faintest way in ancient times,— is recognized in our day as a sovereignty in human affairs, equally majestic and mighty. It has no visible throne; it does not utter itself through the voice of a monarch, or the votes of a legislature or the people; it has no courts to expound, nor any fleets or armies to enforce its dictates; but it guides kings, and legislatures, and peoples, and courts, and fleets, and armies in our times, with an authority whose manifestation of power is steadily increasing. There is nothing so characteristic of modern politics as the sway which international law is continually gaining among the existing nations. There is no other point in which the politics of the present day are so clearly distinct from those of the ancient world. But international law is nothing other than the voice of the one universal state. It is the state in the highest exhibition of it yet given in history. It is one and indivisible, and is uniting through itself more and more manifestly all particular states. But it leaves these states in their separate forms, each to manage its own affairs in freedom, each to maintain for itself a monarchical or republican or democratic government, as its own requirements shall determine. The organic unity is not impaired in the least — it is rather maintained — by this diversity. The organic relationship among men, the principle of human brotherhood itself, which requires in one case a monarchy, may require in another a republic, or a democracy, as it requires in every case the exercise of freedom.

The relation of church and state is not now our theme, but this obvious unity of the state amid all diversities of states fitly illustrates the true unity of the church. The church is one and indivisible. There is but one holy and catholic and apostolic church. But this church has no more definite form or visible embodiment than has the one universal state. It would be as absurd, and an absurdity of precisely the same sort, to affirm of any given form of church organization — Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational — that it and it only is the one church, as to declare that any given state — monarchical, republican, democratic — is the one and only state. The catholic church, like the universal state, is more or less clearly mirrored or fully expressed in particular organizations; but self-direction is as much the law of the church as it is of the state, liberty everywhere being the normal evolution of law, the freedom of the one, in its strictest meaning, being involved in the fellowship of all. Of course by freedom and liberty here I have in mind something quite other than license.

License is lawlessness, while the only perfect conception of liberty is perfect obedience to perfect law. That individual churches should cease to have their separate organizations, or be denied the liberty, under the general law of Christian fellowship, to manage their own affairs, is no more practicable or desirable than that individual states should cease to have their self-direction. Questions of difference, questions of comity or agreement, between the individual churches will be best settled by the enlarging sense of what is required by the communion of saints and the fellowship of the one body of Christ, just as such questions between different states are best adjusted by the larger knowledge of the organic relationship of all states, and the increasing disposition to conform to all the demands of the universal state. The autonomy of the individual church or state is preserved in liberty and kept from license through the autocracy of the universal.

In the common version of the New Testament, our Lord says, in John x. 16: "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." In the original, however, the "one fold" is "one flock," and is thus rendered in the new version: "And they shall become one flock, one shepherd." The difference is quite apparent between the oneness belonging to the flock, and the oneness secured by a fold.

Julius H. Seelye.

From Professor Fisher of Yale.

It is not the design of this paper to set forth the advantages of any particular ecclesiastical system. The question is how catholic Christianity can be made to prevail over sectarianism. Sectarianism is the taking of a part for the whole,— the spirit that breeds division, separates Christians into hostile camps, hinders fraternal unity in feeling and coöperation in Christian work. Christian union, the inward sense of oneness, may show itself in the cordial intercommunion of different churches, and in their harmonious exertions for the common cause. It may, also, conceivably give rise to an organic unity.

As regards the Church of Rome, the Vatican dogma of the Pope's infallibility has raised a new and high wall of separation. Protestants at present can only abjure the old intolerance which denied that the Roman communion is a branch of the Christian church, recognize and appreciate whatever is good in the Latin church both now and in the past, and unite, as far as practicable, with Roman Catholics in Christian efforts to do good. For anything beyond this we must wait for changes, to occur we know not when or how. In this brief paper it is expedient to confine the attention to the Protestant evangelical bodies.

The groundwork of unity among Christians is religion, the most powerful of all principles of union among men. There is a common relation to Christ, whereby each obedient child of the Father, according to the saying of Jesus himself, is to Him a "brother, and sister, and mother." The bond of unity among His followers is the Holy Spirit, dwelling in all, and to be recognized by the fruits of Christian character and work. Peter was called to account at Jerusalem for recognizing Cornelius and other uncircumcised persons as brethren. He defended himself by appealing to the fact that "God gave them the like gift" — the gift of the Spirit — "as he did unto" the Jewish Christians. So the Jerusalem apostles and believers joined hands with Paul when they saw that he had been as successful in converting the heathen as Peter had been in converting the Jews. "The same" [Spirit], Paul explains, "is mighty in me toward the Gentiles"; they "perceived the grace that was given unto me." This is the test always. Who can look on the Wesleyan Methodist body, and the great work done by it for God and man, without being constrained to say just what the Judaic Christians were obliged to acknowledge of Paul and Barnabas? Who can look on the Moravian missions, or on the missions of the Congregationalists in all quarters of the globe, and judge otherwise than the Jerusalem conservatives judged of Paul and Barnabas? The Judaizers clamored for other criterions; not so "James, Cephas, and John." External, historical, ritualistic touchstones are fast giving way before the palpable, immediate, irresistible appeal made by the actual fact of casting out devils in the name of Christ.

What are the chief obstacles to Christian union? First, of course, there is the immense bias in favor of some one sect and against others, which we inherit from the past and from ages of conflict. But this prejudice, like the traditional antipathy of nations, slowly melts away. Next, there is the blind bondage to names. People will not only cling to what they have had, but they will have it under just the same name. Many a Congregationalist has a dread of episcopacy, of "prelatical rule"; but no small part — I do not say the *whole*, but *no small part* — of the actual, practical work of a bishop is really done among Congregationalists by an irresponsible episcopacy of theological professors, secretaries of societies, "leading pastors," etc. Moreover, it is a kind of work that *must* be done by somebody. Thirdly, there is the specific hindrance to union arising from dogmatic intolerance. The single truth on which Christ (in his words to Peter) founded the church is not deemed enough as a term of communion. Dogmatic inferences are spun out, and supposed logical implications are piled up so high as to constitute numberless walls of exclusion. If there is to be union, diversities of opinion on a great variety of topics must be genially allowed. Theological narrowness and logical fanaticism will have to be overcome; and this change is gradually taking place.

There are barriers of *rite* as well as of *dogma*. Men have been resolved to insist on uniformity of observances as well as of doctrinal tenets. Why not permit here, too, a wide range of diversity? Why not make room for an orderly variety even under the same organization? Why should not the church be as comprehensive in its ritual as in its creed? Is it absurd to imagine a time when liturgical and non-liturgical churches may be combined under one ecclesiastical régime? When, even in the same sanctuary, there may be in one part of the day a liturgical service, and in another part of the day a non-liturgical? Are not these long-continued varieties of preference as to the mode of worship likely to continue? Are they not founded in diversities of character and taste that will always exist? At least, ought there not to be, and is

it not plain that there will be, some solution of the problem which shall not involve either the extirpation of one of the parties, or chronic ecclesiastical warfare and division between them? It is true that there are disagreements which only alterations of opinion can remove. A difference regarding a single rite parts one great evangelical body from others. The Baptist deduces from his premises, that immersion alone is baptism, and that baptism is the prerequisite of communion, the inference that only the immersed have a right at the Lord's table. If the Church of Rome professes to be founded on Peter, the Baptist Church may be said, without disrespect, to be founded on a syllogism. As long as both premises are conscientiously cherished, there must be this degree of isolation. The difference about the baptism of infants is another point which stands in the way of full communion, not to speak of organic union, with religious bodies which regard this practice as indispensable.

From rite we pass to polity. Here it would be a decided gain if all sects would acknowledge — what has become clear to scholars — that no existing form of polity corresponds closely to the polity of the apostolic age. The congregationalism which establishes many distinct organizations in the same town was not the system then in vogue; no more was diocesan episcopacy, either then or immediately after, whatever may be thought about the date and origin of episcopal government in its primitive form. The same may be said of the other ecclesiastical systems. Much more important — nay, of vital importance to Christian union — it is to discern that, while general principles at the basis of church organization are in the gospel teaching, there are no prescriptions, beyond these, applicable to all time. It is the great service of Richard Hooker to have demonstrated this truth. In other words, the *divine-right* theory of church polity, which has been a grand hindrance to Christian unity, must be exorcised. The Presbyterians in England were the first to assert the indispensableness of a particular form of organization. The Episcopalians followed: among them the moderate school of Hooker was ultimately overborne by the mystical school of Laud. Congregationalists have sometimes set up the same lofty claim for their system. Not content with contending that a particular polity is necessary to the *well-being* of a church, it has been often maintained to be indispensable to its *being*. It has been assumed that we must find out and take as a model the precise state of things on the last day of the last apostle's life. The controversies between Episcopalians and other evangelical bodies could be simplified, and perhaps brought nearer to an adjustment, if the distinction between the idea of a *governmental* and the idea of a *sacerdotal* episcopacy were kept in mind. This is not the place to approve or to condemn either of these theories. Enough to say that to a multitude of Christians a *governmental* episcopacy, with limited and defined powers, contains in it nothing formidable, while they recoil from the *sacerdotal* or *mystical* theory as involving the notion of a priesthood, a sacerdotal class, a close corporation,—a notion which, in their view, would rob the church at large — the Christian laity — of their reserved rights, and assimilate the gospel dispensation to the Old Testament economy. In justice to the Protestant Episcopal Church, it should be added, however, that within its pale both theories exist side by side, their respective adherents being satisfied with episcopacy as a fact, in the absence of agreement as to its theoretical basis.

If organic unity is ever to occur, it is not likely to be through the surrender to any one church of all that is distinctive and is prized in other communions. Each sect is ready enough to swallow up all the rest. The Presbyterian will embrace you if you will only take his Westminster Confession and his synods; the Episcopalian, if you will take his prayer-book and his bishops; the Baptist only asks you to be immersed and to stop baptizing children; the Congregationalist simply demands that you will lodge all authority in the local congregation of believers, the professed Christians, or a fraction of them, in a town or village. There is little prospect of unity until the sundered communities mutually recognize their common Christianity and their equal standing as branches of the church of Christ. Plainly we can hope for no immediate visible union beyond a cordial coöperation and non-interference in Christian activity. It is a gain, however, to perceive that the present divisions of Christendom are a crying evil, and to put far from us the offensive idea that emulous sects help forward by their rivalries the cause of the gospel; that is, that Satan can be harnessed and made to do good work for Christianity.

If organic unity is ever to occur, what form will it take? It is unsafe to predict, but one may venture to think that as it was natural for the early church to follow the lines of political division, so if unity should be restored a like arrangement would emerge. Then as nations are united by various bonds, and we aspire after a "federation of mankind," so the churches of the nations might have their forms of union.

There is a powerful incentive in the direction of Christian union in the opening of the heathen world to missions. In the presence of the nations which are to be conquered to the religion of the cross the divisions of Christendom, and of Protestants in particular, present a disheartening spectacle, and are felt as a disgrace. Christ prayed for the unity of his disciples, that the world might know that the Father had sent him. The sight of discordant sects is not adapted to impress the heathen mind with this truth.

In different ways Christians of the various religious bodies, of their own motion, are uniting in distinctively religious and Christian work. Voluntary associations of this character attract to them numerous members from denominations distinct from one another. Books of devotion, like the "Imitation of Christ," find a welcome among the disciples of different creeds. If Christian people do not say the same prayers, they sing the same hymns. The centrifugal age of Protestantism is closed. The centripetal reaction has begun. Polemics may sound the old war-cries, but "the stars in their courses fight against Sisera."

George P. Fisher.

The Character of the New English House of Commons.

BY AN OLD MEMBER.

ENGLISHMEN accustomed to compare the working of their own assemblies with those of the United States often wonder whether there is the same kind of difference between one Congress and another which they observe between one Parliament and another.

Probably there is a greater difference in the English case than in the American, because the intervals between the election of one House of Commons and its successor are usually longer than the two years which separate one congressional election from the next. Yet in England we should expect to find a difference even with a two-years' period; for each House has got its own marked characteristics; is wiser or more heedless, bolder or more timid, with more rich men in it or more poor, than that which has gone before or that which follows. Edmund Burke remarked long ago that "besides the characters of the individuals that compose our body this House of Commons has a collective character of its own." We in England are now engaged in studying the character of our new master. Though we have known him scarce three months, we perceive great merits, coupled with some grave defects; and those of your readers who have occasion to watch the ways of Congresses may be interested to hear what we discover.

The present House of Commons was elected on a greatly enlarged suffrage, and after a redistribution of seats which finally extinguished the small boroughs and gave the large cities and populous mining and manufacturing county districts a representation fairly if not quite exactly proportioned to their population. These changes destroyed the chance of many men who had previously relied on their local interest or family connection and brought a new set of persons to the front. For the first time in half a century the number of members who did not sit in the previous Parliament, a number usually about a third, has exceeded half of the whole House.

The landed aristocracy, who before 1832 commanded four-fifths of the seats, and even down to 1868 had the majority, are now reduced to a shadow of their ancient strength. They are especially weak on the Liberal side. Hitherto between a half and a third of the Liberal members have belonged to what is called the Whig section of the party, whose moderate desire for progress is natural to a class of land-owners. This section is now less than a fourth of its own side. On the Tory side many scions of the great families were defeated at the polls in December last by obscure men belonging to the popular party, and in consequence the House presents an aspect quite unlike that of former Houses. The tall, handsome, well-dressed young men of society, with that air of superiority which is polish in the more genial, and turns to insolence in the less well natured, the young men whose real interest is in sport or fashionable entertainments and who look on politics as an amusement sometimes a bore, have now become a small minority of the whole; and a new element has appeared, in the labor representatives, of whom there are now about a dozen. Three or four are working-men from London and other great towns, some more are miners from Durham and Northumberland. Two or three, the most conspicuous of whom is Joseph Arch, the famous leader of the agricultural strikers, represent the newly enfranchised rural laborers of the counties. In all previous parliaments black coats (except during the heats of summer) and tall silk hats have been *de rigueur*. Now, however, you may count nearly a score of members in low-crowned felt hats, soft or hard, and gray or brown coats such as a farmer or a foreman in a workshop might wear. In previous Houses there were scarce any doctors or university professors or journalists. The number of all three classes, but especially of the last, has increased in this one, rendering it more like a French or German or Hungarian Chamber than have been the Houses of past days.

As regards ability, the average level of this Parliament is high. Sir Erskine May, who, after sitting as clerk at the table of the House for five and thirty years, has just announced his retirement, said in 1874 that the House of that year was the stupidest he could remember. That of 1880 he thought better; this he thinks better still. No new genius has appeared, but the number of men of marked capacity is decidedly larger than before, and the gain is most notable on the Tory side, where the need for it was previously greatest. The speeches are not only better in substance and expression; they are also shorter. A tedious orator does not obtain the toleration which the last House extended to him. Cries of "Divide" or "Agreed" warn him to abridge his observations, for the present House is an active and impatient body, bent on work, and thinking so well of itself as to put a high value on its time. It has come up from the country, interested in politics, and particularly in social and industrial questions. It consists largely of young men in whom the hopeful eagerness of youth has not yet been dulled by these disappointments which make up three-fourths of the experience of an old parliamentary hand. The present members are less absorbed in social pleasures than their predecessors, and few of them have their own axes to grind. There is, of course, in every House of Commons, as in other legislatures, a certain number of persons to be found who enter it for the sake of serving their own interests as merchants, or contractors, or financiers, or promoters of joint-stock companies, persons who intrigue among their fellow-members, who try to bring secret influence to bear on the ministry of the day, who seek to gain authority in the eyes of the general public and of foreign governments by a trumpeting of their political importance. This noxious class is comparatively small when one considers what are the facilities for jobbing which the enormous powers of the House of Commons and its committees offer; and in the present Parliament it is apparently even smaller than in the last two that preceded. So far the change in the *personnel* from land-owners and plutocrats to persons belonging to the professional and working classes seems to have done no mischief. The majority in the present House is thinking less of its own concerns than of public legislation, and is eager for such legislation even to the verge of impatience and recklessness. Ideas and projects which till lately were deemed visionary are discussed seriously, and with difficulty prevented from taking effect in statutes. The majority is, in fact, what is called radical; nor is radicalism confined to the Liberal side of the House. There is a good deal of the same disposition to trust *a priori* reasonings, to bow to any popular cry, to follow an apparently philanthropic impulse, on the Tory side. That cautious, solid, unsentimental conservatism which used to characterize English politics is at a discount nowadays, and finds its exponents quite as much in the Whig section of the Liberal party as among the Tories. Old members are astonished, sometimes even shocked, at the

light-hearted energy with which this new House goes on its way, caring neither for the time-honored maxims of the Constitution nor for the rules of party discipline. The present ministry, although radical when compared to previous ministries, is not bold enough for the bulk of its supporters, and is often in danger of being defeated when it tries to restrain them. That it does maintain some sort of control is chiefly due to the immense personal influence of the Prime Minister.

The self-confidence of the new House appears in the behavior of individuals no less than of the body. The members are not shy or timid like those of former parliaments. Twenty years ago it was deemed the duty of a new member to sit silent for a session or two, and learn the temper of the House by listening to his elders, before he ventured to address it himself. But in the first weeks of this Parliament most of the speaking was done by the new-comers. They jostled the old members aside, and expressed themselves with ease and fluency on the gravest topics.

In fact the new House is courageous in every respect but one,—it is horribly afraid of its constituents. Whether because the memory of election speeches and promises is still so fresh in its mind, or because the members, relying less upon personal or family influence than in former days, feel themselves more purely delegates, there can be no doubt but that the present representatives of the people are extremely sensitive to the slightest breath of popular sentiment. Many a man will tell you that he voted for such and such a resolution or bill, not because he held it right, but because a section of his constituency desired it, or because the language he had used on the platform constrained him. It sounds absurd to say that persons who ought to know their own business best are mistaken in paying such abject deference to the wishes of their constituents; yet some who have had the amplest means of studying the English masses believe that the masses like an independent member better than a submissive member, that they value backbone in their representative, and deem him the more honest if be does not try to humor all their fancies. This is perfectly true. But the present race of members is in a fair way to spoil the people by too much deference; and when one considers that on many subjects the opinion of a trained and able man, who has listened to debates by other able men, must be sounder than the notions of a mass of uninstructed voters, it is a misfortune that the country should lose some of the very benefits which a representative debating council was meant to secure, and that Parliament should be in danger of sitting merely to register conclusions formed by an irresponsible multitude outside.

M. P.

In Relation to the Labor Question.

In answer to letters received and for the information of all interested, we give below a list of articles bearing upon the Labor Question which have appeared from time to time in this magazine, down to July, 1886.

The Foreign Elements in Our Population, *Joseph Edgar Chamberlin* ..... September, 1884
Danger Ahead, *Lyman Abbott*..... November, 1885
The Strength and Weakness of Socialism, *Washington Gladden*..... March, 1886
Strikes, Lockouts and Arbitration, *George May Powell*..... April, 1886
A Letter from *William Morris*..... July, 1886
The Labor Problem — By a Western Manufacturer, *Edward L. Day* ..... July, 1886
Coöperation — By a New York Master Printer, *Theodore L. De Vinne*..... July, 1886

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Our "Commune," *J. G. Holland*..... August, 1878
The Capitalist and the Laborer, *J. G. H*..... October, 1878
Popular Despotism, *J. G. H*..... January, 1879
An Aspect of the Question, *J. G. H*..... June, 1879
The Uses and Abuses of Trades-Unions..... February, 1884
Economic Mistakes of the Poor..... December, 1884
"Not The American Way"..... April, 1885
Mercantilism Transfigured..... December, 1885
A Readjustment of the Industrial Order..... May, 1886
A Word of Sympathy and Caution..... June, 1886
Two Kinds of Boycotting..... June, 1886
Negation not a Remedy..... July, 1886
Civil Liberty and Equal Rights..... July, 1886

OPEN LETTERS.

Trades-Unions, *J. H. Loomis* ..... February, 1884
Danger Ahead, *H. C. Fulton*..... February, 1886
The Labor Question, *Washington Gladden*..... June, 1886

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

ALL political parties are made up of foxes and geese — about five thousand geese to one fox.

THE great beauty of charity is privacy; there is a sweet force even in an anonymous penny.

I AM an uncompromising Radical up to date, but when I reach the other world I can be a Conservative, if it is the best thing to do.

MEN of great genius should not forget that their failings, or vices, are more apt to be noticed, and even admired, than their virtues.

ALL Conservatives have once been Radicals, and their virtue consists in having found out that half a loaf is better than no bread.

MY friend, if you must keep a pet, let it be one of the serene kind (a rattlesnake or snapping turtle, for instance); this will exercise your caution and strengthen your genius.

I KNOW of nothing that will test a man's true inwardness better than to feel like the Devil, and be obliged to act like a saint.

MY dear boy, if you must part your hair in the middle, get it even, if you have to split a hair to do it.

INDEPENDENCE is a name for what no man possesses; nothing, in the animate or inanimate world, is more dependent than man.

IT isn't so much what a man has that makes him happy, as it is what he doesn't want.

THERE are many comfortable people in the world, but to call any man perfectly happy is an insult.

THERE is nothing so valuable, and yet so cheap, as civility; you can almost buy land with it.

THE great mass of mankind can only gaze and wonder; if they undertake to think, they grow listless, and soon tire out.

Uncle Esek.

SHAKSPERE IN THE SHOE STORE.

Clerk, who has played Hamlet: "2 B or not 2 B — that is the question."

Conceits.

WE have blinded justice, so she cannot see her scales are out of balance.

LOVE something. It is better to love a dog, or even to love a mean man, than to be without love.

WHEN an original thought occurs to me, I turn to the Greek philosophers to learn how best to express it.

WE are accused of being a rushing, hurrying people, and it may be true; but we are blessed with exceptions in the cases of salaried officers.

HOW small the stars appear to the earth. The earth to them does not appear at all. There are people like the stars, and many more like the earth.

A MAN who lived in the swamp daily prayed to Jupiter for health. "Pray from the hill-top, and your prayer will be granted," answered Jupiter.

I READ De Quincey, ate opium, and wrote a book which I sent to my publisher. He returned the manuscript, and advised me to write when I was sober. De Quincey must have taken something besides opium.

H. C. Fulton.

The Old Waltz.

An organ-grinder! If I knew
Some soft Italian curse or two,
With emphasis upon it,
I'd shout to him whose tuneless din
Has so unkindly broken in
Upon me and my sonnet.

Across the street, and at the door,
I see him standing there before
The dwelling of my neighbor.
The house is closed, the curtain down;
I know my neighbor's out of town,
And vain the minstrel's labor.

But yet two small admirers stand
Gravely before him, hand in hand,
Front row — dress circle — center —
A boy, a girl without a hat,
But with a battered sun-shade that
Some older child has lent her.

The minstrel pauses — What, so soon!
He turns a stop to change the tune.
No coin responsive finding,
He eyes the windows that reveal
No sign; then with a fresh appeal
Resumes his patient grinding.

And, lo! the minstrel's lost to view;
The boy and girl have vanished too;
The street, my neighbor's dwelling —
All, all are gone; and I am there
Sitting again upon the stair
My tale to Mabel telling.

While from the crowded rooms steal out
The strains of music, where the rout
Whose chatter and whose dances
I've left, still whirling waltz, the while
I whisper low to Mabel's smile
And watch for Mabel's glances.

I bring no blushes to her cheek,
Nor as an ardent lover speak;
But rather as a brother
I take a confidential tone,
And find we're both inclined to own
We understand each other.

She is not always gay — nor I.
My fingers just clasp hers. We sigh.
Life is a serious matter.
Better this moment on the stair,
This sympathy complete and rare,
Than hours of idle chatter.

Better this touch ——
The grinder's done:
He slowly lifts his box with one
Glance, sad, reproachful, hollow,
Up to my neighbor's vacant blind,
Then takes his way; and close behind
The two small children follow.

Walter Learned.

A Play in Three Acts.

ACT I.

A hotel at the seaside,
Some music, and a ball,
A partner for the lanciers,
A smile, and "Come and call."

ACT II.

A row upon the harbor,
A stroll a-down the pier,
A "Call on me next fall in town;
Now won't you, that's a dear?"

ACT III.

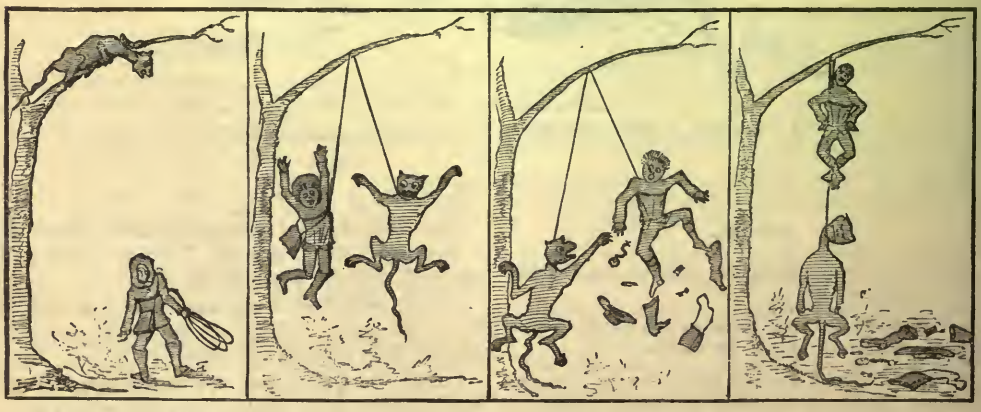
A lofty brown-stone mansion,
A richly furnished room,
A servant-girl who comes anon
And tells you, "Not at home."

George William Ogden.

By the Author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?"

It is stated elsewhere that Frank R. Stockton was once a contributor of pictures and verses to "Vanity Fair" and "Punchinello"; and we may add that an amusing series of comic sketches from his pencil, entitled "Angles," comprise the last page of this magazine for November, 1872. In the number for July, 1880, his talent for comic drawing was again exhibited in the series reproduced below.— Editor:

ADVANTAGES OF BALLAST.



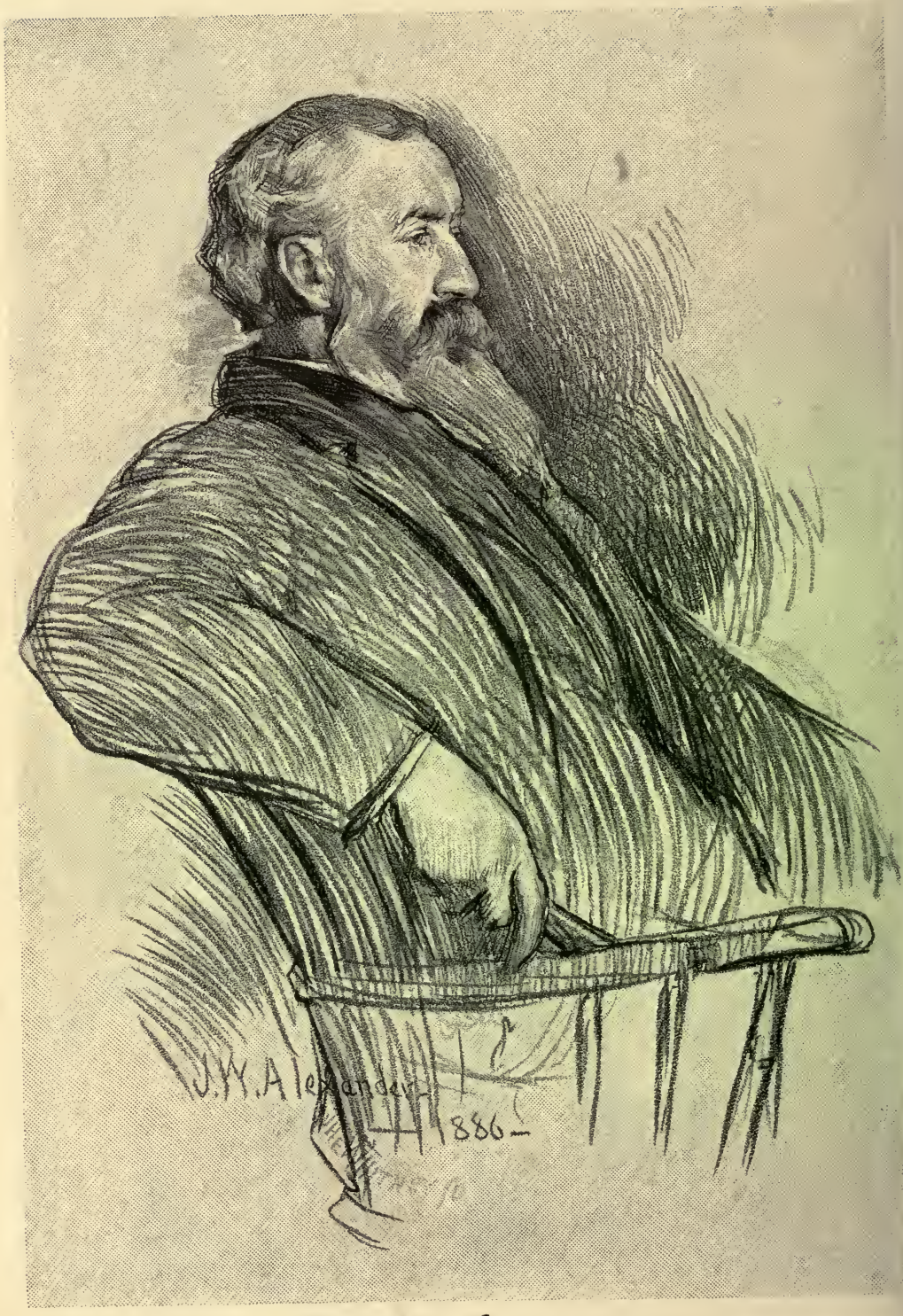
A WILD ANIMAL OFFERS A TEMPTING NECK TO THE HUNTER'S LASSO.

THE WILD ANIMAL SPRINGS, AND THE HUNTER FINDS THAT HE IS JUST ABOUT HIS OWN WEIGHT.

HE THROWS OUT BALLAST.

THIS PLAN SUCCEEDS.

Note.—Both the process and the beast above described are the invention and property of the artist; readers may as well be informed, once for all, that the inventor is protected from them by the general copyright on this magazine.



John Burroughs

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII. AUGUST, 1886. No. 4.

ALGIERS AND ITS SUBURBS.

ONE hears much of the repetitions of history, but it was its contrasts which chiefly impressed us as we looked down on Algiers from one of the sunny villa terraces of Mustapha Supérieur, its charming foreign suburb. The great, beautiful, blue Mediterranean stretched before us as far as the eye could reach, with the peaceful merchant vessels of all nations coming and going at their will. Steamships and pleasure yachts from all parts of the world were anchored in friendly security in the harbor at our feet; and we had to rub up the dull tablets of memory and apply ourselves vigorously to our guide-books in order to realize that scarcely two generations ago the Dey of Algiers and his staff of piratical ruffians held full and undisputed sway over this same land and sea, and that the only European and American residents in the Regency were Christian captives who worked in chain-gangs on the jetties of the very harbor where we were watching with so much interest the quiet arrival and departure of the mails. Hard, too, was it to believe that on these same heights, and from many of these same Moorish villas where we and our friends of the foreign colony were so comfortably and charmingly established, the old pirate owners watched the same broad expanse of sunlit sea, but with greedy eyes and cruel thought, only intent on putting out in quick pursuit of their prey. It seems indeed incredible at the present day, as Lieutenant-Colonel Playfair justly says in his lately published "Scourge of Christendom," * that such a state of things could have been permitted by the powers of Europe; "that so infamous a rabble should have been allowed the undisputed right of interfering with the commerce of the world and enriching themselves with the ransom of the best blood of Christendom"; and that thirty thousand Christian captives were at one time held in Algiers alone, "representing every nation in Europe, and every rank in society, from the viceroy to the common sailor, men of the highest eminence in the church, literature, science, and arms, delicately nurtured ladies and little children, doomed to spend their lives in infamy."

The Algiers of to-day presents an extraordinary and most comforting contrast. The French rule may not be all that English and American lookers-on could wish, but it has at all events swept out of existence the horrors of that time, with the bagnios and the slave-prisons and the old city gates, the Bab Azoun and the Babel Oued, on which were exposed sometimes the heads, sometimes the headless bodies, of the luckless victims of the Dey. The Kasbah, the ancient citadel of the Janissaries, is now full of French Zouaves, who in Algiers somehow impress one as imitation soldiers and therefore harmless. The old palace of the Dey has become the residence of the French Governor-General, and military bands play dancing music for the gay European world in the very rooms to which in the old days the consuls of the great powers were arrogantly summoned to bring their yearly tribute, and be dismissed again with insult for their pains. Broad modern boulevards and streets gay with *cafés* and *magasins de nouveautés* are doing their best to surround and crowd out of sight the old Moorish town. Lines of tramways skirt the sea and mount the hilly suburbs; cabs and gayly painted omnibuses jostle each other along the quays and in the modern part of the town; and of the moving throng always to be found in the Place du Gouvernement, under the very

* The Scourge of Christendom. Annals of British relations with Algiers prior to the French conquests. By Lieutenant-Colonel Playfair, H. M. Consul-General at Algiers. London, 1884.

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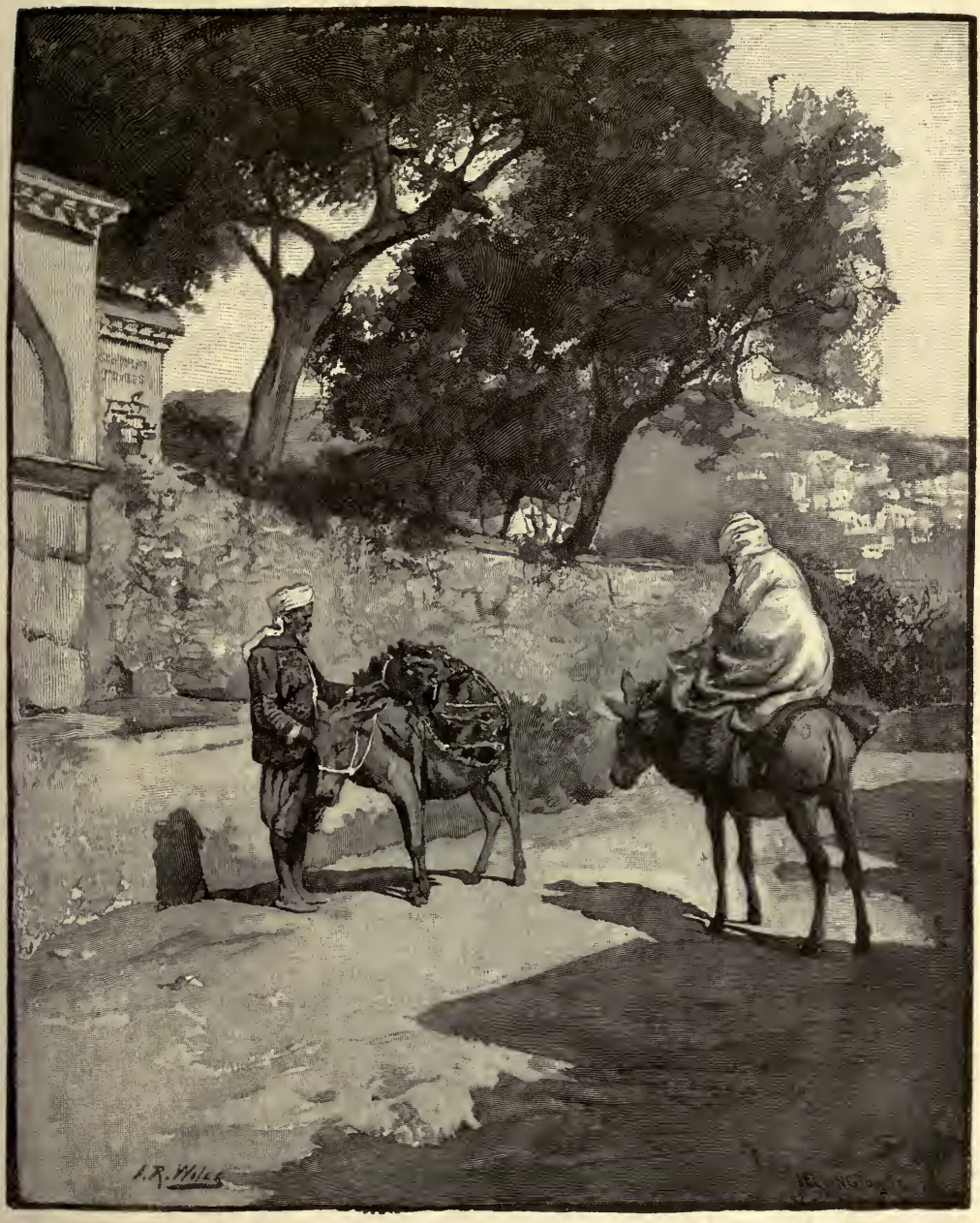
shadow of the great mosque, and occupying, it is said, the site of the former slave-prisons, by far the larger part are Europeans, there for business or for pleasure.

The old order is indeed changed. The degrading tyranny, the infamous selfishness, the brutal cruelty of the old rule are gone, never to return. But on the other hand, happily, much of the old picturesqueness remains, and forms in fact the great attraction of Algiers. The Moors, although outnumbered by their conquerors in the public places and modern thoroughfares, are still the people of the place; and the old town, elbowed back, crowded to the wall, as it were, by the parvenu neighbor who stations herself in front, is still essentially the same city as the El Bahadja, Alger la Blanche, of the old days. Once turn one's back on the nondescript quarter at the foot of the hill where the two towns, the two races, meet without mingling, and old Algiers, the inaccessible, the impregnable stronghold of the pirates, rises before one, its intricate narrow streets, "like mysterious staircases leading to silence," painfully climbing the steep hillside step by step. Here silence still reigns, and mystery. The houses are high and windowless, the walls for the most part blank spaces, the streets mere little defiles, so narrow that in many places the bracketed roofs touch overhead, and so dark in spots that the stranger has to feel his way; and up and down these steep and narrow winding streets grave bearded and turbaned Arabs and veiled women with anklets and henna-stained fingers pass continually as in a dream. Their city, their "white city," wraps them round and protects them from outside interference and inquisitive gaze, very much, says Fromentin, as does their national garment the bournous. "They ask but little," he adds in his charming book, "Une Année dans la Sahel"; "unfortunately that little we cannot grant. They ask to be let alone, not to be interfered with or jostled against or watched, to live in their own way, to follow their own customs, to do in all things as their fathers did, to hold property without recording it, to build without uniformity of streets, to travel without being noticed, to be born without being registered, to grow up without vaccination, to die when and how they please. In return for what civilization has taken from them they claim the right to go naked if they must, to be poor, to beg at the gates, to sleep in the open air, to forsake trade, to let their fields go to waste, to despise the

KABYLE WOMEN IN AN ARAB LANE.



ROAD OF THE BLUE FOUNTAIN.

ground of which they have been dispossessed. Those who have riches hide and hoard them; those who have nothing wrap themselves in their misery, and of all their lost rights hold none so dear as the right to be resigned and indifferent to poverty." We may add, even to be dignified, majestic, and, whatever the outward condition, always graceful, always picturesque. No amount of filth or wretchedness ever takes from the Arab the instinctive grace with which he drapes himself in the folds of his bournous, even when there is nothing left of it but a poor handful of rags.

Fromentin — an artist who paints quite as well with his pen as with his brush — continues: "The Arabs have this one distinguishing privilege — they cannot appear contemptible. They may be poor, but never

sordid; destitute, but never commonplace. Their dirt has a dignity of its own; their beggars are epic poems, half Lazarus, half Job. They are grave, they can be violent, but never stupid, never coarse."

These are the people who crowd the narrow defiles of the old city, sit cross-legged in its little shelf-like shops, frequent its mysterious Moorish baths, and look down from its high roofs and terraces on the sea that no longer belongs to them. We met them, too, on the highroads outside the town, astride of donkeys so small that the riders' slippered feet almost touched the ground, or on Arab horses with gay saddles and trappings, and often — such are the incongruities of Algiers — on the platforms of horse-cars running to Mustapha, or the tops of omnibuses on their way to Birkadeen or other inland villages. Many of them, too, are regular venders of fresh eggs and vegetables, or of partridges and wild rabbits, carefully concealed in the folds of the bournous if the game season is over; and in that capacity they become familiar features of villa life. Such also are the bric-à-brac merchants who haunt the garden-walks and terraces, and spread their wares — embroideries of Tunis and Algiers, carpets from Zanzibar, Kabyle "haïks" and jewelry, spears from the desert, brass pots and trays of Damascus — in tempting array over gravel-paths and balustrades, anywhere, everywhere, to attract attention, while they themselves with imperturbable gravity and indifference smoke their cigarettes or perhaps gently play a little nameless tune on a minute mandolin, while the ladies look through their collection; after which they quietly roll up the carpets, shoulder the brasses, and move on to the next place. The thought of these men in flowing drapery, snowy turbans, and yellow or red slippers, graceful in gesture, unhurried in movement, and framed by a setting of soft carpets and bright metals against a background of Mediterranean blue, will always be associated intimately with recollections of villa life at Algiers.

A BRIC-À-BRAC DEALER.

Villa life is lived, in great part, on these sunny terraces. As a rule the houses — those, at least, which are available to strangers — are too cold, with their faces turned towards the sea and their backs to the sun, to suit the requirements of summer-houses for the city residents. They have, however, the merit of forcing one out into the open air and sunshine, and the terrace with its exquisite view, its many garden-seats and little tables, its rugs laid down at pleasure for the feet, and often its pet monkey perched on a corner of the terra cotta balustrade, becomes a delightful outside sitting-room, where much of the business and pleasure of the day is transacted. It is the vestibule, too, of the garden, and a garden in Algiers is indeed a delight. We had known and loved the lilies and anemones of Florence, the jasmines of Florida, the luxuriant tropical climbers of the West Indies, and above all

the roses of southern California; but here we found them all, and in a profusion of which we had never before dreamed. The superb crimson and purple *bougainvillea* of the tropics festoons with the luxuriance of our Virginia creeper the house-fronts and verandas, and blooms from October till May, and its deep masses of color mingled with those of the orange *bignonias* —*venusta* and *grandiflora*—are indescribably rich. Geraniums of all colors and varieties grow as freely as lilac-bushes or sumachs, and many of our ordinary garden flowers are so common as to be of no account at all. On many an untended roadside bank nasturtiums of various shades, stocks, scarlet geraniums, irises, white marguerites, lantanas, oxalis, and other familiar plants have seeded themselves, and may be found all winter growing wild. The same may be constantly seen pushing their way bravely among the sharp spikes of the aloe and cactus hedges, on which also hang festoons of tangled morning-glory and wild rose.

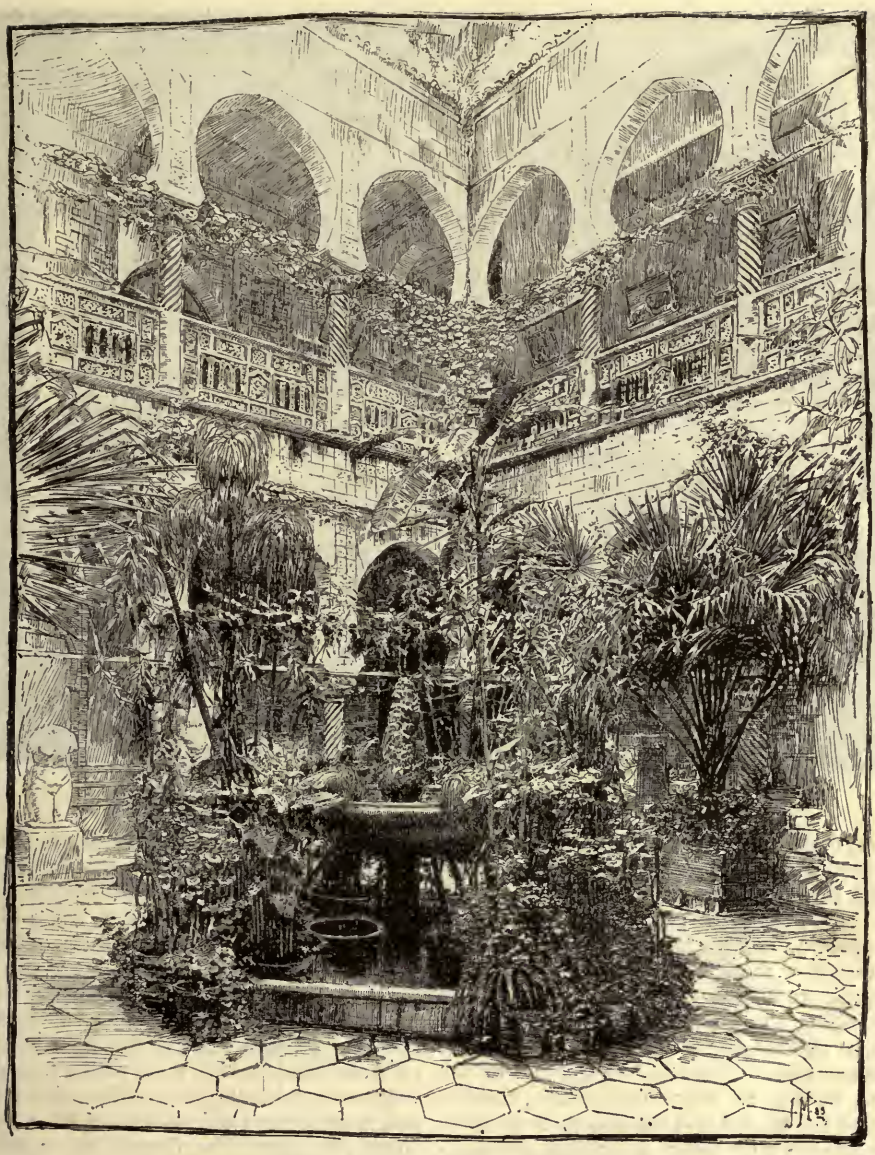
A NEGRO.

The cultivated roses, however, are the great glory of the Algerian gardens. Imported originally from France, they find here a congenial soil, and repay the slightest care with a thousandfold luxuriance of bloom. We found all our old favorites, the Cloth of Gold, the Chromatella, the Gloire de Dijon, the Maréchal Niel, La France, the Duchesse d'Abrantès, Général Jacqueminot and his fellows, and a hundred others,— all in full vigor of youth and beauty, and by no means ready to yield precedence to newcomers, even should the later varieties be allowed to enter the place; for so strict are the custom-house precautions against the dreaded enemy of the vine, the phylloxera, that growing plants, cuttings of all kinds, vegetables, fruits, even innocent apples in travelers' lunch-baskets, are rigidly shut out, and if found ground under the despotic official heel. It was whispered in the English colony that one lady, an enthusiastic rose-grower, had successfully smuggled a fine lot of new cuttings by utilizing them as a so-called "dress-improver"! The old long-established varieties grew in the wildest freedom in our own special garden, climbing to the top of every available tree,

Engraved by Frank French.

From a photo. by Jean Geiser, Algiers.

A NEGRESS.

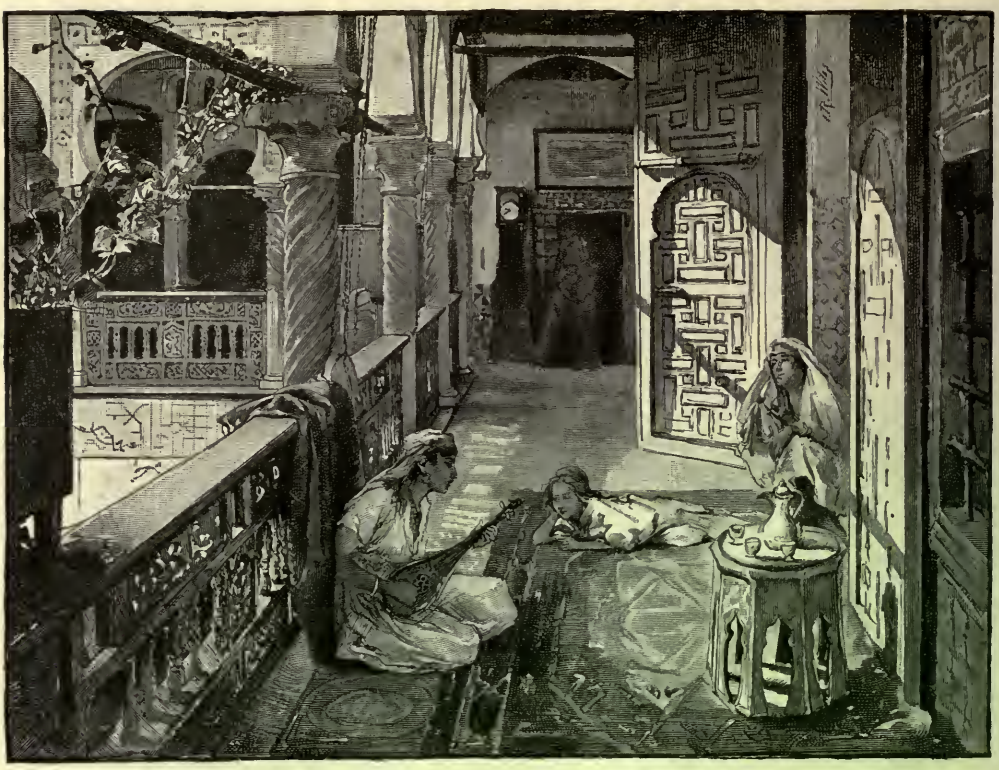


COURT OF THE MUSEUM AND LIBRARY.

and hiding their superfluous abundance in the inaccessible branches of our Mandarin oranges, which, in their turn, yielded us enough fruit for a dozen families all winter long.

Thanks to the vigilance of the custom-house officers, the phylloxera has never made its appearance in Algeria, and consequently the fresh, healthy young vineyards are another striking feature of the neighborhood. Each year more hillsides are brought under cultivation, and it is interesting to watch grape-growing in all the processes — the clearing of the land, the plowing and digging, the planting, the pruning, the weeding, the careful watching of the tender shoots, and the shaking off of insect enemies into tins made expressly for the purpose. Our walks and drives often took us over the slopes of the well-known Château Hydra vineyards, and past the big storehouses — literally *caves* dug in the rocky bank — where the casks of wine are rolled in to be kept till called for.

The Château Hydra itself, standing on high ground and overlooking the many acres of vines, is one of the best preserved and most interesting specimens of the old Moorish



INTERIOR OF MUSEUM AND LIBRARY.

country-house. The beautiful inner court, with its open arcades, its horseshoe arches, its twisted marble columns, and wealth of glazed tiles, has been left practically untouched. The dwelling has necessarily been adapted to the uses of a modern villa, but its old characteristics remain — the long narrow rooms surrounding the court and depending on it for light and air, the little raised and domed chambers called " koobas " at the end of the rooms, serving as couch or boudoir, the fascinating flat niches and cupboards over doors and windows with their arabesque ornamentation, and the blank outside walls only broken at distant intervals by small grated windows, which look out, not on the open country or the outside world, but into the original secluded harem garden of the old days when Château Hydra was one of the favorite summer palaces of the Dey.

Many of these delightful old Moorish houses are now in the hands of the French and English residents, and one can fancy the horror which would assail the former owners could they see their sacred precincts thrown open to the public gaze, the seclusion, the silence, the mystery all swept away, sunshine let into the dark corners, the gardens gay with the laughter of rosy English children, and the husband's guests received with open-handed hospitality by the cultivated kindly mistress of the house. Many of these houses, some of them with the names of the old pirate owners cut in Arabic letters on the gate-posts, are noted for their friendly hospitality and their combination of Arab picturesqueness and modern English comfort. Others, however, are so hopelessly cold and sunless, that most of the foreign colony — the resident colony — have either bought and transformed old houses, or have built for themselves from the foundations villas that rival the old ones in artistic effects, and have, in addition, the light and air, the cheerfulness, the coziness, and the nameless charm of *home*.

Most of these delightful villas are on the heights of Mustapha Supérieur, or rather scattered over the cluster of hills known as the Sahel. This district embraces all the high ground about the city of Algiers, including the Arab villages of Birkadeen, Birmandreïs, El-Biar, and the intervening country as far as the high hill Bouzareah, which overlooks a distant suburb of the city and the Vallée des Consuls, where in the time of the Regency the representatives of the European courts lived apart in a kind of moral quarantine.

VEILED MOORISH WOMAN.

The old British Consulate of those days, with which one grows very familiar while reading the story of Mr. Blanckley's six years in Algiers(1806–1812) told by his daughter, Mrs. Broughton,* still stands on its high position overlooking the sea, but has fallen into a rather pathetic state of dilapidation. The tanks are empty, the gardens overgrown, and the house, now owned by an easy-going old French lady, betrays a sad inclination to let itself run down at the heel. We drove out to it one bright spring afternoon along the excellent highway which replaces the steep and difficult path by which the Consul's family used to come and go on horseback on the rare occasions when they ventured into town. The old French lady received us with great politeness, and took us all over the premises, from the dignified portal—a stately and unusual feature in its day—through the old Moorish inner court open to the sky, up to the high chamber from which the Consul looked out over the sea and

* Elizabeth Broughton, "Six Years' Residence in Algiers." London, 1839.

exchanged signals of encouragement or warning with approaching British ships. The hill Bouzareah — crowned by an Arab graveyard and a most picturesque native village, which squats in a thicket of cactus and aloe — rises almost directly behind the Vallée des Consuls, within an hour's easy walk; but so circumscribed and beset with danger was the life of the foreign residents in those days that it was considered quite out of the question to attempt what is to-day one of the first and pleasantest excursions about the city.

AN OLD ARAB WELL NEAR A FIG-TREE.

Looking from the old British Consulate across the intervening ravine and wooded slopes, we saw the buildings formerly occupied as the American, the Danish, and the Belgian headquarters, and the site of the Spanish Consulate, now covered by a half-finished seminary for Roman Catholic priests. Not far from this also stands, on a commanding promontory almost overhanging the sea, the church of Notre Dame d'Afrique, where each Sunday afternoon a most impressive ceremony takes place — the service for the dead lost at sea. Driving over from Mustapha one day, we waited in the church until vespers were over, and then took our places on the door-step while the procession of priests, choir-boys, and seminary students — some eighty or ninety in all — came slowly down the aisle, crossed the threshold, and ranged themselves in two rows facing each other on the cliff over the sea, intoning all the time the Office for the Dead. Between the two ranks stood the officiating priest, and before him was held outspread, to be sprinkled with holy water and perfumed with incense, a velvet pall — the outward and visible sign of those for whom he was praying, the unnumbered and unknown dead wrapped in the winding-

RUE DE LA MER ROUGE IN THE OLD TOWN.

sheet of the sea at his feet. The scene was full of profound solemnity and pathos, and of great beauty as well. The sunset glow brightened the rich colors of the priest's vestments and fell upon the ranks of bare-headed young students, many of whom sang with a fervor that recalled Lucca della Robbia's choir-boys. The soft, strong wind blew into graceful folds the long white bournous which, with the red tarboosh, the brothers in charge of the seminary have substituted for the usual clerical dress, and the scarlet-robed censer-bearers swung their incense across the blue back-ground of the sea, which stretched to the far horizon.

This drive to Notre Dame is one of the most interesting about Algiers, but there are many more — that to the Trappist Convent, for instance, and beyond it to the "French Bay," where the conquering army landed in 1830, or along the heights of the Sahel to the fine point of view at Kooba, or, again, down the valley of the Femme Sauvage to the Jardin d'Essai, the botanical garden of Algiers — an interesting place in itself, and commanding a lovely view of the city and its suburbs. Indeed, the broken, rolling, open country surrounding Algiers is one of the great charms of the place, affording, as it does, great variety in the drives and still more in the walks. The first thing the French did on occupying the country was to set the army at work building

MOSQUE AND CEMETERY.

fine, wide military roads in all directions, which traverse the uplands and sweep up and down the hills in most intricate and graceful curves. These, which are kept rolled and smooth as a ball-room floor, are connected again by the *chemins de travers* (country cross-roads) which we enjoyed more, perhaps, than the others, as they led us through vineyards and fields of young wheat and barley, and acres upon acres of the inexhaustible green peas of the neighborhood. Sometimes, too, we would know by the unusual fragrance of the air that we were approaching another and more delightful crop, rose geraniums, grown by the acre in rows like cabbages, to be distilled into perfume. Still other roads take one over high breezy ridges, the home of cactus and aloe and scrub oak and pine and the disappointing asphodel, most graceful in its growth, but so extremely unpleasant in its odor as quite to destroy any latent longing to walk the Elysian Fields. From all such high points, in fact from all Algiers, wherever one goes, the horizon is wide, and the views are most lovely, whether one turn northward to the sea or look landward across the great green plain of the Metidja to where in the blue of distance the Atlas Mountains rise and are crowned by the snow-covered heights of the Djara Djura. All the charming near effects of villa and garden, of stone, pine, olive, and aloe, have the mountains or the sea to fill in the picture, and often both combined, as where the hills beyond Cape Matifou sweep round and embrace the bay and its white breakers, the bay where the fleet of Charles V. of Spain perished in its futile attempt against the pirates.

The foot-paths are not less attractive in their way than the carriage roads, and any one anxious to see the nooks and corners — the charming "bits" dear to the sketcher — should not fail to follow them round the rocky points inaccessible to wheels, up and down the wooded but waterless ravines (for there are but few brooks in all the Sahel), and especially through the many deep-sunk narrow cuts known as the "Arab lanes." Many of these are of great age, claiming even to be Roman roads, and formed before the coming of the French the only means of communication between the villages. Sometimes, as though by chance, they cling to the sides of

INTERIOR OF A VILLA.

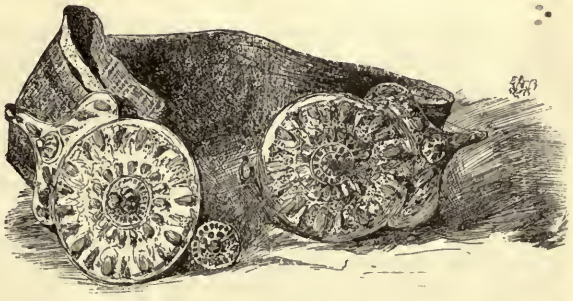
a natural ravine, but more commonly they push their way uncompromisingly, in true Roman style, straight before them, regardless of all obstacles. We occasionally found rocks and hills cut through to the depth of twenty or thirty feet to make way for a narrow little path that could just as well have gone over or round them if it had chosen. Very steep are they too, and quite impracticable for any but sure-footed and long-winded men and beasts, but the natives love and use them still. The pedestrian, besides finding them useful as short cuts, is therefore sure to meet in them many a picturesque group of Kabyle or Arab laborers with the tough hardy little donkeys that do so much of the heavy carrying of the country, and will find himself storing away still another picture in his memory, in which the setting will be a perspective of high, moss-grown, rocky banks festooned with tangled vines and roofed by overhanging trees.

All that we saw of the more distant outlying country about Algiers was comprised in a few days' visit to Blidah, a pretty little town at the foot of the mountains, noted for its orange-groves and its Vallée des Singes, where wild monkeys are at times seen frolicking and chattering among the forest-trees, and a run up to Hammam Rhira, a modest watering-place among the hills, the baths of which are of long-standing reputation for their efficacy in rheumatism. The guide-books, however, tell of many delightful expeditions — to Milianah, to Fort National in the heart of Kabylia, to Teniet and the Cedar Forest, to the Tombeau de la Chrétienne, and many other points of interest within a few days' journey of the city.

In fact, we were not often tempted to leave the terrace and the roses even to go down into town, and fortunately villa life is made so easy by the assiduous English house agent, grocer, butcher, guide, counsellor, and friend all in one, that there were few household errands to be done. Marie the cook in her trim cap and apron was quite competent to attend to these, going to market in the early morning, and hiring a three-sou Arab to carry her big basket of poultry and vegetables up the hill. We meantime found ample occupation in lounging on the terrace with a book or sketching-block, in gathering and arranging the flowers, in prodding the donkey up and down the garden paths, and in watching the antics of Tartarin de Tarascon, the pet monkey and a never-ending source of amusement to the household.

But for those to whom the East never loses its nameless charm, Algiers contains much of interest even in the neutral quarter where the two towns touch each other, "with no other boundary line than mutual mistrust and antipathy." It is there one finds the Governor-General's palace and the still more beautiful one occupied by the Archbishop — both admirable specimens of old Moorish houses. There, too, are the two principal Mohammedan mosques, still intact, while so many have been turned into commonplace Christian churches. One never tires of pausing a moment at the door of one or the other and entering quietly the cool, silent inclosure, where no footfall even is heard, to watch the worshipers prostrate themselves — with empty formalism, it may be, but with extreme grace of drapery and movement — towards the little niche in the eastern wall which marks for them the direction of Mecca.

We were also interested in the Court of Assizes and the Court of Appeal, which are both held not far from the Governor's palace in still other old houses. Climbing the tiled staircase, we looked down from the open



A KABYLE BELT.

RUE DE L'ARABE IN THE OLD TOWN.

gallery of what used to be the quarters of the harem on a strange scene in the old arcaded court below. The matter-of-fact European tribunal and reporters occupied one side of the inclosure, and a mongrel crowd of witnesses and spectators filled a good part of the remaining space. There were Spaniards, Italians, Greeks, ragged Kabyles from the mountains (whose women, unlike the other natives, go unveiled), negroes, turbaned Arabs, veiled Moorish women with children on the shoulders or slung under their arms, all looking on with stolid indifference or gesticulating with wild excitement,— while the prisoner himself stood pinioned and guarded, with, on one occasion, an Arab gun and a bloody bournous lying on the ground before him as silent accusers.

Of course we visited the collections of manuscripts and of Roman and Arab antiquities in the Library and Museum, though here, again, it is the Moorish architecture and the choice Persian tiles of the beautiful old building itself that chiefly attract one. A strange bit of Algerian history is illustrated

by one of the objects of interest in the Museum — a ghastly plaster-cast of the Christian martyr Geronimo, writhing in the agony of death. Tradition had for three hundred years told the story of the Moorish lad who, coming under the influence of Spanish missionary monks, became a Christian and a saint in all but name. He abjured the faith, it was said, for a brief moment under the pressure of bitter persecution and slavery, but returned to it with new zeal, and proved it in the end by a heroic and horrible death — that of being thrown alive, with his hands tied behind him, into a block of liquid concrete which was afterwards built into the wall of one of the outlying forts near the city. Such was the tradition, singularly and literally true in the minutest details, as was proved in 1853, when part of the Fort des Vingt-quatre Heures was demolished, and the block of concrete found containing the accurate impression of the martyr's body, face downward, and the hands tied with cords behind the back. The block itself was claimed by the church, and deposited with great honor in what used to be a Mohammedan mosque, but is now the Roman Catholic cathedral of the town.

Another spot well worth seeing, in the St. Eugène quarter of the city, is the very picturesque mosque, marabout, and cemetery all combined which bear the name of one of the holiest of Arab saints, Sidi Abd-er-Rhaman eth-Thalabi, probably the same worthy who has given his name to the larger Arab cemetery at the other end of the town. Every one goes to see the latter, too, and if the visitors are ladies they choose Friday as the time, as on that day — the Mohammedan sabbath — the native women flock to the cemetery in a body, dressed in their gayest and best and *unveiled*, to picnic among the graves of their friends. It goes without saying that a high wall surrounds the cemetery, and that on that occasion no man is admitted within it. The cemetery itself, like all Oriental graveyards, is neglected and very shabby. The graves are overgrown by weeds and littered with the fragments of many festivities, and the inclosure is entirely without anything like ornamental planting; yet such places, always including and surrounding as they do a marabout or saint's tomb, have an interest and picturesqueness quite their own. Whenever in one's walks a white dome catches the eye, one instinctively turns towards it, sure of finding something worth seeing, if only a few crumbling head-stones under an old olive; and through the open door of the marabout a few tattered but very holy garments, the former property of the saint, hang like battle trophies over his head.

To return to the sights of the city, it is, after all, old Algiers itself, rather than any special thing in it, which is best worth seeing. In spite of the attractions up at the villa, we came back again and again, sometimes by day, sometimes by moonlight, to climb the steep little staircases called streets, to pause a moment at the corners and watch the mysterious veiled figures flitting this way and that, to look over the shoulders of grave checker-players at the doors of Arab cafés, to glance in passing at an Arab school where the boys are ranged cross-legged on shelves round the room in assorted sizes — the little ones below, the big ones on the top shelf near the ceiling — to stop for a little gossip or a little bargaining at some one of the tiny bazars by the way, and to catch furtive glimpses through half-closed doors into interiors that fascinate because they reveal so little. Perhaps were the mystery all done away, could one enter and see for one's self the sloth, the ignorance, the vapidity of the life within, the charm might all be lost in a feeling of profound pity and sadness.

There is still one spot which must claim attention before taking leave of town and villa alike, and that is the English Church of the Holy Trinity. It is most interesting, not only because it is naturally the center of so much that is dear to the foreign colony, but because its walls have become, by means of a series of memorial tablets and inscriptions, a valuable historical record, reaching back to the time of the first English consul in Algiers, John Typton, appointed in 1580, the first consul ever appointed by England in any country. The list includes those Englishmen "who have been honorably connected with the past history of the place, those who have suffered the martyrdom of slavery here, and also such as have died here since the French occupation." It is chiefly to the untiring zeal and devotion of the present British consul, Lieutenant-Colonel Playfair, that this extremely interesting record of historical names and events is due. It has been placed also in such form as to be at once an enduring commemoration of the heroic dead and a great ornament to the church, for the memorial slabs which form a dado round the walls are of beautiful Numidian marbles, ranging in color from pale creamy white and delicate rose to the deepest orange and red. Much of the stained glass also commemorates historical personages, and the large circular west window, representing St. Peter's deliverance from prison by the angel and bearing the inscription, "Lord, show Thy pity on all prisoners and captives," is in memory of the English who perished in captivity during the time of the Deys. Of the larger

mural tablets, one is in honor of the memory of Mr. William Shaler, Consul-General of the United States, "who, during all the troublous times preceding and subsequent to Lord Exmouth's operations (in 1816), when the British consul was in chains, and when he and his family were subsequently expelled by the Dey, rendered most eminent services to them and to the British nation"; and the latest of the series of inscriptions bears the name of the kind and universally respected American consul, Mr. Jourdan, who died at an advanced age in Algiers in the winter of 1883–84, and was buried in the old consular cemetery at St. Eugène.

The most interesting of the tablets are, however, the ones containing the names of those who suffered in the dark days of Christian slavery, and especially that which records the story of the Rev. Devereux Spratt, who was captured by pirates off the coast of Ireland in 1640, with one hundred and twenty of his countrymen, and sold with them into bondage in Algiers, and who subsequently, when his freedom was purchased, refused to avail himself of it. We have happily part of the story in his own words, quoted in Colonel Playfair's "Scourge of Christendom." "I was like," he says, "to be freed by one Captaine Wilde, a pious Christian, but on a sudden I was sould and delivered to a Mussleman dwelling with his family in ye towne, upon which change and disappointment I was very sad; my patron asked me the reason, and withall uttered those comfortable words, 'God is great!' which took such impression as strengthened my faith in God, considering thus with myself, 'Shall this Turkish Mahumitan teach me who ame a Christain, my duty of faith and dependence upon God?'" Afterwards when offered his freedom, "A petition was presented by the English captives for my staying among them; yt he (Capt. Wilde) showed me, and asked me what I would do in ye case. I tould him he was an instrument under God of my liberty, and I would be at his disposeing. He answered Noe, I was a free man, and should be at my own disposeing. Then I replyed, 'I will stay,' considering that I might be more servisable to my country by my continuing in enduring affliction with the people of God than to enjoy liberty at home."

It is interesting to know that still later he was forcibly sent away by a proclamation commanding all freemen to be gone from "that nest of pirats," and that "after a time the Lord opened a doore of setillment" to him somewhere in the county of Cork.

W.

REAPING.

ALONG the east strange glories burn,
And kindling lights leap high and higher,
As morning from her azure urn
Pours forth her golden fire.

From rush and reed, from bush and brake,
Float countless jeweled gossamers
That glance and dazzle as they shake
In every breeze that stirs.

A bird, upspringing from the grain,
Flutes loud and clear his raptured note
That mingles with as blithe a strain
As e'er thrilled human throat.

Amid the tasseled ranks of corn
She stands breast-high; her arms are bare;
And round her warm brown neck the morn
Gleams on her lustrous hair.

The sickle flashes in her hand;
The dew laves both her naked feet;
She reaps and sings, and through the land
She sends her carols sweet.

The wind breathes softly on her brow;
To touch her lips tall blossoms seek;
And as the stricken columns bow,
They kiss her glowing cheek.

O happy maiden! in her breast
Guile hath no place; her virgin sleep
Vain thoughts ne'er trouble; she is blest;
She hath no tears to weep.

She knows nor longs for prouder things;
Her simple tasks are all her care;
She lives and loves, and reaps and sings,
And makes the world more fair.

James B. Kenyon.

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

XX.

"I'M afraid your little friend at the St. Albans isn't altogether happy of late," said Evans toward the end of what he called one of his powwows with Sewell. Their talk had taken a vaster range than usual, and they both felt the need, that people know in dealing with abstractions, of finally getting the ground beneath their feet again.

"Ah?" asked Sewell, with a twinge that allayed his satisfaction in this. "What's the matter with him?"

"Oh, the knowledge of good and evil, I suspect."

"I hope there's nothing wrong," said Sewell, anxiously.

"Oh, no. I used the phrase because it came easily. Just what I mean is that I'm afraid his view of our social inequalities is widening and deepening, and that he experiences the dissatisfaction of people who don't command that prospect from the summit. I told you of his censure of our aristocratic constitution?"

"Yes," said Sewell, with a smile.

"Well, I'm afraid he feels it more and more. If I can judge from the occasional distance and *hauteur* with which he treats me, he is humiliated by it. Nothing makes a man so proud as humiliation, you know."

"That's true!"

"There are a couple of pretty girls at the St. Albans, art-students, who have been painting Barker. So I learn from a reformed cow-boy of the plains who is with us as a law-student, and is about with one of the young ladies a good deal. They're rather nice girls; quite nice, in fact; and there's no harm in the cow-boy, and a good deal of fun. But if Barker had conceived of being painted as a social inferior and had been made to feel that he was merely a model, and if he had become at all aware that one of the girls was rather pretty — they both are ——"

"I see!"

"I don't say it's so. But he seems low-spirited. Why don't you come round and cheer him up — get into his confidence ——"

"Get into the center of the earth!" cried Sewell. "I never saw such an inapproachable creature!"

Evans laughed. "He *is* rather remote. The genuine American youth is apt to be so, especially if he thinks you mean him a kindness. But there ought to be some way of convincing him that he need not feel any ignominy in his employment. After so many centuries of Christianity and generations of Democracy, it ought to be very simple to convince him that there is nothing disgraceful in showing people to their places at table."

"It isn't," said the minister, soberly.

"No, it isn't," said Evans. "I wonder," he added thoughtfully, "why we despise certain occupations? We don't despise a man who hammers stone or saws boards; why should we despise a barber? Is the care of the human head intrinsically less honorable than the shaping of such rude material? Why do we still contemn the tailor who clothes us, and honor the painter who portrays us in the same clothes? Why do we despise waiters? I tried to make Barker believe that I respected all kinds of honest work. But I lied; I despised him for having waited on table. Why have all manner of domestics fallen under our scorn, and come to be stigmatized in a lump as servants?"

"Ah, I don't know," said the minister. "There *is* something in personal attendance upon us that dishonors; but the reasons of it are very obscure; *I* couldn't give them. Perhaps it's because it's work that in a simpler state of things each of us would do for himself, and in this state is too proud to do."

"That doesn't cover the whole ground," said Evans.

"And you think that poor boy is troubled — is really suffering from a sense of inferiority to the other young people?"

"Oh, I don't say certainly. Perhaps not. But if he were, what should you say was the best thing for him to do? Remain a servant; cast his lot with these outcasts; or try to separate and distinguish himself from them, as we all do? Come; we live in the world, which isn't so bad, though it's pretty stupid.

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He couldn't change it. Now, what ought he to do?"

Sewell mused awhile without answering anything. Then he said with a smile, "It's very much simpler to fit people for the other world than for this, don't you think?"

"Yes, it is. It was a cold day for the clergy when it was imagined that they ought to do both."

"Well," said Sewell, rising to follow his friend to the door, "I will come to see Barker, and try to talk with him. He's a very complicated problem. I supposed that I had merely his material prosperity to provide for, after getting him down here; but if I have to reconcile him to the constitution of society!"

"Yes," said Evans. "I wish you'd let me know the result of your labors. I think I could make a very incisive article on the subject. The topic is always an attractive one. There is nobody who doesn't feel that somebody else is taking on airs with him, and ought to have his comb cut. Or, if you should happen to prove to Barker that his ignominy is in accordance with the Development Theory, and is a necessary Survival, or something of that sort, don't you see what a card it would be for us with the better classes?"

They went down-stairs together, and at the street door Evans stopped again. "Or, I'll tell you what. Make it a simple study of Barker's mind — a sort of psychological interview; and then with what I've been able to get from him we can present the impression that Boston makes upon a young, fresh, shrewd mind. That would be something rather new, wouldn't it? Come! the 'Afternoon' would make it worth your while. And then you could work it into a sermon afterwards."

"You shameless reprobate!" said Sewell, laying his hand affectionately on his friend's arm.

There was nothing in Lemuel's case that seemed to him urgent, and he did not go to see him at once. In the mean time, Fast Day came, and Lemuel got away at last to pay his first visit home.

"Seems to me ye ain't lookin' over and above well, Lem," was the first thing his mother said to him, even before she noticed how well he was dressed.

His new spring overcoat, another prize from the Misfit Parlors, and his new pointed-toe shoes and Derby hat, with the suit of clothes he had kept so carefully all through the winter, were not the complete disguise he had fancied they might be at Willoughby Pastures. The depot-master had known him as soon as he got out of the cars, and ignored his splendor in recognizing him. He said, "Hello, Lem!" and had not time to reconcile himself to the boy's changed appearance before Lemuel hurried away with the bag he had bought so long before for the visit. He met several people on his way home from the depot: two of them were women, and one of these said she knew as soon as she looked at him who it was, and the other said she should have known it was Lem Barker as far as she could see him. She asked him if he was home for good now.

His mother pushed back his thick hair with her hard old hand as she spoke to him, and then she pressed his head down upon her neck, which was mostly collar-bone. But Lemuel could hear her heart beat, and the tears came into his eyes.

"Oh, I'm all right, mother," he said huskily, though he tried to say it cheerfully. He let her hold his head there the longer because mixed with his tenderness for her was a horror of her bloomers, which he was not at once able to overcome. When he gained courage to look, he saw that she had them on, but now he had the strength to bear it.

"Ye had any breakfast?" she asked; and when he said that he had got a cup of coffee at Fitchburg, she said, well, she must get him something; and she drew him a cup of Japan tea, and made him some milk-toast and picked-fish, talking all the time, and telling him how his sister and her husband had gone to the village to have one of her teeth drawn. They had got along through the winter pretty well; but she guessed that they would have had more to complain of if it had not been for him. This was her way of acknowledging the help Lemuel had given them every week, and it was casually sandwiched between an account of an Indian Spirit treatment, which Reuben had tried for his rheumatism, and a question whether Lemuel had seen anything of that Mind Cure down to Boston.

But when he looked about the room, and saw here and there the simple comforts and necessaries which his money had bought the sick man and the two helpless women, his heart swelled with joy and pride; and he realized the pleasure we all feel in being a good genius. At times it had come pretty hard to send the greater part of his week's wages home, but now he was glad he had done it. The poor, coarse food which his mother had served him as a treat; the low, cracked ceilings; the waving floor, covered with rag carpet; the sagging doors, and the old-fashioned trim of the small-paned windows, were all very different from the luxurious abundance, the tessellated pavement, and the tapestry brussels, the lofty studding, and the black walnut moldings of the St. Albans;

and Lemuel felt the difference with a curious mixture of pride and remorse in his own escape from the meanness of his home. He felt the self-reproach to which the man who rises without raising with him all those dear to him is destined in some measure all his life. His interests and associations are separated from theirs, but if he is not an ignoble spirit, the ties of affection remain unweakened; he cares for them with a kind of indignant tenderness, and calls himself to account before them in the midst of pleasures which they cannot share, or even imagine.

Lemuel's mother did not ask him much about his life in Boston; she had not the materials for curiosity about it; but he told her everything that he thought she could understand. She recurred to his hopes when he left home and their disappointment in Sewell, and she asked if Lemuel ever saw him nowadays. She could not reconcile herself to his reconciliation with Sewell, whom she still held to have behaved treacherously. Then she went back to Lemuel's looks, and asked him if he kept pretty well; and when he answered that he did, she smoothed with her hand the knot between her eyes, and did not question him further.

He had the whole forenoon with his mother, and he helped her to get the dinner, as he used to do, pulling the stove-wood out of the snow-drift that still imbedded part of the wood-pile, though the snow was all gone around Boston. It was thawing under the dull, soft April sky, and he saw the first bluebird perched on the clothes-line when he went out for the wood; his mother said there had been lots of them. He walked about the place, and into the barn, taking in the forlornness and shabbiness; and then he went up into the room over the shed, where he used to study and write. His heart ached with self-pity.

He realized as he had not done at a distance how dependent this wretched home was upon him; and after meaning the whole morning to tell his mother about Statira, he decided that he was keeping it from her, not merely because he was ashamed to tell her that he was engaged, but because it seemed such a crazy thing, for a person in his circumstances, if it was really an engagement. He had not seen Statira since that night when he brought her to look at the pictures the art-students had made of him. He felt that he had not parted with her kindly, and he went to see her the night before he started home, though it was not Sunday; but he had found her door locked, and this made him angry with her, he could not have said just why. If he told his mother about Statira now, what should he tell her? He compromised by telling her about the two girls that had painted his likeness.

His mother seemed not to care a great deal about the picture. She said, "I don't want you should let any girl make a fool of you, Lem."

"Oh, no," he answered; and went and looked out of the window.

"I don't say but what they're nice girls enough, but in your place you no need to throw yourself away."

Lemuel thought of the awe of Miss Carver in which he lived, and the difference between them; and he could have laughed at his mother's ignorant pride. What would she say if she knew that he was engaged to a girl that worked in a box-factory? But probably she would not think that studying art and teaching it was any better. She evidently believed that his position in the St. Albans was superior to that of Miss Carver.

His sister and her husband came home before they had finished dinner. His sister had her face all tied up to keep from taking cold after having her tooth drawn, and Lemuel had to go out and help his rheumatic brother-in-law put up the horse. When they came in, his brother-in-law did not wash his hands before going to the table, and Lemuel could not keep his eyes off his black and broken finger-nails; his mother's and sister's nails were black too. It must have been so when he lived at home.

His sister could not eat; she took some tea, and went to bed. His brother-in-law pulled off his boots after dinner, and put up his stocking-feet on the stove-hearth to warm them.

There was no longer any chance to talk with his mother indoors, and he asked her if she would not like to come out; it was very mild. She put on her bonnet, and they strolled down the road. All the time Lemuel had to keep from looking at her bloomers. When they met any one driving, he had to keep himself from trying to look as if he were not with her, but was just out walking alone.

The day wore heavily away. His brother-in-law's rheumatism came on toward evening, and his sister's face had swollen, so that it would not do for her to go out. Lemuel put on some old clothes he found in his room, and milked the cows himself.

"Like old times, Lem," said his mother, when he came in.

"Yes," he assented quietly.

He and his mother had tea together, but pretty soon afterwards she seemed to get sleepy; and Lemuel said he had been up early and he guessed he would go to bed. His mother said she guessed she would go too.

After he had blown out his light, she came in to see if he were comfortable. "I presume it seems a pretty poor place to you, Lem," she said, holding her lamp up and looking round.

"I guess if it's good enough for you it is for me," he answered evasively.

"No, it ain't," she said. "I always b'en used to it, and I can see from your talk that you've got used to something different already. Well, it's right, Lem. You're a good boy, and I want you should get the good of Boston, all you can. We don't any of us begrutch it to ye; and what I came up to say now was, don't you scrimp yourself down there to send home to us. We got a roof over our heads, and we can keep soul and body together somehow; we always have, and we don't need a great deal. But I want you should keep yourself nicely dressed down to Boston, so't you can go with the best; I don't want you should feel anyways meechin' on account of your clothes. You got a good figure, Lem; you take after your father. Sometimes I wish you was a little bigger; but *he* wa'n't; and he had a big spirit. He wa'n't afraid of anything; and they said if he'd come out o' that battle where he was killed, he'd 'a' b'en a captain. He was a good man."

She had hardly ever spoken so much of his father before; he knew now by the sound of her voice in the dim room that the tears must be in her eyes; but she governed herself and went on.

"What I wanted to say was, don't you keep sendin' so much o' your money home, child. It's yours, and I want you should have it. Most of it goes for patent medicines, anyway, when it gets here; we can't keep Reuben from buying 'em, and he's always changin' doctors. And I want you should hold yourself high, Lem. You're as good as anybody. And don't you go with any girls, especially, that ain't of the best. You're gettin' to that time o' life when you'll begin to think about 'em; but don't you go and fall in love with the first little poppet you see, because she's got pretty eyes and curly hair."

It seemed to Lemuel as if she must know about Statira, but of course she did not. He lay still, and she went on.

"Don't you go and get engaged, or any such foolishness, in a hurry, Lem. Them art-student girls you was tellin' about, I presume they're all right enough; but you wait awhile. Young men think it's a kind of miracle if a girl likes 'em, and they're ready to go crazy over it; but it's the most natural thing she can do. You just wait awhile. When you get along a little further, you can pick and choose for yourself. I don't know as I should want you should marry for money; but don't you go and take up with the first thing comes along, because you're afraid to look higher. What's become o' that nasty thing that talked so to you at that Miss Vane's?"

Lemuel said that he had never seen Sibyl or Miss Vane since; but he did not make any direct response to the anxieties his mother had hinted at. Her pride in him, so ignorant of all the reality of his life in the city, crushed him more than the sight and renewed sense of the mean conditions from which he had sprung. What if he should tell her that Miss Carver, whom she did not want him to marry in a hurry, regarded him as a servant, and treated him as she would treat a black man? What if she knew that he was as good as engaged to marry a girl that could no more meet Miss Carver on the same level than she could fly? He could only tell his mother not to feel troubled about him; that he was not going to get married in any great hurry; and pretend to be sleepy and turn his head away.

She pulled the covering up round his neck and tucked it in with her strong, rough old hand, whose very tenderness hurt.

He had expected to stay the greater part of the next day, but he took an earlier train. His sister was still laid up; she thought she must have taken cold in her jaw; her husband, rumpled, unshaven, with a shawl over his shoulders, cowered about the cook-stove for the heat. He began to hate this poverty and suffering, to long for escape from it to the life which at that distance seemed so rich and easy and pleasant; he trembled lest something might have happened in his absence to throw him out of his place.

All the way to Boston he was under the misery of the home that he was leaving; his mother's pride added to the burden of it. But when the train drew in sight of the city, and he saw the steeples and chimneys, and the thin masts of the ships printed together against the horizon, his heart rose. He felt equal to it, to anything in it.

He arrived in the middle of the afternoon, and he saw no one at the hotel except the Harmons till toward dinner-time. Then the ladies coming in from shopping had a word of welcome for him; some of them stopped and shook hands at the office, and when they began to come down to dinner they spoke to him, and there again some of them offered their hands; they said it seemed an age since he had gone.

The art-students came down with Berry, who shook hands so cordially with him that perhaps they could not help it. Miss Carver seemed to hesitate, but she gave him her hand

too, and she asked, as the others had done, whether he had found his family well.

He did not know what to think. Sometimes he felt as if people were trying to make a fool of him, almost. He remained blushing and smiling to himself after the last of them had gone in to dinner. He did not know what Miss Carver meant, but her eyes seemed to have lost that cold distance, and to have come nearer to him.

Late at night Berry came to him where he sat at his desk. "Well, Barker, I'm glad you're back again, old man. Feels as if you'd been gone a month of Sundays. Didn't know whether we should have you with us this *first* evening."

Lemuel grew hot with consciousness, and did not make it better for himself by saying, "I don't know what you mean."

"Well, I don't suppose *I* should in your *place*," returned Berry. "It's human nature. It's all right. What did the ladies think of the 'Roman Youth' the other night? The distinguished artists weren't sure exactly, and I thought I could make capital with one of 'em if I could find out. Yes, that's my little game, Barker; that's what I dropped in for; Bismarck style of diplomacy. I'll tell you why they want to know, if you won't give me away: Miss Swan wanted to give her 'bit of color' —that's what she calls it—to one of the young ladies; but she's afraid she didn't like it."

"I guess they liked it well enough," said Lemuel, thinking with shame that Statira had not had the grace to say a word of either of the pictures; he attributed this to 'Manda Grier's influence.

"Well, that's good, so far as it goes," said Berry. "But now, to come down to particulars, what did they *say?* That's what Miss Swan will ask *me*."

"I don't remember just what they said," faltered Lemuel.

"Well, they must have said something," insisted Berry, jocosely. "Give a fellow some little clew, and I can piece it out for myself. What did *she* say? I don't ask which she *was*, but I have my suspicions. All I want to know is what she *said*. Anything like beautiful middle distance, or splendid chiaroscuro, or fine perspective, or exquisite modeling? Come, now! Try to think, Barker." He gave Lemuel time, but to no purpose. "Well," he resumed with affected dejection, "I'll have to try to imagine it; I guess I can; I haven't worked my imagination much since I took up the law. But look here, Barker," he continued more briskly, "now you open up a little. Here I've been giving you my confidence ever since I saw you—forcing it on you; and you know just how far I'm gone on Miss Swan, to the hundredth part of an inch; but I don't know enough of your affections to swear that you've got any. Now, which one is it? Don't be mean about it. I won't give you away. Honest Injun!"

Lemuel was goaded to desperation. His face burned, and the perspiration began to break out on his forehead. He did not know how to escape from this pursuit.

"Which is it, Barker?" repeated his tormentor. "I know it's human nature to deny it, though I never could understand why; if I was engaged, the Sunday papers should have it about as quick!"

"I'm *not* engaged!" cried Lemuel.

"You ain't?" yelled Berry.

"No!"

"Give me your hand! Neither am I!"

He shook Lemuel's helpless hand with mock-heroic fervor. "We are brothers from this time forth, Barker! You can't imagine how closely this tie binds you to me, Barker. Barker, we are one; with no particular prospect, as far as I am concerned, of ever being more."

He offered to dramatize a burst of tears on Lemuel's shoulder; but Lemuel escaped from him.

"Stop! Quit your fooling! What if somebody should come in?"

"They won't," said Berry, desisting, and stretching himself at ease in the only chair besides Lemuel's with which the office was equipped. "It's too late for 'em. Now o'er the one half world nature seems dead-ah, and wicked dreams abuse the curtained sleep-ah. We are safe here from all intrusion, and I can lay bare my inmost thoughts to you, Barker, if I happen to have any. Barker, I'm awfully glad you're not engaged to either of those girls—or both. And it's not altogether because I enjoy the boon companionship of another unengaged man, but it's partly because I don't think—shall I say it?"

"Say what?" asked Lemuel, not without some prescience.

"Well, you can forgive the brotherly frankness, if you don't like it. I don't think they're quite up to you."

Lemuel gave a sort of start, which Berry interpreted in his own way.

"Now, hold on! I know just how you feel. Been there myself. I have seen the time, too, when I thought any sort of a girl was too good for Alonzo W., Jr. But I don't now. I think A. W., Jr., is good enough for the best. I may be mistaken; I was, the other time. But we all begin that way; and the great object is not to keep on that way. See? Now, I suppose you're in love—puppy love—with that little thing. Probably the first girl you got acquainted with after you came

to Boston, or maybe a sweet survival of the Willoughby Pastures period. All right. Perfectly natural, in either case. But don't you let it go any further, my dear boy; old man, don't you let it go any further. Pause! Reflect! Consider! Love wisely, but not too well! Take the unsolicited advice of a sufferer."

Pride, joy, shame, remorse, mixed in Lemuel's heart, which eased itself in an involuntary laugh at Berry's nonsense.

"Now, what I want you to do — dear boy, or old man, as the case may be — is to regard yourself in a new light. Regard yourself, for the sake of the experiment, as too good for any girl in Boston. No? Can't fetch it? Try again!"

Lemuel could only laugh foolishly.

"Well, now, that's singular," pursued Berry. "I supposed you could have done it without the least trouble. Well, let's try something a little less difficult. Look me in the eye, and regard yourself as too good, for example, for Miss Carver. Ha!"

An angry flush spread over Lemuel's embarrassed face. "I wish you'd behave yourself," he stammered.

"In any other cause I would," said Berry, solemnly. "But I must be cruel to be kind. Seriously, old man, if you can't think yourself too good for Miss Carver, I wish you'd think yourself good enough. Now, I'm not saying anything against the Willoughby episode, mind. That has its place in the wise economy of nature, just like anything else. But there ain't any outcome in it for you. You've got a future before you, Barker, and you don't want to go and load up with a love affair that you'll keep trying to unload as long as you live. No, sir! Look at me! I know I'm not an example in some things, but in this little business of correctly placed affections I could give points to Solomon. Why am I in love with M. Swan? Because I can't help it for one thing, and because for another thing she can do more to develop the hidden worth and unsuspected powers of A. W., Jr., than any other woman in the world. She may never feel that it's her mission, but she can't shake my conviction that way; and I shall stay undeveloped to prove that I was right. Well, now, what you want, my friend, is development, and you can't get it where you've been going. She hain't got it on hand. And what you want to do is not to take something else in its place — tender heart, steadfast affections, loyalty; they've got 'em at every shop in town; they're a drug in the market. You've got to say, 'No development, heigh? Well, I'll just look round awhile, and if I can't find it at some of the other stores I'll come back and take some of that steadfast affection. You say it won't come off? Or run in washing?' See?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Lemuel, trying to summon an indignant feeling, and laughing with a strange pleasure at heart. "You've got no right to talk to me that way. I want you should leave me alone!"

"Well, since you're so pressing, I will go," said Berry, easily. "But if I find you at our next interview sitting under the shade of the mustard-tree whose little seed I have just dropped, I shall feel that I have not labored in vain. 'She's a darling, she's a daisy, she's a dumpling, she's a lamb!' I refer to Miss Swan, of course; but on other lips the terms are equally applicable to Miss Carver, and don't you forget it!"

He swung out of the office with a mazurka step. His silk hat, gayly tilted on the side of his head, struck against the door-jamb, and fell rolling across the entry floor. Lemuel laughed wildly. At twenty these things are droll.

XXI.

A WEEK passed, and Lemuel had not tried to see Statira again. He said to himself that even when he had tried to do what was right, and to show those young ladies how much he thought of her by bringing her to see their pictures, she had acted very ungratefully, and had as good as tried to quarrel with him. Then, when he went to see her before his visit home, she was out; she had never been out before when he called.

Now, he had told Berry that they were not engaged. At first this shocked him as if it were a lie. Then he said to himself that he had a right to make that answer because Berry had no right to ask the questions that led to it. Then he asked himself if he really were engaged to Statira. He had told her that he liked her better than any one else in the world, and she had said as much to him. But he pretended that he did not know whether it could be called an engagement.

There was no one who could solve the question for him, and it kept asking itself that whole week, and especially when he was with Miss Carver, as happened two or three times through Berry's connivance. Once he had spent the greater part of an evening in the studio, where he talked nearly all the time with Miss Carver, and he found out that she was the daughter of an old ship's captain at Corbitant; her mother was dead, and her aunt had kept house for her father. It was an old, square house that her grandfather built, in the days when Corbitant had direct trade with France. She described it minutely, and told how a French gentleman had died there in exile at the time of the French Revolution, and who was said to haunt the house; but Miss

Carver had never seen any ghosts in it. They all began to talk of ghosts and weird experiences; even Berry had had some strange things happen to him in the West. Then the talk broke in two again, and Lemuel sat apart with Miss Carver, who told at length the plot of a story she had been reading; it was a story called "Romola," and she said she would lend it to Lemuel; she said she did not see how any one could bear to be the least selfish or untrue after reading it. That made Lemuel feel cold; but he could not break away from her charm. She sat where the shaded lamp threw its soft light on one side of her face; it looked almost like the face of a spirit, and her eyes were full of a heavenly gentleness.

Lemuel asked himself how he could ever have thought them proud eyes. He asked himself at the same time, and perpetually, whether he was really engaged to Statira or not. He thought how different this evening was from those he spent with her. She could not talk about anything but him and her dress; and 'Manda Grier could not do anything but say saucy things which she thought were smart. Miss Swan was really witty; it was as good as the theater to hear her and Berry going on together. Berry was pretty bright; there was no denying it. He sang to his banjo that night; one of the songs was Spanish; he had learnt it in New Mexico.

Lemuel began to understand better how such nice young ladies could go with Berry. At first, after Berry talked so to him that night in the office against Statira, he determined that he would keep away from him; but Berry was so sociable and good-natured that he could not. The first thing he knew, Lemuel was laughing at something Berry said, and then he could not help himself.

Berry was coming now, every chance he had, to talk about the art-students. He seemed to take it for granted that Lemuel was as much interested in Miss Carver as he was himself in Miss Swan; and Lemuel did begin to speak of her in a shy way. Berry asked him if he had noticed that she looked like that Spanish picture of the Virgin that Miss Swan had pinned up next to the door; and Lemuel admitted that there was some resemblance.

"Notice those eyes of hers, so deep, and sorry for everybody in general? If it was anybody in particular, *that* fellow would be in luck. Oh, she's a dumpling, there's no mistake about it! 'Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered!' That's Miss Carver's style. She looks as if she just *wanted* to forgive somebody something. I'm afraid you ain't wicked enough, Barker. Look here! What's the reason we can't make up a little party for the Easter service at the Catholic cathedral Sunday night? The girls would like to go, I know."

"No, no, I can't! I mustn't!" said Lemuel; and he remained steadfast in his refusal. It would be the second Sunday night that he had not seen Statira, and he felt that he must not let it pass so. Berry went off to the cathedral with the art-students; and he kept out of the way till they were gone.

He said to himself that he would go a little later than usual to see Statira, to let her know that he was not so very anxious; but when he found her alone, and she cried on his neck, and owned that she had not behaved as she should that night when she went to see the pictures, and that she had been afraid he hated her, and was not coming any more, he had staid away so long, his heart was melted, and he did everything to soothe and comfort her, and they were more loving together than they had been since the first time.

'Manda Grier came in, and said through her nose, like an old countrywoman, "'The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love!'" and Statira exclaimed in the old way, "'*Manda!*" that he had once thought so cunning, and rested there in his arms with her cheek tight pressed against his.

She did not talk; except when she was greatly excited about something, she rarely had anything to say. She had certain little tricks, poutings, bridlings, starts, outcries, which had seemed the most bewitching things in the world to Lemuel. She tried all these now, unaffectedly enough, in listening to his account of his visit home, and so far as she could she vividly sympathized with him.

He came away heavy and unhappy. Somehow, these things no longer sufficed for him. He compared this evening with the last he had spent with the art-students, which had left his brain in a glow, and kept him awake for hours with luminous thoughts. But he had got over that unkindness to Statira, and he was glad of that. He pitied her now, and he said to himself that if he could get her away from 'Manda Grier, and under the influence of such girls as Miss Swan and Miss Carver, it would be much better for her. He did not relent toward 'Manda Grier; he disliked her more than ever, and in the friendship which he dramatized between Statira and Miss Carver, he saw her cast adrift without remorse.

Sewell had told him that he was always at leisure Monday night, and the next evening Lemuel went to pay his first visit to the minister since his first day in Boston. It was early, and Evans, who usually came that evening, had not arrived yet; but Sewell had him in his thought when he hurried forward to meet his visitor.

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Barker?" he asked, in

a note of surprise. "I am glad to see you. I had been intending to come and look you up again. Will you sit down? Mr. Evans was here the other night, and we were talking of you. I hope you are well?"

"Very well, thank you," said Lemuel, taking the hand the minister offered, and then taking the chair he indicated. Sewell did not know exactly whether to like the greater ease which Lemuel showed in his presence; but there was nothing presumptuous in it, and he could not help seeing the increased refinement of the young man's beauty. The knot between his eyes gave him interest, while it inflicted a vague pang upon the minister. "I have been at home since I saw you." Lemuel looked down at his neat shoes to see if they were in fit state for the minister's study-carpet, and Sewell's eye, sympathetically following, wandered to the various details of Lemuel's simple and becoming dress,—the light spring suit which he had indulged himself in at the Misfit Parlors since his mother had bidden him keep his money for himself and not send so much of it home.

"Ah, have you?" cried the minister. "I hope you found your people all well? How is the place looking? I suppose the season isn't quite so advanced as it is with us."

"There's some snow in the woods yet," said Lemuel, laying the stick he carried across the hat-brim on his knees. "Mother was well; but my sister and her husband have had a good deal of sickness."

"Oh, I'm sorry for that," said Sewell, with the general sympathy which Evans accused him of keeping on tap professionally. "Well, how did you like the looks of Willoughby Pastures compared with Boston? Rather quieter, I suppose."

"Yes, it was quieter," answered Lemuel.

"But the first touch of spring must be very lovely there! I find myself very impatient with these sweet, early days in town. I envy you your escape to such a place."

Lemuel opposed a cold silence to the lurking didacticism of these sentences, and Sewell hastened to add, "And I wish I could have had your experience in contrasting the country and the town, after your long sojourn here, on your first return home. Such a chance can come but once in a lifetime, and to very few."

"There are some pleasant things about the country," Lemuel began.

"Oh, I am sure of it!" cried Sewell, with cheerful aimlessness.

"The stillness was a kind of rest, after the noise here. I think any one might be glad to get back to such a place ——"

"I was sure you would," interrupted Sewell.

"If he was discouraged or broken down any way," Lemuel calmly added.

"Oh!" said Sewell. "You mean that you found more sympathy among your old friends and neighbors than you do here?"

"No," said Lemuel bluntly. "That's what city people think. But it's all a mistake. There isn't half the sympathy in the country that there is in the city. Folks pry into each other's business more, but they don't really care so much. What I mean is that you could live cheaper, and the fight isn't so hard. You might have to use your hands more, but you wouldn't have to use your head hardly at all. There isn't so much opposition — competition."

"Oh," said Sewell, a second time. "But this competition — this struggle — in which one or the other must go to the wall, isn't that painful?"

"I don't know as it is," answered Lemuel, "as long as you're young and strong. And it don't always follow that one must go to the wall. I've seen some things where both got on better."

Sewell succumbed to this worldly wisdom. He was frequently at the disadvantage men of cloistered lives must be, in having his theories in advance of his facts. He now left this point, and covertly touched another that had come up in his last talk with Evans about Barker. "But you find in the country, don't you, a greater equality of social condition? People are more on a level, and have fewer artificial distinctions."

"Yes, there's that," admitted Lemuel. "I've worried a good deal about that, for I've had to take a servant's place in a good many things, and I've thought folks looked down on me for it, even when they didn't seem to intend to do it. But I guess it isn't so bad as I thought when I first began to notice it. Do you suppose it is?" His voice was suddenly tense with personal interest in the question which had ceased to be abstract.

"Oh, certainly not," said the minister, with an ease which he did not feel.

"I presume I had what you may call a servant's place at Miss Vane's," pursued Lemuel unflinchingly, "and I've been what you may call head waiter at the St. Albans since I've been there. If a person heard afterwards, when I had made out something, if I ever did, that I had been a servant, would they — they — despise me for it?"

"Not unless they were very silly people," said Sewell, cordially, "I can assure you."

"But if they had ever seen me doing a servant's work, wouldn't they always remember it, no matter what I was afterwards?" Sewell hesitated, and Lemuel hurried to add, "I ask because I've made up my mind not to be anything but clerk after this."

Sewell pitied the simple shame, the simple

pride. "That isn't the question for you to ask, my dear boy," he answered gently, and with an affection which he had never felt for his charge before. "There's another question, more important, and one which you must ask yourself: '*Should I care if they did?*' After all, the matter's in your own hands. Your soul's always your own till you do something wrong."

"Yes, I understand that." Lemuel sat silently thoughtful, fingering his hat-band. It seemed to Sewell that he wished to ask something else, and was mustering his courage; but if this was so, it exhaled in a sigh, and he remained silent.

"I should be sorry," pursued the minister, "to have you dwell upon such things. There are certain ignoble facts in life which we can best combat by ignoring them. A slight of almost any sort ceases to be when you cease to consider it." This did not strike Sewell as wholly true when he had said it, and he was formulating some modification of it in his mind, when Lemuel said:

"I presume a person can help himself some by being ashamed of caring for such things, and that's what I've tried to do."

"Yes, that's what I meant ——"

"I guess I've exaggerated the whole thing, some. But if a thing is so, thinking it ain't won't unmake it."

"No," admitted Sewell, reluctantly. "But I should be sorry, all the same, if you let it annoy — grieve you. What has pleased me in what I've been able to observe in you has been your willingness to take hold of any kind of honest work. I liked finding you with your coat off washing dishes, that morning, at the Wayfarer's Lodge, and I liked your going at once to Miss Vane's in a — as you did ——"

"Of course," Lemuel interrupted, "I could do it before I knew how it was looked at here."

"And couldn't you do it now?"

"Not if there was anything else."

"Ah, that's the great curse of it; that's what I deplore," Sewell broke out, "in our young people coming from the country to the city. They must all have some genteel occupation! I don't blame them; but I would gladly have saved you this experience — this knowledge — if I could. I felt that I had done you a kind of wrong in being the means, however indirectly and innocently, of your coming to Boston, and I would willingly have done anything to have you go back to the country. But you seemed to distrust me — to find something hostile in me — and I did not know how to influence you."

"Yes, I understand that," said Lemuel. "I couldn't help it, at first. But I've got to see it all in a different light since then. I know that you meant the best by me. I know now that what I wrote wasn't worth anything, and just how you must have looked at it. I didn't know some things then that I do now; and since I have got to know a little more I have understood better what you meant by all you said."

"I am very glad," said Sewell, with sincere humility, "that you have kept no hard feeling against me."

"Oh, not at all. It's all right now. I couldn't explain very well that I hadn't come to the city just to be in the city, but because I had to do something to help along at home. You didn't seem to understand that there wa'n't anything there for me to take hold of."

"No, I'm afraid I didn't, or wouldn't, quite understand that; I was talking and acting, I'm afraid, from a preconceived notion." Lemuel made no reply, not having learned yet to utter the pleasant generalities with which city people left a subject; and after a while Sewell added, "I am glad to have seen your face so often at church. You have been a great deal in my mind, and I have wished to do something to make your life happy and useful to you in the best way here, but I haven't quite known how." At this point Sewell realized that it was nearly eight months since Lemuel had come to Boston, and he said contritely, "I have not made the proper effort, I'm afraid; but I did not know exactly how to approach you. You were rather a difficult subject," he continued, with a smile in which Lemuel consented to join, "but now that we've come to a clearer understanding" — He broke off and asked, "Have you many acquaintances in Boston?"

Lemuel hesitated, and cleared his throat. "Not many."

Something in his manner prompted the minister to say, "That is such a very important thing for young men in a strange place. I wish you would come oftener to see us hereafter. Young men, in the want of companionship, often form disadvantageous acquaintances, which they can't shake off afterwards, when they might wish to do so. I don't mean evil acquaintance; I certainly couldn't mean that in your case; but frivolous ones, from which nothing high or noble can come — nothing of improvement or development."

Lemuel started at the word and blushed. It was Berry's word. Sewell put his own construction on the start and the blush.

"Especially," he went on, "I should wish any young man whom I was interested in to know refined and noble women." He felt that this was perhaps, in Lemuel's case, too much like prescribing port wine and carriage exercise to an indigent patient, and he added, "If you cannot know such women, it is better

to know none at all. It is not what women say or do, so much as the art they have of inspiring a man to make the best of himself. The accidental acquaintances that young people are so apt to form are in most cases very detrimental. There is no harm in them of themselves, perhaps, but all irregularity in the life of the young is to be deplored."

"Do you mean," asked Lemuel, with that concreteness which had alarmed Sewell before, "that they ought to be regularly introduced?"

"I mean that a young girl who allowed a young man to make her acquaintance outside of the — the — social sanctions would be apt to be a silly or romantic person, at the best. Of course, there are exceptions. But I should be very sorry if any young man I knew — no; why shouldn't I say *you* at once? — should involve himself in any such way. One thing leads to another, especially with the young; and the very fact of irregularity, of romance, of strangeness in an acquaintance, throws a false glamour over the relation, and appeals to the sentiments in an unwarranted degree."

"Yes, that is so," said Lemuel.

The admission stimulated Sewell in the belief that he had a clew in his hand which it was his duty to follow up. "The whole affair loses proportion and balance. The fancy becomes excited, and some of the most important interests — the very most important interests of life — are committed to impulse." Lemuel remained silent, and it seemed the silence of conviction. "A young man is better for knowing women older than himself, more cultivated, devoted to higher things. Of course, young people must see each other, must fall in love, and get married; but there need be no haste about such things. If there is haste — if there is rashness, thoughtlessness — there is sure to be unhappiness. Men are apt to outgrow their wives intellectually, if their wives' minds are set on home and children, as they should be; and allowance for this ought to be made, if possible. I would rather that in the beginning the wife should be the mental superior. I hope it will be several years yet before you think seriously of such things, but when the time comes, I hope you will have seen some young girl — there are such for every one of us — whom it is civilization and enlightenment, refinement, and elevation, simply to know. On the other hand, a silly girl's influence is degrading and ruinous. She either drags those attached to her down to her own level, or she remains a weight and a clog upon the life of a man who loves her."

"Yes," said Lemuel, with a sigh which Sewell interpreted as that of relief from danger recognized in time.

He pursued eagerly: "I could not warn any one too earnestly against such an entanglement."

Lemuel rose and looked about with a troubled glance.

Sewell continued: "Any such marriage — a marriage upon any such conditions — is sure to be calamitous; and if the conditions are recognized beforehand, it is sure to be iniquitous. So far from urging the fulfillment of even a promise, in such a case, I would have every such engagement broken, in the interest of humanity — of morality ——"

Mrs. Sewell came into the room, and gave a little start of surprise, apparently not mixed with pleasure, at seeing Lemuel. She had never been able to share her husband's interest in him, while insisting upon his responsibility; she disliked him not logically, but naturally, for the wrong and folly which he had been the means of her husband's involving himself in; Miss Vane's kindliness toward Lemuel, which still survived, and which expressed itself in questions about him whenever she met the minister, was something that Mrs. Sewell could not understand. She now said, "Oh! Mr. Barker!" and coldly gave him her hand. "Have you been well? Must you go?"

"Yes, thank you. I have got to be getting back. Well, good-evening." He bowed to the Sewells.

"You must come again to see me," said the minister, and looked at his wife.

"Yes, it has been a very long time since you were here," Mrs. Sewell added.

"I haven't had a great deal of time to myself," said Lemuel, and he contrived to get himself out of the room.

Sewell followed him down to the door, in the endeavor to say something more on the subject his wife had interrupted, but he only contrived to utter some feeble repetitions. He came back in vexation, which he visited upon Lemuel. "Silly fellow!" he exclaimed.

"What has he been doing now?" asked Mrs. Sewell, with reproachful discouragement.

"Oh, *I* don't know! I suspect that he's been involving himself in some ridiculous love affair!" Mrs. Sewell looked a silent inculpation. "It's largely conjecture on my part, of course, — he's about as confiding as an oyster! — but I fancy I have said some things in a conditional way that will give him pause. I suspect from his manner that he has entangled himself with some other young simpleton, and that he's ashamed of it, or tired of it, already. If that's the case, I have hit the nail on the head. I told him that a foolish, rash engagement was better broken than kept. The fool-

ish marriages that people rush into are the greatest bane of life!"

"And would you really have advised him, David," asked his wife, "to break off an engagement if he had made one?"

"Of course I should! I ——"

"Then I am glad I came in in time to prevent your doing anything so wicked."

"Wicked?" Sewell turned from his desk, where he was about to sit down, in astonishment.

"Yes! Do you think that nobody else is to be considered in such a thing? What about the poor, silly girl if he breaks off with her? Oh, you men are all alike! Even the best! You think it is a dreadful thing for a young man to be burdened with a foolish love affair at the beginning of his career; but you never think of the girl whose whole career is spoiled, perhaps, if the affair is broken off! Hasn't she any right to be considered?"

"I should think," said Sewell, distinctly daunted, "that they were equally fortunate if it were broken off."

"Oh, my dear, you know you don't think anything of the kind! If he has more mind than she has, and is capable of doing something in the world, he goes on and forgets her; but she remembers him. Perhaps it's her one chance in life to get married — to have a home. You know very well that in a case of that kind — a rash engagement, as you call it — both are to blame; and shall one do all the suffering? Very probably his fancy was taken first, and he followed her up, and flattered her into liking him; and now shall he leave her because he's tired of her?"

"Yes," said Sewell, recovering from the first confusion which his wife's unexpected difference of opinion had thrown him into, "I should think that was the very best reason in the world why he should leave her. Would his marrying make matters worse or better if he were tired of her? As for wickedness, I should feel myself guilty if I did not do my utmost to prevent marriages between people when one or other wished to break their engagement, and had not the moral courage to do so. There is no more pernicious delusion than that one's word ought to be kept in such an affair, after the heart has gone out of it, simply because it's been given."

"David!"

But Sewell was not to be restrained. "I am right about this, Lucy, and you know it. Half the miserable marriages in the world could be prevented, if there were only some frank and fearless adviser at hand to say to the foolish things that if they no longer fully and freely love each other they can commit no treason so deadly as being true to their word. I wish," he now added, "that I could be the means of breaking off every marriage that the slightest element of doubt enters into beforehand. I should leave much less work for the divorce courts. The trouble comes from that crazy and mischievous principle of false self-sacrifice that I'm always crying out against. If a man has ceased to love the woman he has promised to marry — or *vice versa* — the best possible thing they can do, the only righteous thing, is not to marry."

Mrs. Sewell could not deny this. She directed an oblique attack from another quarter, as women do, while affecting not to have changed her ground at all. "Very well, then, David, I wish you would have nothing to do with that crazy and mischievous principle yourself. I wish you would let this ridiculous Barker of yours alone from this time forth. He has found a good place, where he is of use, and where he is doing very well. Now I think your responsibility is fairly ended. I hope you won't meddle with his love affairs, if he has any; for if you do, you will probably have your hands full. He is very good-looking, and all sorts of silly little geese will be falling in love with him."

"Well, so far his love troubles are purely conjectural," said Sewell, with a laugh. "I'm bound to say that Barker himself didn't say a word to justify the conjecture that he was either in love or wished to be out of it. However, I've given him some wholesome advice, which he'll be all the better for taking, merely as a prophylactic, if nothing else."

"I am tired of him," sighed Mrs. Sewell. "Is he going to keep perpetually turning up, in this way? I hope you were not very pressing with him in your invitations to him to call again?"

Sewell smiled. "You were not, my dear."

"You let him take too much of your time. I was so provoked, when I heard you going on with him, that I came down to put an end to it."

"Well, you succeeded," said Sewell easily. "Don't you think he's greatly improved in the short time he's been in the city?"

"He's very well dressed. I hope he isn't extravagant."

"He's not only well dressed, but he's beginning to be well spoken. I believe he's beginning to observe that there is such a thing as not talking through the nose. He still says, 'I don't know *as*,' but most of the men they turn out of Harvard say that; I've heard some of the professors say it."

Mrs. Sewell was not apparently interested in this.

W. D. Howells.

(To be continued.)

HEIDELBERG.

WHEN, at the opening of our era, Roman legions marched from the golden South into the gray North, few places could have attracted them more than Heidelberg, where forest-clad summits, and quiet valleys piercing the somber depths of the Odenwald, fringe the broad plain of the Rhine. Many massive foundations still tell of the towers the Romans raised to protect their settlements on the plain below; and vestiges testify that villas, with all the luxuries of the great Roman capital, dotted this part of the Rhine valley. Shrines sacred to Roman gods were there, and imperial camps watched over the whole, and guarded the Roman inhabitants against the inroads of the wild German tribes, lowering in the valleys and the mountain recesses. Well-traveled highways connected this quiet region with the cities beyond, for a bit of the old road, found on the left bank of the Neckar, near Heidelberg's new bridge, and six stately mile-stones on the opposite side, point to the great Roman road that once swept by to Lopodanum in the north, and to Augusta Nemetum, modern Speier, in the south.

But the waning Roman power had well-nigh set upon this part of northern Europe when in the fifth century Teuton hordes poured down from east and north and took possession of the Neckar and Rhine valleys, and effaced the prominent marks of Roman civilization and Teutonized the whole. Just how and when the Roman settlements about the mouth of the Neckar fell into the hands of these wild tribes, history has not told us. But as the centuries wear on, order may be seen to prevail again, and monasteries with their monks and proud abbots now form the great power in the region. Thus, on the highroad now called the Bergstrasse, built by the Romans along the foot of the western slopes of the Odenwald, we might, as long ago as 764 A. D., have seen the pious Williswinde of the royal house of Pepin founding a monastery at Lauresheim, now Lorsch, and her sons, the lords of the land, bearing to it on their shoulders the precious body of the martyr Nazarius, sent by the Pope from over the Alps and through the dark Vosges, to become the saint of this remote shrine. From the slopes of the mountain where, to-day, one may view happy homes and lofty spires, we would have seen at our feet only the fields of Bergheim and Neuenheim, now absorbed in busy Heidelberg. Far inward, under the height, where now stands the Molkenkur, and where first frowned the Roman tower, these villagers built their church in its present modern form, the Gothic pearl St. Peter's. And how wild must have been the spot we gather from the old name still clinging to this region, "The Holy Virgin in the Desolate Waste." Hermits early frequenting this waste grouped in time into a well-ordered, extensive Augustine monastery, one day to shelter Luther, but finally to give place to the present roomy square in front of the university. Fishermen, millers, and other humble folk, indispensable to the welfare of a monastic brotherhood, seem soon to have multiplied about the cloister, plying their busy trades along the silent river-banks, now dense with the houses of Heidelberg.

But this "desolate waste" assumed a wider historic importance when, as the old Lorsch chronicle reports, in 1147, one of the most powerful princes of that day, Conrad of Hohenstaufen, brother of the mighty Barbarossa, here took up his abode "in a castle on the Heidelberg, where before there had been nothing worthy of mention." Here Conrad founded the powerful dynasty which through its different branches should rule the Palatinate even down to our own century, and, making Heidelberg the royal residence, raise it to become a brilliant center of princely life, of arts and letters. Where the Roman had had his stronghold, there Conrad perched his eagle-nest, and about this lofty castle soon clustered houses of court followers and servants, forming the proud Bergstadt of Heidelberg, which as late as 1805 preserved its original privileges. Around these dwellings of his retainers and his castle Conrad threw a strong wall, later extending it to include the humbler settlement of fishermen and millers along the river's bank below. Thus the city of Heidelberg was formed.

For nearly two hundred years the descendants of Conrad lived in this old fortress, perched on the heights above the slope where Heidelberg Castle now stands. Exactly when the later knights moved down from their loftier home we do not know, but in the treaty of Pavia, made in 1329, two castles in Heidelberg are mentioned; and it is probable that the building of the additional one on the Jettenbükel was due both to family increase and dissension, and to the shifting spirit of the times. The growth and assertion of the cities had now developed universally greater ele-

gance in living, while the requirements of states with widening borders had become more elaborate. Hence it was, no doubt, that the occupants of castles began to feel too confined in their pent-up rookeries on the hilltops and built more commodious and sumptuous quarters. Of the lower castle in Heidelberg we hear almost nothing for nearly one hundred years after its foundation in the early years of the fourteenth century. That it must have been well but crudely fortified, however, we can have no doubt, since the strange fact is recorded that in its moat fierce lions were kept.

But although no stately buildings, even in ruin, exist to speak to us from those early years of Heidelberg's rising glory, there happily remains one monument still enjoying full vigor, and celebrating this present summer of 1886 the 500th anniversary of its foundation by Conrad's descendant, the Count Palatine Ruprecht I. This is the university, hoary but gifted with eternal youth. Hardly black enough could be painted the picture of the moral and mental needs of the time, in all western Europe, preceding the birth of the first universities, of which that of Heidelberg was among the earliest. The great Roman church had sunk into a deathly lassitude, and superstition everywhere prevailed. From the monasteries, which had held learning in their keeping, there flickered scarcely a spark of intellectual life. Even the celebrated St. Gallen stood at so low an ebb, that in 1291 neither the abbot nor any of the chapter could so much as write. Among the people hordes of half-naked flagellants roved from place to place, a plague and a pestilence; the devil incarnate seemed rampant, and the poor witches his servants were burned in great numbers, their death-days being made festive occasions by the people. Against all this and much more the human spirit rebelled, and in Italy, Spain, and France the first universities originated not with princes or church, but with thinking men, who out of love for knowledge joined together for scientific work, untrammeled by monkish vows. So powerful a weapon the church, however, soon saw would be of use, and took it into her service. Princes, too, smiled upon these new developments, finding it advantageous to their state and fame to found schools of learning, full of active, thinking, practical men. Paris early attracted great crowds of learners, the university being so celebrated that to have studied there was considered a high honor. But from the lack of books education dwindled down to meager proportions, the students spending their time in servilely copying what their teachers dictated. Disputations, however, gave occasion for some play of thought, and these were so admired by Carl IV. of Prague that, in imitation, he started a university in his own residence. It was to the direct influence of this young and enthusiastic prince, Carl of Prague, upon his aged friend, the Palsgrave Ruprecht I., that Heidelberg owes the establishment of her university. Ruprecht's long life had been filled with futile wars and conflicts, but the old warrior easily foresaw the advantages his land would derive from this more enduring work, and although he wrote with marked humility, "I understand only my mother tongue; I am untaught and ignorant of all learning," still he did his utmost to make prosperous his infant university. He gave strict command that no violence should be done the students in traveling to and from Heidelberg, a great boon in those lawless days. Besides, he made the institution absolutely free to pass judgment upon and punish its own members, and declared it to be in no way subject to civil authority, a right which German universities have, to a great extent, preserved to the present day. A rich dowry in lands and other sources of income was given to the university. The university had four faculties, which conferred the different degrees of bachelor, master, and licentiate, and on October 18, 1386, it was solemnly opened with mass attended by all the students. The first rector was Marsilius von Inghen from Paris, where Ruprecht had found the pattern for all that concerned his new institution, even to the fashion of dress to be worn by the professors. The very hours were fixed when the learned men called from afar should hold forth, but they were forbidden to fill up the whole time with stupefying dictation, some chance being thus wisely afforded for the breath of free academic life. While inheriting a developed organization like that of the church, as well as its affection for ranks and degrees, far greater simplicity and limitation ruled in the university in all that concerned material needs. The professors were satisfied with from one to eight groschen (about 2½—20 cents) for each course of lectures, according to its length, and the disputations paid three gulden ($1.50) annually, a sufficiently large sum for those days. Fifty gulden a year ($25.00) was a fine salary, but for traveling for three months in Italy on university business a professor received only an additional thirty-nine gulden ($19.50), a modest sum indeed, according to our modern ideas, even on the basis that money had twenty times its present value. For the prosperity of the institution a library was most essential. But while, in our day, a private man may have his thousands of books, a priceless storehouse of knowledge, in Ru-

precht's time a library of sixty volumes was considered very large, in fact, well-nigh inexhaustible. As, before the invention of printing, the store of learning was confined to rare and perishable manuscripts, on each of which a small fortune was expended, Ruprecht felt the importance of protecting dealers in manuscripts, paper, and parchment, and so he granted them the same privileges that he had given to the university itself. How strange a contrast to his course in these matters, and how vivid a picture of those wild days, was the position taken by this prince with regard to the robberies then prevalent on the highway! In these he shared openly, for he kept active two fortified robbers' nests, not far from Speier, on the great road to Worms, and, as the merchants passing to and from the far East, with costly wares, neared the forest, they were fallen upon, and their goods seized to replenish the prince's treasury. Private men, as well as the Elector, smiled upon the young library; one Conrad of Gelenhausen gave his books, and soon Marsilius von Inghen, the first rector, followed this example. The growth of university and library induced Ruprecht's son, Ruprecht II., to take energetic but strange measures. He drove the Jews out of their street, which even to-day keeps the name of Judengasse; occupied all their houses for academic purposes, and confiscated their Oriental manuscripts! A measure of greater justice was his merging the old village of Bergheim in Heidelberg. The number of students had increased so greatly, in four short years over one thousand having matriculated, that the walled town could no longer contain them and their numerous following. Consequently this Ruprecht issued a remarkable edict given on Whit Sunday, 1392, to "our poor people" in Bergheim, offering them freedom for fifteen years from all tribute, provided they would tear down their huts and move to Heidelberg. He promised to build a strong defense about their new homes, urging upon them the greater security they would enjoy by their living within his walls. His tempting offer seems to have been eagerly accepted, and Heidelberg now had its borders much extended toward the Rhine valley, the new part being called the Bergheim or Speier suburb, names it has retained to the present day.

But while so much was taking place in the valley, the Prince Elector of the Palatinate had become so powerful that he was elected by his compeers to become King of Germany and Roman Emperor. Instead of the humble quarters where his fathers had lived for nearly a century, the Prince Elector, Ruprecht III., reared a noble structure, now, alas! much crowded by an unseemly Latin square tower at the entrance to the Heidelberg castle court. This palace, usually called the "Ruprecht's bau," is a fine sample of a princely dwelling of the Gothic type; for rising in three floors communicating by a winding staircase in the octagonal tower, on the western or outer face of the building, ample room was afforded for all the festivals of an imperial court. On entering, well-proportioned Gothic arches on either side, supported by two massive columns, vaulted the great halls where the retainers of lower degree held wassail.* On the floor above was the king's hall, once celebrated for its exquisite finishing of carved woodwork, tapestries, portraits, etc. Directly over the keystone of the arched gateway, two angels still hold their wreath of roses inclosing symbolic compasses. Could these angels speak, they might tell us of the ancient Masonic Lodge in far-off Strasburg, and of the mason-artists and workmen there, who in strong corporation upheld art, building mighty cathedrals. They might further relate how Ruprecht called thence such skillful men to build, besides this castle-palace over which these angels still keep watch, the imposing Heiligen Geist church, destined to play a most important part in the history of the university and of the Reformation.

In King Ruprecht's son, the Prince Elector Ludwig III., the library happily found a generous patron, and even the Pope granted it privileges, graciously releasing all its donors from the necessity of restoring church property unlawfully wrested from the bishopric of Worms. In the year of the invention of printing, 1436 A. D., Ludwig gave the university his own princely library, consisting of one hundred and fifty-two volumes, one of which he had copied himself; and all these costly manuscripts he placed in the Heiligen Geist church, where "masters and scholars of the new studies might use them freely." These bulky parchments, all "bound in costly leather, velvet, and silk," with "silver and gilded clasps," and fastened to long desks by iron chains and strong locks, stood, no doubt, not in the choir, but in the roomy galleries which still run around the sides of the Heiligen Geist church; and thus, even when daily mass was going on in the crowded choir far below, students could steal up through the winding stairways on the outside of the church, and in this quiet loft pursue their studies undisturbed. Following the example of Ludwig, Prince Electors, one after the other, as well as rich men, like the Fuggers of Augsburg, sent their libraries to be added to this "Bibliotheca Palatina"; and thus the collection slowly but surely be-

* The photographs used throughout this paper for the illustration of the ruins we owe to Ed. von König of Heidelberg.

RUDOLPH'S PALACE AND PART OF RUPRECHT'S PALACE.

came the first in Europe, "superior even to the one in the Vatican," as the great Scaliger admiringly wrote towards the end of the sixteenth century.

Under no ruler were Heidelberg and the Palatinate more warlike and yet prosperous than under Friedrich I., Prince Elector from 1452 to 1475 A. D., called by his friends "the victorious," but by his enemies the "mad Fritz" *(der tolle Fritz)*. Friedrich, perceiving the changes that would result from the invention of gunpowder, made important alterations in his army, and began mighty fortifications around the Gothic castle of his forefathers, planning six great towers, as well as bastions and casemates, which might, when completed, defy even the new and more powerful demons of war. The massive walls and threatening bulk of the "Powder Tower," the only one of the six finished by Friedrich himself, speak eloquently of the iron strength he meant to give the mountain side of his castle, most exposed to the attacks of the enemy. Philip the Upright (1476–1508) did not continue the fortifications of the castle on so grand a scale as they had been begun by his uncle and predecessor Friedrich; still he employed one military builder, the father of Melanchthon, plain George Schwarzerd. There is no doubt, however, that this prince caused the interior of his castle to be much beautified. From Nuremberg he called the famous sculptor Peter Vischer to give him "advice and handiwork," while painters must have used their skillful brushes for him, since there is a quaint picture in a Codex Palatina of an artist presenting Philip with his work. It was in Philip's hospitable halls that great thinkers, representatives of the revival of learning, met to hold converse with their prince. But while he eagerly entertained the learned Greeks driven out of Constantinople by the Turkish conquest, the university with scholastic exclusiveness closed its doors against such dangerous innovators. While the university thus lingered far behind in the darkness of the middle ages, the people and court of Heidelberg were rapidly passing into the dawn of the Reformation.

PORTRAIT STATUE OF LUDWIG V. ON THE GREAT TOWER.

Melanchthon was being educated among them, and Luther was soon to appear within their walls.

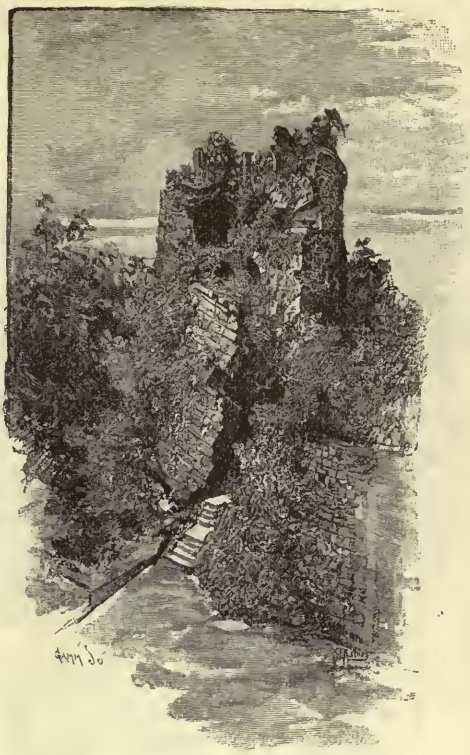
It was on the 21st of April, 1518, when Ludwig V. had for ten years been Prince Elector, that there appeared at the gates of old Heidelberg an Augustine monk, come thither, after a long journey made on foot and alone, on business for his order. But his was to prove a broader mission, and a few days later all Heidelberg was discussing the views this monk had just dared to promulgate in a disputation held in the ancient Augustine monastery under the hill. There, in the presence of citizens and court, of professors and students, of clergy and laity, had he defended "justification by faith and not by works" with such burning, persuasive eloquence, that students and people broke out into stormy, scornful laughter as one of the professors peevishly exclaimed, "Luther, if the peasants should hear this they would stone thee."

Under the influence of this new movement the Elector Ludwig V. must have also been when, three years later, at the Diet of Worms, he saved Luther from the fate of Huss. But although the new religious ideas were thus protected by the Elector, his university would have nothing to do with them. Yet even here a tiny spark of light at last seems visible, and Erasmus and Sebastian Münster came to Heidelberg to teach, though Münster soon departed to accept a more remunerative position in Basel. Still, the university remained far behind the requirements of the time, and it is no wonder that students fell off greatly, and that the institution in 1525 was obliged to record the unpleasant fact, "Here there are more teachers than learners." But not to their own course did these professors ascribe their troubles. With the usual blindness of mankind they now complained bitterly to the Elector that Lutheranism and the peasants' war had brought blight to their blooming university, and demanded of him that he should immediately stamp out the dangerous dogma! Perhaps fear of peasant uprisings led the Prince Elector to raise the masses of his "Great Tower" *(Dicke Thurm)* frowning on the river face of the castle. And today, as we gaze upon its mighty walls, twenty-four feet thick, suspended in mid-air over the depths, with no foundation left to support the gigantic weight, we almost believe with the old story-tellers that these ponderous masses hang from a magnet. From this giant, completed by Ludwig in 1533, a bastion, crowned by a roundel, swept northward, connecting it with still another but smaller tower, now in ruin, known as Ludwig's tower, or "Seldom Empty" *(Selten Leer)*. In the deep castle moat on the south side, Ludwig threw up piers carrying mighty arches, which at one end should bear the castle gate, now sadly ruined, and at the other the great square watch-tower, still intact. Its heavy proportions and the two huge stone watchmen in armor, still keeping guard over the entrance to the castle court, speak only too plainly of a failure here to attain the artistic or beautiful in striving for the strong. This watch-tower, completed in 1541, was united by powerful walls to the "Seldom Empty," while underground passages, inacces-

ible to the enemy, connected all these formidable structures, and internal stairs, a part of which are now visible near the roundel, gave access to the upper works. But where watchmen once patrolled the walls that shut in the inner gabled buildings is now a beautiful garden; and it is impossible for us to imagine the castle, the simple Gothic fabric of Münster's time, scarce peering out from its mighty fortifications. A picture in Münster's famous geographical book, his "Cosmographei," a rude piece of wood-cutting indeed, gives us the earliest representation of these walls. It was in this old Gothic castle that Luther was most kindly received and shown about by the Palsgrave Wolfgang, Ludwig's younger brother.

But in this old castle, which for centuries had preserved its Gothic character, a revolution in architecture was now to come, the necessary outgrowth of the great revolutions in thought; and Friedrich II., who as an old man succeeded his brother Ludwig in 1544, stands in character and works upon the borderland leading over to higher plains, where the Renaissance should take full possession of the fancy of sculptor and architect, and the Reformation of the minds of people and ruler.

As Friedrich settled in the castle of his fathers at Heidelberg, there was an end to his many wanderings. In the days of his poverty he had blamed his brother for extravagance in building, but now he himself indulged in the same luxury. But as Friedrich was most unlike his staid brother, so do his buildings all show a different spirit. The plain old court could no longer satisfy a prince familiar with the elaborate and new-fashioned palaces of Italy and Spain. He therefore had Jacob Haidern build a "New Court" *(neuer Hof)*, extending away out to the fortifications at the north-east corner of the castle, but facing inward. As to-day we gaze up at its three tiers of porticoes, having pillars of classic shape with fluted shafts and antique capitals, visions of similar colonnades in sunny Italy float before us, and the influence here of the Italian Renaissance dawns upon us. But strangely mingled with such classic forms are familiar elements borrowed from the then surrounding Gothic architecture of the old castle court. Thus a Gothic staircase-tower clings incongruously to the east end of these classic colonnades; originally it interrupted them, for arches and pillars once swept on unconcealed, where now interposes the adjoining palace. At the opposite end an obtrusive wing juts out beyond these colonnades, a sun-dial written on its brow, Gothic windows peering out of its face, but classic monsters riding its gable, the whole a most bizarre medley of the new style of the Renaissance and the older Gothic trying to make peace with one another. In building the famous Octagonal Tower Friedrich's architect followed the Gothic more purely, but the purpose of the structure, originally intended for a bulwark, was changed, a great bell being here hung. The old German fortress



THE POWDER "SHATTERED" TOWER.

OVER THE ENTRANCE TO RUPRECHT'S PALACE.

RUPRECHT'S PALACE, WATCH-TOWER, SPRING-HOUSE, AND LUDWIG'S BUILDINGS.

thus had at last its *tour de l'horloge*, from which the hour-marking peals might ring out as they did from many a French château.

Friedrich's work in reforming the university was more harmonious than his art effort. Thus he not only put into action many of the modernizing changes proposed by Melanchthon and the philosophical faculty, but of his own accord ordered that the barbarous Latin of the middle ages should no longer be read, urging the use of the more tasteful works of the restorers of classic culture. This easy-going old courtier and personal friend of Charles V. could not, however, enter with a whole heart into the religious movements in his own land, even though doing his best to be free from the baneful influence of the Spanish monarch. When, however, the people assembled in the Heiligen Geist church, instead of joining in the mass, broke out singing the Reformation hymn of victory "Es ist ein Heil uns kommen her," Friedrich took warning. By Melanchthon's advice, he at once gave orders that the mass no longer be read in Latin, but in German; that both bread and wine be administered to the people in the sacrament, and the clergy be allowed to marry. On Christmas-day, 1545, in the castle chapel, the host was thus administered to the communicant for the first time, and on January 3d the first Protestant service was held in the Heiligen Geist church. But this action provoked the "Most Catholic" Emperor Charles, and soon Friedrich was obliged to undo his work. But where the aged Friedrich halted, his earnest nephew Otto Heinrich vigorously took up the work.

II.

THIS prince, who reigned three short years, from 1556 to 1559, having early joined the new faith and for it suffered exile and distress, in coming to the electoral dignity immediately showed the position he should take as ruler of the Palatinate. In March the new Prince Elector issued from his castle an edict ordering the introduction into the whole Palatinate of the evangelical doctrines, and the doing away of all papal errors.

The university and city also felt at once the magic energy of Otto Heinrich's noble character. Besides caring for such matters as the cleaning of the streets and justice in commercial affairs, he furthered the enlightenment of the people. He now called to his aid his personal friend Melanchthon, and the arrival of this great humanist and reformer is chronicled in the academic records as one of the gala days in the history of Heidelberg. Many

were the outward changes now made in the university, the principal one perhaps being the substitution, in the place of the old scholastic methods, of five full professorships of Greek literature, ethics, physics, mathematics, poesy, and eloquence, and the doing away with all the wooden compendia of so-called Aristotelian lore, for the fresh sources themselves, Homer, Pindar, Herodotus, and Xenophon being made the textbooks. The Prince Elector showed his wise policy by increasing the professors' salaries, and by so enriching the library with truly valuable, well-chosen acquisitions that it has often been called his creation.

But, while fostering with tender care church and school, Otto Heinrich did not forget gentler, less intrusive art. Between two plain, gray Gothic towers, both striving upward, there is unfolded to us a façade of rich red stone, its quiet horizontal lines lying in gracefully proportioned tiers one above the other, while the perpendicular or wavy forms of statue and relief, of column and arabesque, cast in harmonious profusion over the stern architecture, transfigure it from ponderous stone into a living, breathing whole, telling of the poetic fancies and the artistic aspirations of the three short years when Otto Heinrich's genius ruled.

A pyramidal effect is attained by rolling and irregular cartouche decoration, and even an inexperienced eye will see that its geometrical and artificial lines are quite out of keeping with the natural swing of the greater part of the ornament, which, reveling in plant or human forms, follows the purest early Italian Renaissance. This is so Italian, indeed, that fable long connected it with the name of Michael Angelo. But there are no traces of the influence of this master from Florence; on the contrary, very many details point to Pavia, with its older Certosa, as the spot whence Otto Heinrich's artists must have drawn inspiration. The medallions of Roman emperors between winged cupids, the arabesques above the windows, the decoration by statues in niches, the friezes of running pattern, in fact, the general style of the whole, all seem echoes from the marble front of the ornate cathedral at Pavia. No doubt the red color of the stone used in Heidelberg has misled some modern critics to believe that the terra-cotta incrustations of northern Italy have influenced the artist; but in Otto Heinrich's façade there is nothing of the roundness peculiar to every inch of such decoration, nor of the lavish covering of every spot with ornament, well illustrated in the retired cloisters at Pavia, which are so widely different from the proud marble façade at the same city. Many of the artistic features of Otto Heinrich's pal-

PALACE OF FRIEDRICH II.—NEW COURT.

ace front, however, tell us that by the side of Italian influence a northern spirit was at work. The gables once crowning it, the pyramidal gateway, the cartouche decoration, the peculiar division of the lower tier of windows with their steep gables, the Gothic arches of the substructure, and the elaborate coat of arms, all point to a northern fancy. Fortunately, the old archives found a few years since confirm these inferences from the artistic style. From these quaint records we hear Alexander Colins from far-off Mechlin in Belgium receive the order to do all the carving not finished by one Anthoni, and see Casper Fischer and Jacob Leyden, two Palatinate architects, present at the closing of the contract. This "honorable" Alexander was a widely sought artist in his day, as every visitor

CASTLE, SEEN FROM THE EAST, SHOWING LIBRARY, OCTAGONAL TOWERS, OTTO HEINRICH'S PALACE, AND NEW COURT.

in Innspruck will understand who has seen the grand monuments by this sculptor in that Alpine city. The interior of Otto Heinrich's palace also shows his skill, and as we admire its elaborately finished doorways, its kingly hall, once supported by delicately carved columns, of which only mere fragments remain, we wonder what part the Belgian sculptor and what his predecessor Anthoni may have had in the work.

In 1559 this great Prince Elector was suddenly taken away, and with him the older line of the rulers of the Palatinate became extinct. On his death-bed he sadly expressed the belief that this judgment of Heaven was sent upon his house because its founder, Ludwig III., had led Huss to the martyr's pyre.

The angry dissensions within the Protestant church between Lutherans, who virtually held to the doctrine of the real presence, and Calvinists, who as stoutly denied it, were already threatening when Otto Heinrich died; and under his successor, Friedrich III., surnamed the Pious, the storm broke, to rage for years. With observant mind watching the counter-currents of thought, the serious-minded Friedrich soon espoused the cause of the Calvinists, and with his aid the famous Heidelberg Catechism was written by Ursinus and Olevianus, and accepted in 1562 by a synod of the clergy of the Palatinate.

The internal and external affairs of the Palatinate were most flourishing when, in 1592, Friedrich IV. became Prince Elector, ruling until 1610. In contrast to former electors, he appears as a very modern prince, and with him everything in Heidelberg seems to take on a more modern face. The skill of the French and Netherland Protestants who had found welcome in the land roused latent native talent and beautified the cities. Mannheim in the broad Rhine plain is laid out and fortified, and an extensive union between the Protestant princes throughout Europe is attempted, while Friedrich brings home as his bride the daughter of one of the greatest of these, William of Orange. The simplicity of older days is fast disappearing. But the changes in taste are nowhere more evident than in the buildings put up by Friedrich IV. about the castle of his fathers. Tearing down Ruprecht's old chapel, he built a more sumptuous one, having over the entrance inscribed, not in homely German, but in Hebrew and Latin, "The gate of the Lord into which the righteous shall enter." Above this chapel he reared an elaborate palace. But the rooms this gay young prince occupied are no more to be rec-

FAÇADE OF OTTO HEINRICH'S PALACE.

ognized, having long ago undergone a complete transformation. The gorgeous façades once brilliant with gilding and color, the royal esplanade *(grosser Altan)*, the completed octagonal and library towers, all speak of the richness of Friedrich's taste, and of its wide departure from the chaste simplicity of the early Renaissance, best seen in the hesitating art of Otto Heinrich's façade. Here, in Friedrich's palace, the Renaissance seems fairly to have "run mad"; but so luxurious and picturesque is the effect produced by the profusion of portrait statues, of cartouche and imitated beaten-metal ornament, together with the bolder architectural lines, that we are tempted to find much to admire in this new and wild rococo. That the statues of Friedrich's ancestors, adorning the court front of his palace, were much more to the taste of his day than the earlier allegorical figures of Otto Heinrich's façade, appears from the amusing negotiations between the Heidelberg Chamber of Accounts *(Rechen-Kammer)* and the sculptor Sebastian Götz of Chur, chosen to do the work, as is related, "because he was unmarried and had been praised in Munich." The old Rechen-Kammer thinks sixty-five florins too much to pay for each figure, and orders search to be made as to the cost of the statues of Otto Heinrich's palace; whereupon Götz grows angry, saying that in Munich he had received one hundred florins for like carvings, and that they must not make him lose more time. If they wanted such as are on Otto Heinrich's building, planets and the like, why, he could make work like that for thirty florins; but for the portraits of the Prince Elector's ancestors, which must be "artistic counterfeits," he would take nothing less than sixty-five florins. This arrangement was finally made; the sly Rechen-Kammer, however, taking the sculptor at his word, included in the contract

PORTAL OF OTTO HEINRICH'S PALACE.

a few of the cheaper statues in the nude for thirty florins, even though quite out of harmony with the rest. Many of these bold forefathers of Friedrich's proud house are masterpieces of realistic art, and well justify the sculptor's delightful confidence in himself.

When on August 16, 1614, Friedrich's son, the new boy prince, took the electoral dignity, the Catholic League and the Protestant Union, which he should aspire to lead, stood face to face with no friendly feelings, and in German politics there were low mutterings of bad times to come. But this young prince, Friedrich V., with his easy, light-hearted nature, little dreamed of trouble. His own land, the Palatinate, was most prosperous, his people contented, and he had entered with all the abandon and heedless joyousness of youth into the festivities which should unite him to the

powerful English court through his marriage to Elizabeth, the beautiful granddaughter of Mary Queen of Scots. That the youthful Friedrich, but eighteen years of age when he took the helm of state, should have been irresistibly carried on by the dangerous tendency everywhere seen to luxurious living is most natural. Besides, economy in a prince was no longer respectable, display being considered necessary to keep his position among fellow-monarchs. So for the daughter of the English king Friedrich now raised a fitting palace, containing all the refined comforts of the day, and added many a luxury of which Heidelberg castle had not dreamed before. Of this palace for his beloved Elizabeth, known as the English building, the mere shell now remains, but the chaste simplicity of its external architecture, combined with the richness of its internal finish, as preserved in fragments of beautifully modeled stucco, show that Friedrich built his bride a house in keeping with the most modern English taste of his time. The frowning bastions of Ludwig's fortifications Friedrich V. now transformed into a blooming garden; a bridge that could be thrown across the moat, so that Elizabeth might step from her rooms into the flowery walks, has, indeed, long since disappeared, but the garden portal, in the form of a triumphal arch, with the affectionate dedication "Fredericus V. Elizabethæ Coniugi Cariss. A. C. MDCXV.," still remains to testify to the Elector's devotion as well as to his luxurious tastes. Dense mountain forests on three sides had always dipped close down to the castle walls, the earlier prince electors having had their gardens on the level below, near the Neckar. Friedrich V. chose, however, to join his pleasure-ground to his dwelling, and accordingly he called the famous Norman Salomon de Caus to Heidelberg to turn the wilderness around the castle into a garden, which Louis XIV. at a later day regarded with jealous eye as a dangerous rival to his tedious creation at Versailles. About this famous Heidelberg garden de Caus wrote a proud book called "Hortus Palatinus," in which he tells of the orange-trees over four hundred in number, of grottoes lined with precious stones and coral, all beautifully reflected in artificial lakes, of jets of water sprung upon too curious visitors, of fountains of marvelous work, of beasts and birds and statues of fantastic shape. So beautiful was this garden considered that Fouquières, the great Flemish painter, in a picture of Heidelberg engraved by Merian, in 1620, gives it a prominent place.

On November 4, 1619, Friedrich rode forth from these castle gates to take the treacherous crown of Bohemia. But as he started, his royal mother, the wise daughter of William of Orange, looking down upon him from her window, sadly exclaimed, "Now the Palatinate vanishes in Bohemia" *(Nun gehet die Pfalz in Böhmen)*. Three suns portentously appeared in the sky, and Friedrich never returned again to the castle of his fathers, but spent his life a homeless wanderer and throneless king.

STATUE OF PLUTO, PALACE OF OTTO HEINRICH.

Inseparably leagued, demons of war and religious fanaticism now took matters into their own hands, pouring out their blood-thirsty legions, year after year, to desolate Heidelberg and the Palatinate. Terrible is the story of this thirty years' war, turning the garden of Germany into a howling waste. At first, we see the fierce soldiery of Tilly place their fiery torches to flourishing towns and villages, and then in 1621 appear before Heidelberg to wreak vengeance upon her for having given birth to the Heidelberg Catechism. The university, long a Protestant institution, now sank completely crippled, and for twenty gloomy years, from 1632 to 1652, no

HEIDELBERG CASTLE IN 1620. (FROM AN OLD WOOD-CUT BY MERIAN.)

student matriculated and no rector was chosen! Her library, the world-renowned Bibliotheca Palatina, was, alas! an object after which the papal power had long lusted, and now, Heidelberg crushed and her ruler a fugitive, the chance had come to secure the prize. Pope Gregory XV. at once sent his nuncio Caraffa to the head of the Roman Catholic League, Duke Max of Bavaria, saying that nothing would be more welcome than the possession of the Palatina, and the Bavarian prince consented to rob his native land to please the foreigner. Allacci, a Greek, and chief scriptor at the Vatican, was immediately dispatched over the Alps with orders to bring from Heidelberg every book and paper or parchment he could find,—"without neglecting the smallest scrap" *(senza trascurare la minima carta)*, read his gentle directions.

The soldier Tilly, for his assistance in the

robbery, was immediately rewarded by the crafty and exultant Pope with the following gentle message:

"The ruins of Heidelberg, that workshop of treachery and dwelling-place of godlessness, will not only be a monument to thy heroic courage, but also a bulwark to the true faith; for the spiritual weapons, which there an atrocious heresy has used, will here serve as a protection to Catholic science, and in the hands of men versed in the doctrine of salvation will glorify thee by the extermination of the devilish lie."

Is it irony that this year, as his tribute to the rejoicing in celebrating the five hundredth anniversary of the university, Pope Leo XIII. presents to Heidelberg, not her precious manuscripts themselves, but an exact catalogue of them all—a lean gift, which the German press, blinded, we must believe, by the gleam of the diamond order of Christ hanging from their Chancellor's neck, welcomes, however, "as most acceptable."

Yet the cruel loss of the Palatina was but one of the many terrible devastations of the thirty years' war throughout the land. Over the Palatinate, that once sunny home of a contented people, wolves trooped in such numbers that they were said to be more numerous than the peasantry. In Nuremberg an order even was given that men should take two wives, and the priests themselves were required to marry, that the desert land might be repeopled. Every sacred tie seemed loosed as famine and pestilence ravaged the land. But enough of these horrors.

STATUE OF OTTO, KING OF HUNGARY, IN PALACE OF FRIEDRICH IV.

The long-wished-for peace at last broke upon ruined lands, to light up with sickly beams the ghastly darkness. Carl Ludwig, son of the throneless "Winter King" and nephew of the beheaded English king, now at last returned to Heidelberg, after a lifetime of banishment and suffering, entering the city in 1649. The castle was so desolated that the returning ruler could hardly find decent lodgings within its once stately halls. To every one who would rebuild in Heidelberg's wasted streets he granted privileges, and taxes were levied upon the rich rather than upon the poor. The university he called together, Spinoza and others being invited to fill the long-vacant professorships. The otherwise scrupulously economical prince made provision also for a new library, and although failing to receive back any of the Palatina from Rome, he caused some valuable manuscripts to be copied there. In the church he strove for a freedom of the confessions, such as the land had never seen. Having sorely suffered himself, the idea of religious toleration seems to have ripened in his mind; and at the consecration of his new church at Friedrichsburg, significantly sacred to Holy Concord, at the request of the Prince Elector, a Lutheran, a Reformed, and a Catholic priest, one after the other, ascended the pulpit to conduct the services. Untiring in his efforts to raise again his fallen land, he marvelously built up its finances, and encouraged agriculture and industry as no other prince had done. Believing that an alliance with the house of his overshadowing neighbor France would establish the prosperity of his land, Carl Ludwig gave his only daughter, his pet Charlotte Elizabeth, or "Lise-Lotte," as he fondly called her, in marriage to Louis XIV.'s brother, the Duke of Orleans. The secret enmity of Louis XIV. to the Palatinate already began to be too manifest even during

FAÇADE OF PALACE OF FRIEDRICH IV.

the life of Carl Ludwig, but happily this Elector did not live to see what dire results would come to his beloved land from the treacherous neighbor in whom he had trusted. Under pretext of a claim to the ill-starred land through its unhappy princess Charlotte Elizabeth, Louis gave the notorious order, *Brûlez le Palatinat* (Burn the Palatinate), and the fearful days of the Orleans war broke upon Heidelberg. The whole city was set on fire and burned to ashes, the Heiligen Geist church, crowded with refugees, not being excepted. The tombs of the princely dead even were plundered, their bones torn up and scattered to the winds. At the news of this terrible destruction Lise-Lotte wept day and night, but Louis XIV., Madame de Maintenon, and Bossuet rejoiced. The King caused a Te Deum to be sung and a coin to be struck representing Heidelberg in flames, with the legend, *Heidelberga deleta*, and on the other side his own portrait, with the words, *Ludovicus Magnus Rex Christianissimus!*

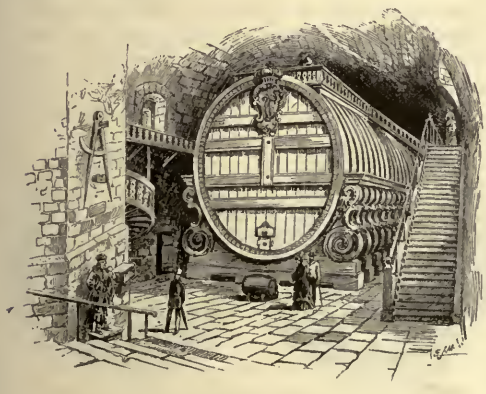
The dawn of the eighteenth century promised but little light to Heidelberg; with Carl Ludwig's son the Protestant line of rulers had expired, and the new branch, a frivolous and unprincipled race, was sadly steeped in bigotry, readily lending itself to be a toy in the hands of Jesuit intrigue. While the handful of Catholics had seven churches at their disposal, the far more numerous Protestant community

had but one for their exclusive use, besides a part of the Heiligen Geist church; but even this part Carl Philip, with outrageous effrontery, insisted on their giving up. The Reformed, backed by the Protestant powers Prussia and England, however, refused to yield, and the enraged Prince Elector declared to the people, through the city director, that he would remove his residence to Mannheim with all his officials and courts of law, destroy the Neckar bridge, and reduce Heidelberg to a mere village, where "grass would grow before each house." In May, 1720, according to the threat, the seat of government was removed to Mannheim on the plains.

With the decay of Heidelberg University the city government shared. All the official positions were sold to the highest bidder. Even pastors and teachers had to buy their offices, and many were removed because delaying to pay the customary bribes. In the university professorships were hereditary, descending from father to son without regard to merit, while French Jesuits and ignorant monks occupied the majority of the places of honor and profit. Two of these, Flad and Wedekind, were appointed to the censorship of letters just at a time when a vigorous national literature was springing up, and men like Lessing, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller were appearing on the horizon. But the very enlightened Heidelberg savants declared that they had no time to occupy themselves with the "poor, forlorn, and vicious books" that the public admired as very "clever poetry"; in them they could find "no moral whatever," only "shocking free thought!"

It is with a long free breath that after the thunder-storms of the Revolution we greet a clearer sky brightening over Heidelberg at the opening of our century, and as the rotten Palatinate falls to pieces, see the noble house of Baden come in to take the reins of government. It would lead too far were we to try to picture the revival of the university in 1804, the restoration through Prussian influence of a very small portion of the Palatina, and the far healthier state of affairs, external and internal, that followed the change of thought consequent upon the Revolution. Nor can we detail the noble part taken by Heidelberg in later troubles, and the efforts of such scholars as Gervinius, Hänsser, and many other equally great men to bring about a united German fatherland.

HEIDELBERG FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.



THE GREAT TUN.

In these better days, happily, the castle has also shared. During the eventide of the last century a few poets and artists alone caught the magic inspiration wafted from these heights; to the occasional visitor the great tun in the cellar of the castle was the one object worth climbing the hill to see; but in our own day the mighty also have felt the gentle force, and come to look fondly upon the ivy-wreathed ruin, while to hosts of all

PORTAL OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S GARDEN.

tongues and tribes "Heidelberg" is now a charmed word, full of sweetest, noblest memories. But no truer friends has the ruin than Heidelberg's citizens themselves, who, in 1866, founded a society, the "Schloss-Verein," to watch over the priceless jewel which for so many centuries had shone down upon their city from its exquisite setting of mountain and forest. It is from the active efforts of this society, its doors now thrown wide open to receive every stranger, that the glorious but sinking ruin has most to hope. And this year, at the great jubilee, thousands will no doubt swear allegiance anew to the peerless pile, which wrapped in golden sunlight graciously responds to the greeting of forest-clad summits or holds queenly watch over city, valley, and river.

Lucy M. Mitchell.

EMBLEMS OF HEIDELBERG. (FROM AN OLD WOOD-CUT BY MERIAN.)

A GYPSY BEAUTY.*

CHARLOTTE COOPER.

FIFTY or sixty years ago the gypsies in England were a much more remarkable race than they are at present. The railway had not come to break up their habits, there were hundreds of lonely places in dell and dingle where they could *hatch the tan* or pitch the tent, their blood had been little mixed with that of the *Gorgio*, or Gentile; they spoke their language with greater purity than at present, and still kept their old characteristics unchanged. If they had the faults of Arabs, they had also many of their good qualities. If they stole horses and foraged on farmers, if their women told fortunes, lied, and sometimes cheated a man out of all his ready money by pretending to find a treasure in his cellar, on the other hand they were extremely grateful and honest to those who befriended them, and manifested in many ways a rough manliness which partially redeemed their petty vices. They were all, as are many of their sons at present, indomitable "rough riders," "of the horse horsey," and to a man boxers, so that many of them were distinguished in the prize-ring, the last of these being Jem Mace. At this time there prevailed among the English Romany a strong, mutual faith, a tribal honesty, which was limited, but all the stronger for that, even as the arms of a man grow stronger when he loses the use of his legs. They were a people of powerful frames, passions, and traditional principles. Their weak children soon died from the hardships of nomadic life, the remainder illustrated selection by suffering, and the survival of the fittest — to fight.

With such characteristics there could not fail among the gypsies many striking instances of warm friendship, intense love, and the fidelity which endures even till death. This was known of them when little else was known beyond their most apparent and repulsive traits. Walter Scott indulged in no romantic license when he depicted Hayraddin Mangrabin as devoted to Quentin Durward; even at present the incident of a thoughtful gift or any little act of kindness to them will be remembered with a gratitude out of all proportion to its value, and go the rounds of all the Romany in the United States. And therefore when men fell in love with women there often resulted those instances of intense passion and steady faith, which at the present day are really becoming mythical. The gypsy in this, as in everything else, has been a continuation of the middle ages, or of the romance era.

Such a passion was inspired more than half a century ago by Jack Cooper, the *Kurumengro Rom*, or Fighting Gypsy, in a girl of his own tribe. Her name was Charlotte Lee, and it was about 1830 that Leslie, the Royal Academician, led by the fame of her beauty, painted the picture, now in New York in the possession of his sister Miss Emma Leslie, from which the engraving here given was taken. The fame of her charms still survives among her people, and when a few days ago as I write, I was talking of Charlotte to some gypsies of her kin, near Philadelphia, I was asked if I meant the *Rinkeni;* † that is, the Beautiful one.

I have known her very well in her old age; at one time I saw her very frequently, when she lived at Bow Common. Once in conversing with Mr. George Borrow, the author of "Lavengro," I mentioned Charlotte, when he informed me that he believed she was the only one of her people in Great Britain of pure Romany blood. I doubt this very much; in fact I think I know of two or three of her kin camped within half an hour of tramway from where I write, who are as unmixed in blood, as they are assuredly much darker, than the Beauty ever was. She is thus described as she was in Mr. Borrow's "Lavo Lil," in a page which gives her whole story:

"There is a very small tent about the middle of Wandsworth Common; it belongs to a lone female whom one frequently meets wandering, seeking an opportunity to *dukker* (tell fortunes to) some credulous servant girl. It is hard that she should have to do so, as she is more than seventy-five years of age, but if she did not she would probably starve. She is very short of stature, being little more than five feet and an inch high, but she is wonderfully strongly built. Her face is broad with a good-humored expression upon it, and in general with very little vivacity; at times, however, it lights up, and then all the gypsy beams forth. Old as she is, her hair, which is very long, is as black as the plumage of a crow, and she walks sturdily, and if requested would take up the heaviest man in Wandsworth and walk away with him. She is upon the whole the oddest gypsy woman ever seen; see her once and you will never forget her. Who is she? Why, Mrs. Cooper, the wife of Jack Cooper, the fighting gypsy, once the terror of all the light-weights of the English ring, who knocked West Country Dick

* See also "Visiting the Gypsies," by the same author, in this magazine for April, 1883.

† *Rinkeni*, pretty. In Hindostani *rangini*, gayly colored.

From a painting by C. R. Leslie. Engraved by C. A. Powell.

CHARLOTTE COOPER.

[From the original in possession of Miss Emma Leslie.]

to pieces, and killed Paddy O'Leary the 'Pot-Boy'—Jack Randall's pet. Ah, it would have been well for Jack if he had always stuck to his true lawful Romany wife, whom at one time he was very fond of, and whom he used to dress in silks and satins and best scarlet cloth, purchased with the money gained in his fair, gallant battles in the ring."

But he did not stick to her. This was all in the early days of gypsydom, when fine scarlet cloth was sought by the Romany women, and much worn, and there was great faith in luck and the world wagged merrily on in its old way. Jack Cooper, like Samson, found a Delilah in a *Gorgio* or Gentile girl, who did not wear scarlet openly, yet was all the more openly a Scarlet woman, *de la plus pire espèce*. And then the un-luck began. To maintain her fine and gay "all that he got he valued not, but gave to her straightway." It was but little to the Painted Shame,—so he "sold his fights" for money, by doing which he lost his friends and backers, as the chronicle of the ring hath it, and even plundered his poor wife, the *Rinkeni Romani*, of all she had, even to her last blankets. And finally, out of sheer infatuation, when his mistress was accused of a theft, Jack assumed the guilt and declared himself to be the criminal.

All his friends left him, the Jezebel first of all; yet not quite all, for Charlotte remained true, supporting him while in prison and feeing a lawyer on the little money which she picked up by fortune-telling. All of this was long ago, when such devotion was a part of Romany life; yet even at the present day there is not a gypsy of the old tribes who cannot out of his own personal knowledge tell strange stories of the incredible efforts which wives have made to aid imprisoned husbands, who, however, treat them with great severity.

Jack was transported for a long time, and never returned. When her husband was *bitchardé pādel o kālo pani*, or sent across the ocean, Charlotte was young and beautiful as she was clever, but no one among the tribes ever said she had a lover since her *Rom* left her. She had a son Oliver, who was named after old Tom Oliver, who seconded Jack in all his winning battles, and was noted for having done so when his principal beat the famous Hardy Scroggins, whom Jack Randall himself never dared to fight. This son Oliver I have also known very well, a plump, old-fashioned gypsy, very good-natured and remarkably polite.

Mr. Borrow says that old Charlotte had very little vivacity, "save at times." It is, I trust, no disrespect to a great man to say that Mr. Borrow was not exactly the person to inspire vivacity or gayety in others. Those gypsies who have met him remember him chiefly as one who found fault with them for neglecting the language and ways of their fathers, and who informed them that they were all mere *posh an posh*, or half-breeds. I always found old Charlotte remarkably vivacious, certainly the "brightest" woman of her years I ever met. She looked like a very old woman indeed, kept young by some incredible vitality — it always seemed to me that she was a witch without malice or mischief. It was very entertaining to talk with her in Romany about the "affairs of Egypt," of the great prize-fights and strange people, all long since passed away.

"Great people pass into poetry." Charlotte Cooper was great in her way among her people, as there is a song on her, which Mr. Borrow has preserved. It runs as follows in the original Romany:

"Charlotta se miro nav,
Shom a puro Purun;
My romado was Jack,
The kuring Vardomescro.

"Mukkede me for a lubbeny
Who chored a rānis kissi;
Yuv pende twas yuv so lelde
And so was bitchadé pādel."

ENGLISH.

"Charlotte Cooper is my name,
I am a real old Lee;
My husband was Jack Cooper,
The fighting Romany.

"He left me for a shameful girl
Who stole a purse; while he
Took all the blame and all the shame
And went beyond the sea."

Apropos of the gypsies, I observe that my assertion that the word clim-kan, Zingan or Zingari is not of Greek origin, as Miklasich asserts, but Indian, has been vigorously opposed. I have recently ascertained from "*Ramasee-ana*," that the Thugs of India, who were a branch of Hindoo gypsydom, designed themselves as Chingari and Chingani. I am indebted for this observation to Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

In connection with what I have said of Charlotte Cooper, something remains to be said of the artist who painted her portrait. I trust that the reader will here pardon a slight digression illustrating the saying that "the world is not as large as it seems to be." Miss Eliza Leslie, the elder sister of Charles, was one of the intimates of my youth, and I was accustomed to hear from her many anecdotes of her brother. Tom Taylor, who edited his "Life and Letters" (many of which were addressed to Eliza), was also a friend of mine. While a young man he, too, had been *afrikondo*, or gypsy-struck, and had made a MS.

vocabulary of their language, which he permitted me to use, and from which I obtained several words new to me. I have not the least doubt that he too had known Charlotte, as it would be rather a wonder if he had not. Leslie belonged to a school, now growing rare in these days of impressionism, of men who were dramatic artists on canvas. The stage, with all its accessories of dress and attitude, influenced him from childhood, as it did many of his contemporaries, but none so much as himself. There are two ways of using the word "theatrical," and Leslie's was entirely of the best. We may admit that, as, for example, in "The Duchess" and "Sancho or the Rivals," there was much use of dress and "properties," but it was well chosen and finely adapted; in "The Girl with the Locket" — which I cite at random — there is a studied *pose*, but it is well studied. There are artists at the present day who blame this *pose*, yet who with all their naturalism produce nothing which will seem any more natural to the next generation, while it is certain that they create nothing as beautiful or as deserving to be called *art*. Leslie appears to have been himself a little "affected unto" the Romany, as is shown by his "Sir Roger de Coverly among the Gypsies" and by the truthfulness with which he has caught their expression. There are many portraits of these people by great artists in which there is nothing to really distinguish them from Italians, and I have seen "A Gypsy Family" painted entirely after Jewish models. Morland, as might have been expected, was a man who could set forth the *kālo foki*, or dark people, to absolute perfection. I have seen a picture of his, entitled simply "A Cattle Dealer," in which the expression of the half-blood Romany was given with wonderful accuracy. A few years ago there was a "M'liss" in the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy which was apparently after a gypsy model, and in which, by chance or truth, the expression was to perfection Romany.

Charles G. Leland.

NOTE. Mr. Leland's very interesting article entitled "Visiting the Gypsies," in THE CENTURY for April, 1883, led me to make some inquiries respecting Charlotte Cooper. A few days ago business led me to Limehouse, not far from the scene of the opening chapters of "Our Mutual Friend," and to my surprise, in a most singular situation, I discovered some trace of Charlotte. In a yard, to which access is had by going through a public-house, the gate of the yard being bolted and barred, as if to withstand a siege, I found a gypsy van. It was occupied, at the time of my visit, by a woman and three children, neither of whom bore the slightest physical resemblance to the "tribe," but one could not be long in their company without discovering true traits of the "wanderers." A happy thought occurred that I might find some clue to Charlotte, so I casually mentioned her name. The woman at once said; "We called her Clementina. Her husband was transported to Western Australia. After some time he wrote home to say that if she were yet single she was not to remain so, as he did not see any chance of ever coming home. She did not follow his advice, but remained single till her death, which took place a few years ago. There are some of her people now on Wandsworth Flats (one of the London suburbs), if you go there you are sure to find them."

SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON, April 18, 1883.

T. E. KERRIGAN.

A LIGHTNING FLASH.

THAT brief, wild flash, it seems to me,
Was some unmeasurable power,
Some devastating force set free
In a sublime, chaotic hour —

A force beyond our groping thought,
Beyond our will and knowledge; yet
I know that fearless men have caught
The lightning of the heavens and set
Its fire within their eager hands,
Shaped it and used it to their need,
As, by their labor, in our lands
The flower takes beauty from the seed;

I know that every drop of dew
That hangs on purple lilac-bells,
Or on the ever-greening yew,
Holds locked in its transparent cells
A fire as fierce and strong and loud
As that which shoots in jagged lines
Out of a summer thunder-cloud
And scars the lofty trunks of pines.

George Edgar Montgomery.

COLONEL SPAIGHT'S PREJUDICES.

I.

IN a certain great English-speaking town, which I hesitate further to particularize, there once lived a wealthy, warm-hearted, and rather eccentric gentleman, of the name of Menander Spaight. In his youth he had entered the army, had served his country with efficiency and with some distinction, and had finally retired with the rank of colonel. At the time I am thinking of, he may have been about fifty years of age — appearing above or below that age according as his health and humor were good or the reverse, or according to the prepossessions of the observer. His profile was aristocratic, for he came of an ancient and honorable family; the nose was finely molded, and he wore his gray mustache clipped short, in order not to conceal the shortness of his upper lip and the handsome curve of his mouth. His chin was short and straight, with a cleft down the middle of it; his hair was gray like his mustache, and, though thin on the crown, had a graceful hyacinthine curl in it above the ears and round the back. He carried this fine-looking head erect, and his whole demeanor had an agreeable soldierly air about it — a sense of square shoulders and trim waist; though, to be sure, the belt which the Colonel had worn when he was a lieutenant was now able to embrace, at the utmost, not more than 180° of longitude, and no doubt the worthy Colonel was content that his days of uniform had given place to the easy and genial period of sack-coat and waistcoat. A portly gentleman's waistcoat marks the high-water level of modern civilization. Of all invented garments it is at once the most discreet, the most undaunted, the most liberal, and the most conservative. Although it seems to be but the corollary and implication of the coat, it is the sheerest creation of sartorial genius; its modest prominence disarms criticism, and its very frankness leads us to ignore what it pretends to avow. Colonel Spaight was not so deficient in good sense and manly feeling as not to honor his waistcoats; and his waistcoats, for their part, were a tacit commentary upon his taste and high-breeding.

The Colonel, as has been intimated, was well supplied with worldly goods, and though by no means of an extravagant or ostentatious turn, he knew how to live comfortably and handsomely, and did not forbear to do so. The house which he occupied was situated in a quarter of the town that might be described as the boundary between the fashion of the last generation and that of the present one. It was not an antiquated house, and it was not a modern one,—neither genuine Queen Anne, nor Norman-Shaw Queen Anne. It was built of brick, and was of generous size; in point of fact, it was not one house, but two, standing together back to back, and each having an entrance on a different street. These streets ran into each other, at an acute angle, a little way farther down, the space between the house and the apex of the angle being occupied by the Colonel's stable and stable-yard, inclosed by high brick walls. In former years the two houses had probably been one; but its dimensions proving more than sufficient for any smaller establishment than that of a nobleman, it had been divided in twain; the communications had been walled up, and its left hand, so to speak, thenceforth knew not what its right hand did. The division was an unequal one; the part in which the Colonel lived was nearly a third larger than the other. What he wanted with so ample a dwelling was not apparent. He was a bachelor, and entertained scarce any company; and old soldiers are generally believed to prefer snug quarters. Possibly he resided on different floors of the house at different times of the year; at all events, he remained beneath its roof all the year round, never going to the seaside or country in summer, or accepting invitations to his friends' shooting-boxes in the autumn. Not that he was unsocial or a misanthrope, but he had his own ideas and theories as to self-sufficiency and independence. He had few near relatives, and they were near only in a relative sense; and his warrior companions were, most of them, dead or abroad. He was too old to care for new acquaintances, and not old enough to dread solitude. He belonged to one or two good old clubs; but though he paid his dues more regularly than many more active members, he seldom entered their portals. He was theoretically liberal in politics, but the conduct of his daily life was conservative. He dined alone in his great dining-room, in full evening dress, gazed at by voiceless footman and butler in plush and silk stockings, and by the not more voiceless portraits of his ancestors, glooming down at him from the walls. Every morning he mounted a blood mare, and rode out in the park, touching his hat ever and

anon to some face he recognized; and every afternoon he arrayed himself in marching costume, and footed the pavements in a two hours' constitutional. Once a week he went into the city, and spent half an hour with his men of business. Had he no other occupation? Yes, an important and secret one; he was writing a book! It was not a book about the science of war, or about fortification as modified by recent improvements in projectiles, or about the history of ammunition, or any such subject as you would naturally suppose might interest a gentleman of his profession. No; it was a volume upon "Esoteric Religion." It originated in an essay which, soon after his retirement from the army, he had sent to one of the quarterly reviews. The review had promptly returned it, whereupon Colonel Spaight had recorded a vow that not only should the essay be published, but that it should be published in so developed and incontrovertible a shape that it should forever remain the acknowledged authority on the subject. With this end in view he added several hundred books to his library, together with many reams of the best letter-paper, and set resolutely and methodically to work. It was very agreeable employment; and if, at any time, it began to pall upon him a little, the thought of the contempt and annihilation it would bring upon the editor of the review stimulated him to fresh exertions. In no one of the numberless religious systems which he investigated was there any Land of Promise for that unhappy editor.

I have said that Colonel Menander was a bachelor; but it should be added that — whether from religious, philosophical, or personal considerations does not certainly appear — he expressly and explicitly discountenanced the marriage institution. He declared, what was incontrovertible, that all the misfortunes of mankind arose from the union of the sexes; and averred that woman was created only in order to place before man, in a compact and portable shape, the image and incarnation of everything that he was to avoid. What man was created for he omitted to explain; certainly history does not seem to show that he has uniformly profited by the warning. I am inclined to fancy that there may have been a time when the Colonel — or at any rate the Lieutenant — may not have entertained the above-quoted opinion; a time, indeed, when he may have not entertained it enough. But this is a surmise merely; I can adduce positively no evidence in support of it.

As a logical consequence of his views as to matrimony, the Colonel, like my Uncle Toby and the elder Weller, avouched a strong antipathy to widows. A widow, to his apprehension, was a sort of materialized evil conscience, the nightmare of a crime. Her existence was palpable evidence that another man had gone astray, had defied the Colonel's opinions, and had, to be sure, suffered the fitting penalty of so doing. A maiden was a threat, a married woman was a blow; a widow was the black flag and extermination. The Colonel would no more have held converse with a widow than he would have shaken hands with the Asiatic cholera or invited the Headless Horseman to dinner. In somber moods, his imagination was oppressed with the idea of the number of widows there must be in the world, and of the added horror of death for the man who leaves a widow behind him. And since all women who were not actually widows were so potentially, we may infer that the Colonel did not much smile upon the sex. I will not affirm that he absolutely preferred (as he should have done) a homely woman to a handsome one; or that an aged maiden lady on her death-bed was a more lovely object to him than a virgin in her teens; but it may reasonably be assumed that he regarded a comely unmarried woman of thirty with more confidence than if she had been twenty; and possibly he would have preferred forty to either. He was wont to profess a general approval of nuns, as of malefactors who had had the good taste to put themselves in jail; but he never did anything practical in the way of promoting the order; and very likely their sable and flowing garments put him in mind of what he most abhorred. After all, it was a sort of oblique compliment to widows that the Colonel should have betrayed so much personal as well as theoretical fear of them.

I think of nothing more to add to this preliminary description of the Colonel, unless it be that the other part of his house was unoccupied. The Colonel would not accept any tenants; and though the rent of the premises would have made a perceptible addition to his income, and though he never entered the place from one year's end to the other, he kept to his resolution, and paid his taxes on the unused property, and the cost of keeping it in repair, without grumbling. He could afford to keep the house empty, he would reply to inquirers; and what sort of tenants could he look for? They must either be bachelors, in which case they would be bringing home loose companions, and raising the deuce generally; or they would be married men, in which case they would have wives, who might at any moment become widows. Besides, it was disturbing to a man of the Colonel's studious and philosophical habits to have strangers living under the same roof

with him, even when there was a brick partition between. The pursuit of esoteric religion was not compatible with so close human fellowship. Suppose the tenants were to set up a piano against the wall? or have children? or explode their gasometer? The idea was inadmissible in any shape, and so were all applicants up to the time when this tale begins.

II.

One morning, however, just after Colonel Spaight had returned from his canter in the park, a cab drove up to his portal with two large trunks weighing it down behind, and the head of a young gentleman in a tweed traveling-cap poked out of the window. As soon as the cab stopped, the owner of the head opened the door, without waiting for cabbie, bearing in his hands and under his arms a hat-box, a Gladstone bag, a bundle of rugs, and a cluster of canes and umbrellas. "Get down the boxes, cabbie," said he, "and stand by to hand them into the hall." He then ran up the steps, pulled the bell-handle, and, while awaiting its being answered, faced about, and glanced up and down the grave old street with a pleasant and lively countenance. He was a good-looking, rather slender young fellow, with blue eyes and straight features, and might have been twenty-five years old.

The door opened, and a solemn domestic appeared, who confronted him with manifest and forbidding astonishment, which increased as his gaze wandered from the young gentleman himself to the two large trunks which the cabbie had by this time thumped down upon the pavement.

"Colonel Spaight at home?" inquired the visitor briskly. "I'm Mr. Frank Yule."

"The Colonel never sees no one at this hour of the day, sir," the domestic replied chillingly. "Shall I say you'll call again, sir?"

"You had better help cabbie up with my trunks," returned the other, "and pay him his fare; I'll make it all right with you. The Colonel expects me; he got my telegram, didn't he?"

"There was a telegram come, about two hours back, sir," said the domestic, with hesitation; "but the Colonel he was hout in the Park, and he wouldn't get it before lunch-time, sir."

"If I were you, I'd see that he gets it right off," Mr. Yule replied, stepping past the servitor into the hall, and depositing his bags and umbrellas upon the settee. "And give him this letter at the same time," he added, taking an envelope from his pocket. "I'm the Colonel's cousin. Look alive now!"

The servant again glanced doubtfully at the new-comer; but at length, concluding that discretion was the better part of valor, he murmured yieldingly, "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I'll inform the Colonel hat once," and retired promptly with the envelope. During his absence Mr. Yule sauntered up and down the hall, stroking his flaxen mustache, humming an air below his breath, and now and then stopping to examine critically some good engravings that hung on the walls. By and by there was a sound as of voices above stairs,—a strong, resonant voice, as of one who spoke commandingly. The next moment down the stairs came tripping rapidly the solemn domestic, with most of his solemnity and starch eliminated, and an expression about him as of one who asks your pardon for presuming to serve you to the utmost of his capacity. The gist of his message was, that if Mr. Yule would have the goodness to walk upstairs, the Colonel would see him immediately; and that meanwhile all imaginable attention should be lavished upon his luggage. So Mr. Yule ran upstairs, with his traveling-cap in his hand, and with the light step of his twenty-five years. A door stood open opposite the landing; and on the threshold stood the gray-headed, erect figure of the Colonel, looking all the more soldierly by reason of the riding-dress which he had not yet removed. Mr. Yule walked up to him, and they grasped each other's hands, looking each other straight in the face the while.

"I didn't expect you, you know," said the Colonel, in a restrained tone, but drawing him into the room with a certain cordiality. "So you're Bob Yule's son? I knew he had married; but that took him out of my limits, you see. You look like him; but he was darker."

"My mother was blonde," observed the young man.

"And you were born in the United States?"

"Yes. Shall I be in your way? I only decided to sail at the last moment; so instead of posting my letter, I brought it; but I telegraphed. I'll go to a hotel, if you like. But you are the only man I know over here. Of course I don't know you, except from hearing father tell about you. He was always telling about Cousin Menander. I guess you must have had some good times together. Shall I bother you?"

"He is like him, begad!" muttered the Colonel, with a secret smile. "I'm living rather out of the world of late years," he continued aloud; "I'm a busy man — in a certain way; and it's not as it was when Bob and I were young. But I should not have wished you to go anywhere else than here; and I hope you'll stay as long as you find it agreeable."

"Then, that's all right," said Frank Yule. "By the way, Cousin Menander, you're not married, are you?"

"Er — no!" said the Colonel, in a peculiar tone.

"I'm not, either," rejoined Frank; "and I don't mean to be."

The Colonel looked at him intently. "You're rather young to say that, aren't you?"

"I'm young, but I've had some experience. There's only one thing that I hate worse than a marriageable girl."

"What is that?" inquired the Colonel, in an abrupt voice.

"Widows!" returned Frank, emphatically.

"Gad!" ejaculated the Colonel, leaning back in his chair.

"And I'll tell you why," added the other, "some time. But may I go somewhere where I can take off my ulster and wash my hands?"

"Certainly, my boy," exclaimed the older gentleman, pulling himself together, and getting up. "Your room isn't ready yet, perhaps; but come into my quarters, if you don't mind, and we'll dress together. Lunch will be ready directly."

It would be pleasant to trace the successive steps by which these two persons, so different in their character, circumstances, and traditions, advanced towards mutual affection and confidence. They were a constant agreeable surprise to each other. By entirely different paths they had arrived at many identical results; the younger saw many of his theories illustrated by the elder's experience, and the elder found much of his experience confirmed by the younger's theories. Both were, at bottom, honest, intelligent, and good-humored; and both had a native bias or originality, whereby they approached subjects from an unconventional point of view. Attracted, in the first place, by the outward bond of a, so to say, vicarious friendship, they soon established new and independent bonds of their own. The radical American ideas which Yule could promulgate upon occasion tickled the fancy of the ideally republican Englishman; and the latter's essential and unconscious conservatism soothed the constitutional love of peace and comfort inherent in the American. Colonel Menander, again, found the dullness and rigidity of the routine into which he had lapsed pleasantly stimulated and relaxed by the enterprise and curiosity of Cousin Frank: the latter wanted to see the world, and the former felt a second youth waxing warm in him, with the friendly desire to act as guide and interpreter. Yule's hostility to marriage and widows dissolved all the Colonel's reserves and apprehensions; nay, he at times actually detected himself deprecating the extreme severity of the young man's judgments; and Frank enjoyed his whimsical hobby all the more, on account of the earnest gravity with which his host discussed it. The solemn old house became quite transfigured in the course of a week or two; and when the Colonel opened the secret drawer of his being, and revealed the unfinished manuscript of "Esoteric Religion," Yule had so much to say about a score or more of new American religions, from Mormonism to Spiritualism, of which the Colonel had till then heard nothing, that the worthy philosopher felt constrained to enlarge his previous scope of argument by a mass of fresh material, which bade fair ere long to outgrow the whole bulk of the original plan. The two cousins talked together immensely, and found as much to say as if, instead of making each other's acquaintance for the first time, they were old friends who had been separated for a generation, and were recounting to each other all the events, adventures, and reflections that had occurred to them in the interval.

I have just said that Frank Yule wanted to see the world; by which is meant, not merely or chiefly the streets, houses, churches, and museums of the famous city of which he had become an inhabitant, but likewise its human element, the structure and character of its civilization, its manners, customs, and usages — in a word, its society. That the Colonel had the entry of the best society we already know; but it is most unlikely that he would ever have availed himself of that privilege, apart from his desire to gratify his young cousin. The season was just beginning, however; Frank had no misgivings and no hesitations; the Colonel screwed up his courage, summoned all his resolution, furbished anew his long-neglected arsenal of polite small-talk and behavior,—and took the plunge! He was destined to go deep before coming up again.

Society is a strange magnet; it seems very negative, very repellent sometimes, until we have come in contact with it; and then it begins to draw us with all the force of gravitation. We cannot tell what it is that wins us; we cannot describe the nature of the fascination; on the other hand, when the fit is in abeyance, we scorn and ridicule it; but, nevertheless, when the fatal hour comes round again, there we are on duty once more. So Cousin Frank and Cousin Menander were often very satirical and critical over their glass of punch before going to bed, after the labors of the day were over; or in the morning as they sipped their coffee and recalled their adventures; but from four o'clock until midnight they were running in and out of other people's houses, or letting other peo-

ple run in or out of theirs, just as if they liked it. They began by giving a dinner to half a dozen gentlemen — a stag party; this led to the making of a few calls, and the next time they gave a dinner there were ladies present; and the next the dinner was followed by a reception, at which the women outnumbered the men. To be sure, there were no widows present; or, if there were, they had remarried; but what a change from the Spartan virtue of a few weeks before! The Colonel looked at his reflection in the looking-glass the next morning with some anxiety, as if he half expected to behold an unknown countenance returning his gaze; but he heard Frank in his neighboring room whistling in his usual light-hearted manner while he shaved himself; and he concluded, with a sigh, that one must not be too rigid a stickler for external consistency; and that the true sign of a constant spirit lay in constant dallying with inconstancy, just as the best test of indifference to cold is to go in bathing through the ice. While he was contemplating this paradox, the voice of Frank came to him from afar.

"I say, Cousin Menander!"

"Hullo!"

"That young Countess Delphine was rather a good sort, wasn't she?"

"By Jove!" murmured the Colonel to himself, as he buttoned his braces, "that's an odd thing! I was just thinking of her!"

III.

FRANK'S observation had evinced judgment; the young Countess Delphine was a very good sort indeed. Young she was, though not too young; indeed, the grace of her manner, and a certain charming and winning self-possession, gave the impression of greater age than her lovely face and figure warranted. She had probably been brought up in society from her babyhood, and with such intelligent care as to give her all requisite practical experience without taking away that fresh, girlish quality, the lack of which no artifice can make good. For the rest, she was a new figure in the drawing-rooms of this town; there, at all events, she was making her début, and (we may suppose) was not unconscious that a husband was one among the many adventures that might befall her. As her name indicated, she was of French extraction, but she spoke English in a manner to make one regret that all pretty English girls were not French. Her dresses were pronounced by a fashionable poet of the day to be "perfect lyrics"; they seemed to be a spontaneous flowering out of her enchanting nature, rather than an applied emanation from the brain of M. Worth. As regards her credentials, it is enough to say that she was chaperoned by Lord and Lady Featherstone; and her ladyship had said in confidence to a discreet friend that whoever married her would find combined in her the wisdom of the serpent, the harmlessness of the dove, and a very pretty fortune in her own right. The discreet friend was not Colonel Spaight; but the Colonel, as well as everybody else, was informed of it within the next few hours.

"It's a great pity," he remarked to Frank.

"What is?"

"It takes away her last chance, you know. A girl who is pretty and clever, and has no money, may live to die unmarried; but the bank-account settles it. She'll be Mrs. Somebody before the season's over."

"If she's as clever as she is pretty, and has money to fall back on, maybe she'll see her way to getting on without marrying."

"You're an optimist this morning," said Menander, cracking his egg. The two gentlemen were at breakfast.

"You flatter me. But as to marriages, after all, the fault is sometimes mutual. I dare say there are many good girls who would keep out of it if they were taken in hand in time. You see, they're all brought up, and brought out, with the idea that a husband is the *sine qua non* for them. Now, if one were to go the other way to work with them,—prove to them that to get a husband is to lose a man,—how does that notion strike you? I believe some good might come of it."

"There is a great deal in education!" murmured Menander, tucking his napkin over his waistcoat musingly.

"And no persons are more amenable to education than clever girls," added Frank.

"Of course, you know," resumed the Colonel after a pause, "it isn't woman in the abstract that is so bad; what I mean is, it's the position she occupies, the things she does. If some women were men, they'd be better than most men one knows,—if you know what I mean. One doesn't object to a girl's beauty; it may be rather agreeable than otherwise. The deuce of it is the use of it she makes. What I mean to say is, that if such a thing as a wife had never been invented,—nor anything of that sort,—I should be as fond of women as any man."

"Of women in the abstract, that is to say?"

"That's my meaning exactly. Not that I'm above using an illustration either. It's always a great point in an argument to have a good illustration. Take this very girl we've been talking about — the Countess Delphine. Now, imagine her a man ——"

"I don't know about that," said Frank, shaking his head. "The trouble about women is, they're so all-of-a-piece. I don't believe I should take much stock in a man who was like the Countess Delphine; and I don't think, at this moment, of any man that I should like her to be like. There's something wrong somewhere. I'm inclined to think, Menander, that we should succeed better with the illustration than with the abstraction. We can't change women into men; but we might influence some particular woman to keep away from husbands. I'm only supposing a case, you know."

"Have some more coffee," said the Colonel.

"I believe I will; thank you," replied Frank.

"I don't know whether I ever mentioned it to you," said the Colonel, "but I have always had a particular grudge against that Lady Featherstone."

"So have I!" exclaimed Frank, taking sugar.

"She's the daughter of a milliner, you know, and the airs she puts on are ridiculous. It serves Featherstone quite right, begad! I should like to pay her off somehow — eh?"

"By George — look here! I've got an idea!"

"Eh?"

"She's set her heart on marrying off the Delphine, — Lady Featherstone has. What do you say to working round to prevent it? It would be the best thing for the girl, and a first-rate check to the old lady. We might ——"

"Good Gad! What an extraordinary thing!" interrupted the Colonel, excitedly snatching off his napkin, and passing it across his forehead like a handkerchief.

"What?"

"Why, my dear boy, you've hit on the very plan that had occurred to me! We might talk to her — to the Countess, you know — and ——"

"Exactly! and explain our views to her in such a manner that ——"

"She couldn't help seeing the truth of them — she's clever enough ——"

"And both you and I, unless we flatter ourselves, are smart enough not to let the truth lose anything by our statement of it; and as for opportunity ——"

"We can see her every day; and since there are two of us ——"

"One can take her up when the other drops her ——"

"And between us we can't fail!"

"Your hand on it!" cried the younger conspirator enthusiastically, springing from his chair and striding round the table to the elder.

"Done!" the latter responded, rising in his place, and striking his palm into the other's. They shook hands vigorously; then each contemplated the other for a moment with a certain anxiety.

"Of course," observed Frank at length, in a tentative tone, "we go into this more for the sake of getting a rise out of the old lady ——"

"Than from any especial interest in the Countess. That's understood!"

"Though, even as regards her, one might ——"

"Very true! One might go farther and fare worse!"

There was another pause; then Frank took a cigar from his pocket, walked over to the mantelpiece, and struck a light. "It's a mighty curious thing," he remarked thoughtfully, "that we should both have stumbled upon the very same plan in this way."

"Begad!" responded the Colonel, producing another cigar and biting the end off it, "it's the most astonishing coincidence that ever I met with in the whole course of my life!"

IV.

I AM tempted to linger over the events of the next three or four weeks, which had the appearance of being highly agreeable to all concerned, even Lady Featherstone evincing a complacency which (to be sure) only showed that she had no suspicion of the dark designs that the two conspirators were so relentlessly pursuing. It is possible that her blindness was of so dense a nature as to make her fancy that the very persons who were undermining her match-making projects were most active in promoting them. On the other hand, it is only fair to observe that these projects of her ladyship were based upon general principles, and had no special application to the Countess Delphine. Lady Featherstone had, as it were, accepted the responsibility of the Countess, and certainly made no effort to conceal her desire that this charming young lady should get a good husband. Beyond this she was not engaged; and however much we may sympathize with the efforts of the cousins Frank and Menander to realize an abstract ideal of feminine duty, in persuading the Countess not to marry, we may justly question their grounds for imagining that their success would vitally wound the excellent lady against whom they had conceived a grudge. Perhaps, however, their grudge was of less moment to them than their ideal, the most single-minded of men being not exempt from self-deception upon occasions.

But the details of this period must be left

to the imagination. Suffice it to say that both the conspirators were assiduous in devotion to their object,— so far, that is, as one may infer from the fact that they were severally constant in their attentions to the lovely Countess. So zealous were they, indeed, that at no moment was either unready to carry on the work; to the external eye it might almost have seemed that there was a sort of rivalry between them. The Countess, on her side, took it all in good part, and it would have been difficult to decide to which of her two mentors she lent the more diligent ear; she welcomed both with the same impartial grace and favor. It is to be regretted that no particulars of the arguments used, or of the effect produced thereby, have come down to us; but the Countess appears to have kept her own counsel, and as for the cousins, either from modesty, or reserve, or some other reason, they never alluded to the matter when alone together. In fact, they rather pointedly abstained from mentioning it; insomuch that we may perhaps conclude them to have been animated by a certain noble jealousy, each hoping to be able to claim the distinction of being the instrument of the Countess's conversion.

One evening — it was just past the height of the season — the Colonel and Frank were guests at a reception at Lady Featherstone's. It was a brilliant and enjoyable affair; the constant association of several weeks had put society, so to say, on terms of familiar intimacy with itself, so that the assembly might be compared to a large and very well-behaved family. The friendly footing upon which our two friends stood with the Countess Delphine had not escaped society's notice; various constructions were put upon it, and there were some persons who were not indisposed to treat the matter with levity. But the conspirators, conscious of their own rectitude, could afford to despise misinterpretation. The Colonel was, on this occasion, the first to advance to the attack; he and the Countess drifted insensibly into the billiard-room, which presented the appearance of a sort of architectural bouquet of flowers, and finally sat down beneath an orange-tree. Frank, meanwhile, found himself for a few minutes engaged by Lady Featherstone.

"Now, Mr. Yule," said she, smiling good-naturedly at him over her broad breastplate of diamonds, "I want you to be frank with me — just this once!"

"I should be only too happy to be Frank with your ladyship all the time."

"Oh! Well, then! You Americans will always be having your jokes, I know. But, now, seriously! Which of you is it to be?"

Frank assumed an aspect of polite mystification.

"Well, now, I know there is something in it," exclaimed her ladyship, laughing, and at the same time regarding the young gentleman penetratingly; "and I have only one bit of advice to give you. Here it is,"— and she bent towards him and spoke in a lower tone,— "if you are not quite certain that it's you — then . . . look out!" And nodding to him with a twinkle of arch significance in her plump features, Lady Featherstone allowed the crowd to separate them.

Frank raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say that it was all very well, no doubt, but he hadn't the ghost of an idea what her ladyship was driving at; but, when he found himself out of her range of vision, his countenance assumed a graver and more thoughtful cast. After wandering about aimlessly for a while, he found himself in the neighborhood of the billiard-room; and beside the doorway, apparently without an attendant, he beheld the Countess Delphine. She saw him at the same moment, and made him a sign to come to her. She was looking particularly beautiful and happy. She was rather tall and slender, with aristocratic features, softened and brightened, however, by an expression of fascinating amiability and gentle humor; and there was, moreover, a touch of subtlety about her, which not a little enhanced her attractiveness. Her brown hair curled over her fair forehead, and her eyes were very dark and bright.

"I thought I was never to see you again!" she said, in the low tone that always seemed an assurance of personal confidence and kindness.

"Because you thought you'd succeeded in evading me, then; for I have been hunting everywhere for you."

"Was it to scold me for not letting your arguments make me wiser?"

"Don't let us go back to that old joke," exclaimed the young man, curling his mustache. "We can't talk here — and I have something to say to you. Come into the billiard-room."

She put her hand beneath his arm, and they went in. Two chairs were standing sociably together beneath an orange-tree, and they sat down there.

"You have made me so anxious!" murmured the Countess reproachfully, with her charming accent, that gave to ordinary words a charm at once *naïve* and coquettish.

"What have I done?"

"But, monsieur, if you call all these profound discourses of the last weeks — a joke! What shall I believe, then? That you make fun of me?"

"I sometimes think you are making fun of

me! Well, if you are, it's no more than I should deserve. But you wouldn't have believed I was in earnest?"

"I try to believe what I am told — I mean, what you tell me!"

"Don't ever try any more,—or, no! Begin now to believe me for the first time. When I began to harangue about matrimony, I neither believed what I was saying, nor disbelieved it. I was just amusing myself by airing a theory. The Colonel and I, you see, had got up a hobby; at least, I suppose he may mean it seriously, but it was pure irresponsible speculation with me. It was something to do, you know,— a new idea; to go about in a universe of match-making, preaching against marriage! My mistake lay in attempting to bring my generalizations down to a particular — that is, you know, to you!"

"But, tell me if I am wrong, must not all generalizations be made of particulars; that is, of persons like me?"

"Well, no! and I'll tell you why: because there is nobody else like you!"

"Ah! what a terrible thing! I am then a monster?"

"You are an angel!" he burst out.

She shrugged her shoulders. "In fine, an angel is a sort of monster. I should have been so content to be a woman, for the present! But I see your meaning; it is a kind way of saying that I in particular ought not to marry?"

"It's nothing of the sort. You in particular ought to marry; but then, you see, you ought to marry only one man."

"Oh, dear Monsieur Yule, believe that I had no conception of more than that!" cried the Countess, with an intonation of gentle reproach.

"Good heavens! no, no! What I mean is that you in particular ought to marry one man in particular; and he is——"

"Oh, now you make me happy again!" exclaimed the Countess joyously; "for I too had said to myself the same; and I had feared you would not approve."

"No fear of my not approving, if"— he hesitated, and his color rose —"if only we are both thinking of the same man!"

"Ah! but what else is possible?" returned she, with a brilliant smile; "there is only one man we could both be thinking of!" and she let her fan touch his arm ever so lightly.

Frank lost his head for a moment. What he said or did in that moment he could never afterwards remember. It was a moment only; the next, his cousin Menander stood before him, looking younger by twenty years than when he saw him last, and saying in a tone of playful chiding, "Now, Delphine, I call this too bad! Upon my word, I was beginning to think you had run away from me before I had fairly felt I had you,— all under cover of sending me for an ice! And here you are, flirting with that young cousin of mine already! Oh, fie!"

"Delphine" had risen, and clasped her fair hands round Menander's arm, and glanced up in his honest countenance, and then down at Frank, with a smile — not like the former smile, but it gave the young American a lesson he never has forgotten.

"I wanted to be congratulated," she said; "and of course I wanted Cousin Frank's congratulations before those of any other one."

"And of course she has them!" added Frank, with a queer, half-scared look. But as his eyes fell upon his valiant middle-aged relative, his contracted features gradually relaxed, and suddenly, and much to his own relief, he laughed heartily. He shook the veteran vigorously by the hand.

"You were too esoteric for me that time, Menander," said he; "but just wait till I get you home!" And with this threat he nodded a bantering "au revoir" to the happy couple, and retreated in — all things considered — very good order.

V.

When the reception was over, and the guests had departed, and the lights in the drawing-rooms had been turned out, Lady Featherstone, in a wonderful embroidered and satin-lined wrapper, knocked at the Countess Delphine's bedroom door — the Countess was staying with her — and was immediately bidden to enter; apparently she had been expected. The Countess was seated on a sofa, in a blue *négligée*, with her dark hair streaming over her shoulders, and a letter in her hand. She made room for her ladyship beside her, at the same time slipping the letter into the front of her robe.

"Not a *billet-doux* already?" exclaimed her ladyship, enthroning her ponderous charms among the cushions and chuckling pleasantly.

"Oh! not in the least; this is from — her!" And the Countess's delicate brows drew together with a passing expression of anxiety or perplexity.

"Well, well, we can attend to that part of the business later. The main thing is that you have chosen the old one. Upon my word, my dear, I didn't quite believe you would."

"Dear madame, you forget I am not in all respects as I appear; in this world, one at least gets experience. Heigho! But in truth, to say that I chose is not the right word. I have had one mind only from the beginning. Monsieur Frank is a young man highly agreeable, original, lively, spiritual if you

please; but—but Monsieur le Colonel! No, it is not possible to like him, to admire him, to be entertained by him; it is only possible to love him! Ah! he is so good, so kind, so sweet, so innocent! I love him with my heart, and I am most happy."

"Now, my dear, I positively won't have any rhapsodies! I insist that we talk sensibly. Besides, to tell you the truth, I'm just a bit disappointed! Yes, I am! I half hoped you'd have taken the young one. Oh, I know I didn't advise it—of course not; but then, one doesn't always want one's good advice to be followed. It would have been so pretty and romantic. However, never mind now. If you're pleased, I am. You've got a good man, that I'm sure of, and a fine property. And it's a sort of poetic justice that you should have conquered him in the teeth of his own prejudices; it will do him a world of good, even if he had no other reasons to think himself lucky. Did he cling to his nonsense very stubbornly?"

"Ah, no; he is as simple as a child. One sees his thoughts like the fishes in clear water. After a few days he could only show me that he loved me. Truly, these last weeks it is I who have tried to make him think that women should not marry,—not the other way. And then, I have suffered such remorse that I have deceived him; and now I am so afraid, and I do not know what I must do!"

"Pooh, my dear, don't you worry! He'll love you all the better. All the same there'll be no need of his knowing before you're married. You can turn him round your little finger now, and you can do anything with him then. Make your mind easy!"

"But it is so odious to conceal; and he is so transparent!"

"Well, if he is, it's because he can't help it," chuckled Lady Featherstone comfortably. "Besides, you don't consider that men have no right to take such absurd notions into their heads. They ought to be punished for it—and badly punished; and I'm only sorry that his punishment won't hurt him as much as you expect. Hurt him? Fiddlestick's end! he'll enjoy it!"

The Countess Delphine folded her hands in her lap and sighed.

"Besides," continued Lady Featherstone after a pause, "there's no need of your ever telling him at all, that I see. For my part, I would enjoy nothing better; but if you are silly enough to feel scared, why not simply hold your tongue?"

"You forget—" and the Countess held up the letter. "She will be here in six weeks," she added.

"Well, he need never know who she is."

"Dear madame, you do not know her! She is an angel,—she is a child! She could not any more keep such a secret than she could have a beard. It is impossible."

"Well, really, now, those innocent, transparent people are very tiresome, aren't they? Thank Heaven, we're not all that way!" exclaimed her ladyship devoutly. "I'm free to confess I never knew the time when I wouldn't tell a good fib to save trouble, and I hope I never may; and if most people weren't of my way of thinking, I'm sure all our peace and happiness would have come to an end long ago. What are you going to do with her?"

"Ah! I will embrace her and never part from her!" cried the Countess ardently.

"You had better send her off somewhere, I should think," said the hard-headed Englishwoman.

"Do you think I could live without her?" exclaimed the Countess, sitting erect and flushing with indignation.

"Well, my dear, you know I am only trying to think what will make you most comfortable," returned the older lady, smiling good-humoredly. "By the by, where are you going to live?"

"I know not," said the Countess, sinking back in her seat. "At his house, I suppose."

"And a very good house it is,—especially if he has the sense—and if he has not, you must have it for him—to open the other part of it. It is a shame and a scandal that that magnificent suite of drawing-rooms should be divided up into two; and you must cut a hole through, the first thing. And he doesn't even allow the empty part to be let. Your future lord has his failings, my dear, and you may as well learn of them through me as in any other way."

"Why will he not let it?" inquired the Countess absently.

"Because there are two kinds of tenants he objects to: married men and bachelors. And nobody has yet applied who is not either one or the other. Perhaps he might consent to receive a society of decayed spinsters, or a young ladies' seminary." The two friends relapsed into silence: the Countess became aware of the presence of a yawn in the depths of her inner consciousness, and was meditating how to annihilate it, when suddenly Lady Featherstone saved her the trouble by crying out, with great briskness and energy, "My dear, I have an idea! And the best joke in the world besides!"

The Countess regarded her with gazelle-like eyes, doubtingly. "I am certain it can be arranged, and it would postpone all the difficulty, if it didn't cure it," continued her ladyship. "Just let us two put our heads together, and if we can't manage, it'll be a pity."

And it was two o'clock in the morning before the ladies parted.

Meantime the two cousins had reached their abode, and were smoking in the library over tumblers of brandy and soda-water, as the habit of man is. It might have been expected that there would be a certain constraint between them; but this was not the case. To use the whist-player's phrase, honors were easy; the Colonel had got the lady, and Frank had got the Colonel. The Colonel was panoplied in the bliss of the newly-engaged, and Frank was salving his wounded vanity with the pleasure derived from his unlimited opportunity to chaff his senior. If the latter had known how willing the young man had been to lay himself open to precisely the same taunts that he was heaping upon the Colonel, he would have had altogether the best of the game; but, fortunately for Frank, he did not. Frank, moreover, now that he had digested his slap-in-the-face, found himself not only resigned to the situation, but disposed — such was the generosity of his disposition — to take the Countess's side against himself. She had seen through him from the start; she had perceived that his intention, at its best, was a philosophical flirtation; and she had made it a flirtation in good earnest. It was a just and proper rebuke, and he admired the neatness and timeliness with which it had been administered. He had not seriously been in love with her, although for a while he had believed himself to be so; she had cured him in the same moment that she had brought him to his knees, and now he was more than content to look upon her as the wife of Menander, and a sort of unofficial step-mother of himself. None the less, however, did he avail himself of the opening to rally his cousin upon the utter defeat and subjugation of his avowed and cherished principles, and to hold up in contrast his own spotless and unimpeached integrity. "She will probably tell him the whole truth one of these days," he said to himself; "but meanwhile, I will have my fun out of him!" Menander, on the other hand, smiled the smile of infatuation, and made no attempt to defend himself. Delphine being his, what cared he for principles? "If she were a widow, it would be another matter," he observed contentedly, as he sipped his brandy and soda, and smacked his lips. "But the world will go on getting married, in spite of all we can do; and since we can't stop it, we may as well have our share of the fun. Wait till you're caught yourself, my boy, and then you'll see!"

"You'll wait a good while, then," returned the virtuous Frank. "May your days be prolonged, and your shadow never grow less; but the Countess Delphine will have been a widow long before I begin to think of being a husband."

"Begad!" retorted the valiant Colonel, "I'm younger than you are at this minute!"

"The man who, for the sake of a pretty face, will shamelessly abandon the sacred convictions of a lifetime, is my inferior in other things besides age," answered the young American. "It is certainly not worth my while to sit up till sunrise talking with such a person. So good-night, young fellow, and happiness to your dreams!"

VI.

About a month before the day appointed for the wedding, the Colonel, on entering the presence of his betrothed, was distressed to find her with tears in her eyes, and looking very pale and woe-begone. "God bless my soul, my darling, what is the matter?" he asked, sitting down beside her and possessing himself of her hand.

"No, I am not a darling; I am a wicked person, and I know you will hate me!" returned the Countess with a sob. "And Lady Featherstone says I am a donkey. But I have made up my soul to tell you, whether I am or not."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the Colonel, turning pale himself. "What has happened? what has that confounded old harridan been saying to my pet? — Donkey indeed!"

"Oh, it is nothing that she has done," said the Countess; "it was done long ago — oh, so long ago, when I was a little girl."

"Pooh! that wasn't so long ago. Well, if it wasn't the Featherstone, who was it? I'll call him out, begad, if it's the Pope himself!"

"But it was I!" whimpered the Countess.

"Oh, it was you, was it? Well, then, my love, make your mind easy. You neither could nor can do anything that an angel wouldn't be proud to do if she could. Come, what was it? Nothing more than a murder, was it? Or did you forget to say your prayers?"

"No, you must not laugh. Ah! it is terrible. I — am — a Roman Catholic!"

"A Roman Catholic!" shouted the Colonel, throwing himself back in his chair with a lusty laugh. "Why, bless your sweet face! you couldn't be anything that I like better! Why, in my work on 'Esoteric Religion' (you shall read it one of these days) I have maintained that Roman Catholicism, in these degenerate days, is about the only religion with any salt in it that there is left in the world. I'd be a Roman Catholic myself, begad, if I wasn't in Her Majesty's service!"

"You are so kind, you are so good!" mur-

mured the Countess. "But it is worse than a Roman Catholic. If you minded that, I might become something different. But this can never be changed. It is for always!"

"Eh! what now? Some other crime already? 'For always,' is it? Well, you're going to be mine for always; that's all I care about."

"There! I will not be any more a coward!" exclaimed the Countess, with sudden resolution. "Bend down your head to me — I will whisper it to your ear."

The Colonel inclined his acoustic organ accordingly, and the beautiful Countess whispered something into it. As she did so he became grave; but when she had finished he turned to her, caught her in his arms, and kissed her soundly. "That's all I've got to say to that!" he remarked as he let her go, and looked in her tearful, smiling, blushing face. "But what a little goose you were to think twice about it! But I knew that prevaricating old Featherstone was at the bottom of it! Why, my darling, I'm the most unprejudiced man that ever walked this earth! Ask Frank if I'm not! By the way — Frank — hum! by Jove!" Here the Colonel turned grave again, and rubbed his chin with a somewhat uneasy air.

"What is it of Frank, you loveliest of men?" inquired the Countess. "Oh, I am so happy now, I shall never do anything but smile!"

"He's such a terrible fellow to chaff, don't you see?" the Colonel answered, biting his lips and bending his brows at the carpet. "'Pon my soul, I'd give a thousand pounds to keep him from knowing this — begad, I would! He'd never let me have a day's peace again — he wouldn't, begad! We used to talk a lot of nonsense, you know, he and I; and I said a good deal more nonsense than I ever meant to stand to; but these Americans, you see, they run a thing into the ground. Of course it would all be simple enough, there'd be no need of his ever knowing it, if it wasn't for the — for your — my — I mean our — you know what I mean. There's no putting *that* under a bushel!"

He turned his perplexed visage towards the lady of his heart, and behold! her expression was radiant! She lifted the Colonel's big hand between her slender white ones and kissed it.

"Now I am going to make you confess that my Lady Featherstone, whom you abuse so cruelly, is the most dear, most *spirituelle*, most clever lady that ever was," she affirmed joyously. "Yes, you shall confess it, when you have heard. Listen! Some days ago — I think it was that night when you first made me so happy and so afraid by asking me to be your wife — well, on that night, after you all had gone, Lady Featherstone and I sat in my chamber, and we made a great plot!"

"The deuce you did! What about?"

"It was about you! But now there is no need of any more plots about you; but we will have the same plot still, only it shall be for Frank. And in that way he shall never know, until you please. And it was Lady Featherstone that invented it. Is she not charming?"

"But I haven't heard yet what it was she invented," the Colonel replied in much bewilderment.

"Well, now I am going to tell you," rejoined the lady. But since the reader is to know everything at the proper time, it will be unnecessary to detain him any longer at this lovers' *tête-à-tête*.

THEY were married about a month later, at the close of the season; took a short wedding-trip on the Continent, where, we may presume, they visited the Countess's friends and relations, and surveyed the scenes of her childhood; and returned to their home invested with a halo of felicity. Frank meanwhile accepted the invitation of Lord Featherstone to take a month's shooting at his box in the country; and he returned home a few days after the bride and bridegroom. The three friends proceeded to live together in great peace and comfort; for Frank, when not in a chaffing mood, was the easiest man to get on with in the world; and he never made any complaints when the Colonel and the Countess retired together to enjoy a little private conversation, though it must be confessed that this happened rather often. "But young people will be young people," he would observe, with an air of kindly indulgence, "and an old fellow like me likes occasionally to be reminded of the days when he too was young."

One day, looking out of his window, he saw a cab stop at the door, and an elderly female emerge from it and ring the bell. He remembered this when, on coming down to luncheon, he found the husband and wife discussing animatedly the subject of the letting of the hitherto unoccupied section of the house.

"Is your prospective tenant a bachelor, or married?" Frank inquired, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Neither; she's an old Frenchwoman," replied the Colonel, with an air of unconcern. "She will occupy it with a young person whom she has in charge, and who, I'm told, is not altogether able to take charge of herself. Unexceptionable references, Lord and Lady Featherstone and others. And, to tell the truth," added the Colonel, with the dignity of a free and independent husband,

who nevertheless is not above allowing his wife to agree with him, "I'm very glad the place isn't going to stand empty any longer. It's disagreeable to live with an unoccupied dwelling on the other side of the partition; and Delphine thinks so too!"

Frank glanced at Delphine, who met his eyes for a moment, and then demurely lowered her own. "I'm sure they will be very quiet neighbors," she remarked; and no more was said about it, at any rate on that occasion. By the end of the week it was known that the house had been cleaned and furnished, and the new tenants duly entered into possession of it.

Frank occupied a couple of rooms on the third floor. He had, indeed, at the time of the Colonel's marriage, proposed to establish himself under another roof, and leave the wedded lovers to themselves; but they had both insisted so cordially on his remaining that he (being himself no way indisposed thereto) had finally consented. One day, as he was trying to concentrate his mind upon his journal, his customary repose was disturbed by an unaccountable noise of hammering and hacking, and the rattling of rubbish, proceeding apparently from a room on the opposite side of the corridor. He stepped to his door and looked across. Two or three persons in workmen's attire were visible, and Frank, immediately concluding that some plumbing operation or other was in progress, retired again to his privacy, and thought no more about the matter. In the course of the day, however, the Colonel asked him whether he had heard any row, and went on to offer an explanation of it.

"Delphine, you know," he premised, "is a Roman Catholic." Frank intimated that he did know it. "Holding the views on religion that I do," continued the Colonel, "of course I'm rather glad of it than otherwise. It's about the only genuine religion, begad! that there is left; and if you're going to be anything at all, you can't do better than be a devout Catholic. Delphine is very devout; I couldn't wish her to be more so; and there's a dash of mysticism in her belief, which, as I have had occasion to remark in my work, is often characteristic of the finest natures in their religious aspect. What I was going to say is, that Delphine has been feeling the need of a private chapel, or shrine, or something of that sort, to which she could retire when she wished to enjoy privacy in her devotions; and it occurred to her — to me, that is — that she might use the little room on the landing opposite yours. So she is having it fitted up according to her own fancy; and a niche excavated in the wall, I believe, to contain the effigy, or picture, or whatever it is they use as a — symbol, if you know what I mean. So that's what the row was about, you know. But I fancy they'll have it finished in a day or two. It's a beautiful religion, and really worth looking into."

"The next thing that happens will be the admission of Colonel Menander Spaight into the Roman Catholic communion," observed Frank. But he did not say it aloud; and as it turned out that he was mistaken, this was just as well.

Indeed, the thing that happened next, happened to Frank himself, and he recounted it at the dinner table. He was out walking on one of the chief thoroughfares, about lamplighting time, when he happened to notice a young lady in the act of appealing with great earnestness to a huge policeman, who wore a look of great perplexity. "As I came nearer," he continued, "I found that she was speaking French, which, of course, was Greek to the bobby. She was a mere girl — could hardly have been sixteen — and beautiful as a Madonna; or I should rather call her a Miranda, for she seemed as innocent of all mundane things as if she had passed her life on Prospero's island, or in a convent." Here the narrator noticed that Delphine was listening to him very attentively.

"Go on, Ferdinand," said the Colonel facetiously.

"She had on a dark bonnet," proceeded Frank, "and underneath it were great bands of hair of a dark-gold color; and her eyes were the largest I ever saw, and pure violet. Well, of course, I wanted to help her if I could; so I went up to the policeman, gave him my card, told him that I spoke French, and then asked Miranda what was the matter. It appeared that she had set out that afternoon on a shopping expedition with her maid, in a cab; and they had got into one of those shops that have two or three different entrances; and somehow they had got separated, and the young lady, who had never in her life been alone before, was scared to death, and couldn't make anybody understand her. I asked her if she wanted to go home, and she said, 'Ah, cher Monsieur, je veux bien!' So I told her to make her mind easy, and I called a cab, and put her in it, and got her address (which she fortunately had written in her pocket-book), and then I mounted on the box with the driver, and — where do you suppose we drove to?"

"To the Opera Bouffe?" inquired the Colonel.

"You are a libertine, sir," returned Frank, severely. "We drove to the identical house that we are sitting in at this moment — on the

other side of the partition. She's your new tenant!— Hello! what ails the man?"

"Ah! I—have—bitten my tongue!" gasped the Colonel, who had grown as red as a turkey-cock. "It is nothing," he added, after a moment, with rather a ghastly smile. "Deuced interesting story. Did you go in with her?"

"Bless you, no! and the worst of it was, I hadn't my wits about me enough to ask leave to call on her, or even to tell her that we lived under the same roof. You see, when she told me her address, it never occurred to me that it was only the other end of our shanty; and when it came upon me all of a sudden, I couldn't pull myself together. However, I sha'n't let the matter rest there; I shall find out a method of communication somehow!"

THAT evening Frank had planned to go to the opera; and he left the house, accordingly, immediately after dinner, and took a hansom to the theater. On arriving there, he found that the opera had been changed; and as he did not care to hear the one that was substituted, he returned home on foot. Entering the house quietly with his pass-key, he went first to the library, where he found the Colonel sound asleep in his arm-chair, with "Esoteric Religion" reposing beside him. The Countess was nowhere to be seen. Finding himself thus thrown upon his own resources, Frank went on upstairs to his own apartments, intending to pass the evening over a book. As he set foot on the landing, he heard a subdued sound of voices — feminine voices, he fancied. Was it two of the maidservants? No, he now recognized one voice as that of the Countess; the other was not familiar to him; but the intonation, rather than any words of the conversation that he could distinguish, apprised him that both were speaking French. He perceived, moreover, that the sounds came from the room consecrated to the Countess's mystic religious exercises; which room he had once been allowed to inspect, and had seen that it contained only some simple ecclesiastical-looking furniture, and, in the wall opposite the door, a deep recess, wherein was fastened a picture about four feet in height, representing a virgin and child. The door of this chamber was an inch or two ajar, so that, as Frank stood on the threshold of his own room, the two voices were quite audible. Being unwilling to listen, he stepped within his room, which was unlighted.

After a few moments the sound of the Countess's voice approached nearer; and presently Frank saw her come out in the corridor and run downstairs, still leaving the door ajar. Without much hesitation, and with a good deal of curiosity, the young man crossed the corridor, pushed open the door, and looked in. The room was empty!

The assurance of this fact carried with it a certain feeling of awe. He entered the room and examined it carefully. There was no outlet to it except the door into the corridor and the window at the end; there was no place where any one could be concealed; the room was amply lighted by a gas-jet burning above the recess; and yet the Countess had certainly left some one there when she went out. Frank went to the window and looked out,— a clear drop of sixty feet to the courtyard! What could have become of that second person?

He walked up to the recess, and stood contemplating the picture in a dazed sort of way. Was it alive, and had it been carrying on that conversation in French with the Countess? He leaned forward to scrutinize the painted face more closely. In doing so he rested his hand against the margin of the recess, and thereby pressed a small ivory knob fixed there, which yielded to the pressure, and sounded an electric bell somewhere in the distance. He stepped back a pace or two, keeping his eyes fastened upon the picture. Presently it swung noiselessly forward as if on a hinge, disclosing an opening behind; some object filled this opening — something white and rustling; it came through and stepped down to the floor; it was a young girl in a white dress; it was the Miranda of his adventure that afternoon. Yes, there was no mistaking her!

THE story should properly begin here; but after all, some things are better imagined than described. Why should I explain what is so easily divined? — that Miranda was the daughter of the Countess by an early marriage; that the Countess, who was really about thirty-two years old, had been a widow almost fifteen; that Miranda had been educated during the last seven years at a French convent; that her mother, coming to London to visit her friend Lady Featherstone, had met the Colonel and taken a great fancy to him; that, learning of his prejudice against widows, she had concealed from him the damning fact of her own widowhood; that the ardor and dispatch of the Colonel's wooing had carried her off her feet, and that she had barely found courage to confess her secret to him a month before their marriage; that the plot which she and Lady Featherstone had previously devised to enable her secretly to visit and be visited by her daughter, was afterwards carried out for the purpose of concealing from Frank the final downfall of the Colonel's prejudices. All these things, as the French say, comprehend themselves.

There was an animated scene that evening when the Countess came back, and found Frank and Miranda involved in a most amicable *tête-à-tête*, and her shriek of dismay brought up the Colonel, half awake. Yes, that scene would be worth describing! There was a general explanation of a very vigorous and exciting kind; but it all ended happily. That is to say, the Colonel took his punishment like a man, and seemed to feel all the better and happier after having done so. When a man has once begun to go down-hill, it is astonishing the strides and plunges he will take as he approaches the bottom. He made nothing of declaring that marriage was the true destiny of man, but that to marry a widow was a privilege which only the most fortunate of his sex could aspire to enjoy. As for Frank, he was obliged to content himself with a less ideal fate; he married Miranda, who was not a widow, nor, so far as one may judge, is likely to become so. They are now living in the other part of the house, but other avenues of communication have been opened up besides that by way of the picture in the recess.

"If I were you, Cousin Menander," said Frank one evening, as all four of them were sitting round the open fireplace, "I would knock off that great work of yours on 'Esoteric Religion,' and write a book about the 'Origin and History of Prejudices, with Eminent Examples from the Author's own Experience.'"

Julian Hawthorne.

GREAT LOVE AND I.

I MOCKED at Love!
Love seemed a little thing;
"A small, blind god," I said, "with golden wing,
For these poor poets to adore and sing;
Their stock-in-trade, which has its price to bring:".
I did not know.

I laughed at Love!
"The merriest jest of all;"
I said, "a gay, light, bounding ball,
Which gathers wit at both its rise and fall
And never flies our grasp beyond recall:"
I did not know.

"Your Love," I said,
"Through the long summer days
I lie and laugh and listen to his lays;
Court Fool is he," said I. "Crown him with bays
And laurel for the folly of his ways:"
I did not know.

"Court Fool," I cried,
"We'll barter all for you;
You are a toy to mock at, ever new,
A jest when false, a better jest when true!
Laughter will always ring at thought of you."
I did not know.

. . . . .

I looked on Love!
Ah me! I mocked no more.
Within his hand a flaming sword he bore;
His eyes were great and sad, and prone before
Him in the dust I lay, lamenting sore.
"Great Love," I cried, "Master forevermore!
I know, I know."

"Master," I cried,
And trembling, touched his feet.
(His eyes were great and sad and bitter-sweet!)
Beneath his gaze my heart, all laboring, beat;
To lift my glance I knew I was not meet.
I knew, I knew.

His face was pale,
And most majestic fair;
There was no lightsome joyance in his air;
A throbbing wound bled in his bosom bare;
A thornèd crown was on his shining hair,—
So did I know.

"Great Love!" I cried.
"Great Woe am I," said he;
"Great pain and tears of blood shed bitterly,
Tears of heart's blood, salt as the great dark sea,—
And dost thou jest and ring fool bells at me?
Thou didst not know."

"Forgive," I prayed.
"No wings are mine," he said;
My bleeding feet pass on with weary tread
Whithersoever I am sadly led;
The poet sings but when his heart has bled—
Dost thou not know?

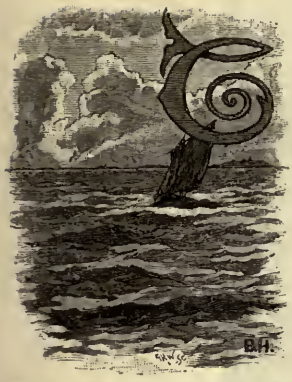
"Laughed thou at Love?
The day will come for tears,
For pangs and aching longings, heavy fears,
For memories laying waste all coming years,—
Dead hopes, each one a living flame that sears,—
Then wilt thou know!"

Then I who mocked
Cried, "Having seen thy face,
I pray thee, tarry for a moment's space,
I pray thee, grant to me one piteous grace,"
(To stay his feet I held them in embrace)
"I know, I know!

"I mock no more,
Great Love, but hear my cry;
Give me the pang, the woe, the bitter sigh,
Hear me, in pity, hear me, lest I die.
Let me bear all, so Love pass me not by,
Since Love I know!"

Frances Hodgson Burnett.

SEA-BIRDS AT THE FARNE ISLANDS.



THE accounts of the ornithological wonders of the Farne Islands always fascinated me since a lighthouse keeper in Devonshire added to my boyish egg collection some treasures he had acquired while stationed at the Longstone; but it was not until the spring of 1882 that I had an opportunity of visiting the islands.

On the 21st of June in that year I left London with a friend by the night mail, and early the next morning we found ourselves at Bamborough, one of those old Northumbrian villages which still have a character of their own. The ancient keeps round which the houses cluster speak of rough border raids and fierce forays when the stolen cattle were herded in vaults far beneath the massive walls. Even the farms were fortified, and many of the mangers hewn in stone have defied the Pictish torch.

We left our luggage at the "Crewe Arms" in Bamborough, and drove on at once to North Sunderland, the nearest harbor where boats can be procured.

The Farne Islands are romantically situated off the coast of Northumberland. The largest, known as House Island, comprising sixteen acres, is but a mile and a half from the stretch of sandy shore which is overlooked by Bamborough Castle, and about midway between Holy Island and that weird headland whereon stand the jagged remains of Dunstanborough Castle, fast crumbling away, and showing plainly the ravages time has wrought even since Turner drew his famous plate for the "Liber Studiorum." Before the light-houses existed, a beacon-fire cast its warning glare over these dangerous seas from an old tower on House Island. Many of the islands are mere

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

NEST OF LESSER BLACK-BACKED GULL.

low rocks over which the breakers sweep in stormy weather, but few places are better known or more intensely interesting to the ornithologist in the spring and summer.

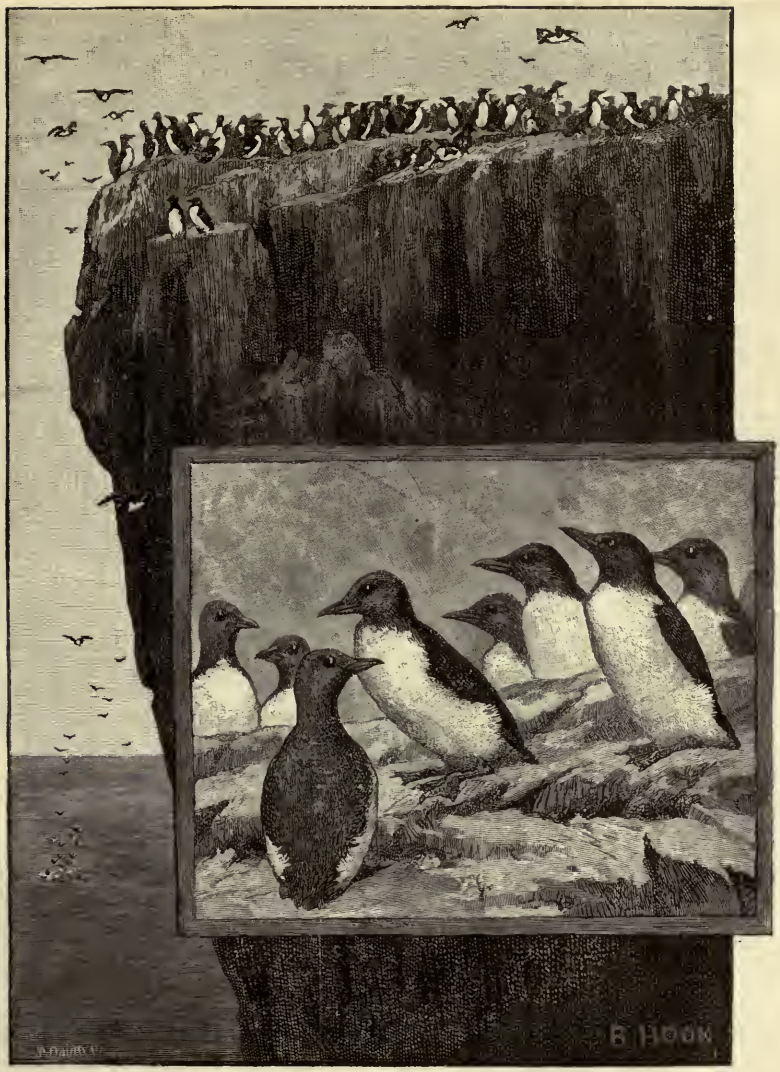
Since the days of old, when they had little to fear but the stone or wooden weapons of prehistoric man, millions of sea-birds have nested on these rocks. Still these living clouds gather as the spring sun shines upon their haunts. There they hatch and rear their young, which, having reached maturity in the open sea, return again to the birthplace of their ancestors, and, rearing their own offspring, hand down the tradition from generation to generation. Persecution has failed to balk this instinct. As between old families and their lands, there seems to be a tie between these birds and their immemorial haunts.

One of the head-keeper's chief duties consists in showing the islands to those sufficiently enthusiastic on the subject of ornithology to venture to them. He was just leaving the quay with a party of visitors as we reached the village. Our furious gesticulations and shouts were alike disregarded, and we found the North Sunderland fishermen unsympathetic. They were evidently in a thriving way, for, though their boats crowded the harbor, we had no little difficulty in arousing the men from their habitual lounge. At last we succeeded in hiring a coble, the lines of which would astonish a south-coast mariner, and in persuading three fishermen to take us out, who were to have a pound between them and a bottle of beer each. Recklessness is no besetting sin in North Sunderland. The sea, save for a gentle swell, was undisturbed; the coble was only eighteen feet in length, yet they would have us believe that she required three men to work her. There was a slight inclination to fog, so a compass had to be procured, but at last we embarked on our four-mile voyage.

About half-way we were among the birds. Some eider-drakes flew by at close quarters; then a few puffins, their short wings, plump, round bodies, and bright-orange parrot bills leaving little doubt of their identity. Small parties of guillemots, disturbed at their fishing, lazily separated before our bows, and, diving suddenly, came to the surface far astern; while high above us soared huge snow-white gannets from the Bass Rock, thirty miles beyond the Scottish border.

To obtain from Cuthbertson, the head-keeper, the necessary permission to land, we sailed after him to the outermost or "Staple" group of islands. We ran our boat alongside his near the Longstone, and soon afterwards were steering for the quarters of the lesser black-backed gulls. We landed on the rocks slippery with oar-weed, and, once beyond high-water mark, we began to find nests in all directions. They were built upon the bare rock, without the slightest attempt at concealment, and the three eggs, blotched with dark brown upon a paler ground of the same color, contrasted but faintly with the mingled feathers, sticks, and straw which formed the ample nest. Generally the three eggs bore a certain family resemblance; but there was a remarkable exception to this rule, where the olive-brown of one, marked boldly with a brown still richer, contrasted with the pale-blue ground of the other two, respectively sprinkled with black and blotched faintly with purplish gray. As we advanced, a crowd of screaming gulls arose, hovered about us, and settled lightly again, like great snow-flakes, when we had passed.

In spite of the unmusical protest of the outraged proprietors, we completed the inspection of their island, and on our way back to the boat came upon the nest of an interloping eider-duck, with three pale-green eggs lying on their bed

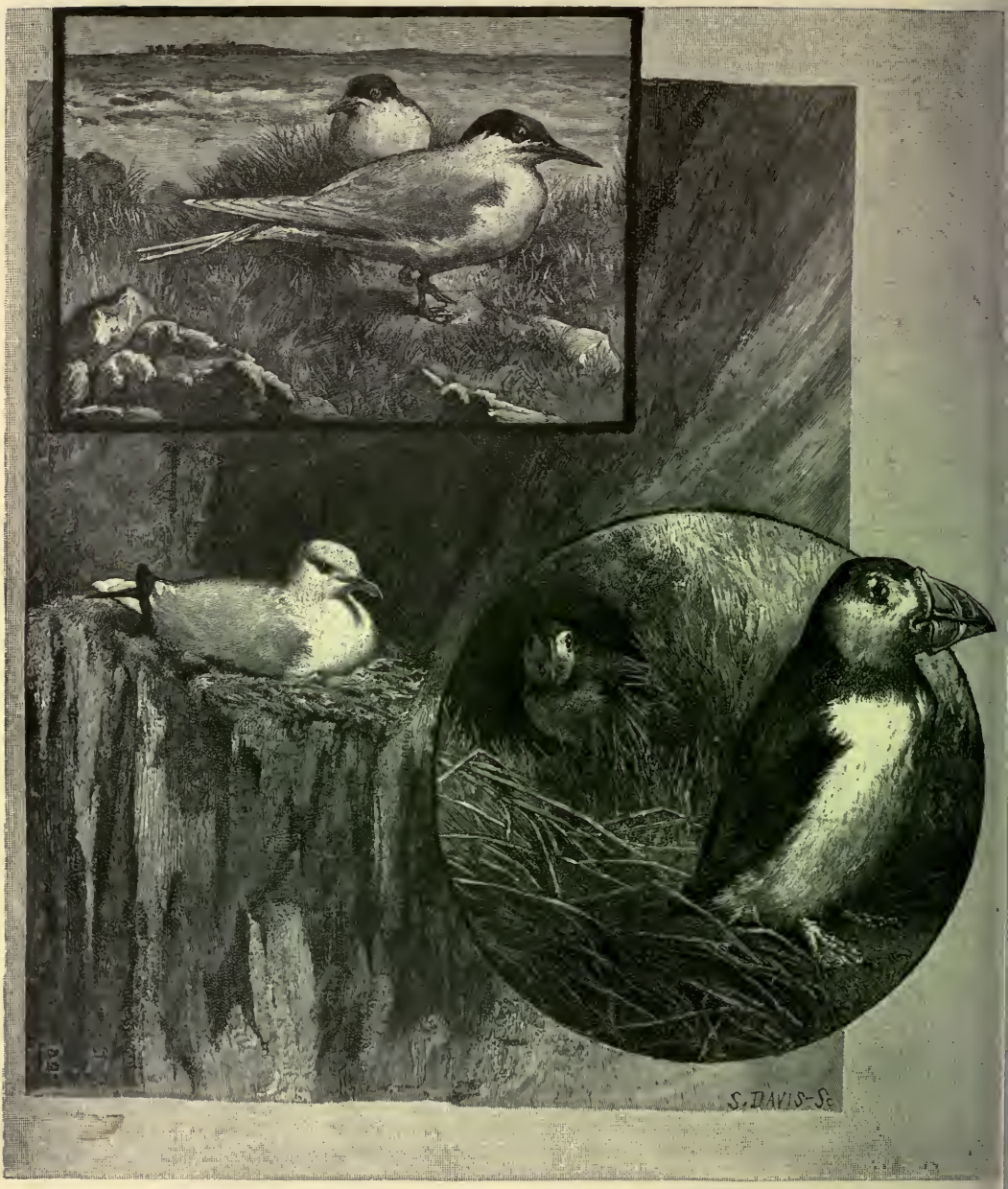


GUILLEMOTS ON "THE PINNACLES."

of soft down in a sheltered nook where quantities of tangled grass afforded good cover. This duck is plainly barred with light and dark brown; but her mate, as remarkable in appearance as in habits, is half of a sooty black, half white, blending with a faint blush of orange on the breast and a silky-green tinge on the sides of the head. The eider nestles in few places in the British Islands; never southward of the Farnes (where it is very numerous), and never visiting fresh water. Its chief home is in the Norwegian fjords, and in the perpetual daylight of the Arctic summer it also breeds in vast numbers.

Leaving the territory of the black-backed gulls, we reëmbarked, and, rowing a few hundred yards, found ourselves upon the island which the puffins had made their own. At the highest part the soil, which was peaty, was burrowed by the birds into a perfect honeycomb of passages, and so completely undermined that it was impossible to walk without frequently breaking into the nesting-holes beneath. Several times I put my hand into the gaps through which my foot had broken, and took out the parent bird, receiving no feeble retaliation from their powerful beaks. The burrows are generally about a yard and a half long, and in a recess at the end a single egg is laid; at first white, with a few gray spots, but in a few days so bedaubed with dirt as almost to match the color of the peaty soil.

Among our native birds there is none so thoroughly droll as the puffin. When taken from



ARCTIC TERNS.
KITTIWAKE.

PUFFINS.

his subterranean home he casts around a bewildered glance from expressive eyes protected by curious horny lids; then flaps away upon the ground, till he succeeds in rising.

The eggs were not yet hatched, though a chick's beak projecting from one of them showed how advanced they were in incubation. When the young are born the old birds feed them with small fish, of which they carry six or eight at a time, packed neatly side by side.

A pull of two hundred yards brought us to the Staple Island, and here, in a half-ruined tower, the under-keeper leads a solitary life during the nesting season. On this side, the island ends in upright cliffs of black basalt about forty feet in height. Within a stone's-throw of the cliffs is one of those sights on which an ornithologist is never tired of gazing. Separated from the mainland by a narrow chasm, pillars of jet-black rock, known as "The Pinnacles,"

ALONG SHORE. A FLIGHT OF ARCTIC TERNS.

rise abruptly from the sea. Upon their level summits huddled a jostling crowd of guillemots, sitting upright as if to exhibit their clean white breasts. Sometimes one, returning from a fishing excursion, alighted clumsily with straddling legs in the thick of his companions without considering for a moment whether there was room. They took no notice of the human beings standing close to them. Compared with the birds, the eggs (of which each female lays only one) are of enormous size, the color varying from yellowish-white to the most brilliant greenish-blue spotted and streaked with black or brown. It is interesting that the shape of the guillemot's eggs adapts them admirably to the situations in which they are usually laid. Placed upon ledges of the bare rock and unconfined by any barrier, they would easily roll off, were it not that they are very large at one end, tapering to a point at the other, so that when set moving they must roll in a very small circle.

GRACE DARLING'S HOME.

GRACE DARLING.

Notwithstanding this safeguard, so clumsy are the guillemots that I have seen no less than seven eggs roll simultaneously from one ledge as the birds took wing. No sooner are the young hatched than the parents by some means manage to convey them to the water and lead them to the open sea, where they live far out of sight of land. I have often seen these family parties—the little fluffy chick perfectly able to swim and dive; the father and mother always at hand to wait on its cry of distress.

On the sides of "The Pinnacles" kittiwakes were sitting secure upon their nests, placed (as these gulls alone of all their tribe know how to place them) on the narrowest and most inaccessible ledges to be found.

We returned to our boat along a shingly beach, dotted here and there with the nests of the black-backed gull. The under-keeper was lounging in his boat alongside ours, eager to hear any news from the mainland, and on our making sail he hung on to the stern, continuing the conversation as we towed him along, thus making the most of his slight intercourse with the world.

The wind freshening, we bowled merrily along to the last island we were to visit—an island colonized by terns. We ran the boat into a sheltered, sandy bay, and as we landed graceful, silvery forms sprang in a crowd from a ridge of shingle about fifty yards ahead. With the exception of a few Sandwich terns and one of the common species, the main body were Arctic terns.

If the puffin is the most ridiculous and droll of British birds, the Arctic tern is incomparably the most delicate and beautiful. The swallow of the sea, it comes in May, welcomed by the fisherman as a harbinger of spring. Seeking the brit and sand-launce, it hovers over the shallows or wheels lightly round the intruder, uttering at intervals a curious, wild note of anger that, with its

GRACE DARLING'S TOMB.

pointed wings and long, forked tail, soon becomes associated in his mind with bright days and the gentle murmur of the summer sea on sandy shores. Ever and anon it drops head first into the water as though shot, instantly rising with its prey; or, if the first plunge is unsuccessful, darts a few feet into the air and drops again. The Sandwich tern is a somewhat larger bird, but lacks the beauty of its relative. Like the eider-duck, it makes the Farnes its chief English breeding-haunt, and with the two other species forms colonies upon the beach, where it lays two yellowish-white eggs spotted with black, matching so perfectly the ground on which they lie that it is difficult to avoid treading on them. None of these birds have the faintest idea of making themselves or their young ones comfortable, but lay their eggs merely in a slight hollow. Roseate terns are occasionally met with, but none had been seen this year.

The rain, which had been threatening all day, now came down in earnest, and the rising wind warned us to return. Leaving the Cormorant Island unexplored, we set our large lug-sail, and, close-hauled, were just able to lay our course for North Sunderland. Reluctantly we looked our last at the white sea-swallows settling upon their eggs again as we left the bay. The pouring rain mingled with the spray which, defying mackintoshes, trickled down our backs. But even this and the pervading odor of stale fish could not mar the enjoyment of our homeward sail.

To those who delight in old associations, the Farne Islands are hallowed by the memory of St. Cuthbert, who lived for many years a hermit here. Green tells how, once prior of Lindisfarne, but worn out by his life's work and by the disputes among his brethren, he fled at last to "one of a group of islets not far from Ida's fortress of Bamborough, strewn for the most part with kelp and sea-weed, the home of the gull and the seal. In the midst of it rose his hut of rough stones and turf, dug down within deep into the rock, and roofed with logs and straw." He was afterwards Bishop of Lindisfarne for a short time; but "his bishopric was soon laid aside, and two months after his return to his island-hermitage the old man lay dying, murmuring to the last words of concord and peace."

Probably the Farne Islands have most

DUNSTANBOROUGH CASTLE.

EIDER-DUCK AND NEST.

claim to celebrity in modern times from the well-known story of the wreck of the steamer *Forfarshire*. This ill-fated ship left Hull on the 5th of September, 1838, bound for Dundee. The next day a gale set in from north-north-east, and owing to a leak in the boiler the fires were extinguished, so sail was set to keep her from going ashore. She drifted slowly and surely to leeward. In a dense fog, the gale still blowing, the starboard boat was lowered, in which eight of the crew and one passenger embarked, eventually being picked up and carried into Shields. A quarter of an hour afterwards, with forty souls on board, the ship struck upon the "Hawkers" rock near the Longstone, and in a few moments the stern was swept away and with it the captain and nearly all the remaining crew. The bows drove high upon the rock, where, when morning broke, nine persons clinging to the wreck were seen by the occupants of the light-house, William Darling and his daughter Grace. They launched their boat, and, each taking an oar, embarked on a desperate attempt to render assistance. After long battling with the sea they at length succeeded in reaching the rock, and it was only by Grace's skillful handling of the boat that it was saved from being dashed to pieces while Darling was engaged in getting the exhausted survivors one by one on board. All were safely conveyed to the light-house, where for three days and nights the same hand which had taken so active a part in their rescue ministered to their wants.

The excitement caused by the heroism of Grace Darling was felt all over England, and even now her name is a household word. So great was her celebrity that the manager of a London theater is said to have offered her a large sum of money to appear upon the stage in a wreck scene, rowing a boat of pasteboard. Her portrait became a familiar and beloved object in hundreds of English homes. Pictures were painted, poems written, and engravings circulated by hundreds. But the object of this wild enthusiasm was as modest as she was brave, and died where she had lived, her father's companion in the light-house of the Longstone Island. She had been waiting in the rain for a boat to take her to Coquet Island; the boatmen there did not see her signal, and before they came she was wet and chilled. Thus were sown the seeds of the rapid consumption which ended in her death on the 20th of October, 1842.

Not very long afterwards a friend of mine was at the Farnes, and went one day to see Darling at his light-house. They were alone together, and the old man, never tired of talking of his daughter, with tears in his eyes showed the collection of shells and other relics of her childhood; and in the same boat in which on that memorable day he had shared her danger and her triumph, he took my friend to the rock where the *Forfarshire* struck. Here he rested on his oars, and with faltering voice told with simple words the story of that wild September dawn.

Bryan Hook.

THE question of peace or war between capital and labor includes several questions: whether there is at the present time peace or war between these two great powers, and if it is war, what they are fighting for; whether war is better than peace, and if not, how the war is to be brought to an end and peace is to be made — whether by capital subjugating labor, or by labor subjugating capital, or by finding some way of uniting their interests.

The question whether peace or war now exists in the industrial realm need not detain us long. The answer is too easy. Optimists have been diligently assuring us, for a score of years, that there was no such thing as a labor question, except in the minds of a few crazy agitators; that everything was lovely in the industrial world, and constantly growing lovelier; that those beautiful harmonies of the French economist were sure to make everybody rich and contented and happy very soon. Few are now heard talking in this strain. Everybody admits that the relations between the working classes and their employers are extremely uncomfortable; the strikes, the lockouts, the boycotting, the rioting here and there, make up a large share of the telegraphic news in our daily papers. The state of industrial society is a state of war, and the engagement is general all along the line.

THE FRUITS OF COMPETITION.

THIS state of things is the natural result of a system of pure competition. Competition means conflict. The proposition is disputed, but if any philosopher wishes to test its truth by a scientific experiment, let him gather a crowd of twenty urchins together upon the sidewalk and address them as follows: "Here is a handful of coppers, which I propose to divide among you, and I wish to tell you how I am going to make the distribution. To begin with, you have all got to stand back on the other side of the curbstone; then I shall heap the coppers on that flat stone; then, when I give the word, let each one of you come forward and take what he can get. The only principle, my dear young friends, that we can recognize in the distribution of this fund is the principle of competition. Neither justice nor charity can have anything to do with it. Under competition, the political economists tell us, everybody gets a reasonably fair share. All ready! One, two, three — grab!" If our philosopher will stand by now and watch his experiment, he will see reasons for believing that competition is not uniformly a beneficent force. In the first place, it will turn out that the biggest boys will begin at once, while he is talking, to crowd themselves up nearest to the curbstone, and nearest to the pile of coppers, pushing back the smaller boys. Likely enough they will have a fight for this vantage-ground while he is making his speech explaining the beauties of competition. When he gives his signal they will rush in at once, trampling on one another, the strongest, of course, seizing the largest share, and many of the little boys getting only a stray copper or two that may be dropped from the hands of their more greedy and powerful companions as they make off with their booty. This is the way that competition works. The whole story of the competitive régime is outlined in this thumb-nail sketch of the curbstone financiers. Competition means war. And the law of war is the triumph of the strongest.

What is it that the scientific people tell us always happens in the struggle for existence? Is it not that the strongest individuals and the strongest races kill off the weakest? Competition is the struggle for existence, which is the law of the inferior races, adopted as the law of industrial society. It works in society exactly as it works among the inferior races. I will not stop to argue whether or not it is a good thing to kill off the weaker classes; my only point now is that under a system of which competition is the law this is the tendency. Naturally, the weaker classes object to being killed off, and fight against it with what strength they have; hence the conflict which always must accompany a system of pure competition.

COMBINATIONS FOR WAR PURPOSES.

IT may be admitted, however, that a system of fair competition would work better than the existing system. If all the competitors were equally intelligent and equally strong, and if our laws were able to prevent classes among them from securing by unjust means unfair advantages, then we should see a different state of things from that with which we now have to deal. For, bad as unrestricted competition would be, we have something now that is worse. Fair competition between the strong and the weak, between men of trained faculty and men of low intelligence, is pretty sure to result in combinations on both sides, by which the bitterness of the conflict is greatly intensified. This is what we are confronting to-day. Competition, as the reg-

ulative principle of our industry, has utterly broken down, and combination has taken its place. It began with the establishment of those great financial and industrial corporations in which capital was encouraged by the state to combine, and, thus organized, was exempted from certain liabilities and given advantages which the individual proprietor does not possess. And these corporations, and the great business firms and banking institutions in which the savings of many are consolidated under the management of one, have learned the art of combining among themselves, so that, in all branches of industry and commerce, competition is greatly crippled where it is not killed, and prices as well as wages are largely fixed by conferences, and syndicates, and pools of all sorts. Is it competition that determines freight rates and railway fares? Not at all. The best part of the railroad business of the country is done under agreements between the great companies. The price of oil, the price of coal, the prices of many of the common necessaries of life are determined much of the time by combinations among the producers or the dealers. "Our various industries," says the Rev. Josiah Strong, "are combining to force down production — that means that workingmen are thrown out of employment; and to force up prices — that means increased cost of living. There are lumber, coal, coke, oil, brick, nail, screw, steel, rope, fence-wire, glass, wall-paper, schoolbook, insurance, hardware, starch, cotton, and scores of other combinations, all made in the interests of capitalists. Small dealers must enter the 'pool,' or be crushed. Once in, they must submit to the dictation of the 'large' men. Thus power is being gathered more and more into the hands of conscienceless monopolies." On the other side, there are powerful combinations among the workingmen which seek to control the rate of wages and the hours of labor, and sometimes to prevent improvements in industry — combinations rapidly increasing in numbers and in power. Under this reign of combination there is no longer any such thing as free or fair competition. The individual coal operator in the Hocking Valley cannot compete with the other operators for the labor of the miners; he is tied up by an agreement to pay no more than a certain price. The individual miner cannot compete with his fellows for the wages offered by the operators; he is bound by his union to take no less than a certain price. And these combinations on all sides are made for fighting purposes. The big dealers combine that they may crush out competition, and kill off the small dealers. The employers combine to fight the workmen, and the workmen combine to fight the employers. Doubtless it is an illusion to suppose that competition, under the best conditions, while human nature remains what it is, would ever give us peace; however that may be, it is certain that the combinations which have so largely supplanted competition are calculated to give us nothing else but war. And war it is, bitter, and destructive, and desolating. "Masters and men," says a great Belgian economist, "are in a state of constant warfare, having their battles, their victories, and their defeats. It is a dark and bitter civil war, wherein he wins who can hold out longest without earning anything; a struggle far more cruel and more keen than that decided by bullets from a barricade; one where all the furniture is pawned or sold; where the savings of better times are gradually devoured, and where at last famine and misery besiege the home and oblige the wife and little ones to cry for mercy."

WHAT ARE THEY FIGHTING ABOUT?

The war arises in the division of the product of industry. The capitalist employer on the one side, and the laborer on the other, are fighting over the wealth produced by their joint exertions. The capitalist says that the laborer wants more than his fair share, and the laborer says the same thing about the capitalist; the capitalists, on the one side, combine to keep the laborers from getting any more, and the laborers, on the other side, combine to get as much more as they can. Then the question of the hours of labor comes in; the laborers contending that the world's work can be done in fewer hours, and the employers as a general rule resisting that demand. Still other matters in dispute are the right of the workingmen to combine, and their right to dictate to the employer whom he shall employ. The workingmen think that if they are to succeed in this conflict they must be able to combine and to bring the whole force of labor into the combination; and the employers think that if they are to succeed they must prevent the combinations of laborers by some means or other. Perhaps both are right. I cannot see how the workingmen can win the battle without uniting; and I am equally unable to see how the masters can win unless they can break up the unions. Such attempts as that of the manufacturer in Springfield, Ohio, to crush the labor organizations, are perfectly logical if war is the proper relation between labor and capital. Such attempts as those made by the employees of the Third Avenue railroad to compel the company to discharge some of its old hands because they would not join the union are natural and legitimate, if war between employer and em-

ployee is the necessary and normal condition of things. These are war measures on both sides. Are they right? They are right, if war is right. Is it right to march through the country, destroying barns and grain-ricks, appropriating the farmer's pigs and chickens, driving off his cattle and horses, and pillaging the stores and the smoke-houses in the cities and villages? It is right, if war is right; it is a common and sometimes a necessary war measure. Is it right to kill men who have been guilty of no crime by thousands and tens of thousands? It is right, if war is right; this is the immediate object in view when people go to war. Is it right for the labor unions to endeavor to coerce men to join their ranks under pain of starvation? It is right, if war is right; it is a natural war measure. Is it right for an employer to discharge men because they belong to a union? It is right, if war is right; it is attacking the stronghold of the enemy. Many things which, in a state of peace, are inexcusable and even criminal, are justified, as everybody says, by the laws of war. Falsehood, deception, violence, homicide are the very substance of war. In a state of peace it would seem an abominable piece of tyranny to insist that no man should be permitted to earn his daily bread in the trade which he had practiced all his life, unless he would join the trades-union. In a state of peace it would be a gross outrage upon personal liberty for an employer to discharge his workmen for belonging to a society which they had formed to promote their own interests. These are war measures. This fact cannot be too strongly emphasized. Let us get clearly before our minds exactly what we are doing and why we are doing it.

Of course, both parties to the conflict claim that this warfare is purely metaphorical; that they neither propose nor condone illegal measures. But it is hard in such a deadly controversy to keep within the law. It is inevitable that coercion should take violent forms. Society must deal sharply with such disturbances, but it is not easy to prevent them. They are indefensible, they are criminal, yet they are terribly logical. But even those coercive measures on both sides which keep within the law can be justified only as war is justified. If war is a good thing, they are good things. If war is evil, they cannot be good. What, then, shall we say about this fundamental question?

IS WAR A GOOD THING?

Is a state of war the natural and proper state of mankind? Are the happiness, the prosperity, and the morality of the people at large promoted by the maintenance of warfare? We shall agree, doubtless, that war is not the best employment for human beings; that it is not, on the whole, a good thing for people to be divided into classes and arrayed in armies for the purpose of encroaching upon one another's liberties or possessions. Surely the world is not enriched by warfare; it is impoverished, rather. While men are fighting they are not producing wealth; they are consuming what has already been produced, and they are very likely destroying, wantonly, about as much as they consume. This war between labor and capital, as we have seen, is about the division of the product of industry; and it is certain that the more they fight the less they will have to divide. The more constant and persistent the fighting is, the smaller every man's share of the world's wealth must be.

But this is not the worst of it. Such a warfare as this destroys the moral wealth of the nation even faster than its material wealth. It tends to make men bitter, suspicious, cruel; it turns neighbors against each other; it keeps the embers of resentment and hate all the while smoldering. This is the saddest part of the whole business. Those who have some knowledge of the temper of the combatants know that suspicion and distrust and ill-will have been steadily growing more intense on both sides. Surely it cannot be well for men to cherish such feelings toward one another, and one cannot help wondering whereunto this will grow. In a recent letter from over the sea, written by one who is giving his life for the welfare of the working people, are these solemn words: "There is a strong feeling among employers and employed that the cruel conflict between capital and labor, aggravated by competition, is destroying some of the best elements in human character." This is the kind of destruction most to be dreaded. When the old feelings of friendliness are gone, when a sullen envy and a rankling hatred have taken their places, the very foundations of the social order will be gone, and chaos and anarchy will be at hand. None of us will be very rich or very happy when that time comes.

SLAVERY IS WORSE THAN WAR.

WAR is not, then, a good thing. Yet there are evils worse than war. In the olden times the men who did the world's work were mainly slaves. There was no warfare then between capital and labor, because labor was owned by capital. That was not a good state of things for the laborer, and it was no better for the capitalist, though Carlyle lauded it and longed for its return. It is better that the laborer should be a free man, even though some measure of conflict and suffering be the price

of his emancipation. And if the laborer could see that the tendency of the industrial system under which he was living was to reduce him to a state little better than slavery, so that he would be dependent upon his employer, so that his chances to rise in the social scale would grow steadily less — if the laborer could see that this was the steady drift of the existing system, then, I think, he would be justified in fighting against that fate; in being willing to die rather than submit to it.

War is always a terrible evil; but it is sometimes the lesser of two evils. The degradation of a large class in society would be a greater evil than a war undertaken by that class to prevent such degradation. Now, it is certain that the wage-workers of this country feel that they are in danger of social degradation; in danger of falling behind the rest of the community in the march of industrial progress; in danger of becoming, to a great extent, dependent upon their employers, or upon the community at large, for subsistence and livelihood. We must do them the justice of recognizing this as the real reason of the widespread discontent that exists among them. The certainty that they are losing ground socially, and the fear that they may come to want and dependence, are the sources of the present tendency to combine for offensive and defensive warfare.

I am not referring to any such outbreak as that which, at this writing, is taking place in Chicago. That is not war; it is rapine, assassination, savagery. It is not the work of the Knights of Labor, nor of any other labor organization; it is led by men who, in the brutal harangues by which they stirred up the mob, denounced the Knights of Labor; men who have no part nor lot in the legitimate labor organizations; who, by creed and profession, are simply destroyers. It is a cruel injustice to identify these miscreants with the army of labor. The labor forces sometimes make sad mistakes and commit serious offenses, but nothing like this fiendishness can be charged upon them. It is not with such weapons that they are waging war. No wrongs ever existed, in any state of society, which could justify the methods of these men. I am not, then, discussing their complaints. I am considering how the matter lies in the minds of the great body of sober, industrious workingmen.

THE ARMY OF THE DISCONTENTED.

Some time ago Mr. Powderly described the working classes in this country as the "army of the discontented." He meant that there were enough of the discontented to make a large army; but it is also true that it is their discontent that is leading them to organize themselves into an army, that they may the better do battle against the evils which cause their discontent. If they are right in thinking that they are losing ground, if they are reasonable in their fears about the future, then they are justified in organizing thus for protection and defense.

Are they right? I will not try to answer so large a question; I will only indicate the answer that the thoughtful workingman is inclined to give. To begin with, the fact that this country is rapidly getting rich is a fact that the workingman, though not a political economist, knows very well. The evidences of this growing wealth are before his eyes. I will not rehearse the familiar figures paraded during the last two years by so many persons for so many purposes; by Mr. Blaine, to prove that national salvation could not be found in any other than the Republican party; by Mr. George, to show that poverty and progress advance with equal step. Unless the figures of the census are greatly at fault, the wealth of the nation is increasing much more rapidly than its population. With this great increase of wealth, with the enormous development of lands and mines, and with an improvement in machinery which is said to double the productive power of our manufacturing industries every seven years, it would seem that the average annual income of the individual must be greatly increased. Of some classes of the population this seems to be true. To speak of the class with whose circumstances I am most familiar, I should say that clergymen must be receiving incomes at least fifty per cent. larger than they were receiving twenty-five years ago. It is certain that they are living much more expensively now than they were living then; that they can afford many luxuries of furniture and decoration and travel that they could not then afford. This is not probably true of all the country ministers, but of the clergy as a class I believe it is true. The clergy are not exceptionally prosperous; the same is true of the other professions. The average lawyer or the average physician gets a far better living to-day than he got twenty-five years ago. I think that the salaries of teachers, and salesmen, and book-keepers, and clerks in the great offices have also been considerably advanced. Besides these, between the capitalists on the one hand and the wage-laborers on the other, there is a large class of persons who render professional and personal services of various sorts, many of whom are well remunerated. Such are musicians and teachers of music, artists and teachers of art, actors and purveyors of public diversions. This class has greatly increased

within the period under consideration, and is much better paid for its services now than formerly. A large share of the national income falls into the hands of such persons.

THE INCOME OF THE WAGE-WORKER.

WITHOUT considering the condition of the employing classes, it is evident, therefore, that signs of increasing prosperity are visible in other parts of society. But how is it with people who work for wages? Some of the English statisticians have been trying to prove that the income of the wage-laborers in that country has increased as rapidly as that of any other class; but the validity of this cheerful conclusion is by no means established. The latest and apparently the most thorough investigation, by Professor Leone Levi, shows that the actual money-wage of the English laborer has increased during the past twenty-seven years about thirty per cent., while the cost of meat and other necessaries of life has also risen almost but not quite as much; so that the English laborer is a little better off to-day than he was twenty-seven years ago. Is this the case with the American wage-laborer? The statistics do not permit us to dogmatize. Professor Richmond M. Smith has shown us some of the fallacies of the labor figures. The doctrine of averages has not been well understood by some of our statisticians, and their conclusions are not trustworthy. Two or three considerations must be borne in mind in determining this question.

The first is the fact that in most industries work is much less continuous and stoppages are far more frequent and more prolonged now than formerly. If the day wages are larger, the annual wages may still be smaller. The precariousness of employment is now a serious matter to most workingmen.

The second fact to be considered is the effect of machinery in reducing the demand for skilled labor. To take a single example: the iron-work of carriages was nearly all made by hand twenty-five years ago; and the blacksmiths employed in the carriage-shops were skilled workmen, who could forge any part of the iron-work of a carriage, and who commanded good wages. Most of these irons are now stamped out by machinery, and the hand-work is so subdivided that very few skilled men will be found in a large factory; the hand who tends a machine, and who can learn his work in a week or two, cannot, of course, obtain the remuneration paid to the superior mechanic of the days before the war.

The third fact is the increased cost of many of the necessaries of life. Clothing and flour and some groceries are somewhat cheaper; rent, which is the largest item in the poor man's expenditure, has increased, and meats, vegetables, butter, milk, and fuel are much dearer. On the whole, then, it may be questioned whether the average annual wages of the average workingman will purchase for him any more of the necessaries of life to-day than it would in the year before the war.

Mr. Carroll D. Wright, the most experienced and the most judicious of our labor statisticians, estimates that from 1860 to 1881 wages increased about thirty-one per cent., and prices about forty-one per cent. If this estimate is to be trusted, the workingman was a little worse off in 1881 than in 1860; and the year 1881 was an exceptionally prosperous year for the working people.

Nevertheless, as I have said, it is not well to dogmatize. We need more light on this question. Over-confident statements on either side are not to be encouraged. All I can say is that such light as I can get inclines me to the belief that the real annual wages of labor are little, if any, higher to-day than they were in 1860. If this is all that can be said, then the wage-workers are falling behind the rest of the community; for, between 1860 and 1880 the wealth of the whole country increased from sixteen billions of dollars to forty-three billions, or one hundred and seventy per cent., and the average income must have been very considerably increased.

THE WORKINGMAN'S OUTLOOK.

IN 1860 the value of the manufactured goods produced in this country was eighteen hundred millions of dollars; in 1880 it was fifty-three hundred millions, almost three times as much. This is the pile to be divided. The number of the persons among whom it is to be divided has grown about sixty per cent.— but not half as fast as the pile has grown. And now, when the working classes come up to get their share of the pile, they complain and rebel. "What is the matter with you?" asks some rather thoughtless onlooker. "Are you not getting as much as you ever got?" "Perhaps we are," is the answer; "but that pile was produced very largely by our labor; it is about three times as large as it was twenty-five years ago, and it looks to us as though we ought to get a good deal more than we got then. Other people, who do not labor with their hands, are getting more out of it now than they got then; the traders as a class, the professional people, the people on salaries, most of them, are able to live in a great deal better style now than they could afford a quarter of a century ago; while as for the capitalists and employers, they certainly show us many evi-

dences of greatly increased wealth. Some of us can remember the social conditions of twenty-five years ago, and the signs of opulence and splendor then visible were few and insignificant, compared with what we see nowadays. We can compare in our memory the most luxurious sections and environs of New York and Boston and Philadelphia and Cleveland and Chicago then with what we see to-day, and the increase in the magnificence is amazing. There were a number of fine turnouts at Saratoga and Newport in 1860; but the luxury of that day was plebeian simplicity compared with the extravagance of to-day. Long Branch was a cluster of simple wooden cottages then; travel up and down the Jersey coast to-day, and see the oriental pomp and magnificence that spread themselves all over that favored region. Much the same can be said of the Atlantic coast north of Boston. Such sights are common. We should know by the evidence of our eyes, if the census had nothing to say about it, that the wealth of this country is increasing very fast; we can see where the bulk of it is going; and we know, by a bitter experience, that we are getting a very small share of it.

"We read the newspapers too, and know something of that class of plutocrats which has sprung up in this country within twenty-five years. Some of us can remember the time when there were only one or two men in the country worth a million dollars; now there are hundreds of them. We pick up a newspaper and read such an item as this, which appeared in many of the journals in the month of January, 1880: 'The profits of the Wall street kings the past year were enormous. It is estimated that Vanderbilt made thirty millions; Jay Gould, fifteen millions; Russell Sage, ten millions; Sidney Dillon, ten millions; James R. Keene, eight millions; and several others from one to two millions each, making a grand total for ten or twelve estates of about eighty millions of dollars.' We know, of course, that there is some exaggeration about this; but if half of it is true, the story is ominous. What is more, we know that these rich men are gaining control of our courts and our legislatures, and of the Congress of the United States, and they get the legislation that protects their interests and builds up their fortunes, and that taxes us to enrich them. It looks as though we had a system of things under which the rich were sure to grow richer, and the poor, at the best, to remain as they are, shut down to a bare subsistence. We do not like the prospect. We think it is not fair. We are not going to submit to it, if we can help ourselves; and we see no other way but to band ourselves together for mutual protection and defense, and fight against this adverse fate."

Such is the reply of the more intelligent and sober of the wage-workers to the critic who cavils at their discontent. I submit that they make out, at any rate, a *prima facie* case. I submit that what they say has so much reason and justice that no right-minded man can dismiss it with a growl and a sneer. Their fears of social degradation are not groundless. As things are going now, it looks as though they would steadily be forced by the combinations above them to remain at the very bottom of the ladder, while the rest are climbing over their heads to independence and opulence. And since this is the day and age of combinations, since capital in a thousand ways is forming combinations for its own advantage, who will deny to labor the right to combine for the assertion of its just claims?

LABOR MUST HAVE BELLIGERENT RIGHTS.

COMBINATION means war, I admit. Combinations, whether of capital or of labor, are generally made in these days for fighting purposes. And war is a great evil—no doubt of that. But it is not the greatest of evils. The permanent social degradation of the people who do the world's work would be a greater evil. And if, by combination, the wage-workers can resist the tendencies that are crowding them down, and can assert and maintain their right to a proportional share of the growing wealth, then let them combine, and let all the people say, Amen!

The state of the industrial world is a state of war. And if war is the word, then the efficient combination and organization must not all be on the side of capital; labor must be allowed to make the combinations necessary for the protection of its own interests. While the conflict is in progress, labor has the same right that capital has to prosecute the warfare in the most effective way. If war is the order of the day, we must grant to labor belligerent rights. The sooner this fact is recognized, the better for all concerned. The refusal to admit it has made the conflict, thus far, much more fierce and sanguinary than it would otherwise have been.

So far as the students of political economy are concerned, it is now, I believe, universally agreed that the right of the workmen to combine cannot be questioned. Professor Sumner, who represents the old school of *laissez faire* economists, and President Walker, who represents the new historical school, are equally emphatic in their assertion of the right of the workmen to stand together in trades-unions for the defense of their own interests.

And the more reasonable of the employers are also beginning to see the point. Mr. James Means, a leading shoe manufacturer of Massachusetts, in an address to his employees last autumn, uttered these sensible words: "If the public assumes an attitude of antagonism toward trades-unions as a whole, the sense of injustice felt by the working people will bring them at last to seek redress by extreme measures. I believe that orderly trades-unions are to be encouraged. . . . Labor is the poor man's commodity; it is the only thing he has to sell; he must get the highest price for it that he can by legitimate means. The price which labor will bring is the market price. What is the market price of any commodity? It is the point where the 'bull movements' and the 'bear movements' exactly counterbalance each other. The fact that labor brings a certain price in the market does not mean that such is a fair market price. It may be a price based upon injustice. If there is any one who does not believe this, let him consider what would be the effect upon the market price of wheat, or any such commodity, if such price were governed entirely by the 'bears,' and if the 'bulls' were to cease their action. What is a trades-union? It is a 'bull movement' in the labor market. Can any one wish to see the price of that commodity which we call labor governed by the 'bears' alone? The 'bears' are organized, and no one complains. Is it fair that the price of labor should be fixed by powerful organizations opposed by weak individuals? Is it not rather to be desired that a more reasonable price should be fixed by organization met by organization?" Other utterances of the same tenor might be quoted.

The indications are, then, that in this warfare the belligerent rights of the wage-workers will soon be recognized. Strong combinations of employers still insist that they will never recognize them, but they are fighting against fate; the community at large concedes the right to the workingmen, and those who stand out will find it hard to stem the current.

WHICH WILL WIN?

So the battle is joined. Capital and labor confront each other, both organized and resolute, both determined to win. What will be the issue? A year or two ago we should have said without hesitation, Capital will win; it is stronger and better organized, and it has the sinews of war. Up to that time the victory had almost always been on the side of capital. The great majority of the strikes had been unsuccessful. But within the last year matters have taken a turn. The organization of the laborers is much more perfect and more formidable now than ever before. It is by no means clear that it may not prove a match for its antagonist. At any rate, things have now assumed such a shape that we may fairly expect to see some destructive fighting. The combinations on both sides are so strong that they ought to be able to do each other, and the whole country, a great deal of damage. It must be possible for them to paralyze the industries of the nation; to waste a good part of its savings; to dig the chasm that separates the employer from the employed a great deal deeper and wider than it now is; and to sow seeds of jealousy and spite that will bear a woful harvest through many generations. *Is it not a good time to stop and ask the question whether this warfare is really worth while?*

IS IT SUBJUGATION?

When people go to war, they generally have before them one of two possible issues of the conflict. Each combatant may be determined on a complete triumph over the other — a triumph that shall result in exterminating or subjugating or enslaving the other; or each combatant may desire to make an exhibition of his strength which shall enforce the respect of the other and secure honorable terms of peace. It is well for these combatants to determine, before they go any further, whether they desire to subjugate one another.

Do the employing class think it would be a good thing to subjugate the wage-laborers — to reduce them to a condition in which they would be practically slaves or dependents? Do the employing class want to keep the wages of the laboring class down as nearly as they can to the level of subsistence? Doubtless there are selfish and greedy men among them who would care very little what became of the working people, so long as they were able to make themselves rich. But I am sure that the employers of labor as a rule will cherish no such heartlessness; they know that it would be fatal to our national life if the class of wage-laborers became a permanently degraded class; they know that peace and prosperity cannot abide in the land unless all classes have an equal chance and a fair prospect. What is more, when they look at the matter from the lowest materialistic standpoint, they know that the wage-laborers constitute a very large share of the consumers of goods; that if they are able to purchase nothing but the bare necessaries of life, trade will be dull; that when they have plenty of money in their pockets trade will be brisk; that it is not, therefore, for the interest of the manufacturing and mercantile classes that the laboring classes should be reduced to the verge of starvation. Capital is not such a fool as to

wish to push this war to the subjugation of its antagonist.

Neither does labor, I trust, desire to subjugate capital. That, to be sure, is the socialistic programme: the theory of socialism is that the capital shall all belong to the state, and shall be owned and controlled by the workers; that there shall be no private enterprise; that all the business of production and transportation and exchange shall be managed by state officials. But we are not ready yet for such a revolution. Beyond all question, the industrial system which is based on private enterprise is the best system practicable at the present time, and will be for a long time to come. It needs to be modified, but it cannot be overthrown without disaster to the working classes. Business will be managed for a good while yet by captains of industry; and it is for the interest of the people who do the world's work that it should be. Larger gains, on the whole, will come to them through this management properly modified than through any which they could substitute for it. The attempt to destroy or even cripple capitalistic enterprise is suicidal. So then it is absurd and even monstrous for either of these combatants to dream of subjugating the other. It is for the interest of each that the other should be free and prosperous and contented and hopeful.

The other rational object that men have in fighting is the assertion of their rights and the demonstration of their prowess. They want to make it evident that it is not safe to encroach upon their liberties; they want to lay the foundations of an honorable peace. Have not these two combatants been fighting long enough to accomplish this object? Surely labor has reason enough to respect and even dread the power of capital; and is not capital by this time sufficiently impressed with the power of labor? Is it not a good time for the contending parties to ground their arms, and shake hands, and sit down, and have a frank and friendly conference? Is not this business of war a senseless, brutal, barbarous business, at best? Does either side expect to do itself any good by fighting the other? It is about as rational as it would be for the right hand and the left hand to smite each other with persistent and deadly enmity, or for the eyes and the ears to array themselves against each other in a remorseless feud. It is a sorry comment on our civilization that here, at the end of the nineteenth Christian century, sane and full-grown men, whose welfare depends wholly on the recognition of their mutual interests and on the coöperation of their efforts, should be ready to spend a good share of their time in trying to cripple or destroy one another. It is not only wicked, it is stupid; it is not simply monstrous, it is ridiculous.

Are not the employers ready, by this time, to hear reason? Have they not had fighting enough for the present? Are they not willing to make peace? If so, the first thing for them to do is to face the fact that the wage-workers, by whose labor they are gaining their wealth, are entitled to a little better share of the joint product than they are getting now; that they have a perfect right to expect it, to ask for it, and to combine for the purpose of getting it. When that fact is frankly admitted, arbitration of labor disputes will follow as a matter of course.

EIGHT HOURS OR TEN?

THE demand for fewer hours of labor must also be fairly considered. It does not seem, on the face of it, altogether unreasonable. With the continual improvements in machinery it is not at all incredible that the world's wants can be supplied by eight hours' work in a day. Would it not be vastly better for the health, the morals, and the thrift of the community to have our shops and factories going eight hours a day all the year round than to have them go ten hours a day for nine or ten months, and be idle all day for two or three months in the year, which is the present order in large sections of the country? The question whether the daily working time can be reduced one-fifth with no diminution in the daily wage is, of course, a question that must be settled on economical rather than sentimental principles. But some interesting experiments tend to show that, even when machinery is a large factor in production, the product of eight hours' work will be much more than four-fifths of the product of ten hours' work. The reduction of the time will not proportionately reduce the product, and should not, therefore, proportionately reduce the wage.

It is often said that increased wages and shorter hours will only promote recklessness and dissipation among the men; that the addition to their income would go to the saloons; that the enlargement of their leisure would result in debauchery. Such statements are too sweeping. Some of the more ignorant and degraded of the men would be affected in this way, no doubt, but it would not be true of all of them; it would not, I trust, be true of the majority of them. The new hope, the enlarged opportunity, would make the better elements among them self-respecting and frugal; their leisure would not all go to the uses of the flesh. The most careful English student of this question, Professor Leone Levi, bears this testimony: "As a rule, and

in the long run, scarcity, low wages, and scantiness of food go hand in hand with high mortality, drunkenness, and crime; while abundance, high wages, and full consumption go hand in hand with low mortality, temperance, and good behavior. A sudden increase of wages, as in the colliery districts in 1872–3, may find the recipients utterly unprepared for their good fortunes. And so we have heard of miners indulging in champagne wine, and of puddlers purchasing for themselves sealskin waistcoats. But reason speedily asserts her higher sway. The housewife eagerly arrests a portion of the higher wages to furnish the bare rooms, to fill the empty cupboard, and to clothe the children. Little by little, as the novel condition with its bountiful stores is realized, self-respect increases, sobriety of conduct is induced, and the family as a whole rises to habits of virtue and prosperity."*

This is the result which we have good reason to expect, not by any means universally, but on the whole, and in the long run, from the improvement in the laborer's condition. Some laborers cannot bear prosperity; some employers cannot. Most employers, I dare say, have an abiding conviction that it would not hurt them in the least to be a little better off, and they may safely reason in the same way with regard to their men. On the whole, and in the long run, happiness is better for men than misery, plenty better than want, hope better than despair. Every effort that is made for the amelioration of humanity rests on that assumption.

IS SELF-INTEREST A GOOD FOUNDATION?

Some employers chafe under the new demands of labor. Doubtless these demands are sometimes arrogant and unreasonable; is this to be wondered at? War is an essentially unreasonable business; it is not by reason that its issues are determined, but by force. "It is a pity," men say, "if an employer cannot manage his business to suit himself." It may be a pity, but it is true. If by this phrase is meant managing his business solely in his own interest, that is exactly what he cannot do. The assumption that he can is one of the bottom causes of all this trouble. It is true that employers have long been taught that if they were perfectly selfish in the management of their business, the results would be beneficent; that this kingdom of industry is the one department of human activity with which conscience and good-will have no normal relation; that self-interest is and must be the sole ruler of this realm. Most of them have believed this doctrine; some of them have acted accordingly; but many of them have behaved a great deal better than the theory required them to behave, and have mixed not a little humanity with their business, thinking, no doubt, all the while that they were doing a silly thing. It was not a silly thing. The wisdom of their hearts was sounder than the theories of their heads. The doctrine which bases all the relations of employer and employed upon self-interest is a doctrine of the pit; it has been bringing hell to earth in large installments for a good many years. There is no department of human conduct in which pure egoism is a safe guide. No employer can manage his business exclusively in his own interest. It is not exclusively his business. The men who do the work are in reality his business partners, and he is bound to think of them, and care for them, and manage the business in their interest as well as his own. This is what employers must do if they want peace. You can have hell in your factory, or you can have heaven there, just which you please. If it is hell that you want, build your business on the law of hell, which is simply, "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost!" Out of that will come wars and fightings, perennial and unrelenting. If it is heaven that you want, then build your business on the law of the kingdom of heaven, which is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." That will put you in the path of peace.

INDUSTRIAL PARTNERSHIP.

If peace is better than war, the employer's first problem must be to find a way of getting his enterprise on a peace basis. He can only do that by identifying his men with himself in the hopes, the prospects, the rewards of their joint undertaking. It begins to be evident to many employers that industrial partnership in some form is the next step in the evolution of our industrial system. This method has been thoroughly tried in scores of establishments, large and small, upon the continent of Europe, with splendid and almost unvarying success. Multitudes of people, who never have tried it, and have never seen it tried, and who know nothing about it, are free to say that it would not work; but what is the judgment of such doctrinaires worth in the face of the almost unbroken experience of the hundreds who have tried it? It is hard to keep one's patience when those who profess to be "practical men" set up their *ipse dixit* against the solid achievements of thirty years of peaceful and prosperous industry conducted upon this basis.

I have once before called attention in these pages to the inspiring recital by Mr. Sedley

* "Wages and Earnings of the Working Classes," p. 35.

Taylor* of the progress of this principle in Europe. Quite a number of important firms and companies in this country have been practicing it with entire success for several years; and the rapidity with which the movement has been advancing since the beginning of the present year is something notable. We shall soon have a chance to see for ourselves whether profit-sharing will work in this country.

The common objections to this method are easily answered. "Some years there are no profits to divide," it is said. True; and in such years the workmen would get their regular wages, but no bonus at the end of the year.

"But this would make them dissatisfied and rebellious," it is urged. "They would think they had been cheated." This is assuming that they are hopelessly unreasonable and unjust. It is probable that if the employer really wishes to make his men the sharers of his prosperity, he will be able to make them believe it, and that they will forego their dividend without complaint.

"But there are sometimes losses," it is said, "and it is not fair that the men should share in the profits unless they share in the losses also." Let that be granted. But the system provides for laying aside a reserve fund in the prosperous years, out of which losses could be made up in the unprosperous years. Thus the workmen do share in the losses.

"But the profits are none too large now," it is urged; "to lessen them by an additional dividend to labor would cripple many industries." The census makes it plain that the laborer might have a larger share of the profits without doing anybody any injustice; but this point may be waived. It is enough to say that all the economists declare that whatever renders labor more efficient is a clear gain both to labor and to capital; it makes a larger product to divide between them. And it is the general testimony of those who have tried profit-sharing, that it makes the laborer more industrious and more economical of materials and tools; that the expense of superintendence is largely reduced; that the employer has as much left after he has paid the laborer his share of the profit as he had before. A slight acquaintance with human nature would make it easy to believe that this might be.

It does not seem at all incredible that business might be more prosperous on a peace basis than on a war basis; and it is at least possible that the employer could put it on a peace basis by making his men his business partners, and letting them share with himself in the rewards of their joint industry. I will venture to predict that peace will never come to stay until this principle, under some form, has been introduced into the industrial order.

* "Profit-Sharing in Industry." London: Kegan Paul & Co.

WILL THE WORKINGMEN MAKE PEACE?

WHAT answer now shall we hear from the men of toil to this burning question? Shall it be peace or war? Before they give their voices for the continuance of war, some things should be well considered.

In the first place, they ought to see that the employing class is not their worst enemy. It is not the employing class, as such, that is absorbing the wealth of this country, so much as it is the gamblers and the political corruptionists. A pretty large share of the plutocrats have gained their wealth by gambling operations in the stock and produce exchanges, and by bribing city councils and legislatures and courts and congresses. With franchises and legislative favors and judicial decisions thus obtained, they have robbed the public for their own benefit. The net profits of industry are not excessive, but the plunder of these parasites is enormous. After they have filled their pockets out of the product of industry, there is a good deal less to be divided between employers and laborers. The working classes are just as much responsible for their existence as their employers are. If workingmen had been as careful in choosing men to represent them in the city councils and the legislatures as they ought to have been, this class of parasites could never have flourished as they have done. The first fight for them to make is against these parasites of industry.

In the second place, the workingmen should make up their minds before they push this fight any further whether they wish to overthrow the present system of industry, or whether they prefer to modify it, so that it shall be more favorable to their interest. They may be able to destroy it; but it will be well for them to count the cost before entering on that campaign. Samson overthrew the temple of the Philistines; but it is instructive to remember what became of Samson.

In the third place, if workingmen do not want to exterminate private enterprise, and if they expect to have business relations with the employing class, they cannot too soon unlearn the bitter and violent habits of speech and thought into which they have been falling of late in their discussion of the labor question. The sweeping denunciations of the capitalists as thieves and swindlers and robbers, in which some of them are wont to indulge, are both unwise and unjust. Successful business relations cannot be maintained among men who

cherish such feelings toward one another. There are heartless and selfish men among employers; so there are among laborers. Wrongs are done on both sides; people who are at war are not apt to be scrupulous about respecting one another's rights. Many employers are heartily desirous of doing their men full justice; and the men by no means always show a proper appreciation of this good-will. Permit me to say that I know something about this war; I have been in the thick of it for thirty years, trying to make peace, and helping to care for the sick and the wounded; and I know that the wrong is not all on one side, and that the harsh judgments and the fierce talk of both sides are inexcusable.

In the fourth place, if workingmen want business put on a peace basis, let them say so, and show that they mean it. If they desire to have labor disputes settled by arbitration, let them frankly and good-naturedly ask for arbitration, and show that they have a reasonable temper and a purpose to stand by a fair award. If they want profit-sharing, let them put that into their platforms, and make it clear to their employers that they can be trusted to give the scheme a fair trial. Some of them are hoping for coöperation; for an organization of industry in which the men who do the work shall own the capital, and receive both profits and wages. To every such enterprise, God speed! It takes a high degree of intelligence and self-control to coöperate in production; workingmen are gaining these qualifications steadily; they will be ready for it before long. But production, on any basis, requires capital — capital to purchase the plant, and capital to live on while the product is maturing; and capital can be got by those who are not born rich in only two ways — by saving, and by stealing. Workingmen cannot afford to steal; they will never prosper if they do. It is true that many of our plutocrats got their money by stealing from the people at large, but their prosperity is a blight upon them and upon the nation. If they have been unjust, our workingmen cannot afford to rebuild the industry of the country on the same foundation of injustice. It is only by economy that the capital can be accumulated by which they can coöperate; and it is to be hoped that profit-sharing will put them in the path that leads to this goal.

THE INDUSTRIAL CRISIS.

The present appears to be a critical time in the history of labor. Within the past few months our workingmen have suddenly come to the consciousness of great power. Their more compact organization, their more effective weapons of war, have given them advantages that they never had before. The question of the hour is whether they can use this power temperately and wisely. There are ominous signs of a disposition to employ it passionately and vindictively. Men who speak in the interests of selfish capital are heard to express the confident hope that the workingmen will soon overstep the bounds of prudence and justice and ruin their own prospects. That is the real danger. Doubtless, it is hard for those who are smarting under a sense of injustice to be always temperate and judicious; but the welfare of these men depends on keeping their heads cool. Vengeance does not belong to them; and they are strong enough now to be magnanimous.

It is easy for the organizations of labor to cripple by unreasonable demands the industries of whole sections. They have done this thing already more than once. In the stoppages and readjustments thus occurring, great suffering is caused and no advantage is gained. An unjust demand, even if it be temporarily enforced, always reacts on those who make it. The working classes have now tremendous power; they may easily employ it for self-destruction. It is quite possible for them to use their power tyrannically; and tyranny will not thrive in this day, the tyranny of a mob no more than the tyranny of an autocrat. This weapon of the boycott with which the labor unions have lately armed themselves is pretty sure to prove a boomerang. If they use it recklessly, there may easily arise a consumers' union, to fight them with their own fire — to patronize those whom they proscribe. Already the popular indignation at the unscrupulous use of this weapon is so strong that the publication of a boycott has proved, in several cases, an excellent advertisement of the boycotted dealer.

With all the improved enginery of war the labor unions are sure to find that war is dangerous business. It is all the more dangerous because of these improved weapons. It can never be anything else but perilous and destructive business. Let not these combatants on either side suppose that they can hurt and maim their antagonists and get no harm themselves!

Over all this wretched strife one can imagine those "better angels of our nature," whose ministry Abraham Lincoln once pathetically but vainly invoked, bending with divine compassion and crying to the embattled hosts with solemn rebuke and benignant appeal: "Is it well, brother men, is it well to fight? Is it not better to be friends? Are you not all children of one Father? Nay, are you not, as the great apostle said, members one of another? Your war is not only wholesale fratri-

cide, it is social suicide. It is little to say that you cannot afford to fight: you cannot live apart; you must live for one another. That is the way you were made to live; and you will never have anything but trouble and sorrow till you learn that way and walk in it. The stars in their courses will fight against you until you make peace with one another. Have we not had more than enough of war and its dismal noises and its spectral train of woes; more than enough of silent looms and fireless forges; of children's faces pale with hunger, and women's sunken eyes; of hearts made fierce and hard by long-cherished enmities; of class arrayed against class and neighbor against neighbor? Oh, put it all away from you — the hate, the suspicion, the scorn; stand here together, brethren as you are, helpers of one another as you must be, and promise one another that you will do what you can, every one of you, to bring the day when between Labor and Capital there shall be no longer war, but peace for evermore."

Washington Gladden.

THE WESTERN ART MOVEMENT.

WHERE the vineyards of Nicholas Longworth clothed the hilltops above Cincinnati within the memory of living men now stands a spacious art museum, and close beside it there will be an art-school building more generously appointed than any other in our land. In St. Louis, where French traders gathered with their furs since the opening of the century, a new art museum supplements the work of a school whose pupils profit by the latest lessons of South Kensington and German art centers, as well as by the academic teachings of Paris. Chicago, with citizens still living who watched the Indians depart, is building for her Art Institute a new museum. The money is ready for art museums in Milwaukee and Detroit. The Minneapolis Society of Fine Arts has established an art school of ambitious plans. The "first white male child born in Kansas" is trustee of a State Art Association, and men who fought for "free soil" are now collecting autotypes and casts. These plain facts have an eloquence of their own. Their story is told again in the art societies, exhibitions, and lectures of minor cities throughout the middle West and beyond. History has recorded the period of chasing or being chased by the red man, of clearing forests and breaking prairies, the marvelous growth of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, and the resultant wealth. But of the working of that most abstract of all ideas, the art feeling, little has been told. And now it is suddenly made manifest that the most active among the current phases of that formative condition which we call American art is the movement in progress throughout our West.

If this active interest in art were shown only in the buying of costly paintings for private galleries, and the building of wonderful examples of architecture for private occupancy, it would have a very minor significance. These are the usual accompaniments of prosperity, too often the outward and visible signs of a theory of art as something concerning only a favored few, as represented only by paintings and statues in Dives's galleries. But the Western art movement with which we have to do is an expression of a broader and sounder idea. Some of our Western legislators have been sturdily defending the thirty per cent. duty upon works of art, doubtless in the firm belief that art is an extravagant luxury. But meantime the constituents of these gentlemen have proved their conviction that art not only gives pleasure to the many, but has such practical value as to be worth the investment of much money and time. The work has been done by an army of citizens without thought of private advantage. These museums and schools are of the people and for the people, at least in theory. There will be discouraging mistakes and experimental gropings, just as there have been museums which have become mere storehouses of curiosities, and schools enslaved by routine. But the West is progressive, eager to learn, and willing to profit by the lessons of past failures. Her substantial beginnings are the partial realization of ambitious plans.

I.

OVER a million dollars have been given to the art school and museum of Cincinnati within the last six years. This, like the foundation of the College of Music, is the ripened

expression of an art sentiment which has existed for over forty years. The feeling has been fostered by the large German population of the city, and strongly directed by German influence, if one may judge by the continuous devotion to the Düsseldorf cult in pictorial art. Cincinnati was the first of the Western cities to become known as a home of picture-collectors, and it holds the first place at the present time in the amount of its recent gifts to art. After a generation of desultory picture-collecting came an art school which struggled into existence seventeen years ago, with half a dozen pupils, the scant income from fees eked out by private generosity. From this beginning has grown up a school attended by over four hundred pupils, and employing a corps of ten teachers. Its independence is assured by a yearly income of fifteen thousand dollars from the Joseph Longworth endowment fund. Its new home promises to be the best American art-school building. At the National Academy in New York most of the pupils are confined to two imperfectly lighted rooms in the basement and one other. The Cincinnati art students will have the liberty of a building considerably larger than the entire Academy.

All this has come about after dreary periods of the disappointment and discouragement which are the lot of missionaries in art as in science or religion. Once the doubtful experiment was tried of placing the school under the control of the city fathers by uniting it with the University of Cincinnati. The result hardly encouraged a desire for a government paternal in its care of art. The real father of the school was the late Joseph Longworth, a name intimately associated with the growth of art in Cincinnati. From him came the first important recognition which the school obtained, probably the first large gift to art made in the city. It was his intention to endow the school more liberally on condition that its control should be transferred to the Museum Association. Within thirty days after his death his son Nicholas Longworth carried out this intention. The transfer was effected early in 1884, and the school endowed with a fund of $371,000. And finally — for the record of art in this fortunate city is a record of acts of splendid munificence — there came to the school from Mr. David Sinton a gift of $75,000 for a new building, and, added to the golden shower, a legacy of $20,000 from the late Reuben R. Springer. We speculate upon the emotions of the school's principal as he contrasts this era of great things with the days of struggle, of the half dozen pupils, of aldermanic patronage. Yet all this time the school, under the charge of Mr. Noble, has faithfully offered instruction not only to pupils from the city but to others from all the country around.

The new school building, like the art museum, stands upon the crest of Mt. Adams, three hundred and fifty feet above the Ohio, a site given by the city in a park which probably is better entitled to the name of Eden in June than when I saw it under a leaden February sky. Below in the south-west lay an "impression" of Cincinnati. Spires and gables with vague outlines underneath peered through sad-colored clouds of soft-coal smoke, nothing defined except the massive shoulders of outlying hills. Perhaps this "impressionistic" view from the windows of the art school may offset too great emphasis upon definition in the class-room. The building will combine Romanesque arches with gables and dormers in lighter vein, but in general it will harmonize with the more consistently Romanesque museum near by. The walls of both are of blue limestone, the roofs of red Akron tiles. Of light and air and floor-space the art school should have an abundance. The ground plan is 82 feet by 106, or 141 including the lecture-room, and there will be three floors, the first two containing generous rooms for primary, modeling, and wood-carving classes, the uppermost affording a noble hall a hundred feet in length for classes in drawing from casts and from the costumed model. On the same floor will be ten studios, an excellent feature, which should encourage teachers and advance students to independent work. With all these opportunities, and with tuition fees a matter of the least consequence, the responsibility of him to whom much was given is certainly heavy upon this school.

At present, in addition to the usual academic curriculum, there are departments of wood-carving, decorative designing, and metal-work, and in the modeling department some attention is given to industrial work. With a school increasing and prospering as this has done in a city of comparatively small size, there is a natural tendency toward self-glorification, and it may not be easy for a stranger to measure justly the amount of its productiveness. The principal of the school would probably lay the greatest stress upon the results accomplished by the academic classes, the fidelity of drawings from the antique, and the accuracy of life-studies, which certainly attest the earnestness of the pupils. Those who take up the study of art as an amusement are probably in the majority here as elsewhere. Some become teachers of drawing, and a few professional artists are numbered among the graduates, one of whom, Mr. Charles H. Niehaus, the sculptor of a statue of Garfield, has

recently received a commission for an equestrian statue of Robert E. Lee. A score or more of artists have gone out from Cincinnati to win no inconsiderable degree of public recognition; many of them have never been connected with the school as pupils, and unfortunately none of the younger men who are known in our exhibitions and in the work of other schools have been retained as teachers.

But some of the graduates have applied their training to various forms of industrial work. The designers and decorators in the Rookwood Potteries have been drawn from the art school; its pupils helped to do the wood-carving upon the great organ in the Music Hall; in the adjoining Odeon the ceiling and proscenium arch were decorated by their hands; and some of them have been engaged in frescoing and mural painting within the new museum. There is nothing of all this beneath the dignity of an artist, nothing to prevent the worker from painting ideal pictures or modeling statues if he will. Yet few art schools emphasize the truth that the principles of pure and applied art are the same, and that the training is the same up to a certain point. It is our pitiful fashion to rank as artist only the painter of pictures or sculptor of statues. Perhaps it is through impatience at such narrowness that the vulgar have so misused the word.

No application of art can be more appropriate than wood-carving and the modeling and decorating of pottery in a city where the manufacture of furniture is a large industry, and where beds of native clay are within easy reach. The father of Cincinnati wood-carving, Mr. Henry Fry, has for years trained pupils in the old apprentice fashion, hardly dignifying with the name of school the workshop where he and his son, Mr. William Fry, have wrought in the spirit of true artist artisans. Instruction in wood-carving by Mr. Benn Pitman has for some years formed a department of the School of Design. "When it became publicly known that there was to be a grand organ placed in the new Music Hall, and that the screen was to be built at home, all these people — men and women, boys and girls — with whom life had become so much more beautiful and attractive by reason of their art-studies, came quickly forward and said: 'Let us make the designs; let us carve the panels, frames, friezes, capitals, and finials of the organ screen. We will work with hands and brains and heart, and offer the results of our labor as our contribution toward the people's organ.'" So designs for Morning, Evening, and Noon, with trumpet and passion flowers, hawthorn, oak-leaves, wistaria, and lilies, and a multitude of other graceful shapes, were wrought out for the decoration of "the people's organ." Mr. William Fry led the work, aided by his daughter and father; and under Mr. Pitman's care, "more than a hundred ladies who were or had been students of the carving classes" of the School of Design began work upon carvings for the organ screen. Mr. Springer's generosity was shown again in an offer of prizes for the best carvings; but the offer was hardly needed, I fancy, to quicken the zeal of the workers. There is something very pleasant in this picture, something which brings back to us a little of the spirit of the cathedral-building age. What worthier ambition could they have than the development of a Cincinnati school of wood-carvers, to be known like the schools of the middle ages? Whatever may be said of our changed conditions and the spirit of the modern time, if there is to be any abiding vitality in our art it must come partly from the encouragement of efforts like these.

It is only a few years since the manufacture of pottery on a scale of any importance was begun in Cincinnati, but Cincinnati pottery has already more than a local reputation. Here, as in every phase of the city's growth in art, the influence of woman should be recognized. The Woman's Pottery Club, organized many years since, has proved to be something more than "amusement for the idle rich." Modeling in clay and china-painting were introduced into the School of Design in its early days. To a member of the club, Miss Louise McLaughlin, is assigned the credit of rediscovering the Haviland process of decoration under the glaze. Another member, Mrs. Maria Longworth Nichols, who for some time supported a pottery school, founded the Rookwood Potteries — an example of the influence of international expositions. The Japanese collections at our Centennial Exhibition suggested to Mrs. Nichols the idea of developing possibilities latent in the clays of the Ohio Valley. At first the work of these potteries was imitative, naturally enough. After a period of Haviland work with Japanese modifications, came an attempt at a distinctive style, but more or less assimilation has been unavoidable. At present one characteristic of these potteries is the unusual variety of clay bodies and glazes. Another is the absence of restrictions upon the artists. They are not bound, as in purely commercial enterprises, to the production of a given amount of work, but are left free and encouraged in every way to produce individual work. There must be something more than the copying of Royal Worcester or Barbetine, and there must be less deference to taste for showy decoration, if we are to have American pottery which

shall be valued for its art. A vase perfect in the quality and color of its ground is of a very different rank from the imperfect piece which challenges the eye by a mass of gaudy floral ornamentation. The perfection and strengthening of the ground and simplicity of decoration, where decoration is called for, are the expressed aims of these potteries. There have been some essays in solid colors, with glazes of considerable beauty, after the standards set by the greatest ceramists of the world, the Oriental artists. Examples of this work are kept before the designers, as M. Haviland keeps them in his private collection, representing standards which have not yet been reached. The graduates of the art school in these potteries may or may not be called artists; but there are plenty of painters of pictures who are doing far less to spread a love of art.

The Cincinnati Museum has its record yet to make. The new building in Eden Park is the result of recent efforts, although a fruitless attempt to raise funds for a museum was made ten years ago, and the Woman's Art Museum Association existed long before plans were considered for the present building. But it was left for a man who knew little of art, who "simply acted upon what he heard talked of about him," to make the first decisive move. It was in September, 1880, that the "talk" was crystallized into shape by an offer from the late Charles W. West of $150,000 for a museum building, conditional upon the raising of a like sum by subscriptions. There was a prompt response. The first report of the Museum Association, for 1882, contains a list of four hundred and fifty-five subscribers, who gave from $5 to $10,000 each, the total, including the gift of Mr. West, amounting to $316,000. The city gave a building site, and the next question was answered by Mr. West. "We have money enough to build our museum," he said, "but how shall we support it?" The answer was an endowment of $150,000, a gift made known at the opening of temporary exhibition rooms in 1882. Like the memory of Peter Cooper in New York, the memories of Longworth, West, and Springer will be kept alive by their benefactions to their city.

The new museum building has a substantial, simple character, and the rounded bluffs of the vicinity are surroundings not ill adapted to the Romanesque. The present building represents only the central pavilion and west wing of the future museum as pictured in the dreams of its friends. But the present dimensions, 214 feet in length by 107 in width, furnish enough floor-space for immediate needs. A touch of impressive effect is given by a spacious arched entrance, opening into a lofty hall with a double stairway, buttressed with blocks of Missouri granite. For the rest there are the usual work-shops and rooms for casts in the basement, a sculpture gallery, rooms for textile fabrics and four for Elkington reproductions on the first floor, and black-and-white and oil galleries on the second. The black-and-white room contains a collection of nine hundred drawings by C. F. Lessing — one of the distinctive features of the museum collections. There is said to be no such collection of black-and-white work by the prolific Berlin academist in any other museum, and the contemplation of his careful drawing and sturdy realism is expected to prove invaluable to art students. Couture, beloved of Boston art students, would be a heretic here.

The paintings represent German art, with the exception of some copies of "old masters," a few American pictures, and three or four French works of the academic order. Here are the Achenbachs, Hubner, Lessing, Humbert, Robbe, and Verboeckhoven, but one looks vainly for examples of the progressive French painters from Delacroix down. Was it a Cincinnati collector who declared that he had never seen a French picture to which he would give house-room? And was it one of his fellow-citizens who solemnly led a wondering visitor to a painting by Verboeckhoven, saying with impressive gesture, "That, sir, that is not a sheep. It is a Madonna!" Like the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the museum has an example of the uproarious heroics in which our grandfathers delighted, an "important" painting by Benjamin West, "Ophelia before the King." At present there is in the museum another example of the English historico-heroic school by Benjamin Robert Haydon, "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," the only one of his pictures probably in this country. More cheerful than West's disheveled Ophelia is the aspect of a sunny corner room devoted to the "Hillingford collection of armor," comprising half a dozen suits and eighty or ninety arms. A collection of two hundred pieces of pottery, increasing from year to year, illustrates the progress of work at the Rookwood Potteries. These examples have been given by the Woman's Art Association, and there are a few pieces from the Kezonta Potteries. A somewhat scanty supply of casts includes a few from groups modeled by pupils of the art school, who are also represented by a few paintings in the galleries. Some sculptures, tapestries, and coins attest the generosity of the museum's friends.

Nearly four-fifths of the museum collections, now valued at one hundred and fifty thou-

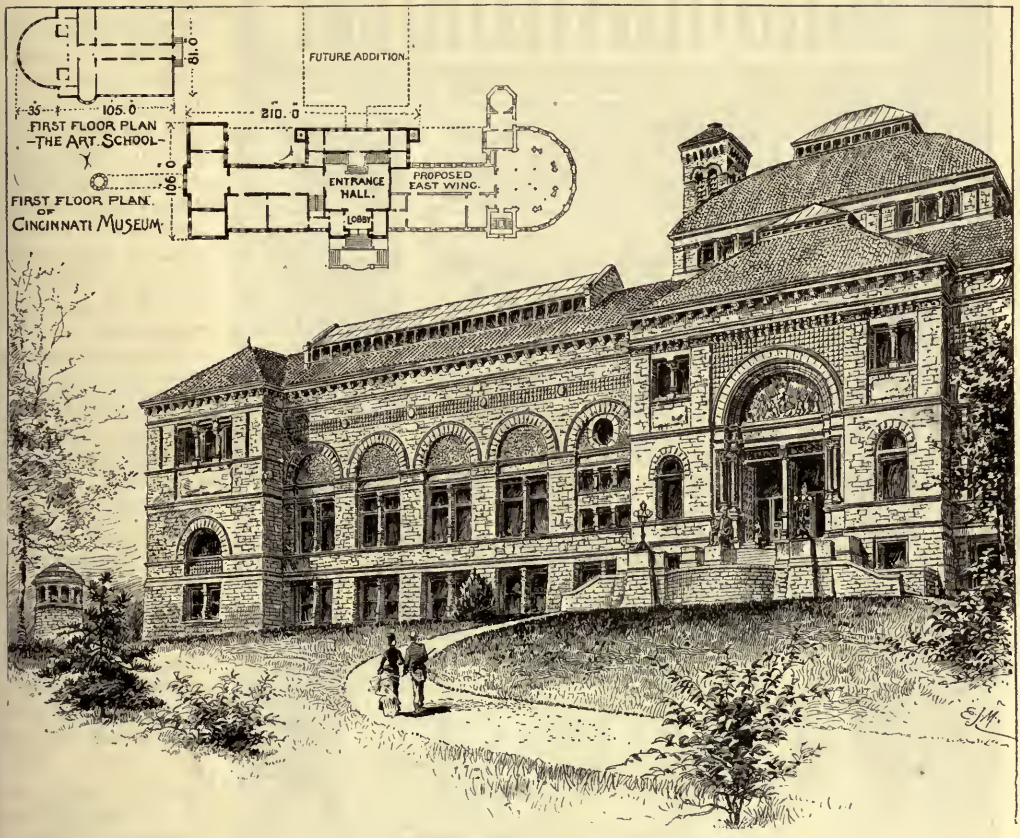
sand dollars, have come as gifts, the most considerable being the Longworth and Springer collections of paintings and drawings. With the exception of the Elkington reproductions of metal-work and Hellingford collection of arms and armor, there have been no purchases of consequence for a reason common to nearly all our museums with the exception of the Corcoran gallery. The income of this museum, derived from the West and Springer endowment funds, amounts to only about thirteen thousand dollars, less than that of the art school, a sum sufficient for its maintenance, but permitting little in the way of outside expenditures. But the noble spirit which the citizens of Cincinnati have shown promises to rescue this museum from the dependent condition of similar institutions. The museum which is powerless to exercise a right of selection may well fear "those bearing gifts." It is compelled to become a receptacle for all manner of odds and ends, prized, no doubt, by the donors, but in reality curiosities without educational value. Meantime the director may be fully aware of the suggestions supplied by such museums as those of South Kensington and Brussels. He may understand the value of such influences as are exerted by the collections in the Berlin and Munich industrial art museums, by the Museum of the Decorative Arts in Paris, by the recently established Museum of Comparative Sculpture at the Trocadéro Palace, and the gallery of photographs at the Louvre. Yet without an endowment fund providing for purchases his hands are tied.

The director of our Centennial Exhibition, General A. T. Goshorn, is the director of the Cincinnati museum and school, an assurance of their competent and harmonious administration. The lessons of the industrial art movement will not be lost upon Cincinnati if the director is sustained in the execution of his plans for the art school. These, as summarized in his last report, are "to secure instruction and training that will fit students for occupations requiring artistic skill, and to make practical applications of art to the ordinary uses of life. . . . The school must become an important factor in this region in the dissemination of art and in inducing its proper application to the industries." At the time when this report was in preparation, the editor of the "Courrier de l'Art" in Paris was commenting upon Cincinnati's new museum and school with the almost despairing exclamation, "Blind those who do not wish to comprehend that on all sides, in the entire universe, they wage obstinate war against the industrial art supremacy of France."

II.

With the exception of the museum presented to the School of Fine Arts by Wayman and Isabella Crowe there has been no large gift to art in St. Louis. The school, which for seven years has been a formally recognized department of the Washington University, is without endowment. And yet a school which might easily have sunk into an inconsequential routine department, and a museum which might have become a storehouse for curiosities with ample precedent, have been made one harmonious instrument for the execution of a purpose as broad as that represented by South Kensington. It is here that the element of personality comes in. This must be emphasized in noting methods and results in St. Louis. In twelve years the director has built up a school whose aim is the widest development of individual abilities, and whose advantages leave nothing more to be obtained in this country; a school not merely academic, but constantly teaching the dignity and value of the application of art education to industry. This personal influence is felt in the corps of teachers, enthusiastic artists trained in the studios of Dupré, Gérôme, Boulanger, Yvon, Cabanel, Lefebvre, and Barth. It is to be recognized in the selections for the museum collections, the judiciously chosen casts, the autotypes and carbon prints, the examples of metal-work, potteries and wood-carving, all selected with a view to their educational value. It is not strange that this active personality has enlisted the practical sympathy of one citizen after another, and that outside aid has again and again been forthcoming, to supply this or that deficiency. The story of the St. Louis school shows that earnest and practical art-work is appreciated by those whom dilettanti rank as Philistines.

The class-work of the school is constantly supplemented by references to standards fixed by the great artists of the past. The museum collections are in actual use, not mere objects of wonder for the idle and curious. In the regular classes the first aim is to develop a truthful apprehension of construction, and then of values and relations. High finish is disregarded. In the elementary class the pupil first works outline and shaded drawings from objects whose contours are straight lines. He advances, after mastering difficulties due to the position of these objects, to simpler geometrical forms, the curves of Greek vases and models patterned after the antique. Then comes drawing from models of portions of the human figure, and models of natural objects like fruit and foliage and of architectural forms. In the antique class, a comprehensive



ART SCHOOL AND MUSEUM, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

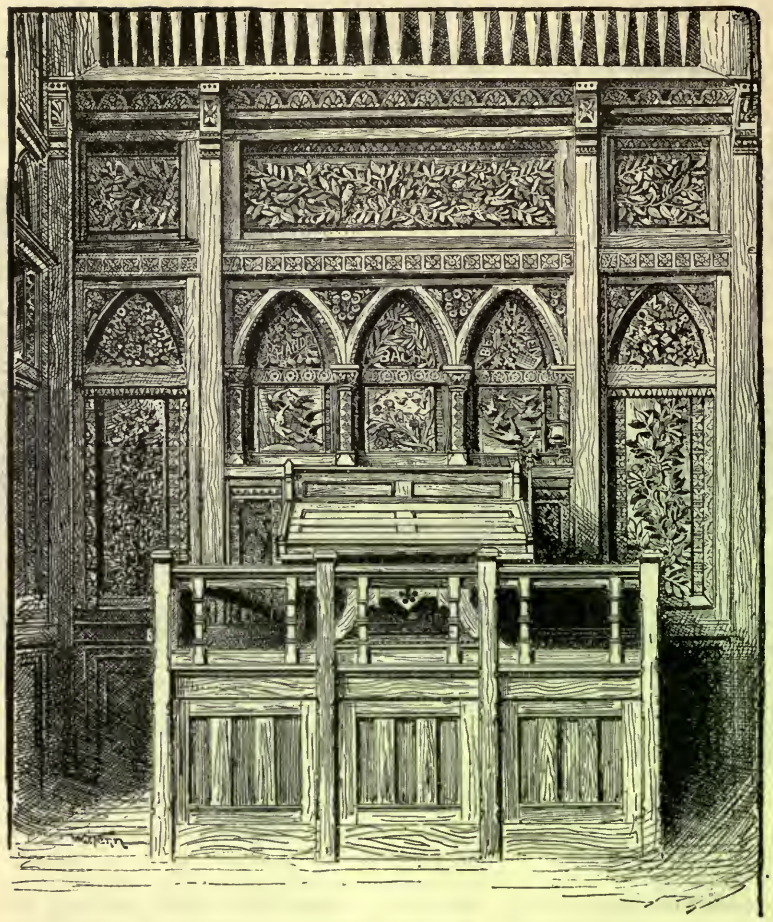
method of drawing and the education of the eye are the desired ends, rather than pictorial finish and the mere training of the hand. At the same time no chance is allowed for "accidental effects," and all stump processes are discarded. Close observation, patience, and perseverance are necessary here, and the eye is taught comprehension of general laws of construction as well as of lines and superficial forms. Gérôme's plates are constantly referred

CARVED PANEL — HAWTHORN.

DESIGN FOR AN ETCHED SALVER.

BY STUDENTS OF THE CINCINNATI ART SCHOOL.

CARVED PANEL — SWAMP ROSE.



WOOD-CARVING ON ORGAN IN MUSIC HALL, CINCINNATI, BY PUPILS OF THE ART SCHOOL.

to in the work, and in the life class more attention is given to drawing than to painting. "In all cases the careful study of the model and a conscientious search for contours and construction requiring continual use of the mind are insisted upon. No effort is made to bring the students to a uniformity of method, except to the extent of instructing them to see forms as they really exist." Pupils are taught to view their subjects as a whole, thus properly subordinating parts and details. At the same time there is urged upon them self-reliant and conscientious care in determining and working out each part, that the eye may grasp and the hand reproduce exactly what is seen in the natural form. Modeling in the day classes is intended to supplement work in drawing and painting, but for the night pupils, most of whom are artisans, the work is more specific, consisting largely of forms used in exterior decoration and in architecture. In mechanical drawing more or less outside theoretical instruction is necessitated by the fact that many pupils come directly from their work-shops entirely uneducated.

That there may be no danger of routine instruction, each teacher spends every second or third year abroad, returning refreshed and invigorated to the work of the school. The old tendency of the college was to make of the teacher a mere class-room figure, a setter of tasks and hearer of lessons. The broader idea is to allow that teacher opportunities for original research, for a development of himself and an addition to the world's lore, which will react favorably upon his pupils. This principle is applied at the St. Louis School of Fine Arts. The teachers are allowed to develop themselves abroad. At home they are encouraged to "bring out the best that is in them"; and to secure favorable conditions for their creative work, they are to be provided with private studios. There is like encouragement for the pupils. No promises are made, no scholarships offered, but the pupil who shows himself extraordinarily deserving is very apt to find the way clear for a continuance of his studies abroad. These are but a few illustrations of the director's influence within the school, and outside upon men willing to help on a good cause presented in concrete form. By and by larger gifts will open a wider field of usefulness.

In the museum the pupils find models by which to correct their faults. Suppose a pupil shows a tendency to mere drawing for effect: the director or teacher presently places beside the drawing an autotype or carbon print which points a moral; and so with drawings overwrought in details. There are several hundred autotype reproductions of sketches,

studies, and paintings by masters from the fifteenth century to the present time. There are over a thousand carbon prints made from collections in the British Museum. They illustrate the historical development of art, like the collection of casts, which number over five hundred. In both collections waste has been avoided. Each cast is typical, representative of a time, and its relations are illustrated. to be reached by casts, autotypes, and oil-paintings. The paintings belonging to the museum are very few in number. There is no chamber of horrors yclept "old masters," no dreary collection left by the misdirected munificence of well-meaning but uninstructed citizens. The truly American idea of an art museum — a costly building filled with paintings usually dear at any price — is not realized

ENTRANCE HALL, CINCINNATI MUSEUM.

Here are object lessons for the youthful student, ranging from Egyptian and Assyrian reliefs to the sculptures of Michel Angelo. One of several architectural casts is without a duplicate in this country. This is a cast of the shrine of St. Sebald, in the church of that name at Nuremberg, which was wrought in the early sixteenth century by Peter Vischer and his five sons. The original is of metal-work, a branch of art which is fully recognized in the museum collections. The value of casts and autotypes is acknowledged in our museums, although it may be difficult to recall such complete collections as these in any city except Boston. But the plan of selection followed here has included other ends than those in St. Louis. The paintings selected for the museum are not to tell a story or tickle an idle fancy, but to teach one really interested in art something of values and relations, or a hint in composition, or something of breadth and freedom.

Pelouse, Harry Thompson, and Louis Loir are among the painters, but their work is subordinate to the collections of metal and potteries. There are several cases of cast-iron reproductions, of armor of the German and Italian renaissance, of Roman, Oriental, Gothic, and French forms, selected for the fineness of the designs, and to show iron-molders and foundrymen what has been done with common iron, of poorer quality than that used in

ROOKWOOD POTTERY — EARLY WORK.

LATE WORK.

St. Louis. In line with this purpose is the selection of several cases of electrotype reproductions, presented by a most judicious friend of the museum. Examples of Nuremberg and Ilsenberg iron-work enforce this appeal to the interest of men engaged in the manufacture of iron, St. Louis's greatest industry. The collection of pottery includes salt-glazed stoneware from the village of Hoehr, near Coblenz, a headquarters for pottery since 1400, with a representative group of Doulton ware chronologically arranged, examples of other English wares, and of Chinese porcelains.

Cases of fictile ivories reproduced, and a room with a Henri IV. mantel, to be devoted to old carved furniture, teach lessons in design to carvers of wood or metal-workers. Everything is significant; everything expresses a welcome to artist or art student, to designer, draughtsman, or practical worker. The spectacle of blacksmiths intently studying Nuremberg iron-work, and the knowledge that these men are embodying hints received at the museum in their work, are ample compensation for the absence of "old masters" of the American variety.

Out of Massachusetts comes the cry that her industrial supremacy is in danger, that her coarser industries are going to the South and West, that only by the development of the finer industries can New England hold her own. Yet the St. Louis School of Fine Arts is as near to Europe as the Boston schools. Yearly the director, after visiting the schools and museums of this country, goes to study the latest results of the South Kensington system, visits English potteries, the Continental schools and museums, notes the work of artist artisans at Bruges, Nuremberg, Ilsenberg; and after

this glimpse of art industry as well as art abroad, he returns to apply these first lessons at St. Louis, and to teach them in lectures delivered throughout the West. "As Cardinal Wiseman expressed it, 'Thus we find art and industry hand in hand, stimulating and supporting each other.' To bring about this relation between art and industry through the medium of our schools and museums of art is the work to which we in the West should give our energies." With such doctrines preached and practiced up and down the West, the East can hope for no monopoly of the finer industries. "The work to be done in the West," to quote Professor Ives again, "is not to bring French or other paintings before the public, but to do something with raw material. Nearly all the useful ores, with iron at the head, are found in Missouri. What the school and museum must help in doing is the working up of these ores with brains, so that the work shall be recognized, and a school founded, like those of the Nuremberg and Belgian iron-workers."

PROPOSED EAST WING OF CINCINNATI MUSEUM.

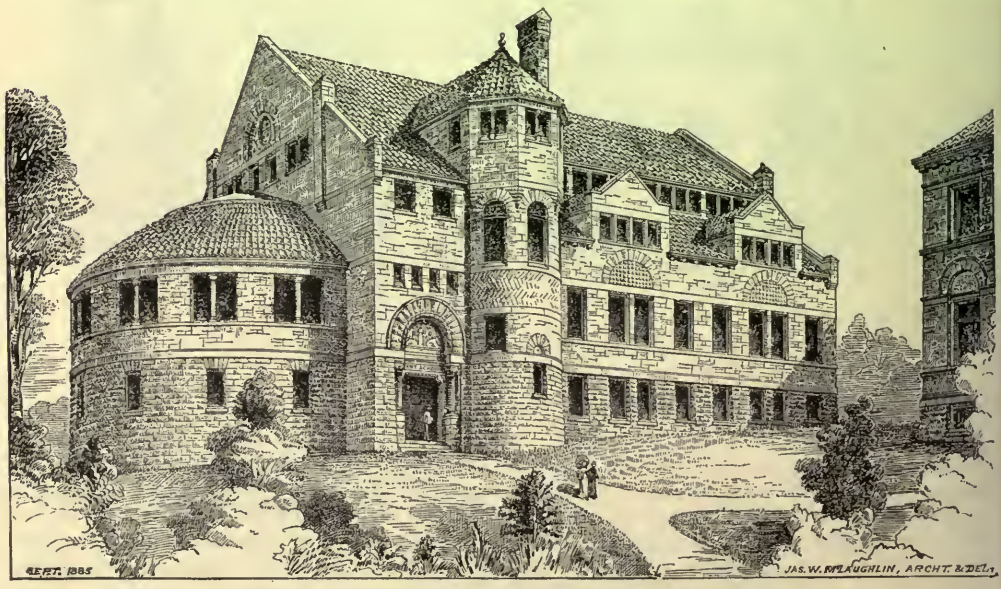
The force of this is being grasped by more

STATUE OF GARFIELD, CINCINNATI.
DESIGNED BY CHARLES H. NIEHAUS.

and more people through the West. Some of the examples of art in the museum were given by a man who had refused to do anything of the kind for a time, supposing that the museum was only for pictures. But when he learned the director's ideas his gifts came at once. Yet in the museum there are always good pictures, few though they be, with loan exhibitions from time to time. In the way of academic education the school aims to do all that any school can do in this country. But these distinctions in terms are confusing. What the St. Louis school aims to do is to give the best possible training in art which within certain limits is equally of use in painting pictures or decorative designing, in modeling statues, or in the designing-rooms of a stove-foundry. The collections in the museum and the pecuniary resources of the school are not large, but the work already done shows how much can be accomplished despite limited opportunities, with a catholic and wisely ordered purpose.

III.

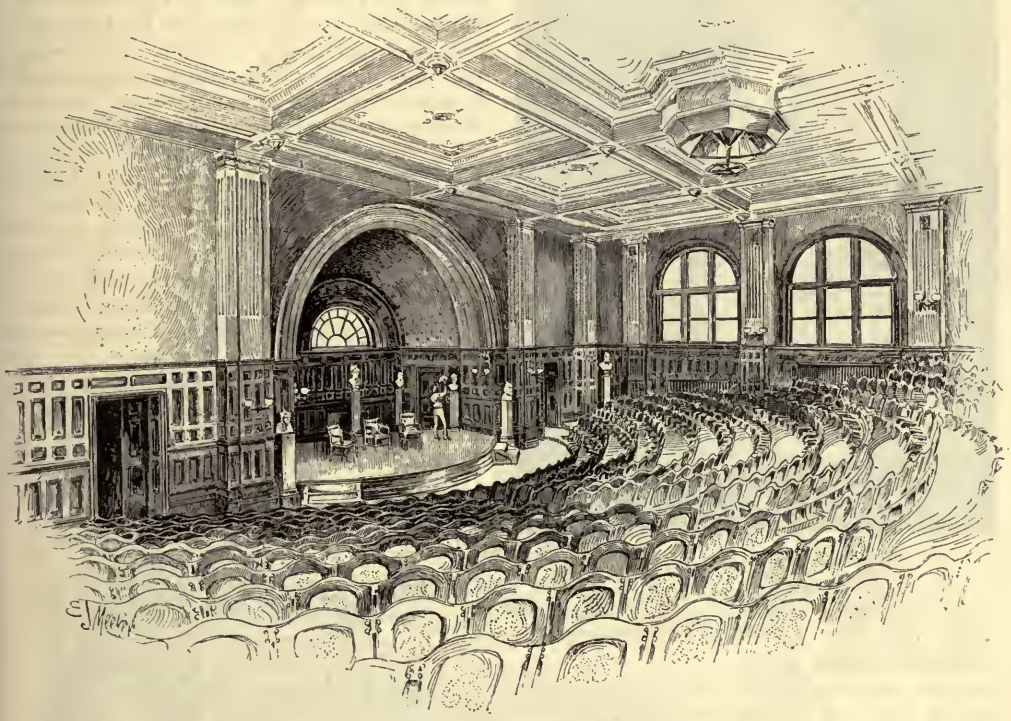
In its relations to art the Western metropolis resembles to an extent the metropolis of the East. Chicago contains more professional artists than any other Western city, and this implies a picture market of some consequence. Various art associations center in the city, and there are frequent exhibitions of considerable importance. Of imposing business blocks and costly residences there is no lack, but — and here again the resemblance to New York comes in — there is a curious apathy regarding the advancement of the cause of art education. The unselfish public spirit which, as in Cincinnati, manifests itself in the building of art museums and the generous endowment of art schools, is not yet awakened in Chicago, although all this may be close at hand. The youth of the city, its



DESIGN FOR SINTON BUILDING FOR THE CINCINNATI ART SCHOOL.

marvelous development, its still more marvelous uprising since its destruction fifteen years ago, are explanation enough, perhaps, for the preoccupation of its citizens with individual material interests. "What has been done for art?" one asks. "What gifts have you made? What facilities for education in art have you placed within the reach of your people?" And the answer is, "Wait. We are young. This ground was cleared of Indians hardly fifty years ago. Look at our business streets and avenues of private residences. Remember our population of three-quarters of a million and our vast business interests. Remember that the men whom you meet have been working night and day for fifteen years to build this great city up from ashes. Their energies have been absorbed in material things. The next generation will have money and time for something else. The change is coming; indeed, it is already felt. In Chicago we act quickly. The art in the air will materialize into gifts and endowments, and all at once Chicago will be the art center, as she is now the business center, of the West."

All this is characteristic. The influence of local pride will count for something. Chicago will not long allow herself to lag behind St. Louis and Cincinnati. At present the representative art institution of the city is without any endowment, and its usefulness is limited by the want of funds. It has received no large gifts either of money or collections. Yet the Art Institute of Chicago is attended in the course of the year by some four hundred pupils, and is soon to take possession of a new building, which with the land represents a value of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This is the result of a "business management." The money has been obtained from gifts, chiefly of a thousand dollars each, from membership fees, and from loans upon bonds secured by mortgages on the property. Interest upon these bonds and the running expenses are to be met for a time by renting parts of the building to various societies. Membership fees and dues are to cover the expenses of exhibitions. The school is dependent upon its tuition fees. In short, both museum and school are independent and self-supporting. Thanks to the prudence of business men, the Art Institute has maintained itself successfully during the seven years since its incorporation. Through the energetic efforts of the president, Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, the credit of the Institute is firmly established, and its future seems certain even without the outside help which is needed to increase its usefulness.



LECTURE ROOM, ST. LOUIS MUSEUM.

PRODIGAL SON, ST. LOUIS. DESIGNED BY R. P. BRINGHURST.

At least the new building is an important step forward. The Chicago Academy of Design, founded nearly twenty years ago, once controlled a building nominally its own, but this was destroyed in the great fire. The Academy, in which Mr. Leonard W. Volk was a leader, was primarily an association of artists. It maintained a school, and owned some small collections. But when the business men who were members left the organization in 1879 to found the Academy of Fine Arts, now called the Art Institute, the life of the old Academy seems to have departed, although it is still a chartered and officered association. It was in 1882 that the Institute was established on its present site, where the museum occupied an old building, and one was afterward erected for the school. The latter remains. The substantial brown-stone building now going up stands on the corner of Michigan Avenue and Van Buren street, fronting a narrow park along the lake front.

The plans for the interior include a lecture-room, several galleries, and other exhibition rooms, with studios and rooms for modeling and carving, and others to be temporarily occupied by the Decorative Art Society and various clubs. The entire building is designed for the use of the Art Institute. Only a part of the exhibition space will be occupied by the hundred or so casts, and the few oil-paintings and autotypes belonging to the Institute, the nucleus of a collection. American art has found early representation in "Les Amateurs," by Mr. Alexander Harrison, and "The Beheading of John the Baptist," by Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce. But the galleries will be filled for the most part by loan exhibitions. Last year the Institute held fourteen, including paintings, sculpture, engravings, autotypes, pottery, illustrative designs, etchings, and black-and-white drawings. Both the Western Art Association and the Bohemian Art Club of Chicago held exhibitions in the galleries of the Institute. All this is helpful to the pupils of the school, as well as interesting to the public. For further stimulus the pupils have lectures by the director of the Institute, Mr. W. M. R. French, and others, and two or three times the pupils have made sketching expeditions of some duration—one to the Natural Bridge in Virginia.

These are aids outside of the regular curriculum of the school, which is mainly academic like the leading art schools of the East, with which it claims equality. There are the usual

CAST SHRINE FROM NUREMBERG, IN ST. LOUIS.

grades and classes, with a somewhat unusual range of mediums, which includes pastel drawing, monotypes, and etching. Nothing seems to be omitted which pertains to academic art education, and there is also a class in decorative designing. The teachers for the most part have been trained at Munich, but practices which originated in French ateliers, like the use of Julian's flats, and drawing from blocks to get ideas of construction, are common here as in most modern schools. As to the pupils, it would be unfair to judge so young a school by the achievements of its graduates. Their history is like that of the graduates of other American schools. Most of them study art for amusement, or as an accomplishment. Some become teachers. Not more than one or two per cent., I am told, become professional artists. As to results obtained in the application of art to industry, there is still less to be said. The night classes, as in Cincinnati and St. Louis, are attended by many lithographers, draughtsmen, and engravers, and the influence counts for something. The head of a large firm of designers and decorators is teacher of a night class. His testimony is that pupils of the school as yet have taken little part in the decorative art work of the city. He had been able to find but one competent American designer, and that one, significantly enough, was a graduate of the St. Louis school. The Chicago Pottery Club, which includes several graduates of the school among its members, has held several exhibitions of merit. But there has been no application of art to pottery or metal-work on a large scale.

ST. LOUIS MUSEUM OF ART.

All that is claimed for the Art Institute, even with its costly new building, is that it represents a beginning. The management of the Art Institute is vested in some of the active business men who have won for their city its great material prosperity. This is surely a fortunate omen. Moreover, whatever facilities these men may procure will be discreetly utilized. The director of the school wisely recognizes the value of individuality, and this he aims to encourage while maintaining regularity and discipline. He looks forward to keeping his pupils for four years, teaching them to use their hands and eyes, and at the same time equipping them with a truly liberal education obtained through artistic channels. More

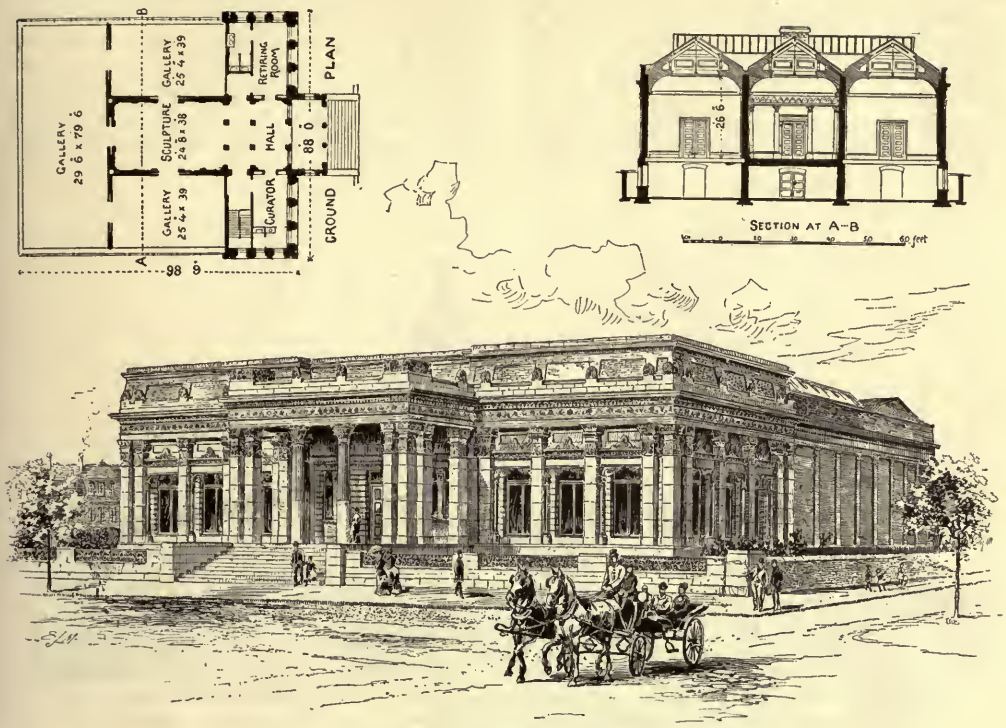
than this, he intends to make the study of applied art a department coördinate with the academic.

Such are the present conditions of art in Chicago, but these conditions will soon change. The founding of the Manual Training School, the great bequest for the Newberry Library, and the establishment of the Armour Memorial are signs of the direction in which men's minds are turning, and these examples are sure to inspire others.

CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

IV.

These are not sporadic instances of practical interest in art. The same thing is going on in other cities and in towns throughout our West. In Milwaukee Mr. Frederick Layton is building a public art gallery, where paintings already collected will be housed, and where loan exhibitions from time to time will tell of current movements in the world of art. Milwaukee's private galleries contain some paintings which Eastern collectors unwillingly relinquished, and this store of pictorial art should profit the students of the Milwaukee Art School. In Minneapolis a strong movement for advanced art education, headed by a local Society of Fine Arts, has resulted in the establishment of an academic school under a member of the Society of American Artists. Detroit, if Detroit may be included in the West, stands ready to build an art museum,—success reached at last after three years of persistent, energetic efforts. The idea was suggested by the interest



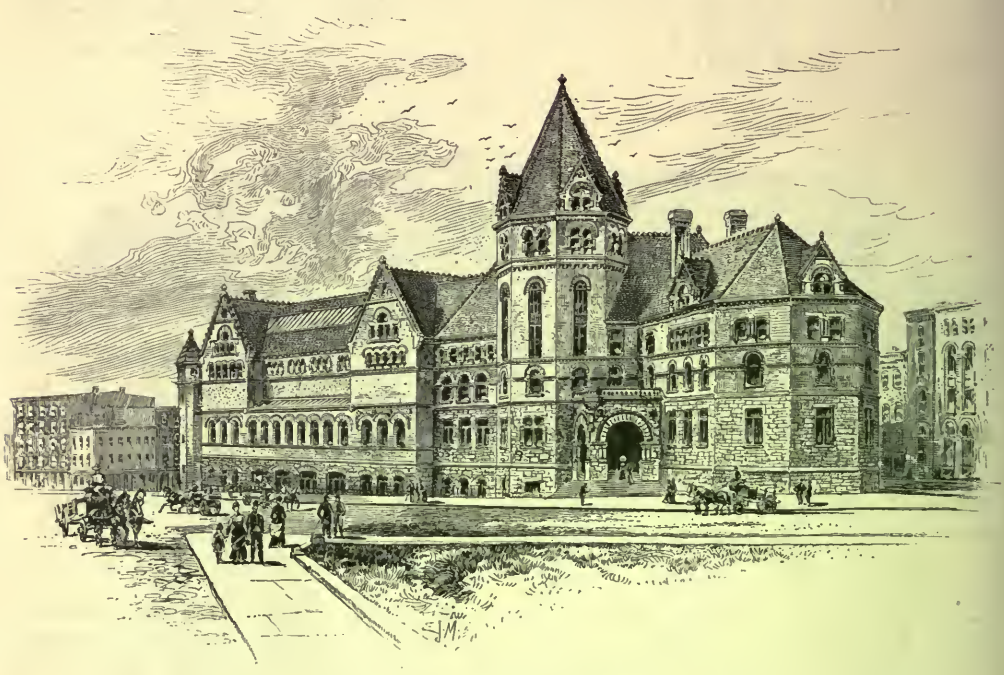
LAYTON ART GALLERY, MILWAUKEE.

shown in the Detroit Art Loan Exhibition of 1883.

"If people are so hungry for art as to travel hundreds of miles and pay fifty thousand dollars to see this exhibition, let us bring art within their reach." Such was the thought of those who watched the throng of visitors from distant country towns, some of whom probably then saw their first oil-painting. Yet it was said that there were more inquiries for THE CENTURY collection of drawings than for the paintings, a significant hint as to the influence of what may be termed applied art, a hint which would admit of amplification, were it permitted here. All sorts of visitors there were, from the artist to that venerable woman who eyed THE CENTURY drawings suspiciously through her glasses, and asked, "Are all them pictures a hundred years old?" But there was clearly something done in the way of education as well as in satisfying curiosity. Then came the Museum of Art Association incorporated in February, 1884. For a building site $40,000 was raised in cash, and after many delays and discouragements the sum of $100,000 for a building was completed at midnight of March 20, 1886. This, too, in a city which beside New York, the home of the languishing Grant Monument Fund, is only a village. But such perseverance as that of Mr. W. H. Brearley, to whom the credit of this result largely belongs, is rare even in the metropolis. Building and site are thus provided for, and Mr. James E. Scripps has pledged $50,000 for the purchase of works of art. A beginning has already been made with "old masters," which appear to be favored by Mr. Scripps, and with a few other paintings, among them Rembrandt Peale's "Court of Death" and Mr. F. D. Millet's "Œnone." A friend of the museum has pledged $10,000 for a collection of casts, and if the maintenance of the museum is assured by endowments, its future is certainly full of promise. Already the eyes of the faithful see in the building only a wing of a museum of vast extent. Let us hope that the building, whatever it may be, will not be given over entirely to "old masters," but will contain collections from which Detroit's stove-molders, lithographers, and other artisans may gain ideas which will tell in the quality of their work. All this can be done at small expense, without neglect of "high art," and with evident profit both to handicraftsmen and to the pupils of the future art school whose training may be utilized in these crafts.

In Buffalo, which can hardly be classed as a

Western city, the Fine Arts Academy, now twenty-four years old, is about to transfer its collections to spacious galleries in the new building of the Buffalo Library. The Cleveland Academy of Fine Arts, which was brought to the notice of many by a little publication filled with sprightly sketches by metal-work by the Navajos for hundreds of years, there is a school with some art-training included in its curriculum. And as for the Pacific slope, its metropolis at least boasts of societies of artists, exhibitions, schools, and collections, although San Francisco is without an art museum. Perhaps the new Stanford



BUFFALO LIBRARY AND ART BUILDING.

its students, is among many other promising beginnings. From those who are directing education in art in the larger Western cities, one hears of active art societies up and down the middle West, in Indianapolis, Springfield, Jacksonville, and Omaha. In Cairo, Dickens's "Eden," a society holds forth upon art and the architecture which Martin Chuzzlewit may have seen in his fevered dreams. In a town three years old, beyond the Missouri, the director of a Western museum gave a lecture which he had delivered in that home of sages, Concord, Massachusetts. "I could see no difference in the way my lecture was received," he said afterward. "My audience appeared to be as intelligently interested and appreciative as my audience in Concord." In villages of Dakota and western Nebraska this missionary of art found not only eager but discriminating hearers. And so this undercurrent might be traced across the continent by its occasional manifestations. In the far South-west, where a rude art has been applied to pottery by the Pueblos and to University may prove to be the center of art education upon the Pacific coast.

V.

EASTERN advantages are obvious enough, and yet if one cares to follow out comparisons it will be found that the activity represented in the building up of Western art museums and schools during the last six years has had no counterpart in the East.* Whatever gropings in the dark there may be for a time, this

* There have been no such gifts to the cause of art education in the East as in the West during this time. There has been no such building up of art museums and art schools. Even the museums in existence in Boston and New York are suffering severely for lack of support, and not an art school in New York is equipped to the satisfaction of its friends. On the other hand, the largest private and public collections are in the East, and the most important exhibitions and sales are held here, or, to localize the term further, in New York, which is the center for artists and art societies, and offers the best picture market. Any detailed exposition of the East's advantages seems to me as unnecessary as general eulogy of the arts of

Western art movement has gone far enough to insure certain definite results. The importance of art, however the word may be defined, has been publicly recognized. Art collections of various kinds are placed within the reach of the people at large. Facilities for education in art have become accessible. If there were nothing more than this, the results would represent at least an elevating influence.

But this movement comes at a time when we are rapidly accepting the ideas that training of the hand should accompany training of the brain, and that educated application of art to industry is a valuable economical end. England, Belgium, Germany, and France later, have learned the lesson, and the agents of even Russia are studying the museums and schools of applied art which are in every German city. In the fifteen years since Massachusetts took the hint from South Kensington and made drawing a part of her common-school curriculum, these ideas have taken shape in one way or another, West as well as East. All this has met with opposition, of course, as the Boston artists ridiculed the adoption of South Kensington theories and practices. Yet Massachusetts is now building an ampler home for her State Normal Art School, and her publicists in speeches and reports are demanding more popular education in art that the State may not lose her supremacy in the finer industries. The same demand is felt and has been answered in a greater or less degree in many of our cities. It is this demand based upon the practical value of art-training in industrial work which will broaden the usefulness of the Western art museums and schools.

But there is something more than the familiar argument of money value, the dwelling upon the differences in the compensation of clay-shoveler, brick-maker, tile-maker, potter, and sculptor. It is not merely on account of higher wages that this training is so necessary, but to awaken in our people a love of art if only in its simplest forms, an appreciation of beauty of line or color though it may exist in the humblest article in daily use. With this love of beauty aroused by familiarity with the work of our artist artisans, we may hope for the growth of that National Art which, as William Morris rightly said, must, if it deserves its name, take its roots among the people. The collecting of paintings and the making of Artists (with a capital A) have been our first consideration. Now we are beginning at the beginning, and something is being done to make art tell in the daily lives of the people about us. The task of the West is to help in substituting a vital principle for the idea of art as something "appealing only to the connoisseur, unintelligible to the masses, who pass before it as though it were some splendid idol weird and dumb."

Ripley Hitchcock.

painting and sculpture. But the expenditure of fortunes for paintings which go to private galleries is not so healthful a sign of interest in art as the unselfish activity in behalf of art education which is now to be noted in the West, but not in the East. At present the East seems content with its earlier achievements, but this apathy can hardly be expected to last.

JOHN BURROUGHS AND HIS LAST TWO BOOKS.

"WHAT crop have I sowed in Florida or in California, that I should go there to reap?" questions the author of "Signs and Seasons," * urging closer and more expectant study of nature on the home ground. Yet have we good reason to rejoice that Mr. Burroughs decided he had sowed some crops in Great Britain, which required his going there to gather the increase. We who remained at home have been richly benefited by his husbandry in "Fresh Fields." * From no writer British born and bred, and from no previous accounts of our visiting countrymen, have we gained so complete a view of the characteristic differences between nature in England and in America, as we obtain from Mr. Burroughs's vivid pages. What emphasized impressions we receive of Great Britain's moist and teeming fertility, when he compares the undulating lines of the landscape to the effect produced by a deep snowfall, every projecting crag clothed as with clots of green fleece; when he records the novel spectacle of mowers at work in a grassy forest; or when he recounts his experience in climbing some of the Scotch mountains, where not rocks and precipices but swamps impeded the ascent. To his eye the pastoral fields are "stall-fed," and the very hillsides are "wrinkled and dimpled like the forms of fatted sheep." It is worth a volume of technical information about the geology

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

of the British Isles to be told that the building stone is of such softness that one with a penknife might cut out the key of the arch of the old Brig o' Doon, and that the secret of nature in England is "granite grown ripe and mellow, and issuing in grass and verdure." He carries the New World along with him into the Old, and compares the two in detail. He notes the greater horizontal spread of leafage under the less fervid sun of England; the bumblebee is more hirsute than its American cousin; the trout are less beautiful than those in the brooks at home; the wild flowers are more abundant, but inferior to our own in point of variety and delicate sylvan grace; he hears "little birds with big voices," brilliant songsters, but wanting in the qualities of wildness and plaintiveness which distinguish the songs of our native birds.

Some time since Mr. Burroughs took to task several of our poets for certain alleged infractions of the letter of the law according to the naturalist's rubric. It is pleasant to find this flagellator of the peccant muses relaxing from his severity, as appears by some later comments on the subject. If any one have doubts as to Mr. Burroughs's genial attitude toward the poets, let it be observed with what zest the descriptions of the British nature-loving bards are verified by our rambler through their haunts. Wordsworth's golden daffodils, Tennyson's speedwell's darling blue, Burns's modest crimson-tipped flower, Wordsworth's skylark, and even poor Keats's nightingale wooing to oblivion, are tenderly identified with the living bloom or bird. Yet withal, our pride for what is our own in nature receives a justifiable gratification when Mr. Burroughs confesses to have found the British muse of rural poetry "a gentle, wholesome, slightly stupid divinity of the fields"; and when, touching upon the vaster woodland privilege of our poets, he attributes to such of our nature-poetry as is not imitative a "piny, woodsy flavor that is unknown in the older literatures." It is for the grateful reader, inhaling the pungent and invigorating aroma of "A Spray of Pine," to add John Burroughs to the number of our poets who have caught the desiderated balsamic flavor. Poet also, in spirit if not in metrical form, when he chants of the sea — its sounds, waves, breath, and its dual nature of suavity and cruelty. His resonant notes on this theme make a great proportion of the scannable rhapsodies we have heard about the sea seem thin and artificial.

It is not alone the wholesome and alluring tang of wildness, nor the fine observing faculty bent upon nature and her operations, nor yet the sturdy and stirring quality of his style, that so wins us to Mr. Burroughs. 'Tis the strong heart-beat, the generous glow of sympathy felt in all he writes, that completes the charm for us. The author of "Winter Neighbors," who, sitting in his rustic study, and hearing the soft foot of the little gray rabbit under the floor, thinks he feels her good-will and hopes that she feels his, surely meets all requisitions of the great prayer test —

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All creatures great and small."

He would seem a true naturalist, in the royal sense of the word, who reckons man as the crowning-piece of his studies in nature. Burroughs should be loved wherever home and homely life are loved, for the beautiful things he says in "Roof-Tree" about the new house and its building, — "Another four walls to keep the great cosmic out-of-doors at bay," and "The heart moves in long before the workmen move out."

It is a fashion to speak of Thoreau and Burroughs in one connection; but when we have taken account of a common love of nature, a common assiduity and painstaking in natural-history study, there remains a wide world of difference in the moods and motives of the two. Thoreau, it will be remembered, had lost a bay horse, a hound, and a turtle-dove, clew to which no inquiring of travelers availed to discover. Burroughs has no fugitive or fugacious property of this sort. He is rich in tangible, present having. Thoreau heard for years a night-warbler whose species he was unable (or cared not) to distinguish. There will always be a few who, listening at the suggestion of Thoreau, will catch the strains of this Arabian bird embosomed in night and austere serenity, but more will hear with Burroughs the multitudinous carols in the sunny fields, or along the border of the breezy woods.

Edith M. Thomas.

THE CASTING AWAY OF MRS. LECKS AND MRS. ALESHINE.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," etc.

PART I.

I WAS on my way from San Francisco to Yokohama, when in a very desultory and gradual manner I became acquainted with Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. The steamer, on which I was making a moderately rapid passage towards the land of the legended fan and the lacquered box, carried a fair complement of passengers, most of whom were Americans; and, among these, my attention was attracted from the very first day of the voyage to two middle-aged women who appeared to me very unlike the ordinary traveler or tourist. At first sight they might have been taken for farmers' wives who, for some unusual reason, had determined to make a voyage across the Pacific; but, on closer observation, one would have been more apt to suppose that they belonged to the families of prosperous tradesmen in some little country town, where, besides the arts of rural housewifery, there would be opportunities of becoming acquainted in some degree with the ways and manners of the outside world. They were not of that order of persons who generally take first-class passages on steamships, but the stateroom occupied by Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine was one of the best in the vessel; and, although they kept very much to themselves and showed no desire for the company or notice of the other passengers, they evidently considered themselves quite as good as any one else, and with as much right to voyage to any part of the world in any manner or style which pleased them.

Mrs. Lecks was a rather tall woman, large-boned and muscular, and her well-browned countenance gave indications of that conviction of superiority which gradually grows up in the minds of those who, for a long time, have had absolute control of the destinies of a state, or the multifarious affairs of a country household. Mrs. Aleshine was somewhat younger than her friend, somewhat shorter, and a great deal fatter. She had the same air of reliance upon her individual worth that characterized Mrs. Lecks, but there was a certain geniality about her which indicated that she would have a good deal of forbearance for those who never had had the opportunity or the ability of becoming the thoroughly good housewife which she was herself.

These two worthy dames spent the greater part of their time on deck, where they always sat together in a place at the stern of the vessel which was well sheltered from wind and weather. As they sat thus they were generally employed in knitting, although this occupation did not prevent them from keeping up what seemed to me, as I passed them in my walks about the deck, a continuous conversation. From a question which Mrs. Lecks once asked me about a distant sail our acquaintance began. There was no one on board for whose society I particularly cared, and as there was something quaint and odd about these countrywomen on the ocean which interested me, I was glad to vary my solitary promenades by an occasional chat with them. They were not at all backward in giving me information about themselves. They were both widows, and Mrs. Aleshine was going out to Japan to visit a son who had a position there in a mercantile house. Mrs. Lecks had no children, and was accompanying her friend because, as she said, she would not allow Mrs. Aleshine to make such a voyage as that by herself; and because, being quite able to do so, she did not know why she should not see the world as well as other people.

These two friends were not educated women. They made frequent mistakes in their grammar, and a good deal of Middle States provincialism showed itself in their pronunciation and expressions. But, although they brought many of their rural ideas to sea with them, they possessed a large share of that common sense which is available anywhere, and they frequently made use of it in a manner which was very amusing to me. I think, also, that they found in me a quarry of information concerning nautical matters, foreign countries, and my own affairs, the working of which helped to make us very good ship friends.

Our steamer touched at the Sandwich Islands; and it was a little more than two days after we left Honolulu that, about nine o'clock in the evening, we had the misfortune

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to come into collision with an eastern-bound vessel. The fault was entirely due to the other ship, the lookout on which, although the night was rather dark and foggy, could easily have seen our lights in time to avoid collision, if he had not been asleep or absent from his post. Be this as it may, this vessel, which appeared to be a small steamer, struck us with great force near our bows, and then backing disappeared into the fog, and we never saw or heard of her again. The general opinion was that she was injured very much more than we were, and that she probably sunk not very long after the accident; for when the fog cleared away, about an hour afterward, nothing could be seen of her lights.

As it usually happens on occasions of accidents at sea, the damage to our vessel was at first reported to be slight; but it was soon discovered that our injuries were serious, and indeed disastrous. The hull of our steamer had been badly shattered on the port bow, and the water came in at a most alarming rate. For nearly two hours the crew and many of the passengers worked at the pumps, and everything possible was done to stop the enormous leak; but all labor to save the vessel was found to be utterly unavailing; and a little before midnight the captain announced that it was impossible to keep the steamer afloat, and that we must all take to the boats. The night was now clear, the stars were bright, and, as there was but little wind, the sea was comparatively smooth. With all these advantages, the captain assured us that there was no reason to apprehend danger, and he thought that by noon of the following day we could easily make a small inhabited island, where we could be sheltered and cared for until we should be taken off by some passing vessel.

There was plenty of time for all necessary preparations, and these were made with much order and subordination. Some of the ladies among the cabin passengers were greatly frightened, and inclined to be hysterical. There were pale faces also among the gentlemen. But everybody obeyed the captain's orders, and all prepared themselves for the transfer to the boats. The first officer came among us, and told each of us what boats we were to take, and where we were to place ourselves on deck. I was assigned to a large boat which was to be principally occupied by steerage passengers; and as I came up from my stateroom, where I had gone to secure my money and some portable valuables, I met on the companion-way Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, who expressed considerable dissatisfaction when they found that I was not going in the boat with them. They however hurried below, and I went on deck, where in about ten minutes I was joined by Mrs. Lecks, who apparently had been looking for me. She told me she had something very particular to say to me, and conducted me towards the stern of the vessel, where, behind one of the deck-houses, we found Mrs. Aleshine.

"Look here," said Mrs. Lecks, leading me to the rail and pointing downward, "do you see that boat there? It has been let down, and there is nobody in it. The boat on the other side has just gone off, full to the brim. I never saw so many people crowded into a boat. The other ones will be just as packed, I expect. I don't see why we shouldn't take this empty boat, now we've got a chance, instead of squeezin' ourselves into those crowded ones. If any of the other people come afterward, why, we shall have our choice of seats, and that's considerable of a p'int, I should say, in a time like this."

"That's so," said Mrs. Aleshine, "and me and Mrs. Lecks would 'a' got right in when we saw the boat was empty, if we hadn't been afraid to be there without any man, for it might have floated off, and neither of us don't know nothin' about rowin'. And then Mrs. Lecks she thought of you, supposin' a young man who knew so much about the sea would know how to row."

"Oh, yes," said I, "but I cannot imagine why this boat should have been left empty. I see a keg of water in it, and the oars, and some tin cans, and so I suppose it has been made ready for somebody. Will you wait here a minute until I run forward and see how things are going on there?"

Amidships and forward I saw that there was some confusion among the people who were not yet in their boats, and I found that there was to be rather more crowding than at first was expected. People who had supposed that they were to go in a certain boat found there no place, and were hurrying to other boats. It now became plain to me that no time should be lost in getting into the small boat which Mrs. Lecks had pointed out, and which was probably reserved for some favored persons, as the officers were keeping the people forward and amidships, the other stern-boat having already departed. But as I acknowledged no reason why any one should be regarded with more favor than myself and the two women who were waiting for me, I slipped quietly aft, and joined Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.

"We must get in as soon as we can," said I in a low voice, "for this boat may be discovered, and then there will be a rush for it. I suspect it may have been reserved for the

captain and some of the officers, but we have as much right in it as they."

"And more too," replied Mrs. Lecks; "for we had nothin' to do with the steerin' and the smashin'."

"But how are we goin' to get down there?" said Mrs. Aleshine. "There's no steps."

"That is true," said I. "I shouldn't wonder if this boat is to be taken forward when the others are filled. We must scramble down as well as we can by the tackle at the bow and stern. I'll get in first and keep her close to the ship's side."

"That's goin' to be a scratchy business," said Mrs. Lecks, "and I'm of the opinion we ought to wait till the ship has sunk a little more, so we'll be nearer to the boat."

"It won't do to wait," said I, "or we shall not get in at all."

"And goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, "I can't stand here and feel the ship sinkin' cold-blooded under me, till we've got where we can make an easy jump!"

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Lecks, "we won't wait. But the first thing to be done is for each one of us to put on one of these life-preservers. Two of them I brought from Mrs. Aleshine's and my cabin, and the other one I got next door, where the people had gone off and left it on the floor. I thought if anythin' happened on the way to the island these would give us a chance to look about us; but it seems to me we'll need 'em more gettin' down them ropes than anywhere else. I did intend puttin' on two myself to make up for Mrs. Aleshine's fat; but you must wear one of 'em, sir, now that you are goin' to join the party."

As I knew that two life-preservers would not be needed by Mrs. Lecks, and would greatly inconvenience her, I accepted the one offered me, but declined to put it on until it should be necessary, as it would interfere with my movements.

"Very well," said Mrs. Lecks, "if you think you are safe in gettin' down without it. But Mrs. Aleshine and me will put ours on before we begin sailor-scramblin'. We know how to do it, for we tried 'em on soon after we started from San Francisco. And now, Barb'ry Aleshine, are you sure you've got everythin' you want, for it'll be no use thinkin' about anythin' you've forgot after the ship has sunk out of sight."

"There's nothin' else I can think of," said Mrs. Aleshine; "at least, nothin' I can carry; and so I suppose we may as well begin, for your talk of the ship sinkin' under our feet gives me a sort o' feelin' like an oyster creepin' up and down my back."

Mrs. Lecks looked over the side at the boat, into which I had already descended. "I'll go first, Barb'ry Aleshine," said she, "and show you how."

The sea was quiet, and the steamer had already sunk so much that Mrs. Lecks's voice sounded frightfully near me, although she spoke in a low tone.

"Watch me," said she to her companion. "I'm goin' to do just as he did, and you must follow in the same way."

So saying, she stepped on a bench by the rail; then, with one foot on the rail itself, she seized the ropes which hung from one of the davits to the bow of the boat. She looked down for a moment, and then she drew back.

"It's no use," she said. "We must wait until she sinks more, an' I can get in easier."

This remark made me feel nervous. I did not know at what moment there might be a rush for this boat, nor when, indeed, the steamer might go down. The boat amidships on our side had rowed away some minutes before, and through the darkness I could distinguish another boat, near the bows, pushing off. It would be too late now for us to try to get into any other boat, and I did not feel that there was time enough for me to take this one to a place where the two women could more easily descend to her. Standing upright, I urged them not to delay.

"You see," said I, "I can reach you as soon as you swing yourself off the ropes, and I'll help you down."

"If you're sure you can keep us from comin' down too sudden, we'll try it," said Mrs. Lecks, "but I'd as soon be drownded as to get to an island with a broken leg. And as to Mrs. Aleshine, if she was to slip she'd go slam through that boat to the bottom of the sea. Now, then, be ready! I'm comin' down!"

So saying, she swung herself off, and she was then so near me that I was able to seize her and make the rest of her descent comparatively easy. Mrs. Aleshine proved to be a more difficult subject. Even after I had a firm grasp of her capacious waist she refused to let go the ropes, for fear that she might drop into the ocean instead of the boat. But the reproaches of Mrs. Lecks and the downward weight of myself made her loosen her nervous grip, and, although we came very near going overboard together, I safely placed her on one of the thwarts.

I now unhooked the tackle from the stern; but, before casting off at the bow, I hesitated, for I did not wish to desert any of those who might be expecting to embark in this boat. But I could hear no approaching footsteps, and from my position, close to the side of the steamer, I could see nothing. Therefore I cast off, and, taking the oars, I

pushed away and rowed to a little distance, where I could get whatever view was possible of the deck of the steamer. Seeing no forms moving about, I called out, and, receiving no answer, I shouted again at the top of my voice. I waited for nearly a minute, and, hearing nothing and seeing nothing, I became convinced that no one was left on the vessel.

"They are all gone," said I, "and we will pull after them as fast as we can."

And I began to row towards the bow of the steamer, in the direction which the other boats had taken.

"It's a good thing you can row," said Mrs. Lecks, settling herself comfortably in the sternsheets, "for what Mrs. Aleshine and me would ha' done with them oars, I am sure I don't know."

"I'd never have got into this boat," said Mrs. Aleshine, "if Mr. Craig hadn't been here."

"No, indeed," replied her friend. "You'd ha' gone to the bottom, hangin' for dear life to them ropes."

When I had rounded the bow of the steamer, which appeared to me to be rapidly settling in the water, I perceived at no great distance several lights which of course belonged to the other boats, and I rowed as hard as I could, hoping to catch up with them, or at least to keep sufficiently near. It might be my duty to take off some of the people who had crowded into the other boats, probably supposing that this one had been loaded and gone. How such a mistake could have taken place I could not divine, and it was not my business to do so. Quite certain that no one was left on the sinking steamer, all I had to do was to row after the other boats, and to overtake them as soon as possible. I thought it would not take me very long to do this, but, after rowing for half an hour, Mrs. Aleshine remarked that the lights seemed as far off, if not farther, than when we first started after them. Turning, I saw that this was the case, and was greatly surprised. With only two passengers I ought soon to have come up with those heavily laden boats, but, after I had thought over it a little, I considered that as each of them was probably pulled by half a dozen stout sailors, it was not so very strange that they should make as good or better headway than I did.

It was not very long after this that Mrs. Lecks said that she thought that the lights on the other boats must be going out, and that this, most probably, was due to the fact that the sailors had forgotten to fill their lanterns before they started. "That sort of thing often happens," she said, "when people leave a place in a hurry."

But when I turned around, and peered over the dark waters, it was quite plain to me that it was not want of oil, but increased distance, which made those lights so dim. I could now perceive but three of them, and as the surface was agitated only by a gentle swell, I could not suppose that any of them were hidden from our view by waves. We were being left behind, that was certain, and all I could do was to row on as long and as well as I could in the direction which the other boats had taken. I had been used to rowing, and thought I pulled a good oar, and I certainly did not expect to be left behind in this way.

"I don't believe this boat has been emptied out since the last rain," said Mrs. Aleshine, "for my feet are wet, though I didn't notice it before."

At this I shipped my oars, and began to examine the boat. The bottom was covered with a movable floor of slats, and as I put my hand down I could feel the water welling up between the slats. The flooring was in sections, and lifting the one beneath me, I felt under it, and put my hand into six or eight inches of water.

The exact state of the case was now as plain to me as if it had been posted up on a bulletin board. This boat had been found to be unseaworthy, and its use had been forbidden, all the people having been crowded into the others. This had caused confusion at the last moment, and, of course, we were supposed to be on some one of the other boats.

And now, here was I, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, in a leaky boat with two middle-aged women!

"Anythin' the matter with the floor?" asked Mrs. Lecks.

I let the section fall back into its place, and looked aft. By the starlight I could see that my two companions had each fixed upon me a steadfast gaze. They evidently felt that something was the matter, and wanted to know what it was. I did not hesitate for a moment to inform them. They appeared to me to be women whom it would be neither advisable nor possible to deceive in a case like this.

"This boat has a leak in it," I said. "There is a lot of water in her already, and that is the reason we have got along so slowly."

"And that is why," said Mrs. Aleshine, "it was left empty. We ought to have known better than to expect to have a whole boat just for three of us. It would have been much more sensible, I think, if we had tried to squeeze into one of the others."

"Now, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "don't you begin findin' fault with good fortune, when it comes to you. Here we've got

a comfortable boat, with room enough to set easy and stretch out if we want to. If the water is comin' in, what we've got to do is to get it out again just as fast as we can. What's the best way to do that, Mr. Craig?"

"We must bail her out, and lose no time about it," said I. "If I can find the leak I may be able to stop it."

I now looked about for something to bail with, and the two women aided actively in the search. I found one leather scoop in the bow, but as it was well that we should all go to work, I took two tin cans that had been put in by some one who had begun to provision the boat, and proceeded to cut the tops from them with my jack-knife.

"Don't lose what's in 'em," said Mrs. Lecks; "that is, if it's anythin' we'd be likely to want to eat. If it's tomatoes, pour it into the sea, for nobody ought to eat tomatoes put up in tins."

I hastily passed the cans to Mrs. Lecks, and I saw her empty the contents of one into the sea, and those of the other on a newspaper which she took from her pocket and placed in the stern.

I pulled up the movable floor and threw it overboard, and then began to bail.

"I thought," said Mrs. Aleshine, "that they always had pumps for leaks."

"Now, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "just gether yourself up on one of them seats, and go to work. The less talkin' we do and the more scoopin', the better it'll be for us."

I soon perceived that it would have been difficult to find two more valuable assistants in the bailing of a boat than Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. They were evidently used to work, and were able to accommodate themselves to the unusual circumstances in which they were placed. We threw out the water very rapidly, and every little while I stopped bailing and felt about to see if I could discover where it came in. As these attempts met with no success, I gave them up after a time, and set about bailing with new vigor, believing that if we could get the boat nearly dry, I should surely be able to find the leak.

But, after working half an hour more, I found that the job would be a long one; and, if we all worked at once, we would all be tired out at once, and that might be disastrous. Therefore, I proposed that we should take turns in resting, and Mrs. Aleshine was ordered to stop work for a time. After this Mrs. Lecks took a rest, and when she went to work I stopped bailing and began again to search for the leak.

For about two hours we worked in this way, and then I concluded it was useless to continue any longer this vain exertion. With three of us bailing we were able to keep the water at the level we first found it; but with only two at work it slightly gained upon us, so that now there was more water in the boat than when we first discovered it. The boat was an iron one, and the leak in it I could neither find nor remedy. It had probably been caused by the warping of the metal under a hot sun; an accident which, I am told, frequently occurs to iron boats. The little craft, which would have been a life-boat had its air-boxes remained intact, was now probably leaking from stem to stern, and in searching for the leak without the protection of the flooring, my weight had doubtless assisted in opening the seams, for it was quite plain that the water was now coming in more rapidly than it did at first. We were very tired, and even Mrs. Lecks, who had all along counseled us to keep at work and not to waste one breath in talking, now admitted that it was of no use to try to get the water out of that boat.

It had been some hours since I had used the oars, but whether we had drifted or remained where we were when I stopped rowing, of course I could not know; but this mattered very little; our boat was slowly sinking beneath us, and it could make no difference whether we went down in one spot or another. I sat and racked my brain to think what could be done in this fearful emergency. To bail any longer was useless labor, and what else was there that we could do?

"When will it be time," asked Mrs. Lecks, "for us to put on the life-preservers? When the water gets nearly to the seats?"

I answered that we should not wait any longer than that, but in my own mind I could not see any advantage in putting them on at all. Why should we wish to lengthen our lives by a few hours of helpless floating upon the ocean?

"Very good," said Mrs. Lecks; "I'll keep a watch on the water. One of them cans was filled with lobster, which would be more than likely to disagree with us, and I've throwed it out; but the other had baked beans in it, and the best thing we can do is to eat some of these right away. They are mighty nourishin', and will keep up strength as well as anythin', and then, as you said there's a keg of water in the boat, we can all take a drink of that, and it'll make us feel like new cre'tur's. You'll have to take the beans in your hands, for we've got no spoons nor forks."

Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine were each curled up out of reach of the water, the first in the stern, and the other on the aft thwart. The day was now beginning to break, and we could see about us very distinctly. Before

reaching out her hands to receive her beans, Mrs. Aleshine washed them in the water in the boat, remarking at the same time that she might as well make use of it, since it was there. Having then wiped her hands on some part of her apparel, they were filled with beans from the newspaper held by Mrs. Lecks, and these were passed over to me. I was very hungry, and when I had finished my beans I agreed with my companions that although they would have been a great deal better if heated up with butter, pepper, and salt, they were very comforting as they were. One of the empty cans was now passed to me, and after having been asked by Mrs. Lecks to rinse it out very carefully, we all satisfied our thirst from the water in the keg.

"Cold baked beans and lukewarm water ain't exactly company vittles," said Mrs. Aleshine, "but there's many a poor wretch would be glad to get 'em."

I could not imagine any poor wretch who would be glad of the food, together with the attending circumstances; but I did not say so.

"The water is just one finger from the bottom of the seat," said Mrs. Lecks, who had been stooping over to measure, "and it's time to put on the life-preservers."

"Very good," said Mrs. Aleshine; "hand me mine."

Each of us now buckled on a life-preserver, and as I did so I stood up upon a thwart and looked about me. It was quite light now, and I could see for a long distance over the surface of the ocean, which was gently rolling in wide, smooth swells. As we rose upon the summit of one of these I saw a dark spot upon the water, just on the edge of our near horizon. "Is that the steamer?" I thought; "and has she not yet sunk?"

At this there came to me a glimmering of courageous hope. If the steamer had remained afloat so long, it was probable that on account of water-tight compartments, or for some other reason, her sinking had reached its limit, and that if we could get back to her we might be saved. But, alas, how were we to get back to her? This boat would sink long, long before I could row that distance.

However, I soon proclaimed the news to my companions, whereupon Mrs. Aleshine prepared to stand upon a thwart and see for herself. But Mrs. Lecks restrained her.

"Don't make things worse, Barb'ry Aleshine," said she, "by tumblin' overboard. If we've got to go into the water, let us do it decently and in order. If that's the ship, Mr. Craig, don't you suppose we can float ourselves to it in some way?"

I replied that by the help of a life-preserver a person who could swim might reach the ship.

"But neither of us can swim," said Mrs. Lecks, "for we've lived where the water was never more'n a foot deep, except in time of freshets, when there's no swimmin' for man or beast. But if we see you swim perhaps we can follow, after a fashion. At any rate, we must do the best we can, and that's all there is to be done."

"The water now," remarked Mrs. Aleshine, "is so near to the bottom of my seat that I've got to stand up, tumble overboard or no."

"All right," remarked Mrs. Lecks; "we'd better all stand up, and let the boat sink under us. That will save our jumpin' overboard, or rollin' out any which way, which might be awkward."

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine. "You set the oysters creepin' over me again! First you talk of the ship sinkin' under us, and now it's the boat goin' to the bottom under our feet. Before any sinkin's to be done I'd ruther get out."

"Now, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "stand up straight, and don't talk so much. It'll be a great deal better to be let down gradual than to flop into the water all of a bunch."

"Very well," said Mrs. Aleshine. "It may be best to get used to it by degrees, but I must say I wish I was home."

As for me, I would have much preferred to jump overboard at once, instead of waiting in this cold-blooded manner; but as my companions had so far preserved their presence of mind, I did not wish to do anything which might throw them into a panic. I believed there would be no danger from the suction caused by the sinking of a small boat like this, and if we took care not to entangle ourselves with it in any way, we might as well follow Mrs. Lecks's advice as not. So we all stood up, Mrs. Lecks in the stern, I in the bow, and Mrs. Aleshine on a thwart between us. The last did not appear to have quite room enough for a steady footing, but, as she remarked, it did not matter very much, as the footing, broad or narrow, would not be there very long.

I am used to swimming, and have never hesitated to take a plunge into river or ocean, but I must admit that it was very trying to my nerves to stand up this way and wait for a boat to sink beneath me. How the two women were affected I do not know. They said nothing, but their faces indicated that something disagreeable was about to happen, and that the less that was said about it the better.

The boat had now sunk so much that the water was around Mrs. Aleshine's feet, her standing-place being rather lower than ours.

I made myself certain that there were no ropes nor any other means of entanglement near my companions or myself, and then I waited. There seemed to be a good deal of buoyancy in the bow and stern of the boat, and it was a frightfully long time in sinking. The suspense became so utterly unendurable that I was tempted to put one foot on the edge of the boat, and, by tipping it, put an end to this nerve-rack; but I refrained, for I probably would throw the women off their balance, when they might fall against some part of the boat, and do themselves a hurt. I had just relinquished this intention, when two little waves seemed to rise, one on each side of Mrs. Aleshine, and gently flowing over the side of the boat, they flooded her feet with water.

"Hold your breaths!" I shouted. And now I experienced a sensation which must have been very like that which comes to a condemned criminal at the first indication of the pulling of the drop. Then there was a horrible sinking, a gurgle, and a swash, and the ocean, over which I had been gazing, appeared to rise up and envelop me.

In a moment, however, my head was out of the water, and, looking hastily about me, I saw, close by, the heads and shoulders of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. The latter was vigorously winking her eyes and blowing from her mouth some sea water that had got into it; but as soon as her eyes fell upon me she exclaimed: "That was ever so much more suddint than I thought it was goin' to be!"

"Are you both all right?"

"I suppose I am," said Mrs. Aleshine, "but I never thought that a person with a life-preserver on would go clean under the water."

"But since you've come up again, you ought to be satisfied," said Mrs. Lecks. "And now," she added, turning her face towards me, "which way ought we to try to swim? and have we got everythin' we want to take with us?"

"What we haven't got we can't get," remarked Mrs. Aleshine; "and as for swimmin', I expect I'm goin' to make a poor hand at it."

I had a hope, which was not quite strong enough to be a belief, that, supported by their life-preservers, the two women might paddle themselves along; and that, by giving them in turn a helping hand, I might eventually get them to the steamer. There was a strong probability that I would not succeed, but I did not care to think of that.

I now swam in front of my companions, and endeavored to instruct them in the best method of propelling themselves with their arms and their hands. If they succeeded in this, I thought I would give them some further lessons in striking out with their feet. After watching me attentively, Mrs. Lecks did manage to move herself slowly through the smooth water, but poor Mrs. Aleshine could do nothing but splash.

"If there was anythin' to take hold of," she said to me, "I might get along, but I can't get any grip on the water, though you seem to do it well enough. Look there!" she added in a higher voice. "Isn't that an oar floatin' over there? If you can get that for me, I believe I can row myself much better than I can swim."

This seemed an odd idea, but I swam over to the floating oar, and brought it to her. I was about to show her how she could best use it, but she declined my advice.

"If I do it at all," she said, "I must do it in my own way." And, taking the oar in her strong hands, she began to ply it on the water, very much in the way in which she would handle a broom. At first she dipped the blade too deeply, but, correcting this error, she soon began to paddle herself along at a slow but steady rate.

"Capital!" I cried. "You do that admirably!"

"Anybody who's swept as many rooms as I have," she said, "ought to be able to handle anythin' that can be used like a broom."

"Isn't there another oar?" cried Mrs. Lecks, who had now been left a little distance behind us. "If there is, I want one."

Looking about me, I soon discovered another floating oar, and brought it to Mrs. Lecks, who, after holding it in various positions, so as to get "the hang of it," as she said, soon began to use it with as much skill as that shown by her friend. If either of them had been obliged to use an oar in the ordinary way, I fear they would have had a bad time of it; but, considering the implement in the light of a broom, its use immediately became familiar to them, and they got on remarkably well.

I now took a position a little in advance of my companions, and as I swam slowly they were easily able to keep up with me. Mrs. Aleshine, being so stout, floated much higher out of the water than either Mrs. Lecks or I, and this permitted her to use her oar with a great deal of freedom. Sometimes she would give such a vigorous brush to the water that she would turn herself almost entirely around, but, after a little practice, she learned to avoid undue efforts of this kind.

I was not positively sure that we were going in the right direction, for my position did not allow me to see very far over the

water; but I remembered that when I was standing up in the boat and made my discovery, the sun was just about to rise in front of me, while the dark spot on the ocean lay to my left. Judging, therefore, from the present position of the sun, which was not very high, I concluded that we were moving towards the north, and therefore in the right direction. How far off the steamer might be I had no idea, for I was not accustomed to judging distances at sea; but I believed that if we were careful of our strength, and if the ocean continued as smooth as it now was, we might eventually reach the vessel, provided she were yet afloat.

"After you are fairly in the water," said Mrs. Aleshine, as she swept along, although without the velocity which that phrase usually implies, "it isn't half so bad as I thought it would be. For one thing, it don't feel a bit salt, although I must say it tasted horribly that way when I first went into it."

"You didn't expect to find pickle-brine, did you?" said Mrs. Lecks. "Though if it was, I suppose we could float on it settin'."

"And as to bein' cold," said Mrs. Aleshine, "the part of me that's in is actually more comfortable than that which is out."

"There's one thing I would have been afraid of," said Mrs. Lecks, "if we hadn't made preparations for it, and that's sharks."

"Preparations!" I exclaimed. "How in the world did you prepare for sharks?"

"Easy enough," said Mrs. Lecks. "When we went down into our room to get ready to go away in the boats we both put on black stockin's. I've read that sharks never bite colored people, although if they see a white man in the water they'll snap him up as quick as lightnin'; and black stockin's was the nearest we could come to it. You see, I thought as like as not we'd have some sort of an upset before we got through."

"It's a great comfort," remarked Mrs. Aleshine, "and I'm very glad you thought of it, Mrs. Lecks. After this I shall make it a rule: Black stockin's for sharks."

"I suppose in your case," said Mrs. Lecks, addressing me, "dark trousers will do as well."

To which I answered that I sincerely hoped they would.

"Another thing I'm thankful for," said Mrs. Aleshine, "is that I thought to put on a flannel skeert."

"And what's the good of it," said Mrs. Lecks, "when it's soppin' wet?"

"Flannel's flannel," replied her friend, "whether it's wet or dry; and if you'd had the rheumatism as much as I have, you'd know it."

To this Mrs. Lecks replied with a sniff, and asked me how soon I thought we would get sight of the ship, for if we were going the wrong way, and had to turn round and go back, it would certainly be very provoking.

I should have been happy indeed to be able to give a satisfactory answer to this question. Every time that we rose upon a swell I threw a rapid glance around the whole circle of the horizon, and at last, not a quarter of an hour after Mrs. Lecks's question, I was rejoiced to see, almost in the direction in which I supposed it ought to be, the dark spot which I had before discovered. I shouted the glad news, and as we rose again my companions strained their eyes in the direction to which I pointed. They both saw it, and were greatly satisfied.

"Now, then," said Mrs. Aleshine, "it seems as if there was somethin' to work for," and she began to sweep her oar with great vigor.

"If you want to tire yourself out before you get there, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "you'd better go on in that way. Now what I advise is that we stop rowin' altogether and have somethin' to eat, for I'm sure we need it to keep up our strength."

"Eat!" I cried. "What are you going to eat? Do you expect to catch fish?"

"And eat 'em raw?" said Mrs. Lecks. "I should think not. But do you suppose, Mr. Craig, that Mrs. Aleshine and me would go off and leave that ship without takin' somethin' to eat by the way? Let's all gether here in a bunch, and see what sort of a meal we can make. And now, Barb'ry Aleshine, if you lay your oar down there on the water, I recommend you to tie it to one of your bonnet-strings, or it'll be floatin' away, and you won't get it again."

As she said this, Mrs. Lecks put her right hand down into the water, and fumbled about apparently in search of a pocket. I could not but smile as I thought of the condition of food when, for an hour or more, it had been a couple of feet under the surface of the ocean; but my ideas on the subject were entirely changed when I saw Mrs. Lecks hold up in the air two German sausages, and shake the briny drops from their smooth and glittering surfaces.

"There's nothin'," she said, "like sausages for shipwreck and that kind o' thing. They're very sustainin', and bein' covered with a tight skin, water can't get at 'em, no matter how you carry 'em. I wouldn't bring these out in the boat, because havin' the beans we might as well eat them. Have you a knife about you Mr. Craig?"

I produced a dripping jack-knife, and after the open blade had been waved in the air to dry it a little, Mrs. Lecks proceeded to divide

one of the sausages, handing the other to me to hold meanwhile.

"Now don't go eatin' sausages without bread, if you don't want 'em to give you dyspepsy," said Mrs. Aleshine, who was tugging at a submarine pocket.

"I'm very much afraid your bread is all soaked," said Mrs. Lecks.

To which her friend replied that that remained to be seen, and forthwith produced with a splash a glass preserve-jar with a metal top.

"I saw this, nearly empty, as I looked into the ship's pantry, and I stuffed into it all the soft biscuits it would hold. There was some sort of jam left at the bottom, so that the one who gets the last biscuit will have somethin' of a little spread on it. And now, Mrs. Lecks," she continued triumphantly, as she unscrewed the top, "that rubber ring has kept 'em as dry as chips. I'm mighty glad of it, for I had trouble enough gettin' this jar into my pocket, and gettin' it out, too, for that matter."

Floating thus, with our hands and shoulders above the water, we made a very good meal from the sausages and soft biscuit.

"Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, as her friend proceeded to cut the second sausage, "don't you lay that knife down when you've done with it, as if 'twas an oar; for if you do it'll sink, as like as not, about six miles. I've read that the ocean is as deep as that in some places."

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, "I hope we are not over one of them deep spots."

"There's no knowin'," said Mrs. Lecks, "but if it's more comfortin' to think it's shallerer, we'll make up our minds that way. Now, then," she continued, "we'll finish off this meal with a little somethin' to drink. I'm not given to takin' spirits, but I never travel without a little whisky, ready mixed with water, to take if it should be needed."

So saying, she produced from one of her pockets a whisky-flask, tightly corked, and of its contents we each took a sip, Mrs. Aleshine remarking that leaving out being chilled or colicky, we were never likely to need it more than now.

Thus refreshed and strengthened, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine took up their oars, while I swam slightly in advance, as before. When, with occasional intermissions of rest, and a good deal of desultory conversation, we had swept and swam for about an hour, Mrs. Lecks suddenly exclaimed: "I can see that thing ever so much plainer now, and I don't believe it's a ship at all. To me it looks like bushes."

"You're mighty long-sighted without your specs," said Mrs. Aleshine, "and I'm not sure but what you're right."

For ten minutes or more I had been puzzling over the shape of the dark spot which was now nearly all the time in sight. Its peculiar form had filled me with a dreadful fear that it was the steamer, bottom upwards, although I knew enough about nautical matters to have no good reason to suppose that this could be the case. I am not far-sighted, but when Mrs. Lecks suggested bushes, I gazed at the distant object with totally different ideas, and soon began to believe that it was not a ship, either right side up or wrong side up, but that it might be an island. This belief I proclaimed to my companions, and for some time we all worked with increased energy in the desire to get near enough to make ourselves certain in regard to this point.

"As true as I'm standin' here," said Mrs. Lecks, who, although she could not read without spectacles, had remarkably good sight at long range, "them is trees and bushes that I see before me, though they do seem to be growin' right out of the water."

"There's an island under them; you may be sure of that!" I cried. "And isn't this ever so much better than a sinking ship?"

"I'm not so sure about that," said Mrs. Aleshine. "I'm used to the ship, and as long as it didn't sink I'd prefer it. There's plenty to eat on board of it, and good beds to sleep on, which is more than can be expected on a little bushy place like that ahead of us. But then, the ship might sink all of a suddint, beds, vittles, and all."

"Do you suppose that is the island the other boats went to?" asked Mrs. Lecks.

This question I had already asked of myself. I had been told that the island to which the captain intended to take his boats lay about thirty miles south of the point where we left the steamer. Now I knew very well that we had not come thirty miles, and had reason to believe, moreover, that the greater part of the progress we had made had been towards the north. It was not at all probable that the position of this island was unknown to our captain; and it must, therefore, have been considered by him as an unsuitable place for the landing of his passengers. There might be many reasons for this unsuitableness; the island might be totally barren and desolate; it might be the abode of unpleasant natives; and, more important than anything else, it was, in all probability, a spot where steamers never touched.

But, whatever its disadvantages, I was most wildly desirous to reach it; more so, I believe, than either of my companions. I do not

mean that they were not sensible of their danger, and desirous to be freed from it; but they were women who had probably had a rough time of it during a great part of their lives, and on emerging from their little circle of rural experiences accepted with equanimity, and almost as a matter of course, the rough times which come to people in the great outside world.

"I do not believe," I said, in answer to Mrs. Lecks, "that that is the island to which the captain would have taken us, but, whatever it is, it is dry land, and we must get there as soon as we can."

"That's true," said Mrs. Aleshine, "for I'd like to have ground nearer to my feet than six miles, and if we don't find anythin' to eat and any place to sleep when we get there, it's no more than can be said of where we are now."

"You're too particular, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "about your comforts. If you find the ground too hard to sleep on when you get there, you can put on your life-preserver, and go to bed in the water."

"Very good," said Mrs. Aleshine; "and if these islands are made of coral, as I've heard they was, and if they're as full of small p'ints as some coral I've got at home, you'll be glad to take a berth by me, Mrs. Lecks."

I counseled my companions to follow me as rapidly as possible, and we all pushed vigorously forward. When we had approached near enough to the island to see what sort of place it really was, we perceived that it was a low-lying spot, apparently covered with verdure, and surrounded, as far as we could see as we rose on the swells, by a rocky reef, against which a tolerably high surf was running. I knew enough of the formation of these coral islands to suppose that within this reef was a lagoon of smooth water, into which there were openings through the rocky barrier. It was necessary to try to find one of these, for it would be difficult and perhaps dangerous to attempt to land through the surf.

Before us we could see a continuous line of white-capped breakers; and so I led my little party to the right, hoping that we would soon see signs of an opening in the reef.

We swam and paddled, however, for a long time, and still the surf rolled menacingly on the rocks before us. We were now as close to the island as we could approach with safety, and I determined to circumnavigate it, if necessary, before I would attempt, with these two women, to land upon that jagged reef. At last we perceived, at no great distance before us, a spot where there seemed to be no breakers; and when we reached it we found, to our unutterable delight, that here was smooth water flowing through a wide opening in the reef. The rocks were piled up quite high, and the reef, at this point at least, was a wide one; for as we neared the opening we found that it narrowed very soon and made a turn to the left, so that from the outside we could not see into the lagoon.

I swam into this smooth water, followed close by Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, who, however, soon became unable to use their oars, owing to the proximity of the rocks. Dropping these useful implements, they managed to paddle after me with their hands; and they were as much astonished as I was when, just after making the slight turn, we found stretched across the narrow passage a great iron bar about eight or ten inches above the water. A little farther on, and two or three feet above the water, another iron bar extended from one rocky wall to the other. Without uttering a word, I examined the lower bar, and found one end of it fastened by means of a huge padlock to a great staple driven into the rock. The lock was securely wrapped in what appeared to be tarred canvas. A staple through an eye-hole in the bar secured the other end of it to the rocks.

"These bars were put here," I exclaimed, "to keep out boats, whether at high or low water. You see they can only be thrown out of the way by taking off the padlocks."

"They won't keep us out," said Mrs. Lecks, "for we can duck under. I suppose whoever put 'em here didn't expect anybody to arrive on life-preservers."

(To be continued.)

Frank R. Stockton.

CHATHAM, OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, ALSO KNOWN AS THE "LACY HOUSE." (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

LEE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

AS a general staff-officer thrown into relations confidential and intimate with our Confederate leaders, I had exceptional advantages for observation from behind the scenes of the incidents and actors in what was certainly one of the grandest dramas ever enacted upon the trembling stage of human affairs.

On the 10th of December, 1862, I was sent by Major-General Gustavus W. Smith, upon whose staff I was serving, as bearer of dispatches to General Robert E. Lee. I informed General Lee that I had leave of absence for several days, and he kindly invited me to remain as his guest at his headquarters. I felt highly honored by the invitation, but the experience of one meal was enough. Rye coffee, heavy biscuits, and poor, tough beef I thought would hardly compensate for the honor of dining with the commander-in-chief. The night of the 10th I spent in Fredericksburg with my brother, the Rev. B. T. Lacy, D. D. (afterwards corps chaplain for General Stonewall Jackson), at the house of a dear friend and connection, where a company of young ladies had gathered to listen to my brother, a noted *raconteur*. It was very late before we retired.

Before daylight I was awakened by the sound of three unshotted guns, which I had been informed at headquarters was the battle signal. "I gat up and gat" without much regard to the order of my going. As I left the house the heavy roar of the cannonade and the rattle of musketry told that the fight had begun and the Federals were laying down their pontoons. Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade was intrenched along the banks of the Rappahannock. A terrible artillery fire was opened from the Stafford Heights, to protect and cover the parties who were laying down the bridges. Taking only a bird's-eye view of the situation, I double-quicked it out of the doomed town. The streets were swept by a hail-storm of grape and shrapnel. Chimneys came toppling down. Houses were in flames—a plank fence behind which I was retreating was suddenly swept away, and then, as the soldier said, "the first thing I knew, I didn't know nothing."

When I returned to consciousness I found myself lying prone on the frozen earth in a little gully. The crepuscular dawn of that cold gray morning was then more illumined by flashes fitfully bursting through sulphurous smoke than by that morning radiance which poets love to sing. Closely hugging the ground, I at length proceeded deliberately to investigate my condition. I felt certain that I was desperately wounded. Putting my hands upon my throbbing temples, I saw even in the dim light that they were red with blood. I soon found, however, that my head was about in its normal condition, and the thought occurred that I had probably been knocked down by the wind from a solid shot and that the blood was from my hands, torn by contact with the ice and splinters when I fell. Perceiving a lull in the storm, I arose and made a bee-line for the western hills and the Army of Northern Virginia.

I first came upon a Georgia regiment. Their camp-fires were still burning brightly, and the men had just finished breakfast. Recognizing my uniform, they kindly invited me to the fire. A dispute was evidently going on as to whether Burnside would attack Lee in that position. Finally a lieutenant was called up to hold the stakes, and two very dirty soldiers, clad in the Georgia butternut

home-spun, wagered fifty dollars in "Confed" or, as they stated it, whether "Burnside would be such a —— fool as to make a real sure-enough attack on 'Mas Bob,' when anybody must know he had the dead wood on him."

Just then the long roll sounded for five miles around the semicircle of hills that look down on Fredericksburg. Sauntering up slowly, and with deliberate and indifferent talk about the small commonplaces of their monotonous camp life, the butternuts took their muskets from where they were stacked and lazily formed the line of battle. At that moment a woman young and pretty, with two little girls clinging to her skirts and a baby pressed to her bosom, suddenly met that serried line. With streaming eyes and impassioned utterance she cried, "Southern soldiers, my husband is somewhere in your army, my home is in flames down there; will you let those people follow me as I pass your lines to find shelter for myself and little children with a friend?" Then with erect front, the response, as the ranks parted to let her pass, was the wild battle-cry of the Army of Northern Virginia, which, caught up by each regiment, brigade, and division, rose high above the roll of drums, and sweeping around that semicircle of hills, was not heard with indifference by the distant foe.

Ascending the heights, I soon reached what was called the headquarters battery of General Lee. Afar across the valley and river in the gray light of the early morning could be seen the white porches of my home, Chatham, made historic by Federal army correspondents, as the "Lacy House." The porches were filled with officers and gayly dressed women, and from half a score of brass bands rang out across the valley "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail, Columbia!" The commanding officer of the battery asked me if I would permit him to scatter the unbidden guests at my home. At his request I asked General Lee to authorize the fire of the heavy guns, which would have laid Chatham in the dust. With a smile he refused, and asking me to walk with him, we withdrew a short distance. He then motioned me to sit by him on the trunk of a large tree.

Looking across at Chatham through his field-glass he said, "Major, I never permit the unnecessary effusion of blood. War is terrible enough, at its best, to a Christian man; I hope yet to see you and your dear family happy in your old home. Do you know I love Chatham better than any place in the world except Arlington! I courted and won my dear wife under the shade of those trees. By the way, not long since I was riding out with my staff, and observing how your grand old trees had been cut down by those people, I saw that a magnificent tulip poplar at the head of the ravine, north of the house, was still standing, and, with somewhat of your rhetoric, I said to Venable and Taylor: 'There is nothing in vegetable nature so grand as a tree. Grappling with its roots the granite foundations of the everlasting hills, it reaches its sturdy and gnarled trunk on high, spreads its branches to the heavens, casts its shadow on the sward, and the birds build their nests and sing amid its umbrageous foliage. Behold, the monarch stripped of attendants and guards awes the vandal by the simple majesty of his sublime isolation.' Pocketing my field-glass, and riding on, I heard mingled with laughter a request from the young gentlemen that I would bring my glass to bear once more on the monarch of the forest. I looked, and even while I had been talking the axe of the vandal was laid to the root, and the monarch had fallen."

Then, moved by emotion unusual to his calm and equable nature, he continued, "I had three hundred acres of woodland at Arlington. Serving the United States Government for many years on the frontier, I marked with my own hand each tree that was to be used for timber or fuel. They tell me all my trees are gone — yours are all gone"; then rising from the log, with a fire and a passion rarely witnessed in him, and with all the majesty of his sublime presence, he said: "Major, they have our *trees;* they shall never have the *land!*"

Three years after the close of the war I was a visitor at the home of General Lee, then president of Washington and Lee University. After dinner the general retired, and I was invited to see Mrs. Lee in her chamber. She was a great sufferer and confirmed invalid, incapable of motion save in a roller-chair, which it was the chief delight of him who had so long directed great armies to move from room to room, bending over her with the grace of a Sidney and the devotion of a youthful lover. I told Mrs. Lee the story which I have so imperfectly attempted to reproduce. Need I tell any woman who reads these pages that tears streamed down that patient, furrowed face, or that a light and joy from beyond the stars beamed through those tears, as she knew that the thoughts of her great husband wandered far away from the clash of arms to the memories of their youthful love and courtship under the shade of her ancestral oaks, for Chatham was originally the property of a near relative. As I concluded the sentence, "They shall never have the land," hearing a slight noise, I turned and saw the general, who had silently entered, in dressing-gown and slippers. The great buck-shot drops slowly rolled down that face, whose calm

was never broken by the earthquake shock of battle. Slowly and silently he retired, and I could but feel the deepest compunction that words of mine should have sent another pang through that great heart. For then, looking up from the hell of Carpet-bag reconstruction, we verily thought that trees, land, country, liberty, all had gone forever.

That entire day at Fredericksburg was passed by me on the commanding height to which I have already alluded. Nearly one hundred and fifty guns poured a continuous cannonade upon the city. Yet Barksdale's gallant Mississippians for hours held the river bank, inflicting terrible loss upon those engaged in laying down the bridge. Nine times the enemy were driven back; a heavy detachment of infantry crossing in boats under protection of the cannonade at length forced them to fall back, which they did, fighting from house to house and street to street, and late at night were with difficulty recalled, like dogs that have tasted blood and are forced to quit the quarry.

The next day, the 12th, passed without anything I need dwell upon. That night I spent at the tent of my friend Colonel H. Coalter Cabell, and slept between Lieutenant Tom Tucker, son of my father's classmate and dearest friend, Judge Beverley Tucker of William and Mary College, and Captain King. The next day Tucker received a wound which lamed him for life, and of King, the record was written in blood: "Dead on the field of glory." Such is war.

The morning of the 13th of December opened warm and sultry. With the first flash of dawn I was again at the headquarters battery. A white fog covered the valley, through which the spires and chimneys of the town and the more distant Stafford Heights loomed vague and indistinct.

About nine A.M. this curtain of mist was suddenly lifted by a freshening western breeze. Then to the thousands of spectators along those heights was revealed probably as splendid a spectacle as ever greeted mortal vision. Just then I again heard a cheer, which swept around the semicircle of hills. A horseman came riding up at full speed, with cap in hand and bowed head, and a youth in a gray roundabout followed hard after. That horseman was "Stonewall Jackson," and that youth I have since come to know as his aide-de-camp, Captain (now the Reverend) J. P. Smith, the husband of my eldest daughter.

Soon after, a courier brought me an order from General Gustavus W. Smith to return immediately to Richmond. I had to walk along our lines six miles to the nearest point to which the railroad came. I well remember the sole came entirely off one boot. Just in front of me along that whole line came the roar of the great battle. Above the thunder of the artillery and rattle of musketry, I could hear the deep huzzas of the Federals, the shrill battle-cry of the Confederates, and the "shouting of the captains." Wearied and exhausted, I reached the train which was being rapidly crowded with the wounded.

When the train reached Richmond, I was met by a member of our staff who informed me that my servant, baggage, and horses were on another train; and in two minutes I was speeding southward. When we reached Goldsboro, North Carolina, our ears were saluted with the familiar sound of battle in which it was my duty immediately to take part. Then was forced upon me the solemn reflection: How far-reaching were the issues of the great sectional contest! How wide, wasting, ruthless, and devastating was this war!

Let me give one more anecdote of our great chieftain. My authority is Colonel Carter M. Braxton, in command of a regiment of artillery at Appomattox. He had heard of the surrender, and riding across the field, just as he passed over a hill he saw a crowd of soldiers, and thought it probable they had gathered around some wounded officer. Riding up, to his great surprise he saw that General Lee was the center of the group. The general at once recognized him and motioned him to advance; giving his horse in charge of a soldier he pressed through the throng. General Lee said, "Colonel, will you be so kind,—" and Braxton says the words almost broke his heart; no command, only a request,—"will you be so kind as to see General Alexander or Pendleton, and have the artillery parked in accordance with the terms of my surrender?" Then, in the crowd who pressed around like children in the dark clinging to the hand or skirts of the father, a man he took for a negro pressed so close that he held him back with outstretched arm. When General Lee used the word surrender, the man cried with impassioned utterance, "General, take back that word; it is unworthy of you and of us. I have a wife and five children in Georgia; I have made up my mind to die, but not to surrender." Braxton looked, and "something on the soldier's cheek had washed off the stain of powder." General Lee placed his arm around the neck of that dirty but brave and magnanimous soldier, and with tears streaming down his face he said, "We have done all brave men can do. If I permitted another man to be slain, I would be a murderer. Go home to your wife and children; whatever may be my fate, you will be safe by the terms of your parole. God bless you all.

Farewell." Leaving the crowd slowly and sadly with bowed head and breaking heart, he sought the shelter of his tent.

Let me now relieve this tragedy, which deeply moves me, if it does not my readers, by an anecdote which gives a comic touch to the strange, eventful scene. The gallant soldier, the genial gentleman, and the now honored governor of Virginia will enjoy a good joke as much as any living man, even if the laugh is against him. My authority is General Jubal A. Early. General Lee gave to "Fitz," as we love to name him, the command of three brigades of infantry in addition to his division of cavalry, and assigned to him the post of honor and danger as the rear-guard of the army on the retreat from Richmond. Sheridan pressed remorselessly on the rear. There was continuous fighting. There were no commissary trains, and the army which preceded them had stripped the country of all supplies for man or beast. Yet the cavalry of Fitz knew pretty well how to take care of themselves under the most adverse circumstances, and spreading out, they made out to live, and to do a great deal of hard fighting. An abnormal thing, unknown to naturalists through the ages, occurred during the closing scenes of our Civil War. The animal creation seemed infected by the madness of the hour. The sheep, usually the most innocent and inoffensive of animals, would rush upon a Confederate soldier, and it is established by the testimony of thousands of credible witnesses that many a sheep had to be slain by the soldiers in self-defense. The same strange malady had attacked pigs, geese, turkeys, and chickens long before. A portion of Fitz's cavalry, being thus assailed, slew and eat six or eight sheep belonging to an Amelia farmer, broke into his corn-crib, and, parching the corn on the cob, so strengthened the inner man that they were able to fight next day like their old baronial ancestors, whose mouths had once been filled with boar's meat and red wine. A small company returning not long after, the old man left his plow in the furrow, and, shuffling up to his worm-fence, inquired if General Lee had gained another victory. They replied, "No, no, old man, all is lost; the Yankees have whipped us at last, and General Lee has surrendered." "I don't believe a word of it," replied the old Virginia farmer. "General R. E. Lee never surrenders. You must mean that man, Fitz Lee, they call a general; I am glad he and his thieving cavalry have surrendered, but the real General Lee never surrenders"; and returning to his old Watts plow, the last they heard was, addressing an old wall-eyed, switch-tail bag of bones, "Well, Skewball, you are all the Yankees left me, but we'll tickle our good Amelia ground and make bread for Kitty and the children. We'll win the fight yet. General Lee hasn't surrendered; it's only that bummer Fitz!"

I am the more moved to send you these reminiscences, as in the providence of God your magazine occupies the foremost place as the great pacificator between the North and the South, holding the even scales of equal and exact justice, and pouring light on every act and incident of the great Civil War. You have not raked amid the deceitful ashes of the past, to bring together upon the altar of sectional hate the live coals of that fire which once burnt all too fiercely, but ever by kind, fair, and impartial utterances, giving both sides an equal show, you have poured oil upon the troubled waters and deserve that benediction which rests upon the peacemaker. It will not be long, as time is counted in the life of a nation, before the question will not be asked, Did he wear the blue or gray? or fight under Grant or Lee? but rather, Did he obey the convictions of conscience and sternly follow the dictates of duty? was he willing to sacrifice life for principle? Did he illustrate American character and valor, and add to the proud heritage of his country's glory?

My friend and classmate, General James L. Kemper, the gallant soldier who, leading his division up the rugged steeps of Gettysburg, fell shot nigh to death, lived afterward to utter as Governor of the Commonwealth these words at the inauguration of the statue of Stonewall Jackson:

"Sooner shall the sun reverse his course in the heavens, than his comrades and his compatriot people prove recreant to the parole and contract of honor which binds them in the fealty of freedom to the Constitution and union of the States. We have buried the strifes and passions of the past, we now perpetuate impartial honor to whom honor is due, and, stooping to resent no criticism, we stand, with composure and trust, ready to greet every token of just and constitutional pacification. While calmly differing as to the past, neither will defile its record; each will assert its manhood, its rectitude and honor, and both will equally and jointly strive to consolidate the liberty and the peace, the strength and the glory, of a common and indissoluble country."

Oh, brothers and compatriots in this Republic, let us all echo in the silent chambers of the soul the still, small voice which speaks from the grave of the old hero who sleeps on the heights of Riverside Park: "Let us have peace."

J. Horace Lacy.

CONFEDERATE PICKET WITH BLANKET-CAPOTE AND RAW-HIDE MOCCASINS.

IN the early fall of 1862, a distance of not more than thirty miles lay between the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia. A state of uncertainty had existed for several weeks succeeding the battle of Sharpsburg, but the movements which resulted in the battle of Fredericksburg began to take shape when on the 5th of November the order was issued that removed General McClellan from command of the Federal forces and installed General Burnside in that position.

The order assigning General Burnside to command was received at General Lee's headquarters, then at Culpeper Court House, about twenty-four hours after it reached Warrenton, though not through official courtesy. General Lee, on receiving the news, said he regretted to part with McClellan, "For," he added, "we always understood each other so well. I fear they may continue to make these changes till they find some one whom I don't understand."

The Federal army was encamped around Warrenton, Virginia, and was soon divided into three grand divisions whose commanders were Generals Sumner, Hooker, and Franklin.

Lee's army was on the opposite side of the Rappahannock River, divided into two corps, the First commanded by myself and the Second commanded by General Stonewall Jackson. At that time the Confederate Army extended from Culpeper Court House (where the First Corps was stationed) on its right across the Blue Ridge down the Valley of Virginia to Winchester. There Jackson was encamped with the Second Corps, except one division which was stationed at Chester Gap on the Blue Ridge Mountains.

About the 18th or 19th of November, we received information through our scouts that Sumner, with his grand division of more than thirty thousand men, was moving towards Fredericksburg. Evidently he intended to surprise us and cross the Rappahannock before we could offer resistance. On receipt of the information, two of my divisions were ordered down to meet him. We made a forced march and arrived on the hills around Fredericksburg about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st. Sumner had already arrived and his army was encamped on Stafford Heights, overlooking the town from the Federal side. Before I reached Fredericksburg, General Patrick, provost-marshal general, crossed the river under a flag of truce and put the people in a state of great excitement by delivering the following letter:

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, November 21st 1862.

"TO THE MAYOR AND COMMON COUNCIL OF FREDERICKSBURG. GENTLEMEN: Under cover of the houses of your city shots have been fired upon the troops of my command. Your mills and manufactories are furnishing provisions and the material for clothing for armed bodies in rebellion against the government of the United States. Your railroads and other means of transportation are removing supplies to the depots of such troops. This condition of things must terminate, and by direction of General Burnside I accordingly demand the surrender of your city into my hands, as the representative of the government of the United States, at or before five o'clock this afternoon. Failing in an affirmative reply to this demand by the hour indicated, sixteen hours will be permitted to elapse for the removal from the city of women and children, the sick and wounded and aged, etc., which

BRIGADIER-GENERAL MAXCY GREGG OF JACKSON'S CORPS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE S. COOK.)

General Gregg, who was killed in repelling Meade's charge, was a South Carolinian, born about 1814, and by profession a lawyer.

HAYS'S BRIGADE OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S CORPS, AT HAMILTON'S CROSSING. (SEE MAP, PAGE 622.)

period having expired I shall proceed to shell the town. Upon obtaining possession of the city every necessary means will be taken to preserve order and secure the protective operation of the laws and policy of the United States government.

"I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"E. V. SUMNER,

"Brevet Major General U. S. Army, Commanding Right Grand Division."

While the people were in a state of excitement over the receipt of this demand for the surrender of their town, my troops appeared upon the heights opposite those occupied by the Federals. The alarmed non-combatants heard of my arrival and immediately sent to me the demand of the Federal general. I stated to the town authorities that I did not care to occupy the place for military purposes and there was no reason why it should be shelled by the Federal army. We were there to protect ourselves against the advance of the enemy, and could not allow the town to be occupied by the Federals. The mayor sent to General Sumner a satisfactory statement of the situation and was notified that the threatened shelling would not take place, as the Confederates did not propose to make the town a base of military operations.

Before my troops reached the little city, and before the people of Fredericksburg knew that any part of the Confederate army was near, there was great excitement over the demand for surrender. No people were in the place except aged and infirm men, and women and children. That they should become alarmed when the surrender of the town was demanded by the Federals was quite natural, and a number proceeded with great haste to board a train then ready to leave. In a tremor of excitement the people were steaming out, when Sumner's batteries on Stafford Heights opened fire on the train and added to the general terror. Fortunately this firing on the fleeing non-combatants resulted in no serious damage. The spectacle was nothing, however, to what we witnessed a short time after. About the 26th or 27th it became evident that Fredericksburg would be the scene of a battle, and we advised the people who were still in the town to prepare to leave, as they would soon be in danger if they remained. The evacuation of the place by the distressed women and helpless men was a painful sight. Many were almost destitute and had nowhere to go, but, yielding to the cruel necessities of war, they collected their portable effects and turned their backs on the town. Many were forced to seek shelter in the woods and brave the icy November nights to escape the approaching assault from the Federal army.

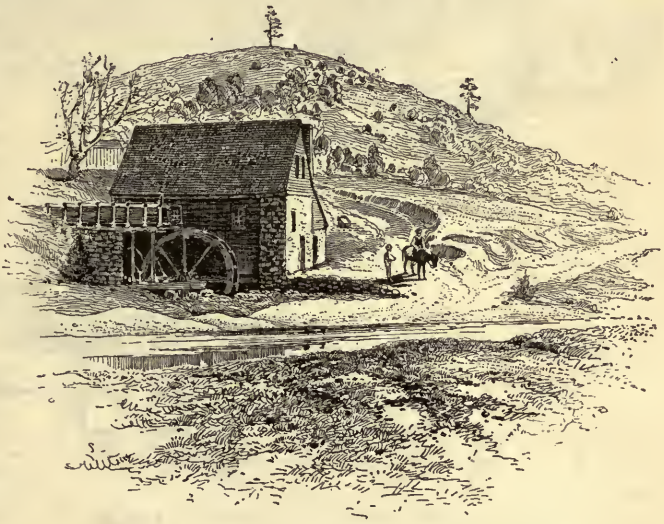
Very soon after I reached Fredericksburg the remainder of my corps arrived from Culpeper Court House, and Jackson was drawn

down from the Blue Ridge as soon as it was known that all the Army of the Potomac was in motion for the prospective scene of battle. In a very short time the Army of Northern Virginia was face to face with the Army of the Potomac.

When Jackson arrived he objected to the position, not that he feared the result of the battle, but because he thought behind the North Anna was a point from which the most fruitful results would follow. He held that we would win a victory at Fredericksburg, but it would be a fruitless one to us, whereas at North Anna, when we drove the Federals back, we could give pursuit to advantage, which we could not do at Fredericksburg. General Lee did not entertain the proposition, however, and we continued our preparations to meet the enemy at the latter place.*

At a point just above the town, a range of hills begins, extending from the river edge out a short distance and bearing around the valley somewhat in the form of a crescent. On the opposite side are the noted Stafford Heights, then occupied by the Federals. At the foot of these hills flows the Rappahannock River. On the Confederate side nestled Fredericksburg, and around it stretched the fertile bottoms from which fine crops had been gathered and upon which the Federal troops were to mass and give battle to the Confederates. On the Confederate side nearest the river was Taylor's Hill, and south of it the now famous Marye's Hill; next, Telegraph Hill, the highest of the elevations on the Confederate side and later known as Lee's Hill, because during the battle General Lee was most of the time there where I had my headquarters in the field; next was a declination through which Deep Run creek passed on its way to the Rappahannock River; and next was the gentle elevation at Hamilton's Crossing, which had never been dignified with a name, but upon which Stonewall Jackson massed thirty thousand men. It was upon these hills that the Confederates made their preparations to receive Burnside whenever he might choose to cross the Rappahannock. The Confederates were stationed as follows: On Taylor's Hill next the river and forming my left, R. H. Anderson's division; on Marye's Hill, Ransom's and McLaws's divisions; on Telegraph Hill, Pickett's division; to the right and about Deep Run creek, Hood's division, the latter stretching across Deep Run bottom.

On the hill occupied by Jackson's corps were the divisions of A. P. Hill, Early, and Taliaferro, that of D. H. Hill being in reserve on the extreme right. To the Washington artillery, on Marye's Hill, was assigned the service of advising the army at the earliest possible moment of the Federal advance. General Barksdale, with his Mississippi brigade, was on picket duty in front of Fredericksburg on the night of the advance.



WELFORD'S MILL ON HAZEL RUN AND THE TELEGRAPH ROAD.
(FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

The southern slope of Willis's Hill is seen in the background.

The hills occupied by the Confederate forces, although overcrowned by the heights of Stafford, were so distant as to be outside the range of effective fire by the Federal guns, and, with

* That General Lee was not quite satisfied with the place of battle is shown by a dispatch to the Richmond authorities on the second day after the battle, when it was uncertain what Burnside's next move would be. In that dispatch he says: "Should the enemy cross at Port Royal in force, before I can get this army in position to meet him, I think it more advantageous to retire to the Annas and give battle, than on the banks of the Rappahannock. My design was to have done so in the first instance. My purpose was changed not from any advantage in this position, but from an unwillingness to open more of our country to depredation than possible, and also with a view of collecting such forage and provisions as could be obtained in the Rappahannock Valley. With the numerous army opposed to me, and the bridges and transportation at its command, the crossing of the Rappahannock, where it is as narrow and winding as in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, can be made at almost any point without molestation. It will, therefore, be more advantageous to us to draw him farther away from his base of operations."—EDITOR.

the lower receding grounds between them, formed a defensive series that may be likened to natural bastions. Taylor's Hill was unassailable; Marye's Hill was more advanced towards the town, was of a gradual ascent and of less height than the others, and we considered it the point most assailable, and guarded it accordingly. The events which followed proved the correctness of our opinion on that point. Lee's Hill, with its rugged sides retired

FREDERICKSBURG FROM THE EAST BANK OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK — I.

from Marye's and rising higher than its companions, was comparatively safe.

This was the situation of the sixty-five thousand Confederates massed around Fredericksburg, and they had twenty odd days in which to prepare for the approaching battle.

The Federals on Stafford Heights carefully matured their plans of advance and attack. General Hunt, chief of artillery, skillfully posted one hundred and forty-seven guns to cover the bottoms upon which the infantry was to form for the attack, and at the same time play upon the Confederate batteries as circumstances would allow. Franklin and Hooker had joined Sumner, and Stafford Heights held the Federal army, a hundred and twenty thousand strong, watching with eagle eyes the

plain where the bloody conflict was soon to be. In the mean time the Federals had figured along the banks of the river, looking for the most available points for crossing. President Lincoln had been down with General Halleck, and it had been suggested by the latter to cross at Hoop-Pole Ferry, about twenty-eight or thirty miles below Fredericksburg. We discovered the movement, however, and prepared to meet it, and Burnside abandoned the idea and turned his attention to Fredericksburg, under the impression that many of our troops were down at Hoop-Pole, too far away to return in time for his battle.*

The soldiers of both armies were in good fighting condition, and there was every indication that we would have a desperate battle. We were confident that Burnside could not dislodge us, and patiently awaited the attack.

On the morning of the 11th of December, 1862, an hour or so before daylight, the slumbering Confederates were awakened by a solitary cannon thundering on the heights of Marye's Hill. Again it boomed, and instantly the aroused Confederates recognized the signal of the Washington artillery and knew that the Federal troops were preparing to cross the

* It is more than probable that Burnside accepted the proposition to move by Hoop-Pole Ferry for the purpose of drawing some of our troops from the points he had really selected for his crossing.—J. L.

Rappahannock and give us the expected battle. The Federals came down to the river's edge and began the construction of their bridges, when Barksdale opened fire with such effect that they were forced to retire. Again and again they made an effort to cross, but each time they met the well-directed bullets of the Mississippians, until their boats and the river were strewn with corpses. Until one o'clock this contest lasted, when the Federals, with angry desperation, turned their whole force of artillery on the little city, and sent down from the heights a perfect storm of shot and shell, crushing the houses with a cyclone of fiery metal. From our position on the heights we saw the batteries hurling an avalanche upon the town whose only offense was that near its edge in a snug retreat nestled three thousand Confederate hornets that were stinging the Army of the Potomac into a frenzy. It was terrific, the pandemonium which that little squad of Confederates had provoked. The town caught fire in several places, shells crashed and burst, and solid shot rained like hail. In the midst of the successive crashes could be heard the shouts and yells of those engaged in the struggle, while the smoke rose from the burning city and the flames leaped about, making a scene which can never be effaced from the memory of those who saw it. But in the midst of all this fury, the little brigade of Mississippians clung to their work. At last, when I had everything in readiness, I sent a peremptory order to Barksdale to withdraw, which he did, fighting as he retired before the Federals, who had by that time succeeded in landing a number of their troops. The Federals then constructed their pontoons without molestation, and the grand division of Sumner passed over into Fredericksburg.

About a mile and a half below the town, where the Deep Run empties into the Rappahannock, General Franklin had been allowed without serious opposition to throw two pontoon bridges, and his grand division passed over and massed on the level bottoms opposite Hamilton's Crossing, thus placing himself in front of Stonewall Jackson's corps. The 11th and 12th were thus spent by the Federals in crossing the river and preparing for battle.

FREDERICKSBURG FROM THE EAST BANK OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK — II.

Opposite Fredericksburg, the formation along the river bank was such that the Federals were concealed in their approaches, and, availing themselves of this advantage, they succeeded in crossing and concealing the grand division of Sumner and, later, a part of Hooker's grand division in the city of Fredericksburg, and so disposing of Franklin in the open plain below as to give out the impression that the great force was with the latter and about to oppose Jackson.

Before daylight on the morning of the eventful 13th, I rode to the right of my line held by Hood's division. General Hood was at his post in plain hearing of the Federals south of Deep Run, who were marching their troops into position for the attack. The morning was cold and misty, and everything was obscured from view, but so distinctly did the mist bear to us the sounds of the moving Federals that Hood thought the advance was against him. He was relieved, however, when I assured him that the enemy, to reach him, would have to put himself in a pocket and be

BARKSDALE'S MISSISSIPPIANS OPPOSING THE LAYING OF THE PONTOON BRIDGES.

subjected to attack from Jackson on one side, Pickett and McLaws on the other, and Hood's own men in front. The position of Franklin's men on the 12th with the configuration of the ground had left no doubt in my mind as to Franklin's intentions. I explained all this to Hood, assuring him that the attack would be on Jackson. At the same time I ordered Hood, in case Jackson's line was broken, to wheel around to his right and strike in on the attacking bodies, telling him that Pickett, with his division, would be ordered to join in the flank movement. These orders were given to both division generals, and at the same time they were advised that I would be attacked near my left center, and that I must be at that point to meet my part of the battle. They were also advised that my position was so well defended I could have no other need of their troops. I then returned to Lee's Hill, reaching there soon after sunrise.

Thus we stood at the eve of the great battle. Along the Stafford Heights a hundred and forty-seven guns were turned on us, and on the level plain below, in the town, and hidden on the opposite bank ready to cross, nearly a hundred thousand men were assembled, eager to begin the combat. Secure in our hills, we grimly awaited the onslaught. The valley, the mountain-tops, everything was enveloped in the thickest fog, and the preparation for the fight was made as if under cover of night. The mist brought to us the sounds of the preparation for battle, but we were blind to the movements of the Federals. Suddenly, at ten o'clock, as if the elements were taking a hand in the drama about to be enacted, the warmth of the sun brushed the mist away and revealed the mighty panorama in the valley below.

Franklin's forty thousand men, reënforced by two divisions of Hooker's grand division, were in front of Jackson's thirty thousand. The flags of the Federals fluttered gayly, the polished arms shone brightly in the sunlight, and the beautiful uniforms of the buoyant troops gave to the scene the air of a holiday occasion rather than the spectacle of a great army about to be thrown into the tumult of battle. From my place on Lee's Hill I could see almost every soldier Franklin had, and a splendid array it was. But off in the distance was Jackson's ragged infantry, and beyond was Stuart's battered cavalry, with their soiled hats and yellow butternut suits, a striking contrast to the handsomely equipped troops of the Federals.

About the city, here and there, a few soldiers could be seen, but there was no indication of the heavy masses that were concealed by the houses. Those of Franklin's men who were in front of Jackson stretched well up towards Lee's Hill, and were almost in reach of our best guns, and at the other end they stretched out in the east until they came well

under the fire of Stuart's horse artillery under Major John Pelham, a brave and gallant officer almost a boy in years. As the mist rose, the Confederates saw the movement against their right near Hamilton's crossing. Major Pelham opened fire upon Franklin's command and gave him lively work, which was kept up until Jackson ordered Pelham to retire. Franklin then advanced rapidly to the hill much for it, and the counter-attack drove the Federals back to the railroad and beyond the reach of our guns on the left. Some of our troops following up this repulse got too far out, and were in turn much discomfited when left to the enemy's superior numbers, and were obliged to retire in poor condition. A Federal brigade advancing under cover of Deep Run was discovered at this time

CONFEDERATE WORKS ON WILLIS'S HILL, NOW THE SITE OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

where Jackson's troops had been stationed, feeling the woods with shot as he progressed. Silently Jackson awaited the approach of the Federals until they were within good range, and then he opened a terrific fire which threw the Federals into some confusion. The enemy again massed and advanced, pressing through a gap between Archer and Lane. This broke Jackson's line and threatened very serious trouble. The Federals who had wedged themselves in through that gap came upon Gregg's brigade, and then the severe encounter ensued in which the latter general was mortally wounded. Archer and Lane very soon received reënforcements and, rallying, joined in the counter-attack and recovered their lost ground. The concentration of Taliaferro's and Early's divisions against this attack was too and attacked by regiments of Pender's and Law's brigades, the former of A. P. Hill's and the latter of Hood's division, and Jackson's second line advancing, the Federals were forced to retire. This series of demonstrations and attacks, the partial success and final discomfiture of the Federals, constitute the hostile movements between the Confederate right and the Federal left.

I have described, in the opening of this article, the situation of the Confederate left. In front of Marye's Hill is a plateau, and immediately at the base of the hill there is a sunken road known as the Telegraph road. On the side of the road next to the town was a stone wall, shoulder high, against which the earth was banked, forming an almost unapproachable defense. It was impossible for

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY ON MARYE'S HILL FIRING UPON THE FEDERALS FORMING FOR THE ASSAULT.

the troops occupying it to expose more than a small portion of their bodies. Behind this stone wall I had placed about twenty-five hundred men, being all of General T. R. R. Cobb's brigade, and a portion of the brigade of General Kershaw, both of McLaws's division. It must now be understood that the Federals, to reach what appeared to be my weakest point, would have to pass directly over this wall held by Cobb's infantry.

filed out of the city like bees out of a hive, coming in double-quick march and filling the edge of the field in front of Cobb. This was just where we had expected attack and I was prepared to meet it. As the troops massed before us, they were much annoyed by the fire of our batteries. The field was literally packed with Federals from the vast number of troops that had been massed in the town. From the moment of their appearance began the most

MANSION AND GROUNDS ON MARYE'S HILL.

This sketch is from a photograph taken during the Wilderness Campaign when the mansion and grounds were filled with Union wounded. The portico faces Fredericksburg, and a few paces in front of it the hill drops abruptly to the sunken Telegraph road and stone wall.— EDITOR.

An idea of how well Marye's Hill was protected may be obtained from the following incident. General E. P. Alexander, my engineer and superintendent of artillery, had been placing the guns, and in going over the field with him before the battle, I noticed an idle cannon. I suggested that he place it so as to aid in covering the plain in front of Marye's Hill. He answered, "General, we cover that ground now so well that we will comb it as if with a fine-tooth comb. A chicken could not live on that field when we open on it."

A little before noon, I sent orders to all my batteries to open fire through the streets or at any points where the troops were seen about the city, as a diversion in favor of Jackson. This fire began at once to develop the work in hand for myself. The Federal troops

fearful carnage. With our artillery from the front, right, and left tearing through their ranks, the Federals pressed forward with almost invincible determination, maintaining their steady step and closing up their broken ranks. Thus resolutely they marched upon the stone fence behind where quietly awaited the Confederate brigade of General Cobb. As the Federals came within reach of this brigade, a storm of lead was poured into their advancing ranks and they were swept from the field like chaff before the wind. A cloud of smoke shut out the scene for a moment, and, rising, revealed the shattered fragments recoiling from their gallant but hopeless charge. The artillery still plowed through the ranks of the retreating Federals and sought the places of concealment into which the troops had plunged.

FRONT OF THE MARYE MANSION. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

A vast number went pell-mell into an old railroad cut, to escape fire from the right and front. A battery on Lee's Hill saw this and turned its fire into the entire length of the cut, and the shells began to pour down upon the Federals with the most frightful destruction. They found their position of refuge more uncomfortable than the field of the assault.

Thus the right grand division of the Army of the Potomac found itself repulsed and shattered on its first attempt to drive us from Marye's Hill. Hardly was this attack off the field before we saw the determined Federals again filing out of Fredericksburg and preparing for another charge. The Confederates under Cobb reserved their fire and quietly awaited the approach of the enemy. The Federals came nearer than before, but were forced to retire before the well-directed guns of Cobb's brigade and the fire of the artillery on the heights. By that time the field in front of Cobb was thickly strewn with the dead and dying Federals, but again they formed with desperate courage and renewed the attack and were again driven off. At each attack the slaughter was so great that by the time the third attack was repulsed, the ground was so thickly strewn with dead that the bodies seriously impeded the approach of the Federals. General Lee, who was with me on Lee's Hill, became uneasy when he saw the attacks so promptly renewed and pushed forward with such persistence, and feared the Federals might break through our line. After the third charge he said to me: "General, they are massing very heavily and will break your line, I am afraid." "General," I replied, "if you put every man now on the other side of the Potomac on that field to approach me over the same line, and give me plenty of ammunition, I will kill them all before they reach my line. Look to your right; you are in some danger there, but not on my line."

I think the fourth time the Federals came, a gallant fellow reached within one hundred feet of Cobb's position and then fell. Close behind him came some few scattering ones, but they were either killed or fled from certain death.* This charge was the only effort that looked like any real danger to Cobb, and after it was repulsed I felt no apprehension, assuring myself that there were enough of the dead Federals on

HOUSE BY THE STONE WALL, IN WHICH GENERAL COBB DIED.

* In his official report General McLaws says: "The body of one man, believed to be an officer, was found within about thirty yards of the stone wall, and other single bodies were scattered at increased distances until the main mass of the dead lay thickly strewn over the ground at something over one hundred yards off, and extending to the ravine, commencing at the point where our men would allow the enemy's column to approach before opening fire, and beyond which no organized body of men was able to pass." — EDITOR.

the field to give me half the battle. The anxiety shown by General Lee, however, induced me to bring up two or three brigades, to be on hand, and General Kershaw was ordered, with the remainder of his brigade, down to the stone wall, but rather to carry ammunition than as a reënforcement for Cobb. Kershaw dashed down the declivity in time to succeed Cobb, who fell from a wound in the thigh and died in a few minutes from loss of blood.

A fifth time the Federals formed and

THE SUNKEN ROAD UNDER MARYE'S HILL. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

In the background is seen the continuation of Hanover street, which on the left ascends the hill to the Marye Mansion. The little square field lies in the fork made by the former road and the Telegraph road (see map page 622). Nearly all that is left of the stone wall is seen in the right of the picture. The horses are in the road, which is a continuation of the street south of Hanover street, and on which is the brick house (see map). Following at that time the Telegraph road, we would next have the house in which General Cobb died, and finally the long stretch of stone wall seen on page 624, little if any of which is now to be seen, the stone having been used for the gate-house of the National Cemetery.

In his official report General Kershaw, who succeeded General Cobb, thus describes the situation during the battle in that part of the road seen in the picture: "The road is about twenty-five feet wide, and is faced by a stone wall about four feet high on the city side. The road having been cut out of the side of the hill, in many places this last wall is not visible above the surface of the ground. The ground falls off rapidly to almost a level surface which extends about one hundred and fifty yards, then, with another abrupt fall of a few feet, to another plain which extends some two hundred yards, and then falls off abruptly into a wide ravine, which extends along the whole front of the city and discharges into Hazel Run. I found, on my arrival, that Cobb's brigade, Colonel McMillan commanding, occupied our entire front, and my troops could only get into position by doubling on them. This was accordingly done, and the formation along most of the line during the engagement was consequently four deep. As an evidence of the coolness of the command, I may mention here that, notwithstanding that their fire was the most rapid and continuous I have ever witnessed, not a man was injured by the fire of his comrades. . . . In the mean time line after line of the enemy deployed in the ravine, and advanced to the attack at intervals of not more than fifteen minutes until about 4:30 o'clock, when there was a lull of about a half hour, during which a mass of artillery was placed in position in front of the town and opened upon our position. At this time I brought up Colonel De Saussure's regiment. Our batteries on the hill were silent, having exhausted their ammunition, and the Washington Artillery were relieved by a part of Colonel Alexander's battalion. Under cover of this artillery fire, the most formidable column of attack was formed, which, about five o'clock, emerged from the ravine and, no longer impeded by our artillery, impetuously assailed our whole front. From this time until after six o'clock the attack was continuous, and the fire on both sides terrific. Some few, chiefly officers, got within thirty yards of our lines, but in every instance their columns were shattered by the time they got within one hundred paces. The firing gradually subsided, and by seven o'clock our pickets were established within thirty yards of those of the enemy.

"Our chief loss after getting into position in the road was from the fire of sharpshooters, who occupied some buildings on my left flank in the early part of the engagement, and were only silenced by Captain [W.] Wallace, of the Second regiment, directing a continuous fire of one company upon the buildings. General Cobb, I learn, was killed by a shot from that quarter. The regiments on the hill suffered most, as they were less perfectly covered."— EDITOR.

COBB'S AND KERSHAW'S TROOPS BEHIND THE STONE WALL

charged and were repulsed. A sixth time they charged and were driven back, when night came to end the dreadful carnage, and the Federals withdrew, leaving the battle-field literally heaped with the bodies of their dead. Before the well-directed fire of Cobb's brigade, the Federals had fallen like the steady dripping of rain from the eaves of a house. Our musketry alone had killed and wounded at least five thousand; and these, with the slaughter by the artillery, left over seven thousand killed and wounded before the foot of Marye's Hill. The dead were piled sometimes three deep, and when morning broke, the spectacle that we saw upon the battle-field was one of the most distressing I ever witnessed. The charges had been desperate and bloody, but utterly hopeless. I thought, as I saw the Federals come again and again to their death, that they deserved success if courage and daring could entitle soldiers to victory.

During the night, a Federal strayed beyond his lines and was taken up by some of my troops. On searching him, we found on his person a memorandum of General Burnside's arrangement, and an order for the renewal of the battle the next day. This information was sent to General Lee, and immediately orders were given for a line of rifle-pits on the top of Marye's Hill for Ransom, who had been held somewhat in reserve, and for other guns to be pitted on Taylor's Hill.

We were on our lines before daylight, anxious to receive General Burnside again. As the gray of the morning came without the battle, we became more anxious; yet, as the Federal forces retained position during the 14th and 15th, we were not without hope. There was some little skirmishing, but it did not amount to anything. But when the full light of the next morning revealed an abandoned field, General Lee turned to me, referring in his mind to the dispatch I had captured and which he had just reread, and said: "General, I am losing confidence in your friend General Burnside." We then put it down for a decoy sent into our lines. Afterwards, however, we learned that the order was made in good faith but changed in consequence of the demoralized condition of the grand divisions in front of Marye's Hill. During the night of the 15th, the Federal troops withdrew, and on the 16th our lines were reëstablished along the river.*

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS R. R. COBB. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Before the war, General Cobb was a lawyer. He was born in Georgia in 1820. In 1851 he published a "Digest of the Laws of Georgia."

I have heard that General Hooker said, referring to the attack at Marye's Hill while it was in progress, "There has been enough blood shed to satisfy any reasonable man, and it is time to quit." I think myself it was fortunate for Burnside that he had no greater success, for the meeting with such discomfiture gave him an opportunity to get back safely. If he had made any progress, his loss would probably have been greater.

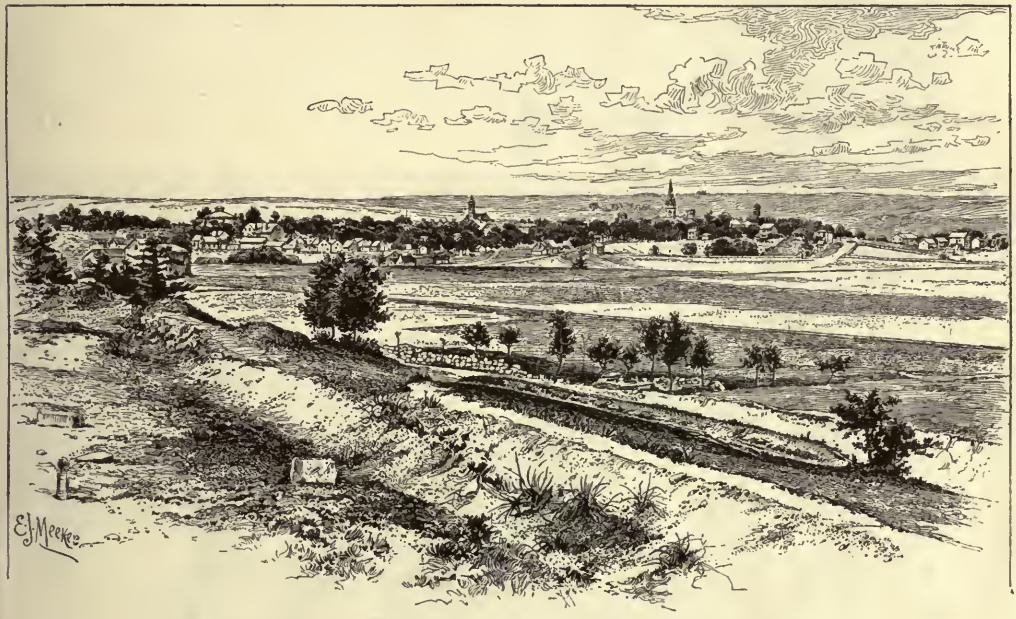
Such was the battle of Fredericksburg as I saw it. It has been asked why we did not follow up the victory. The answer is plain. It goes without saying that the battle of the First Corps, concluded after nightfall, could not have been changed into offensive operations. Our line was about three miles long, extending over hill and dale through woodland. An attempt at concentration to throw

* General Lee explained officially, as follows, why he expected the attack would be resumed: "The attack on the 13th had been so easily repulsed, and by so small a part of our army, that it was not supposed the enemy would limit his efforts to an attempt which, in view of the magnitude of his preparations and the extent of his force, seemed to be comparatively insignificant.

Believing, therefore, that he would attack us, it was not deemed expedient to lose the advantages of our position and expose the troops to the fire of his inaccessible batteries beyond the river, by advancing against him; but we were necessarily ignorant of the extent to which he had suffered, and only became aware of it when, on the morning of the 16th, it was discovered that he had availed himself of the darkness of night, and the prevalence of a violent storm of wind and rain, to recross the river. The town was immediately reoccupied and our position on the river bank resumed."—EDITOR.

NOTE: The batteries which had position on the outskirts of the town in rear of Sumner's attack were Waterman's, Kusserow's, Kirby's, Hazard's, Frank's, Arnold's, Phillips's, and Dickerson's. In indicating the Union artillery, we have followed an official map made under the direction of General Henry J. Hunt, chief of artillery.— EDITOR.

the troops against the walls of the city at that hour of the night would have been little better than madness. The Confederate field was arranged for defensive battle. Its abrupt termination could not have been anticipated, nor could any skill have marshaled our troops for offensive operations in time to meet the emergency. My line was long and over very broken country, so much so that the troops could not



FREDERICKSBURG FROM THE FOOT OF WILLIS'S HILL. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

In the middle-ground is seen the south end of the stone wall, and it may be seen that the front line of defense formed by the wall was continued still further to the right by the sunken Telegraph road. At the base of the hill, this side of the stone wall, is seen an earth-work which was a part of the second line. A third line (see page 614) was on the brow of this hill, now the National Cemetery. Between the steeples on the outskirts of Fredericksburg is seen the end of Hanover street, by which, and by the street in the right of the picture, the Union forces filed out to form for the assault. — EDITOR.

be promptly handled, offensively. Jackson's corps was in mass, and could he have anticipated the result of my battle, he would have been justified in pressing Franklin to the river when the battle of the latter was lost. Otherwise, pursuit would have been as unwise as the attack he had just driven off. The Federal batteries on Stafford Heights were effectively posted to protect their troops against our advance, and Franklin would have been in good defensive position against attack on the next day. It is well known that after driving off attacking forces, if immediate pursuit can be made so that the victors can go along with the retreating forces pell-mell, it is well enough to do so; but the attack should be immediate. To follow a success by counter-attack against the enemy in position is problematical. In the case of the armies at Fredericksburg it would have been, to say the least, very hazardous to give counter-attack, the Federal position being about as strong as ours from which we had driven them back. Attempts to break up an army by following on its line of retreat are often hazardous and rarely successful, while movements around, threatening the flanks and rear, increase the demoralization and offer better opportunities for great results.

The condition of a retreating army may be illustrated by a little incident witnessed thirty years ago on the western plains of Texas. A soldier of my regiment essayed to capture a rattlesnake. Being pursued, the reptile took refuge in a prairie-dog's hole, turning his head as he entered it, to defend the sally-port. The soldier coming up in time, seized the tail as it was in the act of passing under cover, and at the same instant the serpent seized the index finger of the soldier's hand. The result was the soldier lost the use of his finger. The wise serpent made successful retreat, and may to this day be the chief ruler and patriarch of the rattlesnake tribe on our western plains. The rear of a retreating army is always its best guarded point.

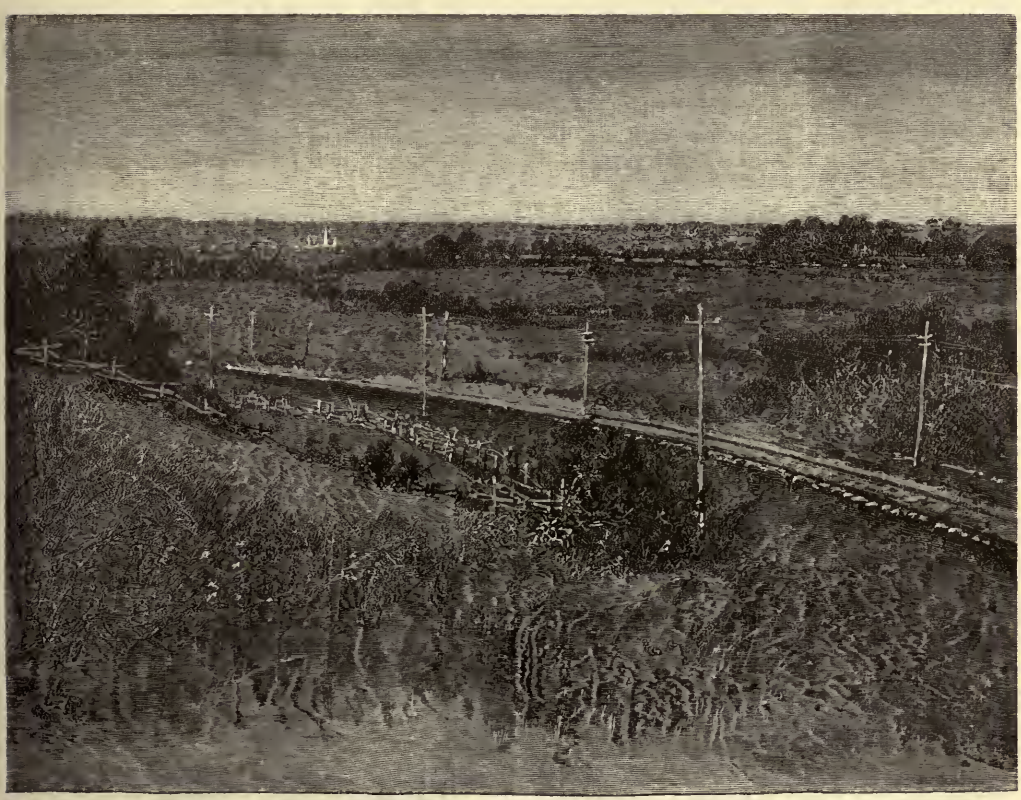
During the attack upon General Jackson, and immediately after his line was broken, General Pickett rode up to General Hood and suggested that the movement anticipated

THAT PART OF THE STONE WALL BEYOND THE HOUSE WHERE GENERAL COBB DIED, AND EXTENDING IN THE DIRECTION OF HAZEL RUN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER MARYE'S HILL WAS CARRIED BY ASSAULT BY TROOPS OF SEDGWICK'S SIXTH CORPS, MAY 3D, 1863.)

by my orders was at hand, and requested that it be executed. Hood did not agree, so the opportunity was allowed to pass. Had Hood sprung to the occasion we would have enveloped Franklin's command, and might possibly have marched it into the Confederate camp. Hood commanded splendid troops, quite fresh and eager for occasion to give renewed assurances of their mettle.

It has been reported that the troops attacking Marye's Hill were intoxicated, having been plied with whisky to nerve them to the desperate attack. That can hardly be true. I know nothing of the facts, but no sensible commander will allow his troops strong drink upon going into battle. After a battle is over, the soldier's gill is usually allowed if it is at hand. No troops could have displayed greater courage and resolution than was shown by those brought against Marye's Hill. But they miscalculated the wonderful strength of the brigade behind the stone fence. The position held by Cobb surpassed courage and resolution and was occupied by those who knew well how to hold a comfortable defense.

After the retreat, General Lee went to Richmond to suggest other operations, but was assured that the war was virtually over, and that we need not harass our troops by marches and other hardships. Gold had advanced in New York to two hundred, and we were assured by those at the Confederate capital that in thirty or forty days we would be recognized and peace proclaimed. General Lee did not share in this belief.



RECENT SKETCH OF FRANKLIN'S BATTLE-FIELD, FROM HAMILTON'S CROSSING — FREDERICKSBURG STEEPLES IN THE DISTANCE.

I have been asked if Burnside could have been victorious at Fredericksburg. Such a thing was hardly possible. Perhaps no general could have accomplished more than Burnside did, and it was possible for him to have suffered greater loss. The battle of Fredericksburg was a great and unprofitable sacrifice of human life made, through the pressure from the rear, against a general who should have known better and who doubtless acted against his judgment. If I had been in General Burnside's place, I would have asked the President to allow me to resign rather than execute his order to force the passage of the river and march the army against Lee in his stronghold.

Viewing the battle after the lapse of more than twenty years, I may say, however,

that Burnside's move might have been made stronger by throwing two of his grand divisions across at the mouth of Deep Run, where Franklin crossed with his grand division and six brigades of Hooker's. Had he thus placed Hooker and Sumner, his sturdiest fighters, and made resolute assault with them in his attack on our right, he would in all probability have given us trouble. The partial success he had at that point might have been pushed vigorously by such a force and might have thrown our right entirely from position, in which event the result would have depended on the skillful handling of the forces. Franklin's grand division could have made sufficient sacrifice at Marye's Hill and come as near success as did Sumner's and two-thirds of Hooker's, combined. I think, however, that the success would have been on our side, and it might have been followed by greater disaster on the side of the Federals; still they would have had the chance of a possible success in their favor, while in the battle as fought it can hardly be claimed that there was a chance.

Burnside made a mistake from the first. He should have gone from Warrenton to Chester Gap. He might then have held Jackson and fought me, or have held me and fought Jackson, thus taking us in detail. The doubt about the matter was whether or not he could have caught me in that trap before we could concentrate. At any rate, that was the only move on the board that could have benefited him at the time he was assigned to the command of the Army of the Potomac. By interposing between the corps of Lee's army, he would have secured strong ground and advantage of position. With skill equal to the occasion, he should have had success. This was the move about which we felt serious apprehension, and were occupying our minds with plans to meet it, when the move towards Fredericksburg was reported.

General McClellan, in an account recently published, speaks of this move as that upon which he was studying when the order for Burnside's assignment to command reached him.

When Burnside determined to move by Fredericksburg, he should have moved rapidly and occupied the city at once, but this would only have forced us back to the plan preferred by General Jackson.

James Longstreet.

SUMNER'S "RIGHT GRAND DIVISION."*

ON the evening of October 15th, 1862, which was a few days after McClellan had placed me in command of the Second Corps, at Harper's Ferry, the commanding general sent an order for Hancock to take his division the next morning on a reconnoissance toward Charlestown, about ten miles distant. The division started in good season, as directed. About ten in the morning, General McClellan reined up at my headquarters and asked me to go out with him to see what the troops were doing. Our people had met the enemy's outpost five miles from the Ferry, and while artillery shots were being exchanged, both of us dismounted, walked away by our-

* It is due to General Couch to state that with limited time in which to prepare this paper, he dictated it to a stenographer in answer to questions by us bearing chiefly on his personal recollections.—EDITOR.

selves, and took seats on a ledge of rocks. After a little while, McClellan sent to an aide for a map of Virginia. Spreading it before us, he pointed to the strategic features of the valley of the Shenandoah, and indicated the movements he intended to make, which would have the effect of compelling Lee to concentrate in the vicinity, I think, of Gordonsville or Charlottesville, where a great battle would be fought. Continuing the conversation, he said, "But I may not have command of the army much longer. Lincoln is down on me," and, taking a paper from his pocket, he gave me my first intimation of Lincoln's famous letter.* He read it aloud very carefully, and when it was finished I told him I thought there was no ill-feeling in the tone of it. He thought there was, and quickly added, "Yes, Couch, I expect to be relieved from the Army of the Potomac, and to have a command in the West; and I am going to take three or four with me," calling off by their names four prominent officers. I queried if so and so would be taken along, naming one who was generally thought to be a great favorite with McClellan. His curt reply was, "No, I sha'n't have him."

This brief conversation opened a new world to me. I had never before been to any extent his confidant, and I pondered whether on a change of the commanders of the Army of the Potomac the War Department would allow him to choose the generals whose names had been mentioned. I wondered what would be the future of himself and those who followed his fortunes in that untried field. These and a crowd of other kindred thoughts quite oppressed me for several days. But as the time wore on, and preparations for the invasion of Virginia were allowed to be continued without let or hindrance from Washington, I naturally and gladly inferred that McClellan's fears of hostile working against him were groundless. However, the blow came, and soon enough.

Toward evening, on the 8th of November, 1862, at Warrenton, McClellan rode up to Burnside's headquarters to say that he had been relieved of the command of the army. Burnside replied:

"I am afraid it is bad policy; very, very, very!"

It was just at dark. I had dismounted, and, standing there in the snow, was superintending the camp arrangements of my troops, when McClellan came up with his staff, accompanied by General Burnside. McClellan drew in his horse, and the first thing he said was:

THE PHILLIPS HOUSE, BURNSIDE'S HEADQUARTERS.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHILE THE HOUSE WAS BURNING.)

"Couch, I am relieved from the command of the army, and Burnside is my successor."

I stepped up to him and took hold of his hand, and said, "General McClellan, I am sorry for it." Then, going around the head of his horse to Burnside, I said, "General Burnside, I congratulate you."

Burnside heard what I said to General McClellan; he turned away his head, and made a broad gesture as he exclaimed:

"Couch, don't say a word about it."

His manner indicated that he did not wish to talk about the change; that he thought it wasn't good policy to do so, nor the place to do it. He told me afterwards that he did not like to take the command, but that he did so to keep it from going to somebody manifestly unfit for it. I assumed that he meant Hooker. Those of us who were well acquainted with

* The letter is dated October 13, 1862, and begins: "My Dear Sir: — You remember my speaking to you of what I called your over-cautiousness. Are you not over-cautious when you assume that you cannot do what the enemy is constantly doing? Should you not claim to be at least his equal in prowess, and act upon the claim?" Further on the President says: "Change positions with the enemy, and think you not he would break your communication with Richmond within the next twenty-four hours? You dread his going into Pennsylvania; but if he does so in full force, he gives up his communication to you absolutely, and you have nothing to do but to follow and ruin him. . . . Exclusive of the water-line, you are now nearer Richmond than the enemy is, by the route that you *can* and he *must* take." And in conclusion: "It is all easy if our troops march as well as the enemy, and it is unmanly to say they cannot do it. This letter is in no sense an order. Yours truly, A. LINCOLN."

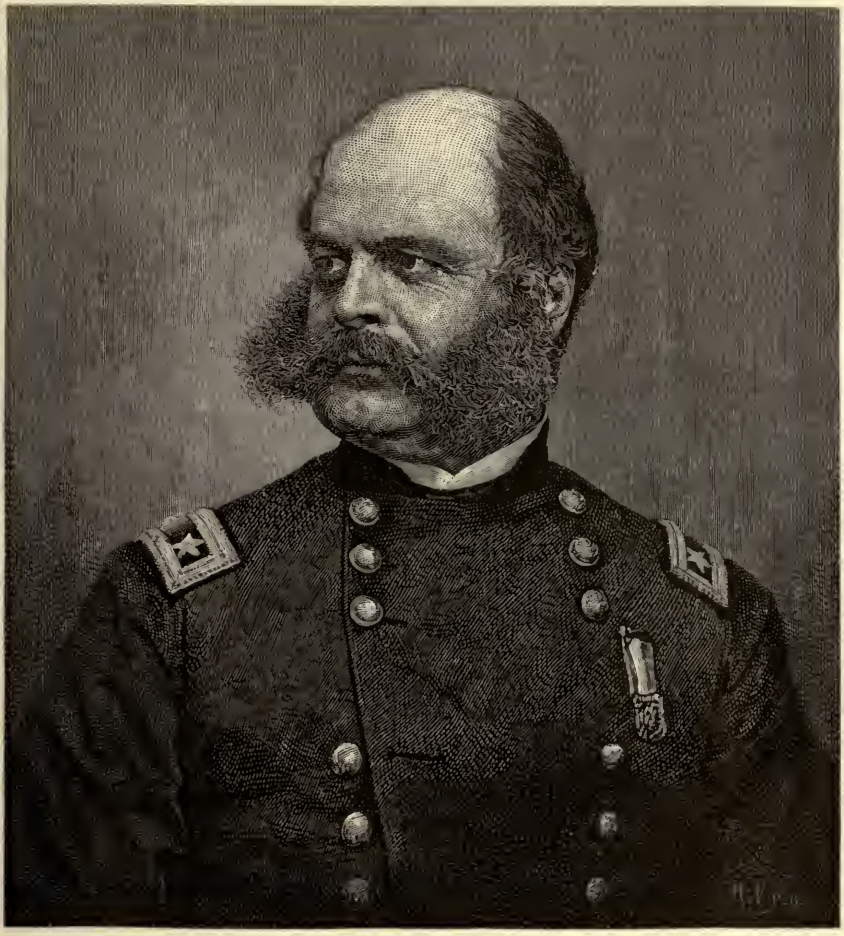
In his "Life of Lincoln," Isaac N. Arnold makes President Lincoln say: "With all his failings as a soldier, McClellan is a pleasant and scholarly gentleman. He is an admirable engineer, but he seems to have a special talent for a *stationary engine*."— EDITOR.

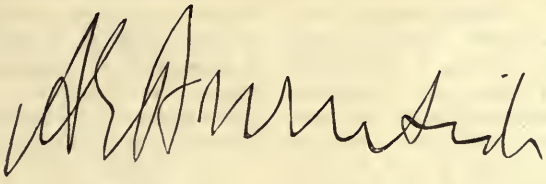
THE BOMBARDMENT OF FREDERICKSBURG, DECEMBER 11TH, 1862.

Burnside knew that he was a brave, loyal man, but we did not think he had the military ability to command the Army of the Potomac.

McClellan took leave on the 10th. Fitz John Porter sent notes to the corps commanders, informing them that McClellan was going away, necessarily cut up; and if a general has the confidence of his men he is pretty strong. But officers and men were determined to serve Burnside loyally.

A day or two afterwards Burnside called the corps commanders together, and mapped out a





and suggesting that we ride around with him. Such a scene as that leave-taking had never been known in our army. Men shed tears and there was great excitement among the troops.

I think the soldiers had an idea that McClellan would take care of them; wouldn't put them in places where they would be uncourse that he intended to pursue; and, among other things, he said that he intended to double the army corps, and he proposed to call the three new commands—or doubles—"grand divisions." I thought it would be better to make them *grand* by their acts. Under this arrangement my corps, the Second, and Willcox's, the Ninth, which had been Burnside's,

CROSSING THE RIVER IN PONTOONS TO DISLODGE THE SHARP-SHOOTERS OPPOSING THE LAYING OF THE UPPER BRIDGES.

formed the Right Grand Division under General Sumner. When Sumner and I arrived near Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, we found the enemy ready to oppose us. Everybody knew that Lee would rush right in; we could see it. If the pontoons had been there, we might have crossed at once. Yet we lay there nearly a month, while they were fortifying before our eyes; besides, the weather was against us. Under date of December 7th, my diary contains this entry: "Very cold; plenty of snow. Men suffering; cold outdoors, ice indoors in my room."

Sumner's headquarters were at the Lacy house, while the Second Corps lay back of the brow of the hill to the rear of Falmouth.

On the night of the 9th, two nights before the crossing, Sumner called a council to discuss what we were to do. There was a free talk with his two corps commanders and, I believe, with all his division and brigade commanders. There was a general talk about the propriety of crossing there. It drifted into that, though I think General Sumner did not wish it. I suppose he intended to give us General Burnside's plans; but the talk drifted into universal opposition to crossing the river under the enemy's batteries.

Sumner seemed to feel badly that the officers did not agree to Burnside's mode of advance. That noble old hero was so faithful and loyal that he wanted, against impossibilities, to carry out everything Burnside suggested. I should doubt if his judgment concurred. It was only chivalrous attachment to Burnside, or to any commander. But there were not two opinions among the subordinate officers as to

THE NINTH CORPS CROSSING BY THE PONTOON BRIDGE TO THE STEAMBOAT LANDING AT THE LOWER END OF TOWN.

the rashness of the undertaking.

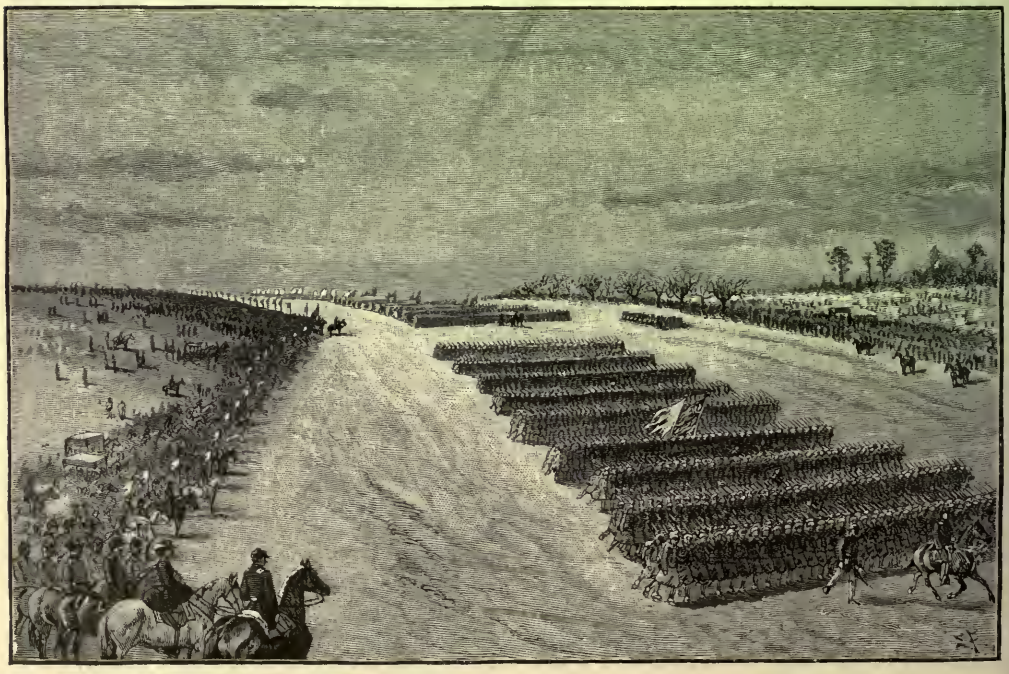
Somebody told Burnside of our views, and he was wrathy. He asked us to meet him the next day at the Lacy house. In a general talk he said he understood we were opposed to his plans. He seemed to be rather bitter against Hancock, to my surprise, for I did not think that officer had said as much as myself. Burnside stated that he had formed his plans, and all he wanted was the devotion of his men. Hancock made a reply in which he disclaimed any personal discourtesy, only he thought there was a fortified hill on the opposite side, and that it would be pretty difficult for us to go over and take it. I rose after him, knowing that I was the more guilty, and expressed a desire to serve Burnside, saying, among other things, that if I had ever done anything in any battle, in this one I intended to do twice as much. French came in while I was talking. He was rather late, and in his bluff way exclaimed: "Is this a Methodist camp meeting?"

The heights on the morning of the 11th, before the bridges were thrown, did not offer a very animated scene, because the troops were mostly hidden. The bombardment for the purpose of dislodging the sharp-shooters who under cover of the houses were delaying the bridge-making, was terrific, and the smoke settled down and veiled the scene. After the bombardment had failed to dislodge the enemy, the Seventh Michigan and Twentieth Massachusetts of Howard's division sprang into the pontoons, and, rowing themselves over, drove away Barksdale's sharp-shooters. This gallant action enabled the engineers to complete the bridges. Howard's division was the first to cross by the upper bridge, his advance having a lively fight in the streets of Fredericksburg. Hawkins's brigade of Willcox's corps occupied the lower part of the town on the same evening, and the town was not secured without desperate fighting. I went over the next morning, Friday the 12th, with Hancock's and French's divisions. The remainder of Willcox's corps crossed and occupied the lower part of the town. There was considerable looting. I placed a provost guard at the bridges, with orders that nobody should go back with plunder. An enormous pile of booty was collected there by evening. But there came a time when we were too busy to

WHERE FOURTEEN BRIGADES CHARGED AT MARYE'S HILL. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

The portico of the Marye mansion is faintly marked among the trees of the hill in the middle background. The road on the right is the end of Hanover street and the beginning of the Telegraph road, by which most of the attacking troops crossed the canal or ditch, and, filing to the left, formed line under the low bank. In the middle ground, to the left of the road, is seen the square brick house mentioned by General Couch. Part of the troops crossed the canal by a street on the left parallel with Hanover street, and a few waded. Most of the dead lay a short distance beyond the brick house. Colonel John R. Brooke, of Hancock's division, was sent on the fourth day after the battle with a large detail to bury the dead. In his official report he says: "Those bodies nearest the enemy's works were recognized as belonging to Kimball's brigade of French's division and to the different regiments of Hancock's division." In the two days occupied by the burial he says he "found and buried 913 of our soldiers, and brought to this side of the river the bodies of 5 officers, making a total of 918. Nearly all the dead were stripped entirely naked by the enemy." A woman who lived in one of the houses near the stone wall said: "The morning after the battle the field was blue; but the morning after the Federals withdrew the field was white."— EDITOR.

guard it, and I suppose it was finally carried off by another set of plunderers. The troops of the two corps bivouacked that night in the streets and were not permitted to make fires. Late on that day we had orders to be ready to cross Hazel Run, which meant that we were to join Franklin. That was the only proper move to make, since we had done just what the enemy wanted us to do,—divided our army. The conditions were favorable for a change of position unknown to the enemy, since the night was dark and the next morn-



THE GRAND REVIEW AT FALMOUTH DURING PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S VISIT.— SEE PAGE 636.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

ing was foggy. But it would have been very difficult to make the movement. I was much worried in regard to the bridges over Hazel Run, and the dangers attending a flank movement at night in the face of the enemy. But the order to march never came. The orders that were given by Burnside showed that he hadn't a fixed plan of battle. After getting in the face of the enemy, his intentions seemed continually to be changing.

Early the next morning, Saturday the 13th, I received orders to make an assault in front. My orders came from General Sumner, who did not cross the river during the fight, owing to a special understanding with which I had nothing to do, and which related to his supposed rashness. At Fair Oaks and Antietam he had shown that he was a hard fighter. He was looked upon as a grand soldier, full of honor and gallantry, and a man of great determination too — there was no doubt about that.

As I have said, on that Saturday morning we were enveloped in a heavy fog. At 8:15 o'clock, when we were still holding ourselves in readiness to move to the left, I received the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS RIGHT GRAND DIVISION,
NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., December 12, 1862.

"MAJOR-GENERAL COUCH, Commanding Second Corps d'Armée.

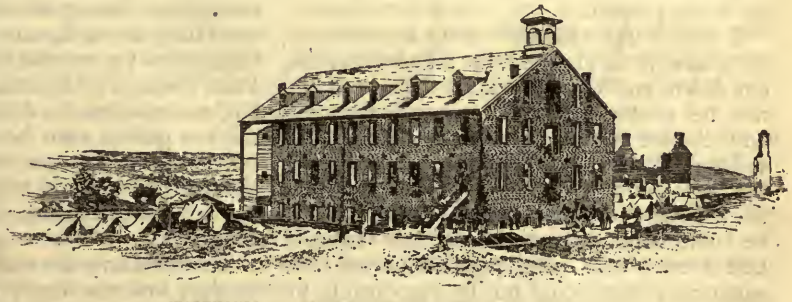
"GENERAL.: The major-general commanding directs me to say to you that General Willcox has been ordered to extend to the left, so as to connect with Franklin's right. You will extend your right so far as to prevent the possibility of the enemy occupying the upper part of the town. You will then form a column of a division for the purpose of pushing in the direction of the Plank and Telegraph roads, for the purpose of seizing the heights in rear of the town. This column will advance in three lines, with such intervals as you may judge proper, this movement to be covered by a heavy line of skirmishers in front and on both flanks. You will hold another division in readiness to advance in support of this movement, to be formed in the same manner as the leading division. Particular care and precaution must be taken to prevent collision with our own troops in the fog. The movement will not commence until you receive orders. The watchword will be, 'Scott!' Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

"J. H. TAYLOR,
"Chief of Staff and Assistant Adjutant-General."

"P. S. The major-general thinks that, as Howard's division led into the town, it is proper that one of the others take the advance."

General French was at once directed to prepare his division in three brigade lines for the advance, and General Hancock was to follow with his division in the same order. The distance between the successive brigade lines was to be about two hundred yards.

Toward ten o'clock the fog began to lift; French reported that he was ready, I signaled to Sumner, and about eleven o'clock the movement was ordered to begin. French threw out a strong body of skirmishers, and his brigades filed out of town as rapidly as possible by two parallel streets, the one on the right, which was Hanover street, running into the Telegraph road, and both leading direct to Marye's Hill, the stronghold of the enemy. On the outskirts of the town the troops encountered a ditch, or canal, so deep as to be almost impassable except at the street bridges, and, one of the latter being partly torn up, the troops had to cross single file on the stringers. Once across the canal, the troops deployed under the bank bordering the plain over which they were to charge. This plain was obstructed here and there by houses and fences, notably at a fork of the Telegraph road, in the narrow angle of which was a cluster of houses and gardens; and also on the parallel road just south of it, where stood a large square brick house. This cluster of houses and the brick house were the rallying-points for parts of our demolished lines of attack. The fork in the road and the brick house were less than one hundred and



WAREHOUSE IN FREDERICKSBURG USED AS A HOSPITAL.

fifty yards from the stone wall, which covered also as much more of the plain to the left of the brick house. A little in advance of the brick house a slight rise in the ground afforded protection to men lying down, against the musketry behind the stone wall, but not against the converging fire of the artillery on the heights. My headquarters were in the field on the edge of the town, overlooking the plain.

A few minutes after twelve French's division charged in the order of Kimball's, Andrews's, and Palmer's brigades, a part of Kimball's men getting into the cluster of houses in the fork of the road. Hancock followed them in the order of Zook's, Meagher's, and Caldwell's brigades, the two former getting

nearer to the stone wall than any who had gone before, except a few of Kimball's men, and nearer than any brigade which followed them.

Without a clear idea of the state of affairs at the front, since the smoke and light fog veiled everything, I sent word to French and Hancock to carry the enemy's works by storm. Then I climbed the steeple of the court-house, and from above the haze and smoke got a clear view of the field. Howard, who was with me, says I exclaimed, "Oh, great God, see how our men, our poor fellows, are falling!" I remember that the whole plain was covered with men, prostrate and falling, the live men running here and there, and in front closing upon each other, and the wounded coming back. The commands seemed to be mixed up. I had never before seen fighting like that, nothing approaching it in terrible uproar and destruction. There was no cheering on the part of the men, but a stubborn determination to obey orders and do their duty. I don't think there was much feeling of success. As they charged, the artillery fire would break their formation, and they would get mixed; then they would close up, go forward, receive the withering infantry fire, and those who were able would run to those houses and do all they could; and then the next brigade coming up in succession would do their duty and melt. It was like the snow coming down and melting on warm ground.

I was in the steeple hardly ten seconds, for I saw at a glance how they were being cut down, and was convinced that we could not be successful in front, and that our only chance lay by the right. I immediately ordered Howard to work in on the right with the brigades of Owen and Hall, and attack the men behind the stone wall in flank; before he could begin this movement both Hancock and French sent word that they must have support or they would not be responsible for the maintenance of their position. Sturgis, of Willcox's corps, who had been supporting my left, sent the brigades of Ferrero and Nagle to the fruitless charge.

About two o'clock General Hooker, who was in command of the Center Grand Division (Stoneman's and Butterfield's corps), came upon the field. At an earlier hour Whipple's division of Stoneman's corps had crossed the river and relieved Howard on the right, so that the latter might join in the attack in the center, and Griffin's division of Butterfield's corps had come over to the support of Sturgis. Humphreys and Sykes, of the latter corps, came to my support. Toward three o'clock I received the following dispatch:

"HEADQUARTERS RIGHT GRAND DIVISION, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, December 13, 1862 — 2:40 P. M.

"GENERAL COUCH: Hooker has been ordered to put in everything. You must hold on until he comes in. By command of Brevet Major-General Sumner:

"W. G. JONES, Lieutenant, Aide-de-Camp, etc."

Hooker was the ranking general, and as I understood that he was to take command of the whole fighting line, his very coming was to me like the breaking out of the sun in a storm. I rode back to meet him, told him what had been done, and said, "I can't carry that hill by a front assault; the only chance we have is to try to get in on the right." Hooker said, "I will talk with Hancock." He talked with Hancock, and after a few minutes said, "Well, Couch, things are in such a state I must go over and tell Burnside it is no use trying to carry this line here," — or words to that effect,— and then he went off. His going away left me again in command. Burnside was nearly two miles distant. It was not much after two o'clock when he went away, and it was about four when he returned.

He left word that Humphreys, whose division was ready to advance, should take his cue from me. Butterfield also gave Humphreys orders to that effect. After a lull in the battle General Caldwell, a brigade commander under Hancock, sent word to the latter that the enemy were retreating from Marye's house. It was probably only a shifting of the enemy's troops for the relief of the front line. But assuming that the report was true, I said, "General Humphreys, Hancock reports the enemy is falling back; now is the time for you to go in!" I don't believe he relished the duty before him, but, nevertheless, he fairly sprang to the work like the gallant hero he was, and led his two brigades, who charged over precisely the same ground, but who did not get quite so near to the stone wall as some of French's and Hancock's men.

The musketry fire was very heavy, and the artillery fire was simply terrible. I sent word several times to our artillery on the right of Falmouth that they were firing into us; that they were tearing our own men to pieces. I thought they had made a mistake in the range. But I learned later that the fire came from the guns of the enemy on their extreme left.

Soon after four o'clock, or about sunset, while Humphreys was at work, Getty's division of Willcox's corps was ordered to the charge on our left by the unfinished railroad. I could see them being dreadfully cut up, although they had not advanced as far as our men. I determined to send a battery upon the plain to shell the line that was doing them so much harm; so I ordered an aide to tell Colonel Morgan to send a battery across the canal and plant it near the brick house. Mor-

gan came to me and said: "General, a battery can't live there."

I replied, "Then it must die there!"

Hazard took his battery out in gallant style and opened fire on the enemy's lines to the left of the Marye house. Men never fought more gallantly, and he lost a great many men and horses. When Hooker came he ordered Frank's battery to join Hazard. But this last effort did not last long. In the midst of it I rode to the brick house, accompanied by Colonel Francis A. Walker, Lieutenant Cushing, and my orderly, Long. The smoke lay so thick that we could not see the enemy, and I think they could not see us, but we were aware of the fact that somebody in our front was doing a great deal of shooting. I found the brick house packed with men; and behind it the dead and alive were as thick as they could be crowded together. The dead were rolled out for shelter, and the dead horses were used for breastworks. I know I tried to shelter myself behind the brick house, but found I could not, on account of the men already there. The plain thereabouts was dotted with our fallen. I started to cross to the fork of the road where our men were holding the cluster of houses under Colonel John R. Brooke.

When it came dark the wounded were being brought off the plain, and Hooker was talking about relieving my men in front by putting in Sykes's division, and I said, "No! No men shall take the place of the Second Corps unless General Sumner gives the orders. It has fought and gained that ground and it shall hold it." Later the order came for Sykes to relieve the Second Corps, which was done about eleven o'clock.

That night was bitter cold and a fearful one for the front line hugging the hollows in the ground, and for the wounded who could not be reached. It was a night of dreadful suffering. Many died of wounds and exposure, and as fast as men died they stiffened in the wintry air, and on the front line were rolled forward for protection to the living. Frozen men were placed for dumb sentries.

Again my corps bivouacked in the town, and were not allowed fires lest they should draw the fire of the enemy's artillery.

At two o'clock in the morning Burnside came to my headquarters near the center of the town. I was lying down at the time. He asked me to tell him about the battle, and we talked for about an hour. I told him everything that had occurred. "And now," I said, "General Burnside, you must know that everything that could be done by troops was done by the Second Corps." He said, "Couch, I know that; I am perfectly satisfied that you did your best." He gave no intimation of his plans for the next day. He was friendly in his tone and he did not seem greatly oppressed, but it was plain that he felt he had led us to a great disaster. I never felt so badly for a man in my life.*

The next day, Sunday the 14th, our men began digging trenches along the edge of the town. We were on the alert, for there was some fear of an assault. Of course there is no need of denying that after the battle the men became strained. The pressure of a fight carries you through, but after it is all over and you have been whipped, you do not feel very pugnacious. The men, knowing that they had been unsuccessful, were in a nervous state, and officers suffered also from the reaction, the worst of it being that the mass of the army had lost confidence in its commander.

About midday of the 14th Burnside called a council of war, in which it was decided to fall back, but to hold Fredericksburg. No attack was made by us that day, though Burnside had said that he should renew the assault on Marye's Hill, with his old Ninth Corps, and that he would place himself at its head. General Getty of that corps, a very gallant officer, touched me as I passed him and said: "I understand that Burnside has given out that he intends to lead seventeen regiments to the attack." He urged me strongly to dissuade him if possible, as it would be a perfect slaughter of men.

At the council Hooker expressed himself as against the movement of retreat, saying, "We must fight those people. We are over there and we must fight them." But, as I remember, he did not advocate the plan of holding Fredericksburg if we were not to renew the fight. I urged that the army was not in a condition, after our repulse, to renew the assault, but that we ought to hold Fredericksburg at all hazards. I had an argument

* LOSSES AT FREDERICKSBURG, DEC. 11 TO 15, 1862.

UNION ARMY.	*Killed.*	*Wounded.*	*Captured or Missing.*	*Total.*
Right Grand Division (Sumner)	523	4281	640	5444
Center Grand Division (Hooker)	352	2501	502	3355
Left Grand Division (Franklin)	401	2761	625	3787
Engineers	8	49	2	59
Artillery Reserve		8		8
Aggregate	1284	9600	1769	12,653
CONFEDERATE ARMY.				
First Army Corps (Longstreet)	251	1516	127	1894
Second Army Corps (Jackson)	344	2545	526	3415
Stuart's Cavalry		13		13
Aggregate	595	4074	653	5322

According to the reports published in Vol. XXI. of the "Official Records."— EDITOR.

with General Burnside upon that point, telling him that I was willing to have him throw all the responsibility upon me; that if we held the town we should have a little something to show for the sacrifice of the day before; that the people would feel we had not failed utterly. It was agreed that Fredericksburg should be held. Then Burnside dismissed us and sent Hooker and myself to Fredericksburg to arrange for the defense. We had a council at the corner of Hanover street.

It was decided that Hooker's troops should hold the town. The question was how many men would he leave for that purpose, opinions varying from ten to eighteen thousand. My limit was ten thousand men. General Tyler turned to me and said: "Make it higher, General." We compromised on twelve thousand. We remained in the town on the 15th, and that evening my corps and the Ninth Corps recrossed the river. Next morning we found that Fredericksburg had been evacuated. When Willcox and I left, we thought, of course, it would be held. The talk was that during the night Hooker prevailed upon Burnside to evacuate the town.

Our wing of the army thought the failure of the campaign was due in part to the fact that we were put in where we ought not to have been. We were asked to conquer an impossibility. We had something to do which it was not possible for us to do. After the battle Burnside tried to regain the confidence of the army, and there is no doubt that Sumner did a good deal to help him. Burnside conceived the plan of crossing the Rappahannock a few miles above Fredericksburg, where the enemy were unprepared to receive us. The result was the "mud march" (January 20th–21st). It was Burnside's effort to redeem himself. To start off in the mud as we did with the army in its discouraged state was perfect folly. There did not seem to be anything in the move to recommend itself. If the weather had happened to turn hard, possibly he might have surprised Lee and gotten across the river, above Fredericksburg, but it was a hazardous move, with the army out of confidence with its commander and the enemy elated with brilliant success. The general demoralization that had come upon us made two or three months of rest a necessity.*

When Hooker, on January 25th, was placed in command of the army, many of us were very much surprised; I think the superior officers did not regard him competent for the task. He had fine qualities as an officer, but not the weight of character to take charge of that army. Nevertheless, under his administration the army assumed wonderful vigor. I have never known men to change from a condition of the lowest depression to that of a healthy fighting state in so short a time. President Lincoln with his wife came down to spend a few days with General Hooker, and to see the different officers and talk with them. To further that, General Hooker gave a dinner party at which all the corps commanders were present, and also Mrs. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln would talk to the officers on the subject that was uppermost in our minds—how we were to get the better of the enemy on the opposite hills. Before he went away he sent for Hooker and for me, I being second in command, and almost his last injunction was: "Gentlemen, in your next battle *put in all your men*." Yet that is exactly what we did not do at Chancellorsville.

We had a grand review of the army in honor of the President. The Second Corps paraded, I think, with Howard's Eleventh Corps, for after I had saluted at the head of my corps I rode to the side of the President, who was on horseback, and while near him General Schurz approached at the head of his division. I said: "Mr. Lincoln, that is General Schurz," pronouncing it *Shurs*, after the American fashion. Mr. Lincoln turned to me and said: "Not *Shurs*, General Couch, but *Schoortz*." But he did it very pleasantly, and I was just a little surprised that our Western President should have the advantage of me. It was a beautiful day, and the review was a stirring sight. Mr. Lincoln, sitting there with his hat off, head bent, and seemingly meditating, suddenly turned to me and said: "General Couch, what do you suppose will become of all these men when the war is over?" And it struck me as very pleasant that somebody had an idea that the war would sometime end.

Darius N. Couch.

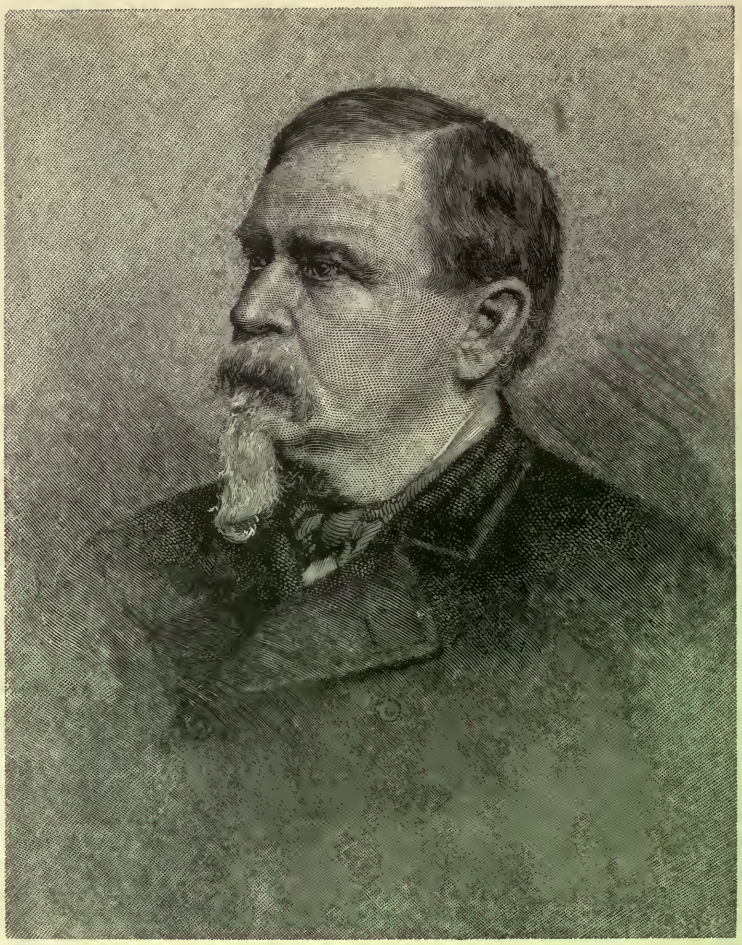
* In the course of a correspondence between Generals Franklin and Halleck, relating to their several controversies with General Burnside, General Franklin wrote to Halleck, under date of June 1, 1863: "I was of your opinion with regard to the honesty and integrity of purpose of General Burnside, until after his relief from the command of the Army of the Potomac. I lost all confidence in his ability at the first Fredericksburg battle. There was not a man in my command who did not believe that everything he would undertake would fail, and General Hooker informed me that that was the general feeling in his command. General Sumner's feelings were not so decided, but they were nearly so. You can imagine that the beds of the Grand Division commanders were not of roses, and I came to the conclusion that Burnside was fast losing his mind. So I looked upon the rain which stopped his second attempt to cross the river [the 'mud march'] as almost a providential interference in our behalf."—EDITOR.

CHARGING ACROSS THE RAILROAD.

FRANKLIN'S "LEFT GRAND DIVISION."

WHEN General Burnside assumed the command of the Army of the Potomac on the 9th of November, 1862, he gave up the immense strategic advantage which McClellan had gained, and led the army to Falmouth on the Rappahannock River, opposite the city of Fredericksburg. A few days after his arrival on the Rappahannock he called a council of war. It was a conference rather than a council, for he stated that he called the generals together to make known something of his plans, and not to put any question before them for decision. The grand division commanders, Sumner, Franklin, and Hooker, were present, and also, I think, the corps commanders. I was present as commander of the Sixth Army Corps. The entire army was massed within a few miles of Falmouth, and the first object was to cross the river in our front, and gain a fair field for a battle. From the same ground Hooker afterwards marched north-west, and by a series of fine movements placed himself in a position to offer battle at Chancellorsville on at least equal terms. The outcome of Hooker's campaign belied its beginning, but it led to the battle

RUINS OF MANSFIELD, ALSO KNOWN AS THE "BERNARD HOUSE". (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)



W B Franklin

(FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH, BY DE LAMATER.)

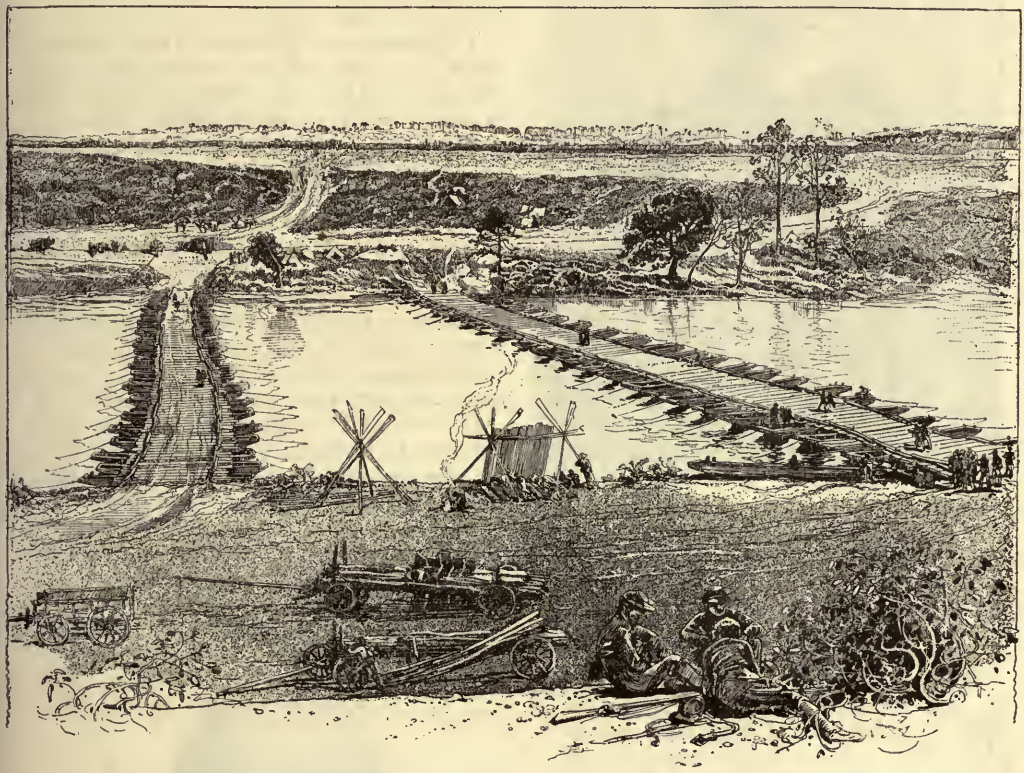
of Gettysburg, which more than compensated in results for the previous failure.*

General Burnside opened the conference by stating that within a few days he proposed to cross the river to offer battle to General Lee, and that after a close study of the reports of his engineers he had chosen Skinker's Neck as the point of crossing. Skinker's Neck is a shoe-shaped bend in the Rappahannock River, about twelve miles below Fredericksburg, which offered all the necessary military features for forcing a crossing, but which, like Butler's famous "bottle" at Bermuda Hundred, also presented great facilities for preventing the egress of an army which had effected an entrance on its peninsula. After developing to a limited extent his plans, the general said that any one present was at liberty to express his views on the subject. General Sumner, if I recollect aright, remarked only that he would do his utmost to carry out the plans of the commanding general. General Franklin said that we could doubtless effect a crossing at the designated place; he assumed

* When General Burnside determined to occupy Fredericksburg it was not held by a large force of the enemy. A body of cavalry, sent from Warrenton, could have seized the place without serious opposition, and have held it until the advance of the infantry came up. In the preliminary discussion of the move from Warrenton to Fredericksburg, the notion that a serious battle was necessary to enable the army to get into Fredericksburg was not entertained by any one. General Sumner, whose grand division had the advance, reported that when he arrived at Falmouth he could even then have occupied Fredericksburg without opposition, had his orders justified him in crossing the river.—W. B. FRANKLIN.

that the movements, after crossing, had been carefully studied, and he stood ready to execute any orders he might receive. General Hooker then said, in substance, that it was preposterous to talk about our crossing the river in the face of Lee's army; that he would like to be in command of fifty thousand men on the other side of the river, and have an other, but when your army is across your troubles will begin," calling his attention at the same time to the range of hills on the other side, a mile or more back from the river.

"Oh!" said Burnside, "I know where Lee's forces are, and I expect to surprise him. I expect to cross and occupy the hills before Lee can bring anything serious to meet me."



THE PONTOON BRIDGES AT FRANKLIN'S CROSSING. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)
The hills occupied by Stonewall Jackson's command are seen in the distance.

enemy make the attempt. I then stated that I would guarantee the crossing of the river if my command had the advance. General Burnside closed the conference by stating that his mind was made up; that we must prepare our commands for the work before them; and that we should receive the proper orders in due time.

Three or four days after that I was at Burnside's headquarters, and he invited me to take a ride with him. Riding along on the hills near the river, he pointed out some fine positions for artillery, and said: "My reserve artillery has as yet had no chance to show its value, and I am going to make the crossing here and below, under cover of the guns of the reserve artillery."

To this I replied, "You can cross here without great difficulty, for this bank dominates the

I then said, "If you are sure of that, there is no more to be said on the subject."

On parting, General Burnside said, "I wish you to say nothing to any one about my change of plan. I will make it known at the proper time."

Though General Franklin and myself were on the most intimate terms, and occupied the same tent, I gave him no hint of the change. Two or three days before the movement General Franklin was notified of the point selected for his crossing, and I then told him the story of the change of plan.

He merely said, "Your command is the strongest, and you must take the advance."

As I remember, it was on the afternoon of the 10th of December that General Franklin received an order to have the head of his command at a designated point on the river,

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE D. BAYARD, KILLED AT FRANKLIN'S HEADQUARTERS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

about one and a half miles below Fredericksburg, and since known as Franklin's crossing, at daylight on the morning of the 11th, where he would at once begin crossing by bridges which would be found ready.

On the morning of the 11th of December, at five o'clock, the First Corps, under Major-General John F. Reynolds, marched to take position at the bridges, and cover the crossing of the Sixth Corps over the Rappahannock. A brigade of the corps had moved at two o'clock A. M., to protect the engineer troops while throwing the bridges, which were expected to be finished by daylight. The work was for a while suspended on account of the fire of sharp-shooters, covered by some fishing-huts and a thicket on the opposite shore. A couple of batteries placed on the bank opened with canister and shell, and caused the enemy to disappear, and work was resumed. When the head of the Sixth Corps reached the bank at 7:30 A. M., only three or four pontoons of each bridge had been placed in position, and the bridges were not completed till about one P. M. It was not until about four P. M. that I received orders to begin the crossing.

General Devens's brigade held the post of honor and began the movement, using both bridges. One of the commanders of the leading regiments, more patriotic than wise, had placed his band at the head of the column, and it was ordered to begin playing as it reached the bridge. This threw the men on the bridges into "step," and for some minutes it looked as though both bridges must go down. Fortunately, through the reckless riding of a "Wild Irishman" on the staff, an order reached the colonel, and the music was stopped before any harm was done.

The troops were being rapidly thrown across, when an order came to recross all but one brigade. This was done and General Devens's brigade was left to keep the bridge-head. The cause of this was that the upper bridges opposite the town intended for the use of the right wing had not yet been finished. Sharp-shooters in the brick houses near the river had interfered with the work, and the heavy guns of the reserve artillery could not make the same impression on masonry walls that our field batteries had produced on thicket and hut. Some volunteers finally crossed the river to Fredericksburg in boats and cleared the other bank, and the bridge was rapidly laid.

Of course all chance of effecting a surprise was now over, and if we persisted in crossing we must fight for the hills south of the river. There was, however, a very fine opportunity for turning what had been done into a feint, and crossing the main army elsewhere. But this was not done, and early on the morning of the 12th the Sixth Corps recommenced the passage of the river, marched to the front about

BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. FEGER JACKSON, KILLED IN MEADE'S ATTACK UPON A. P. HILL'S DIVISION. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

a mile, and formed line of battle. Its right was thrown across Deep Run, which, between the Sixth Corps and the river, was an impassable stream, separating us, until bridged, from the right wing of the army. In the right front was an open field, traversed by Deep Run from left to right, bounded by the hills and narrowing as it approached a gorge a mile or more away. In front of the left and right at a distance of perhaps half a mile was the ridge of hills occupied by the enemy.

The First Corps, under Major-General John F. Reynolds, followed the Sixth, and, forming on its left, curved back across the Richmond road and rested its left on the Rappahannock river. In its right front was the range of hills at a short distance, but which broke away, leaving an open space on the left between it and the river. Here were two corps with an impassable stream on their right, a formidable range of hills occupied by the enemy covering almost their entire front, and at their back a river with two frail bridges connecting its shores. It takes soldiers who do not believe that war is an art to be perfectly at their ease under such circumstances.

General Franklin, General Reynolds, and myself were on the most intimate social and official terms. We always discussed questions of general interest to the command, and after General Reynolds had placed his corps in position we met and looked over the situation as it then appeared to us. We unanimously agreed that there was but one thing to do, and that was to put the forty thousand men of the Left Grand Division into columns of assault on the right and left of the Richmond road, carry the ridge, and turn Lee's right flank at any cost. To do this the Sixth Corps must be relieved from its position in line, where it was covering the bridge. This could only be done after dark, but as it would take some time to get the columns formed, and as it was necessary that the men should get some rest before morning, the work of preparation must begin directly after dusk. In coming to this conclusion we had considered the fact that Lee being on the exterior had longer lines than those of our army, and that therefore he could not have force enough on his right to resist an assault by forty thousand men, and that the demonstration made on his left would prevent the withdrawal of any of his force from that flank Besides this we had in front of Reynolds open country of sufficient width to turn the hills which terminated to the right of the Richmond road.

About five P. M. General Burnside came to the left wing, and after he had taken a hurried gallop along the lines, General Franklin asked him to go to his tent, and there gave him the above-described plan as the only one that in our judgment offered a fair hope of success. When General Burnside left us we were all of the opinion that he agreed with us, and the last request, urgently pressed upon him, was that he should at once give the order for Birney's and Sickles's divisions of the Third Corps (Hooker's Center Grand Division) to cross the bridge and be ready to begin to relieve the Sixth Corps in the lines at dusk. Under the supposition that the orders asked for would soon be received, General Franklin gave General Reynolds and myself orders to do all the preliminary work possible; which being done, we returned to General Franklin's headquarters to await the arrival of the messenger from General Burnside. As the precious time passed by we fell to discussing the condition of affairs. Burnside had proposed to effect a surprise, and now before Lee could be attacked he would have had forty-eight hours for concentration against us and for fortifying his positions on the hills. Burnside had persisted in crossing the river after all hope of a surprise had faded away, and now we must fight our way out under great disadvantages. Had Burnside been forced into a move by the Administration? Under the circumstances would he make a desperate fight or only one to keep up appearances? Whatever was in store for us the Left Grand Division was a unit in sentiment; the men were brave and well disciplined, and we felt sure that with our forty thousand men we could force back Lee's right flank and get a better position for a general battle, if one were then necessary. Would Burnside adopt our plan, and if so, why this delay which was costing us so much valuable time? We had all known Burnside socially, long and intimately, but in his new position of grave responsibility he was to us entirely unknown.

The weary hours of that long winter night wore away in this profitless manner until about three o'clock, when General Reynolds said: "I know I have hard work ahead of me and I must get some sleep. Send for me if I am wanted." General Franklin then sent an aide to headquarters, who returned with the answer that the orders would "come presently."

The order came, I think, at 7:45 A. M., to "keep your whole command in position for a rapid movement down the old Richmond road." Two-thirds of the command (the Sixth Corps) was so placed that it could not move, without danger of losing the bridges, until relieved by other troops or Lee's right wing should be in full retreat. "And you will send out at once a division, at least, to pass below Smithfield"—a hamlet occupied by Reynolds on the previous evening—

"to seize if possible the heights near Captain Hamilton's on this side of the Massaponax, taking care to keep it well supported and its *line of retreat open*."

The peculiar wording of the order is positive evidence that when it was penned Burnside's mind was still filled with the fallacy of effecting a surprise. The order recites that the divisions to be sent out by Sumner and Franklin were to *seize*, or attempt to seize, certain heights. The military man is habituated to use the word seize when an unguarded position is to be occupied, or a point in the lines of the enemy left weak through ignorance or neglect is to be taken by a sudden rush. Both of these operations are in the nature of a military surprise. When an advantage is to be gained by hard fighting or the weight of a mass of troops, the word *carry* is instinctively used. In corroboration of this proposition, I will state that in the third interview I had with Burnside, after the battle, he said, "I should have ordered Franklin to carry the heights at Captain Hamilton's at all hazards." *

The Sixth Corps had two divisions in line and one in reserve. It remained on the defensive during the day, and owing to the exposed position suffered severely from artillery fire, while the enemy in its front were well covered by woods and rifle-pits.

In obedience to his orders Reynolds moved to the attack at 8:30 A. M., with his center division under Meade, which was to be supported by the division of Gibbon on the right, and next to the Sixth Corps. The third division, under Doubleday, was in reserve and guarding Meade's left.† Meade crossed the ravine in his front, and directed his course towards a point of woods coming down from the heights. The artillery on the crest was silenced by three batteries, and Meade pushed on, supported on his right by Gibbon, and carried, after severe fighting, the crest, capturing flags and prisoners. In the dense woods on the height, the connection with Gibbon was lost, and Meade, after a stubborn contest, was finally driven back, Gibbon yet holding his ground. Two regiments from the Third Corps arriving were sent to Gibbon's left, but were soon overpowered, and they with Gibbon forced back. The enemy made a strong show of following up their success, but the arrival of two fresh brigades from the Third Corps checked them and drove them back to their sheltered positions. Gibbon's division, after its retreat, was relieved by Sickles's division of the Third Corps. Newton's division, the reserve of the Sixth Corps, arrived late in the afternoon and took position on the left, but was not engaged. The enemy's batteries on their extreme right, having a reverse fire upon Meade, when he advanced up the crest, had maintained their position throughout the battle, as owing to the foggy character of the day our artillery on the left bank of the Rappahannock was obliged to fire somewhat at random. The same reason prevented the fire of the enemy's batteries from being very well directed. The contest ended at nightfall, our troops having made no material permanent advance.

The military reader will see that had Meade and Gibbon had behind them when they carried the enemy's lines the twenty-five thousand men of the Sixth Corps in place of two regiments of the Third Corps, the probabilities would all have been in favor of a success.

When night fell there were no longer forty thousand men in the Left Grand Division, and we had gained no important advance. After Meade's division had been withdrawn from the front he came to General Franklin's headquarters, and on being asked some question about the fight said, "I found it quite hot enough for me," taking off his slouched hat and showing two bullet-holes between which and the top of his head there must have been little space.

During one of the rather feeble attacks made on the lines of the Sixth Corps, when Brooks took some prisoners, Meade, who was at headquarters, was expressing great un-

* Just as General Burnside was leaving, shortly after nightfall, I asked to be permitted to order General Stoneman's corps (the Third) to cross at once. He declined to give the permission, but assured me I would have the orders before midnight. Had the permission been granted, the First and Sixth Corps would have been in position for the attack by daylight, the Third Corps taking the place of the Sixth, which would have attacked with the First Corps. Had the necessary orders been received, even by midnight, the movements would have been made under cover of the darkness, and the whole night after midnight would have been required to make them. It seems that General Burnside went to bed as soon as he arrived at his headquarters, and did not write the orders until the next morning. None of my urgent messages sent to him during the night were delivered to him, although their receipt at headquarters was acknowledged.

It will be seen that the order sent by General Burnside under which the attack was made is entirely different from that for an attack by forty thousand men, which I had a right to expect from what took place at our interview of the previous evening. And its receipt at 7:45 in the morning [it was dated 5:55 A.M.], instead of midnight, was unaccountable, except under the supposition that General Burnside, for some reason that was unknown to us on the left, disapproved of the plan to which we thought he had assented, or that no serious attack was to be made from the left. — W. B. FRANKLIN.

† It came into action shortly after Meade's advance, to repel a threatened attack from a large force of cavalry which developed between our left and the Massaponax Creek. — W. B. FRANKLIN.

easiness lest the enemy should break through and capture the bridges. General Franklin quieted him by saying that the Sixth Corps could not be driven from its position.

Mansfield, as the Bernard house was called, was a large, square, two-story mansion, of stone, that looked down on the Rappahannock river close beneath it, and was approached by an imposing drive, while behind was an open grove of magnificent trees; and in this grove was the headquarters of General Franklin. The house was evidently one of Virginia's ancestral homes, and had been in former days the center of generous hospitality. Though under artillery fire, it was used as a temporary hospital, and in it the brave Bayard died. The grove was filled with saddled horses, not for the use of fair ladies and gay cavaliers, as in the olden time, but for staff-officers and orderlies to carry orders into the fight and bring back reports from the field. The testy owner, who remained about the house during the early part of the day, and whose word had been law for so many years to all the country side, did not realize, when he demanded the immediate evacuation of his premises, that he spoke to a man who commanded forty thousand armed men, and one who on that day had little regard for proprietary rights, and did not stand much in awe of a Virginia magnate or constable.*

During this day, as in all days of battle, many sad and many humorous incidents occurred. Many of the shots fired too high for the line of battle went hurtling through the headquarters of General Franklin in the open grove of large trees. General Bayard, much endeared to us by his social qualities and his rare merits as a cavalry leader, was mortally wounded by a round shot through the thigh within ten feet of General Franklin. General Bayard and his friend Captain H. G. Gibson, commanding a battery of flying artillery, were just rising from the ground to go to luncheon when the shot came. It cut off Captain Gibson's sword-belt without injury to him, and passing on struck General Bayard. Many generals could have been better spared from the service.

A few days before the battle there had come to the Sixth Corps the first importation of bounty men. They had been placed in the front to save the veterans for heavy work, and as their wounded men were carried back through the ranks of the old soldiers, the latter would cry out, "Take good care of those men; they have cost the Government a great deal of money." The bounty men were at first a by-word and a cause of irritation to the real volunteers. Later in the afternoon, hearing some heavy musketry firing in my front, I went to ascertain the cause, and while riding along behind a regiment lying with their faces to the ground, a round shot struck the knapsack of a soldier, and, cutting it open, sent a cloud of underclothes into the air, and high above them floated a scattered pack of cards. The soldier, who was unhurt, hearing the shouts of laughter from his comrades, turned over to see what was the matter, and when he saw the mishap which had befallen him made a feeble effort to join in the laugh.

On the morning of December 14th a council of war of the grand division commanders was ordered, and General Burnside announced his intention of leading the Ninth Corps (his old command) in an assault against the works which the Second Corps, led by such men as Couch and Hancock, had failed to carry. For some reason the project was abandoned. During the next two days the Left Grand Division remained in position, with no disturbance except that produced by an angry skirmish line with an occasional artillery engagement.

On Monday afternoon (the 15th) I received an order from General Franklin, then detained at headquarters, to withdraw the Left Grand Division after dark to the left bank of the river, and what remained of the forty thousand men of that command recrossed during the night without loss and without molestation from the enemy.

After the battle I had four interviews with Burnside. The first was on Sunday, the 14th of December. I found him alone in his tent walking up and down, apparently in great distress of mind, and turning to me he said, "Oh! those men! oh! those men!" I asked what he meant, and he said, "Those men over there!" pointing across the river where so many thousands lay dead and wounded, "I am thinking of them all the time."

I made some remark about the fate of soldiers and changed the subject. Burnside also said that he did not lead the Ninth Corps to the charge as he had said he would, because the generals on the right made such statements with reference to the demoralization of their commands that he feared to make the attempt. I told him that I would lead the Sixth Corps against the enemy and that we were not demoralized. After we had re-

* When I first arrived at the Bernard house I found Mr. Bernard holding a very lively interview with General John F. Reynolds. It seemed that Mr. Bernard protested against the use of his house and grounds by the troops because they would spoil them, and insisted upon staying at the house to protect it. General Reynolds on such occasions was a man of few words, and I presently saw Mr. Bernard hurrying towards the pontoon bridges between two Yankee soldiers, and he was not seen again in that vicinity. — W. B. FRANKLIN.

crossed the river I saw him again, when he told me that he had it in his mind to relieve Sumner from command, place Hooker in arrest, and Franklin in command of the army.

In the third interview General Reynolds was with me, and in that he said that the men on the left did not fight well enough. To this we replied that the list of killed and wounded proved the contrary. He then said, "I did not mean that; I meant there were not muskets enough fired," adding, "I made a mistake in my order to Franklin; I should have directed him to carry the hill at Hamilton's at all hazards."

At the fourth interview he stated that the mistake was that Franklin did not get the order early enough; that he had started it at four o'clock in the morning, but that General Hardie, to whom the order was committed, had stopped an hour and a half in camp to get breakfast. I then told him that we should have had the order before midnight in order to form such a column of attack as we had proposed.

For a few days General Burnside was dazed by the defeat and grief-stricken at the loss of life; but he soon recovered, and planned and attempted to carry out his harmless "Mud Campaign," his last, at the head of the Army of the Potomac.

William Farrar Smith.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Why Burnside did not Renew the Attack at Fredericksburg.

NOVEMBER 22d the whole Union army had reached Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, and General Lee, who had proved upon more than one occasion his watchfulness and enterprise, took means to insure the arrival, about the same time, of the Army of Northern Virginia on the heights in the immediate rear of Fredericksburg.

Without the slightest delay the enemy's line of defense was marked out, nor did their labors cease until their defensive lines were made formidable, and completed by the mounting of a large number of guns. In the mean time the Army of the Potomac had drawn its abundant supply of daily rations, subjected itself to some drilling and several reviews, and its commander had carried on an animated correspondence with the powers at Washington, chiefly in relation to pontoons which had been promised, but failed to reach Falmouth until long after the arrival of both armies at the points they then occupied. Some time during the first week in December the much-looked-for pontoon train appeared, and then came the oft repeated camp rumor of a "movement over the river," which in a few days assumed a more definite form, the actual plan of attack becoming the topic of many a camp gossip. It was freely stated that the whole army was to cross the river about such a time, and that the chief attack was to be made by General Sumner's Right Grand Division upon the enemy's center immediately back of Fredericksburg, where the hills were the steepest and the fortifications the strongest. There were a few officers in the Army of the Potomac who had watched the gradual growth of the enemy's lines, and knew something of the natural formations in that direction,—a succession of steep hills which in themselves were almost as potent for defensive purposes as the average artificial fortifications. I, for one, had been over that ground several times the August before while engaged in ascertaining the best line for a grand guard for the protection of the roads leading from the back country into Fredericksburg. The three or four officers who were possessed of this knowledge expressed themselves very strongly in opposition to the plan of attack as foreshadowed by the gossips of the camp, and the news of these adverse opinions having come to General Burnside, he sent a circular to the general officers of the Right Grand Division and colonels commanding brigades to meet him at the Phillips house the evening of December 9th. At the time appointed the large room of that mansion was filled with general officers, with here and there a colonel and a few grand division staff-officers. General Burnside made a speech in which he partially disclosed and explained his plan for the coming battle. It was received without any particular criticism or comment, but General French, who was very enthusiastic, said the battle would be won in forty-eight hours, and called for three cheers for the commander, which were given.

The meeting ended, Colonel J. H. Taylor, assistant-adjutant-general of the Right Grand Division, and myself were standing together in the hall of the house; General Burnside came along and said to me, "What do you think of it?" I answered, "If you make the attack as contemplated it will be the greatest slaughter of the war; there isn't infantry enough in our whole army to carry those heights if they are well defended." He then turned to Colonel Taylor and said, "Colonel, what do you say about it?" The response came quickly and was sufficiently definite: "I quite agree with Colonel Hawkins. The carrying out of your plan will be murder, not warfare." The commanding general was very much surprised and irritated at these answers, and made a remark about my readiness to throw cold water upon his "plans"; he repeated the assertion of General French about victory within forty-eight hours, and passed on.

The meeting dispersed, the officers who had composed it going to their respective commands and giving their final orders for the movement of the following day. Besides attending to the details of moving my command on the morrow I found time to write three letters—one to my mother, another to my wife, and a third to Charles P. Kirkland of the city of New York. In each of these defeat was distinctly and without qualification predicted. The first letter in the order

mentioned has been preserved, and from it the following quotations are given:

"CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., December 10, 1862.
"DEAR MOTHER—. . . . To-morrow, if our present plans are carried out, the great battle of the war will commence. . . . I have little hope of the plans succeeding. I do not think them good,—there will be a great loss of life and nothing accomplished. I am sure we are to fight against all chances of success. There is a rumor and a hope that Banks may have landed on the James River; if so a large part of the enemy's force will be diverted from this point, but if they have a force anywhere near our own in number we are pretty certain to get whipped."

The letter to Judge Kirkland was much stronger and more explicit, and evoked an answer from which one paragraph is quoted:

"NEW YORK, December 18, 1862.
"How wonderfully *prophetic* is your letter, written on the 10th of December. It *foretells* exactly the awful disaster and reverse that our cause has met with. How is it possible, if you thus knew all this, that those *having control* were ignorant of it? This whole transaction seems now almost incredible. To think of the thousands of splendid, brave, patriotic fellows absolutely butchered without the least beneficial result: on the contrary, with a result disgraceful and disheartening to us, but I fervently trust a result from which we can recover."

This matter of the letters is here referred to, not in a spirit of pride, but simply to show a want of knowledge, judgment, and foresight on the part of those high in command.

We now pass over the bombardment of December 11th, the many disastrous attempts to lay the pontoons in front of Fredericksburg, and come to three o'clock of that day, when volunteers were called for to cross the river in open boats for the purpose of dislodging the enemy from the opposite bank. For this service the Seventh Michigan, Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts of General Howard's division, and the Eighty-ninth New York of my brigade answered the call. The first three regiments crossed under fire where the first bridge was afterwards laid, and the fourth under sharper fire where the second was completed. By nine o'clock that night the division of General Howard and my brigade had obtained possession of the town, the former taking the right of the line and the latter the left. The whole of the 12th of December into the night was occupied in crossing the army, and the morning of the 13th the battle was begun and continued at intervals until darkness set in. During a considerable portion of that day, while the attacks upon the enemy's center, known as "Marye's Heights," were being made, General George W. Getty, my division commander, and myself were on the roof of the Slaughter house, a high residence at the lower end of the city, named after its owner. From this prominent position our repeated repulses and the terrible slaughter of the Union troops had been witnessed. At about half-past three o'clock the order came for General Getty's Third Division of the Ninth Corps to make an attack upon that part of the enemy's line to the left of where the principal attack had been. The order was obeyed, but not until after I had tried to induce General Getty to protest against its obedience and the further useless waste of life. The attack of our division closed a battle which was one of the most disastrous defeats to the Union forces during the war. The sadness which prevailed throughout the whole army on that night can neither be described nor imagined. The surgeons were the happiest of all, for they were so busy that they had no time to think of our terrible defeat.

About nine o'clock that evening I found myself near a building situated upon the main street of the town, where several of the generals of the Right Grand Division had assembled for the purpose of discussing the attack to be made the next morning. When I entered the room the officers were looking at a map upon a table, showing the position of the enemy. There were present Generals Willcox, Humphreys, Getty, Butterfield, and three or four others. They were seriously discussing the renewal of the attack of the morrow as though it had been decided upon. I listened until I was thoroughly irritated because of the ignorance displayed, and then uttered a solemn, earnest, and emphatic protest against even the consideration of another attack. With a pencil I made a rough drawing of the first line then occupied by the enemy, and also showed a second position a little to the rear of their first, to which they could fall back and make a strong stand in the event of their being driven out of their first line. It did not take long to convince these officers that another attack would probably end more disastrously than the first, and they united in a request that I should immediately proceed to the Phillips house, and try to persuade General Burnside that the attack ought not to be renewed.

It was a cheerless ride through the wet, cold, and deep mud of the army-traveled road that dark night, for I was a subordinate officer, weary from much care, watching and loss of sleep, bent upon an ungrateful errand to an officer commanding one of the largest armies of modern times. But a solemn sense of duty, and a humane desire to save further useless slaughter, convinced me that any sacrifice of self ought to be made in the interest of the brave men who were fighting our battles.

I arrived at the Phillips house about eleven o'clock to learn that I had probably passed on the road General Burnside, who had gone to perfect the details for a second attack. Those present at the Phillips house were Generals Sumner, Hooker, Franklin, Hardie, and Colonel Taylor. I made a brief statement and explanation of the object of my mission, which deeply interested all present. They united in a desire that I should wait until the arrival of General Burnside, which occurred about one o'clock. As he came through the door he said: "Well, it's all arranged; we attack at early dawn, the Ninth Corps in the center, which I shall lead in person"; and then seeing me he said: "Hawkins, your brigade shall lead with the Ninth New York on the right of the line, and we'll make up for the bad work of to-day."

When he had ceased there was perfect silence, and he was evidently astonished that no one approved. With hesitation and great delicacy General Sumner then stated the object of my visit, and suggested that General Burnside should examine the rough drawing then upon the table, and listen to some reasons why the attack contemplated ought not to be made. After I had explained the enemy's positions, had called attention to several pertinent circumstances, and had made something of an argument, General Burnside

asked General Sumner what he thought, and he replied that the troops had undergone such great fatigue and privation, and met with such a disaster, that it would not be prudent to make another attack so soon. General Hooker, who was lying full length upon a bed in one corner of the room, upon being appealed to by General Burnside, sat up and said in the most frank and decided manner that no attack ought to be made in the morning. Then a general consultation took place, in which all who were present joined, the result of which was a verbal order, transmitted through me, countermanding the order for the second attack.

Of those present at the first interview, on the Fredericksburg side, Generals Getty, Willcox, Butterfield, and probably several others not now remembered, still survive. The only survivors of the Phillips house interview are General Franklin and myself. To show the importance that General Franklin attached to the second interview, let me quote a paragraph from a letter from him to me, dated Hartford, Conn., December 17, 1866, in which he says :

". . . I distinctly recollect your talk to Burnside, to which you refer, and had he been so talked to before he crossed the river, many lives would have been saved, as well as much credit to himself and reputation to the gallant Army of the Potomac."

Rush C. Hawkins.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Falsehood of Extremes.

IN the fight now going on between capital and labor, the worst elements on both sides are pretty nearly agreed in their fundamental principles. The conscienceless capitalist and the demagogue laborer seem to be far apart in their aims, but in their ruling ideas they are quite in harmony. Each believes in the employment of force to achieve his purposes; they differ only in the way in which the force is employed. The one organizes workingmen into companies, and arms them with brickbats to raise the price of labor; the other gets possession of legislatures and courts, and thus calls into action the power of the State, with its police and its militia, to validate and invalidate contracts, to make and unmake properties.

In their philosophy, as well as in their methods, the extremists on both sides are substantially at one. The maxim that the end justifies the means is continually appealed to as the warrant for their worst offenses. When we denounce the monopolies by which competition is crippled and killed, we are pointed to the beneficent results of these monopolies. Is not coal cheap to-day in the New York market? Is not the price of oil lower than ever before? How much does it cost to bring a barrel of flour from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic coast? Such are the triumphant queries of the apologists of monopoly. Has it not cheapened commodities and greatly multiplied the facilities of transportation? Does not the end justify the means?

The answer to these questions is by no means so obvious as the questioners suppose. Even from an economical point of view it is not certain that these triumphs of cheap commodities and cheap freight are not disasters. Oil at twenty cents a gallon may be a boon, but if it is the result of a process by which enterprise has been paralyzed in one great branch of industry, and by which thousands of men who might otherwise have been organizers of labor and captains of industry, gaining in such pursuits not only livelihood but mental development and independence of character, have been deprived of employment, or else made parts of a great machine in which their individuality is suppressed and their activity greatly circumscribed,—it is a serious question whether the loss to the country does not exceed the gain. Suppose that the cheapening of oil, through this monopoly, has resulted in the weakening of the habit of self-help, and in the reduction of the productive energies of a large number of the people. Some of us would be willing to pay a little more for oil and a little less for poor-rates. We would rather have good neighbors than cheap commodities. It is possible that the end may justify the means; but what is the end? Are we sure that we have got to the end of the monopoly when we have purchased the material product at a reduced price?

A portion of the people may be benefited by cheap freights between terminal points on the great trunk lines of railroad; but the effect of the discriminations in favor of these points upon all the intermediate communities must also be considered. The fact that a barrel of flour is carried from Chicago to New York for fifty cents does not conclude the argument in favor of railroad monopolies and combinations. Nor does any story that can be told of the great reduction in the cost of transportation really meet the case, until we hear also the tale of those thousands of luckless investors who have been plundered of their little all to make this reduction possible.

It is not, then, so clear as it might be that monopoly is the beneficent force that its apologists represent it to be. So long as it keeps within the law, however, it must be allowed to use the power that it is able to accumulate. But when it begins to defeat the law by bribery and corruption, it is time to make a stand. Cheap freights and cheap commodities are a poor recompense for perverted justice and debauched legislation. The New York aldermen and their bribers may point to the increased facilities and the reduced prices of travel on Broadway; but the people of this city could better have afforded to travel that thoroughfare on foot for twenty years than suffer the injury to their municipal life of which these men were the authors. The end of those insidious practices by which great corporations, aided by astute lawyers and abetted by corrupt officials, evade and pervert and paralyze the laws of the land, does not appear in the cheap freights and the low railway fares that they sometimes offer us; it begins to be visible in the contempt for law which is constantly showing itself, and in the sullen resentments that fill the minds of the less fortunate classes. Greedy capital, seeking to justify its lawless methods by pointing to the good which it has accom-

plished, may well reflect that the end is not yet, and consider carefully what the end may be.

This counsel is equally good for the other side. The notion that the end justifies the means is at the bottom of the worst practices of the labor organizations. The coercion to which they often resort is utterly iniquitous; but they defend it on the ground of a benefit to be conferred on the whole working class. To compel employees content with their work and their wages, and on good terms with their employer, to quit work and suffer in idleness, is a gross violation of personal rights; to drive men out of the labor in which they are gaining an honest livelihood because they do not choose to join the trades-union is a most flagrant usurpation; but such invasions of the rights of individuals are justified by pleading the good to be gained in the increase of wages.

Nothing could be more utterly hostile to the fundamental principles of a democracy than these interferences with personal liberty. If any right is inalienable, except for crime, it is the right of the workman to sell his labor in a free market. At a great price the workingmen of America have obtained their freedom; the denial of it to any man is a crime, no matter by whom committed. We boast of our liberties; is any one of them all more precious than the right of every man to choose his occupation, and to make his own contract for the disposal of his labor, without let or hindrance from any man or men? Yet this is the right that the workmen themselves are trampling under their feet. They admit the immediate injustice, yet point to an end to be gained that justifies the iniquitous means. It is wrong, they confess, to deprive men of their liberty, but they do this present evil that future good may come to the men oppressed, in the form of enhanced wages. The coercion of a peaceable citizen by unauthorized private bands of men is clearly wrong; but the citizen is coerced for his own good and for the public benefit.

This is the plea of every despot; he deprives the people of their liberties because he thinks that they do not know how to use them. And it is time for the American workingmen to consider whether they desire to establish a despotism for beneficent ends. Does a beneficent end justify despotism? And are we quite sure, after all, that the end is beneficent? Larger wages and shorter hours of work will result, we are told, from this benign tyranny. But will this be the final and sole result of these lawless methods and these deeds of violence? Shall we not witness, along with this result, a grievous breaking down of the self-respect and the self-reliance of multitudes of our workingmen, who have ceased to think and act for themselves, and who have become the tools of an impossible ochlocracy? Shall we not, even more surely, find that lawlessness has become chronic; that the habit of coercing men by one sort of mob rule or another has become dangerously prevalent; that the foundations of our liberties have been undermined? It is no more the end when violent combinations of workingmen have raised the rate of wages, than it is the end when heartless monopolies have lowered the price of commodities. The end is yet to come, and it is the same in both cases — a deterioration in the manly virtues of individuals, and a weakening of the just restraints of the law that protects our liberties. How high should be the wages and how cheap the commodities for which we are ready to barter these birthrights?

The workingmen of this country will do well to give this subject serious consideration. Their right to combine for the promotion of their own interests cannot be denied; the attempts of some to deprive them of this right are tyrannical; but the correlative of the right to form such combinations is the right of every man to refuse to enter into them. That right they must recognize and defend. Whatever they can do by peaceable and rational methods to improve their circumstances they ought to do; but let them not suppose that they can grasp by violence any real advantages. The right of every man to work for whom he will, and for what wages he chooses to accept, is the corner-stone of our free institutions; it is a monstrous blunder for workingmen to deny this right to any honest man. Some of them do not seem to see how deeply their welfare and happiness are concerned in the preservation of this sacred right. Let them think well upon these words of one of themselves, who stood when he spoke them at the head of the nation:

> "Nowhere in the world is presented a government of so much liberty and equality. To the humblest and poorest amongst us are held out the highest privileges and positions. The present moment finds me at the White House, yet there is as good a chance for your children as there was for my father's. Again I admonish you not to be turned from your stern purpose of defending our beloved country and its free institutions by any arguments urged by ambitious and designing men."*

To save these institutions for our children, to keep these paths of privilege and preferment open to all, there must be no despotisms here, not even for beneficent ends. Workingmen want no other weapons than liberty and light. By peaceful and orderly measures they will the more speedily and surely gain the ends they seek; by any other measures they will undermine and shatter the civil structure which is the shelter and the defense of all that they hold dear.

Democracy in England.

It was, no doubt, a source of some umbrage to our forefathers that their English cousins should care to know so much less about American geography, history, and politics than Americans were wont to know about those of England. There was in the comparison a certain derogation from what Americans felt to be a just estimate of the work which their country had done in the solution of the problems which vex the progress of men from good to better. Our own domestic difficulties of the past two years have not taken our attention from English politics, and the study has given rise to sympathy where once there was resentment. We see Englishmen struggling desperately, almost hopelessly, with problems which were solved in the United States decades since; we see that our comparatively successful solutions came from a previous study of English experience; and we think, at last, that our English cousins would have done better and more wisely if they had made a judicial study of American experience before their own problems came hurrying upon them with a pressure not to be denied. The

* Lincoln's speech to the 148th Ohio Regiment.

most acute of English thinkers are coming over to the same belief, and are beginning, though late, the thorough examination of the *terra incognita* of American politics.

Even these investigators, however, are in too many cases beginning their work on wrong lines. The success of the American Democracy has not been due simply to its adoption of a Federal system, of Home Rule, if you will, though this has been one of its most excellent instruments. Just as soon as it can see a reasonable certainty of growth and permanence in a community of frontier farmers, it is quick to grant them a Parliament of their own, a Legislature, as we call it, with powers wider than have yet been seriously proposed for St. Stephen's. All this is Home Rule in the fullest sense of the term. But our country had this same Home Rule under the Articles of Confederation; and it brought then neither prosperity nor peace. Nor can the secret be found in the Senate of the United States, austerely grand as that body may appear when the wide Atlantic rolls between it and the observer. It is the surviving fragment of the Home Rule of the Confederation; and the nation which puts its trust only in the Senate, as we have it, is simply adopting a form of Home Rule which this country has already tried and found wanting. Nor is the secret in the Federal judiciary. The nine wise men, who, sitting as a Supreme Court, determine the legitimacy or the illegitimacy of legislation in this country, would find their occupation hopelessly gone if they were transferred bodily to England. That occupation consists in comparing the rights claimed under an act of legislation with the standard set up by a written Constitution; and such a constitution does not exist in England. Thus, also, it was this written Constitution which converted the intolerable Home Rule of the Confederation, now represented by the Senate, into the excellent system which has covered central North America with autonomous commonwealths. Turn as he will, the English observer will find that the American success lies in some phase of the written Constitution, and that other instruments are only indices of this.

There seems to be a great deal of misapprehension among Englishmen as to the nature of the work which the Constitution has done for the United States. There need be no such misapprehension; like all great political inventions, the essence of this is simplicity itself. In 1787 the American Democracy, acting, as it has always preferred to act, on State lines, delegated to certain representatives the task of formulating that which should be a permanent expression of its will. The work of the representatives having been done, it was approved and ratified. From that time to this the American Democracy has had no further occasion to meet by delegates. It need not speak, for it is always speaking through the Constitution; it is continually saying to Congress, to every Government agent, to the State Legislatures and Governments, "This may be done; that must not be done." Englishmen consider the Crown as a most useful means of avoiding quadrennial Presidential elections; the American Constitution is, much more accurately, a device for avoiding most of the haste and hurry of Parliamentary constitution-making. The American Democracy speaks once for all through the Constitution; the English Democracy must be always at it through Parliament. The American judges arraign legislation and individual action by the rules of the Constitution; English judges arraign individual action by Parliamentary legislation. It is most misleading to compare Parliament with Congress; it would be more exact to say that the Constitution is the American Parliament, and that Congress takes the place of the English Ministry.

No democracy can be forever declaring its will. It has other business to attend to, and it must lose a percentage of its efficiency in daily business if it is again and again called upon to consider minutely and register its final decision on great matters of public welfare. One cannot wonder that the Athenian Democracy lasted but a little more than a century, when he finds that every citizen was continually busied in serving as a magistrate, or priest, or juror, or legislator; that he could not oversee the lading of a ship without being interrupted by a call to decide whether there should be peace or war with Sparta, or whether some novel religious teaching was in accord with public policy. Nor can we hope for a long existence for an English Democracy, if it is to be called upon to drop all other business and deliberate and decide upon a fundamental change in the constitution of government whenever an ambitious or desperate Minister chooses to "appeal to the country." It is but a question of time when the weary people shall seek and find in Cæsarism of some sort the respite which the American Democracy has found in its written Constitution. Better, far better would it be to call upon the people to decide, once for all, upon the broad and clear lines within which they wish their government to act, so that the government may be as much as possible administrative, and as little as possible creative. Creative geniuses are a bane to a democracy.

A still higher advantage of a written constitution is that it is a self-imposed check upon the democracy. A repeated necessity of dealing with fundamental questions is not only exhausting to a democracy; it is dangerous for much the same reasons. Here sober second thought is not a luxury; it is an absolute necessity. Time and again the American democracy has put the seal of its condemnation, at the second or third opportunity for consideration, upon propositions on which it would have wrecked itself at the first but for the impediments found in the Constitution. The Constitution is the minority's barricade; under the English system the minority is at the mercy of the majority, and a House of Commons may upset at one blow the rules of governmental action which have been the only guides tested by experience. An omnipotent Parliament, with a strong aristocratic or royal influence within it, is a conceivable, though hardly an advisable system. An omnipotent Parliament of a single house, elected by almost universal suffrage, the Crown and the Lords having gone by the board, could be suggested to an American only to be repudiated as essentially and incurably revolutionary.

The apprehension of Americans, however, is that it is too late for the English democracy to impose upon itself the permanent curb of a constitution. The time was in 1832, when the wheel began to turn toward democracy. Then, if ever, was the time to limit the coming power, to accustom it to act with self-restraint and rely for details upon its governmental

agents, and yet to put those agents under bonds to see and respect the expressed will of the people, without harassing them by continual appeals for new revolutions. Then the steps which followed, in 1867 and 1884–5, would have been only a safe and orderly advance upon well-marked lines, instead of an admission of a wider and still wider circle to a share in irresponsible power. For fifty years the energy of English Liberals has gone to widening the suffrage, without taking any hostages for order, deliberation, and the security of the minority. It is unhappy for the best hopes of human progress if the outcome of a half century's struggle for democracy in England is to be simply the establishment of that for which the most democratic American has no liking—the tyranny of a majority.

OPEN LETTERS.

A Dutch Success in Coöperation.

THERE is no undue boast in the title of the book, "La Question Ouvrière, Essai de Solution Pratique," in which the story of this coöperative distillery is told by its creator and managing director, Mr. J. C. Van Marken, Jr. What I have to say of the enterprise has been learned from his lips as well as his book; and the testimony of both was confirmed by my own eyes when I made a pilgrimage to Delft, not long ago.

The factory began work in 1870. It is owned by a joint-stock corporation, so that Mr. Van Marken has had to make his coöperative schemes not only alluring to his workmen but profitable to his fellow-shareholders. In 1874 the first dividend was paid on the capital stock of $84,000. It was less than six per cent. In 1877 the dividend was thirteen per cent.; in 1879, twenty-four per cent.; in 1880, thirty-six per cent. upon a doubled capital of $168,000. During 1880 the profits set apart for the laborers amounted to six and a half per cent., so that the total net earnings of 1880 were forty-two and a half per cent. on the capital invested. I give these figures to show that the business has been carried on upon a business basis, for profit and not for philanthropy.

This factory lets its employees buy, in small installments, a minority interest in its stock. It supports them in sickness. It supplies them, or rather (and more wisely) it aids them to supply themselves, with good doctors and pure drugs at cost. It began to teach them about "first aid to the injured" a year or more before such teaching was offered in New York. It sells them fire insurance at cost; and the cost is 12½ cents per $100 per annum, payable in quarterly installments. It has given their children a gymnasium. It has built some model tenements for them. Lately it was laying out a small park for them.

The company has established a system of premiums, which is intended to "interest labor in increasing the yield from the raw materials used." The average yield of alcohol and yeast from a given quantity of grain prior to 1874 was fixed in that year as a minimum. It was determined to divide among the workmen each week, in proportion to their wages, about one-third of the value of any increase. If the yield in any week fell below the fixed minimum, this deficiency was to be deducted from the surplus of subsequent weeks. The results of this system are thus stated: "The percentage of yield from the raw materials is not surpassed, so far as I know, in any other similar establishment." The consequent premiums increased wages about ten per cent. in 1875 and about thirty per cent. in 1880.

There is a system of rewards, which is intended to "interest labor in the reduction of the general cost of production by limiting the number of laborers." In 1878 the number of men needed to work a certain amount of grain was fixed. A reward was offered for each extra thousand kilos of grain worked per week by this number of laborers. This reward is a small percentage of the gain. The result has been that forty-three workmen now do twice the work formerly done by thirty-nine, and earn forty-five per cent. more wages.

There is a "participation in profits, interesting labor in the net result of its toil." From the profits of each year a five per cent. dividend is paid. The surplus is divided about as follows: ten per cent. of it goes to the reserve fund, fifty per cent. to the stockholders, ten per cent. to the executive committee, twenty per cent. to the managing director, and ten per cent. to the executive committee and the managing director in trust for the operatives. These trust funds are devoted to the purchase of annuities. An amount equal to seven per cent. of each laborer's wages buys him a fixed annuity, payable to him from his sixtieth year. An employee whose labors in a factory begin when he is twenty and continue till he is sixty will thereafter receive an annuity about equal to the average of his wages during that time. If the percentage of profits fails to pay the sum due in any year, there is no forfeiture of rights already gained, for a separate annuity is bought each year. The only result is to diminish the aggregate by the amount which would otherwise have been bought that year. Workmen who are employed less than two years, or who are discharged for misconduct, lose their annuity rights. Those discharged for any other reason retain only a part of their annuity rights. This annuity system was introduced in 1880. The profits of that year permitted the purchase of annuities for all the workmen then in the company's employ, not only for that twelvemonth, but for each year of their employment before the system was introduced. This is at once the most novel and the most valuable of all Mr. Van Marken's plans.

Plans for general accident insurance are in preparation. Since the barbarous doctrine that an employer is not liable for a hurt to an employee caused by the fault of a fellow-employee has ceased to be law in England, companies have been formed there to insure employers against such liabilities. Mr. Van Marken's plan seems somewhat better.

When the ten per cent. of net profits above the fixed dividend on capital becomes more than sufficient to

pay for the annuities already mentioned, the surplus is to be devoted to the purchase of life insurance.

There is a council called "The Nucleus." It is composed of the managing director, the heads of departments, the foremen, and three laborers. The last are elected annually by their fellows. This body meets once a week to discuss matters of general interest pertaining to the whole enterprise. Its functions are purely advisory.

In every department of the factory there is a box with numbered compartments. Each employee has a corresponding number. Money can be dropped into any compartment at any time. The boxes are secured by two locks. The foreman has one of the keys, the managing director the other. Every Wednesday morning (wages are paid Tuesday afternoon) the boxes are opened and the sums found in them are credited to the several depositors. Interest is paid at five per cent. per annum, and a bonus of five per cent. is credited for each florin deposited. Deposits may be withdrawn at any time. After any withdrawal, in whole or part, no bonus is given until the deposit exceeds the total credit at the time of withdrawal. The five per cent. bonus comes from the funds of the "Bank for the General Good." This attempt to encourage saving has been only moderately successful. In 1881, after a ten years' trial, the total deposits were less than two thousand dollars. Mr. Van Marken attributes this partly to the existence of his obligatory savings institution, and partly to the reluctance of his employees to let him know how much they can save,— a reluctance due to their fear that their wages may be reduced.

The premiums already mentioned are paid wholly in cash only to married workmen who have four children less than fifteen years of age. The other cash payments are as follows:

90 per cent. to married men with 3 children below 15.
80 " " " " " " 2 " " "
70 " " " " " " 1 child " "
60 " " " " " without children.
50 " " " unmarried men above 23.
25 " " " " " between 18 and 23.
10 " " " " " below 18.

The balances are credited to the owners and draw four per cent. interest. Neither principal nor interest can be withdrawn before the depositor is sixty years of age, unless (1) he ceases to be employed; (2) he is married, when he can draw upon his deposit to an amount equal to twenty-five days' pay; (3) his wife is confined, when he can draw an amount equal to two days' pay; (4) he satisfies the managing director of the advisability of permitting him to withdraw all or part of his deposit. This system of enforced saving began January 1, 1879. Up to June 1, 1881, one hundred and seven persons had had credits amounting to nearly $4500, and had withdrawn about $2700, half of it to buy stock in the corporation.

From the part of the premiums nominally payable in cash, according to the table already given, a deduction of ten per cent. is made. The funds thus realized are paid into the "Bank for the General Good," and are disbursed by the managing director as he deems best for the general good. These funds have so far sufficed to found and maintain the club-house, the library, and the gymnasium, and to pay the five per cent. bonus upon voluntary savings, etc.

There are reading and recreation rooms in a pretty little building between the factory and the model homes. It is really a club-house, open from five to ten P. M. to the operatives, their wives, and their children above the age of sixteen. There are billiards and cards, chess and dominoes, stereoscopic views and engravings. Pictures and the diplomas awarded the factory for the excellence of its products adorn the walls, below the truth-telling motto, "The factory for each; all for the factory." The rooms are also open on Sundays from two to ten P. M.

A library of eight hundred volumes occupies part of the club-house. It is free to the workpeople and their families, and circulates on an average one hundred and sixty volumes per week. It was founded in 1871. For seven years the books were kept in Mr. Van Marken's house. Nobody applied for them. In 1878, when they were transferred to the club-house and put in charge of an operative, the whole force apparently began to read.

Literary and scientific lectures are given in the reading-room during the winter to audiences of twenty to thirty persons. Sunday-evening readings of prose and poetry draw about fifty people. The display of the magic-lantern, which is the newest treasure of the club-house, always fills the hall.

Festivals are held several times a year. The opening of an addition to the factory, the birthday of the director, a successful year,—such events are celebrated together by master and men.

Any workman who wishes to do so can have his child's name entered on the company's prize books. The child's teachers then make regular reports of the pupil's progress. Prizes of three or four cents are given each month to all the children who reach a certain grade. These sums are deposited to their credit in the savings-bank, and cannot be withdrawn till the end of the year. There are festivals for the children each summer and winter. At the winter celebration special prizes are distributed. The children are notable in the Delft schools for punctuality, for regularity of attendance, and for zeal in study.

I have sketched as briefly as might be the story of a great success. The success is born of the brain of an enthusiast, but his enthusiasm pays dividends, and his book shows less able men how they can make coöperation successful. Any one who cares to do so can find the story told with a myriad details in Mr. Van Marken's book.

Alfred Bishop Mason.

Bird-Destroyers.

In a communication relating to the destruction of birds for millinery purposes, Mr. Ernest E. T. Seton calls attention to the work of the American Ornithologists' Union, and the Audubon Society recently founded by "The Forest and Stream" of New York city. The members of the Audubon Society are pledged to do all in their power to suppress the killing of birds for any purpose except for food, and all persons are invited to join and extend the work. These societies, Mr. Seton adds, are distributing among legislators and leaders of opinion throughout the country magazines and pamphlets relating to this subject, and already the results of the movement are so encouraging that the progress toward extermination is strongly checked.

HIS LATEST.

Professional Friend: "Oh! It isn't so very beastly; but the truth is, you've too much money to paint well; you'll never do anything till your father fails."
Amateur: "Then you think I'll fail if my father doesn't?"

The Ass's Flight.

AN Ass, with noble ardor fired
(For e'en an ass may be inspired),
Standing in classic pose aloof
Upon his native stable's roof,
With bray of loud triumphant sound
Summoned the gaping barnyard round.

"Dear friends," the Ass began, "I call
You here together, one and all,
To view with strict, impartial eye
My earliest attempt to fly.
I know that when evolvent grace
Produced, in time, the Ass's race,
Nature, so boon in other things,
By some strange chance omitted wings.
I know the smallest birds that fly
May pierce with ease the azure sky,
While we are destined from our birth
To walk the dull, prosaic earth.
Is theirs the praise? Not so, I trust;
They do but fly because they must:
Nor can they know — light, careless things—
The grandeur that from *Effort* springs.
How great is *Effort!* By its aid
This universal frame was made;
By *Effort* Nature brought to pass
Her last and noblest work, the Ass;
By *Effort*, too, as I opine,
The sun at morn begins to shine.
Since Effort then so much can do,
I mean to try its power too.
But first, before I take my flight
From off this ridge-pole's dizzy height,
Perchance some one of you may ask
How to perform this glorious task.
First, then, you earnestly desire;
Second, you ardently aspire;
Thirdly, with all your heart you yearn;
Fourth, in your inmost soul you burn;
Fifthly, your utmost strength you try;
And sixth, and last of all, *you fly!*
Thus must he do who follows me:
Sic itur ad astra! One — Two — Three!"

Enthusiasm the most intense
Followed this burst of eloquence.
The cows and pigs were melted quite;
The oxen lowed in loud delight;
The geese and chickens, much impressed,
Gabbled and cackled with the rest;
The ducks, the turkeys did the same.

. . . . . .

Henceforth, 'tis said, the Ass went lame!

Robertson Trowbridge.

Yours in Haste.

I LOVED that dainty monogram,
With three slim letters interlaced,
Above the notes she used to write—
Signing them ever, "Yours in haste."

The world was young, and so was I;
How sweet to think that in the whirl
She kept one moment all for me,
To glad my heart—my radiant girl!

The world is old, and so am I;
And since my love became my wife,
It seems to me I've somehow been
Too late for everything in life.

With ribbons flying, gown awry,
With panting breath and boots unlaced,
True to her vows of yore, she's been,
Both now and ever—mine "in haste."

Julie K. Wetherill.

The Pioneer.

(On a story of the writer's which a friend found by chance in a Far West settler's cabin.)

I'D rather tale or verse of mine
In lonely frontier home were seen,
In miner's hut 'neath mountain pine,
Than in the castle of the queen.

Dearer the simple human tie,
The pristine freedom of the race,
The common grass and common sky,
Than any pomp of state or grace.

And yet, what matter? One heart beats
In hunting-shirt or Paris fashions;
On ranch and avenue the heats
Burn ever of primeval passions.

The mansion's but a roof and wall,
A bit of God's earth built around:
Nothing within the stateliest hall
But came out of the common ground.

And on its carpet one may be
As simple as on prairie grass;
In frescoed parlor, brave and free
As trapper in the mountain pass.

Wherever venturous human soul
Pushes its quest with eager aim
To thought's unknown or guarded Pole,
A brother, sister, there I claim.

My part that none who read the page,
Ice-girt or calmed upon the Line,
On city street or plains of sage,
Be worse for any word of mine!

James T. McKay.

Fulfillment.

HE stood beneath her window
And beneath the ilex-shade
(The ilex was a maple),
And he sang a serenade.
We will hope she gauged his fervor by
Th' amount of noise he made.

"Oh, why art thou not near me?"
He sang it sixteen times,
To "fear me," and to "cheer me,"
And to fourteen other rhymes,
And interspersed with language cribbed
From Oriental climes.

She leaned from out her lattice;
Her lattice was not barred
(Her plate-glass window, that is),
And perhaps she leaned too hard,
For the lattice was wide open, and
It opened on the yard.

A sudden flash of lightning,
Or so it seemed to him—
Then he felt his muscles tightening,
And his sight grew strangely dim,
And they sank together earthward, and
All nature seemed to swim.

Was he happy, was he grateful
For this complaisance of Fate?
No—he muttered something hateful
As he crawled off towards the gate.
Is fulfillment of our wishes worse
Too soon than if too late?

Margaret Vandegrift.

Courting an Heiress.

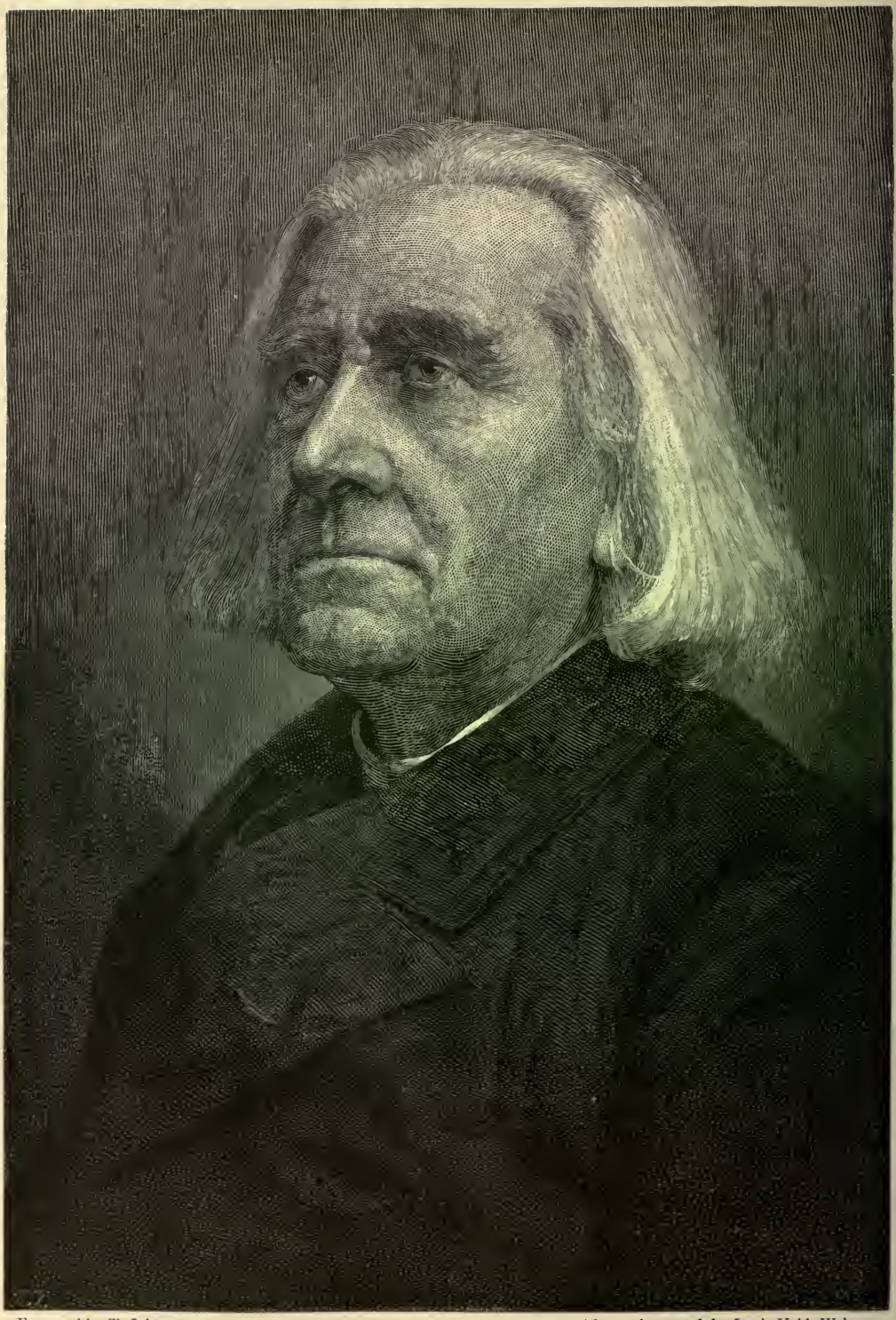
THE LOVER.

A HUNDRED thousand pens have traced
The ecstasies of love;
A hundred thousand hearts have graced
That boon from gods above.
A hundred thousand maids have shared
In Cupid's fond desire;
A hundred thousand youths have dared,
For love, the parents' ire.
A hundred thousand pairs, I ween,
Will wedded be ere long.
What says my hundred-thousand queen—
Shall *we* augment the throng?

THE HEIRESS.

A hundred thousand times I've said,
"O heart! your wish I know."
These hundred thousand tears I shed
Hymeneal longings show.
A hundred thousand sighs—no less—
I've cast, when we're apart;
A hundred thousand times now press
Me to your loving heart.
I'll send a hundred thousand miles
To order my *trousseau;*
And we'll to the (hundred) Thousand Isles
After the wedding go.

Wallace Peck.



Engraved by T. Johnson. After a photograph by Louis Held, Weimar.

FRANZ LISZT.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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A SUMMER WITH LISZT IN WEIMAR.

ON the fifteenth day of June, 1885, I exchanged the dusty thoroughfares of Berlin for the rose-gardens and shady avenues of Weimar, in the Thuringian hills, and regained my delightful quarters of the previous summer. The Master, as Franz Liszt is called by all who know him, had been absent from Weimar several weeks, and was not expected to return before the twentieth of the month; but the next morning I was greeted with the announcement that he had come in the night before, and would hold his tri-weekly class that afternoon.

On the second floor of the court gardener's residence, at the entrance to the Belvedere Allée and the magnificent Grand Ducal Park, lives Liszt with his small household, Miska, the Hungarian valet, and Pauline, the housekeeper and cook, his faithful servant for over thirty years. The Master had not finished his after-dinner nap as the pupils assembled in the dining-room at four o'clock. Somewhat later than his wont, Miska opened the salon door and revealed Liszt advancing to meet us.

His once erect, tall form, now stooped and slightly corpulent, was clad in a black suit with short house-coat and waistcoat buttoned high. A broad black silk cravat, low standing collar, and black morocco slippers without backs or heels, displaying a liberal expanse of white worsted hose, completed his simple attire. The heavy masses of long, silky, snow-white hair were brushed loosely back from his forehead and touched his shoulders. A kindly smile of welcome played over his features as he stood with both hands extended to Hedwig, the nineteen-year-old daughter of his cousin, Professor von Liszt of Vienna. His lips lightly touched her brow, and then, with a friendly smile, word, or embrace, he received each of the pupils according to his or her place in his esteem or affections. None were strange to him. The majority had been there the summer previous, a few before his departure in May. The Master seemed in the best of health and spirits, and was evidently happy to be at home once more, surrounded by a circle of devoted pupils. The first one to play, Fräulein von Liszt, was just finishing her relative's "Consolation," when Miska entered and whispered something to "Herr Doctor," as he calls the Master. The latter arose from his chair beside the performer, and requested the pupils to step into the dining-room for a few minutes, as he had a visit from "Serenissimus." The salon door connecting with the entry was thrown open, and the Master advanced to the head of the stairs to meet the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who had come to welcome him home. There was an exchange of greetings, hearty laughter, and then the two entered the salon, speaking French with animation.

"Adieu, dear Master!" said Karl Alexander as the pair again appeared before the dining-room door; in another moment he had vanished on the stairway. The lesson continued. Liszt's "March and Scherzo" was played by Stradal of Vienna; his "Funerailles" by Ansorge of Leipzig; Schumann's "Toccata" by a lady from Hamburg; and a Polonaise of Zarembski's by the best of the lady pianists, Adèle aus der Ohe of Berlin. The Master was regarded with rapt attention as he made corrections, played short passages to illustrate his idea, or related interesting reminiscences. Each lesson with him resembles all the others, in that it brings with it something new and of especial worth, for he is inexhaustible.

It is amusing to hear him address some of his pupils, according to their nationality or city, "Holland," "Norway," "Scotland," "America," or "Hamburg," "Mannheim," etc. Stradal became "Stradalus," Rosenthal, "Rosenthälchen," and Fräulein S——, "Mariechen." Occasionally some peculiarity in

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manner or dress would cause Liszt to re-christen the unfortunate one, to his sorrow.

One winter in Berlin a friend said to me: "You will attend B——'s concert at the Singakademie next Tuesday, of course?"

"Why 'of course'? I have never heard of him. Can he play?"

"No, but you should turn out and give him a reception for the sake of old times in Weimar. You surely remember 'Old Counterpoint'?"

Liszt gave him this nickname, and I had never heard him spoken of as B——.

Besides the fifteen or sixteen pupils, Professor Müller-Hartung, director of the Orchestral School, Gottschalg, the court organist, and Herr Hofrath Gille of Jena, the Master's almost life-long friend, who visits him each week, were present during the lesson. Some of the elder musicians of the city attend the classes at intervals during the summer. As this was Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday were chosen as the days for the two remaining lessons that week. We were dismissed earlier than usual, the Master giving the signal to depart by taking both of his cousin's hands and imprinting a kiss upon her forehead. Then all took leave with the same observances as upon entering.

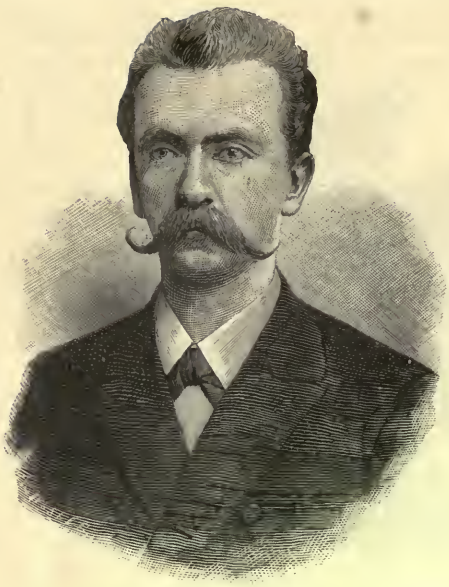
The sisters Anna and Helene Stahr play leading rôles in the congenial life of the Lisztianer—as the pupils and followers of the Master are called—in Weimar. Some day their biographer will fill a volume with entertaining reminiscences of them and their hospitable home. Their father, the poet and writer, Prof. Adolf Stahr of the Jena University, was an early friend of Liszt's. Many years ago the family came to Weimar to reside. The daughters gave piano lessons. At the outset of their career Liszt aided them by his influence in the city. About this time, more than thirty years since, they began the *soirées musicales* that have won the sisters a page in history. They took place Sunday, and oftentimes Wednesday of the same week. Liszt came accompanied by all the musicians whom his name and fame had drawn to Weimar. His frequent remark upon entering was, "I have brought you a whole portion this evening." Until within five or six years the Master himself always played. Since the days when Bülow, Tausig, Bendel, Klindworth, Cornelius, and Bronsart performed there as young

INTERIOR OF LISZT'S STUDY. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY LOUIS HELD.)

THE HOME OF LISZT. (AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRIEDRICH HERTEL.)

men, the list has been lengthened by the names of many of the greatest celebrities of the musical world, down to the luminaries just arising on its horizon, d'Albert, Friedheim, Reisenauer, and Siloti. All these years the sisters have toiled early and late at their lessons, going from house to house. They have provided for old age, and now have a comfortable home in Schwanseestrasse, west of the Old City proper. The Fräuleins Stahr are known to every man, woman, and child in Weimar as devout disciples of Liszt and the faithful friends of the Lisztianer. With the Master's return to Weimar in April, his pupils begin to come in; then the sisters Stahr say to their friends, "Good-bye until the Lisztianer leave in the autumn; you need not expect to see us in the mean time." Their friends understand, and leave them to themselves until the sisters voluntarily return to their society. When the Lisztianer have arrived in sufficient numbers to make it worth the trouble, the Fräuleins Stahr begin their Sunday-afternoon entertainments. To be admitted to a lesson at Liszt's is the only recommendation asked a stranger, and he is made welcome.

At four o'clock the Master drives up, attended by one of the young men of the class, and after receiving the greetings of his followers already assembled,—for few outsiders are invited,—he takes the easy-chair in the front row, and the music begins. The programme is made up mainly of his own compositions performed by four to six of his pupils, interspersed by songs from some professional concert singer, or an artist from the Grand Ducal Opera. During the intermission cake and wine are served; then at the close of the second part



WILHELM POSSE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT GRUNDNER, BERLIN.)

the Master chats awhile and departs as he came. To give him a surprise and pleasure, many a forgotten composition has been revived or special work, like the Dante or Faust symphonies, has been prepared for these soirées. Like the regular lessons, three days each week, they have become a summer institution. About the middle of July the Fräuleins Stahr go to the North Sea coast to pass a few weeks, but continue their entertainments when they return home until the Lisztianer depart in September or October.

The sisters always dress alike to the slightest detail. On their birthdays they receive a mass of gifts, but no one would think of presenting an ornament or bit of wearing apparel for the one without a like remembrance for the other; otherwise, it would never be worn. Anna is tall, slender, and wears her curly gray hair short. Her nerves are constantly at a tension and voice quite hoarse from teaching. Eloquent gestures and rapid changes in facial expression animate her conversation on any topic. Helene is a head shorter than her sister, and several years her junior. By nature she is less impulsive and is keener-sighted than Anna, but a life-long companionship, with one thought, one aim in common, has made the sisters outwardly alike. Such oneness of purpose and action is rarely found. In dress, manner, and conversation they are as perfect counterparts as exist, and their letters are always signed Anna-Helene.

After the lesson at Liszt's, the day following my arrival, my first duty was to visit the two sisters. As I came down Schwanseestrasse I spied them standing at the garden gate. They gave me one of those hearty, characteristic welcomes that cause the newly arrived to think himself the best friend they have; led me up the gravel walk through the well-kept garden to the plain, two-story brick house standing some distance back from the street. We ascended by a side door to the second floor, where, as black letters on the porcelain bell-handle indicate, the "Family Stahr" reside. Adjoining the salon and facing the rear garden is a room called by the Lisztianer the "Museum." Into this apartment were crowded the gifts and pictures with appended autographs of the army of artists who have been guests in the house during more than thirty years. The four walls, numerous tables, chairs, in fact every nook and corner is hidden by this conglomerate mass of souvenirs. The sisters guard this treasure as though it were a sacred trust. They have over fifty different pictures of Liszt, a life-size bust, and a large package of his letters.

As we sat chatting in the cozy dining-room, Fräulein Anna cast frequent despairing glances at the street approach. The garden gate clicked. "Finally!" exclaimed she. "That man is invariably late. I am half famished!" A tall spare individual of six-and-twenty strode up the path, disappeared around the corner, and a moment later was ushered into our presence.

"*Ach*, dear August, I thought thou wouldst never come. How goes it with thee?" said the sisters as with one voice.

ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORG BROKESCH, LEIPZIG.)

"Unavoidably detained," came the quiet answer with a strong Viennese accent.

"And where are the others?" asked they, without waiting for a reply to their inquiries.

"At Werther's — concert there this evening; they will reserve a table for the crowd."

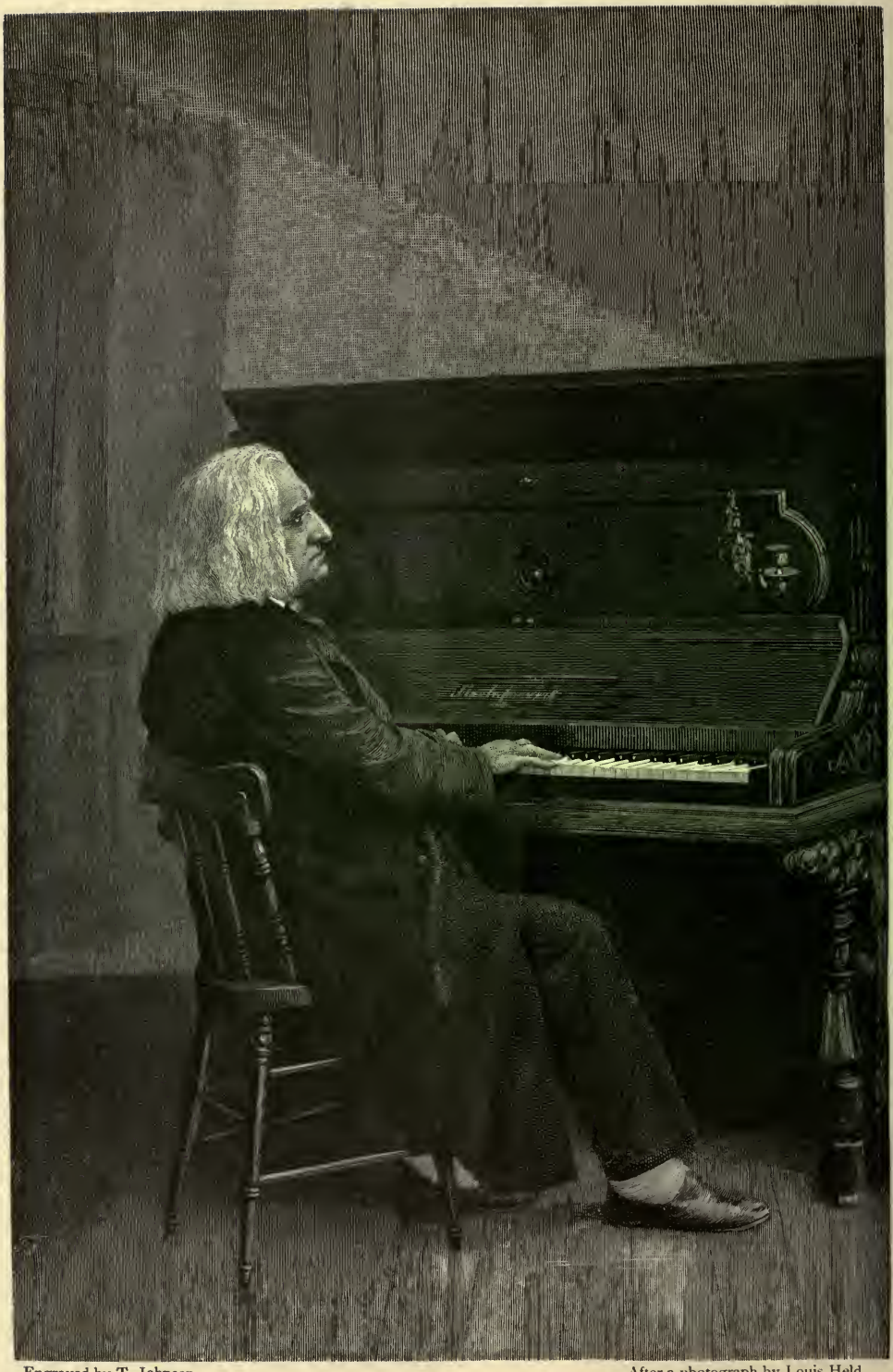
In a corner alcove of the quiet public room of the Russian Hotel is a broad, round table partly surrounded by a divan. Here, at seven o'clock each evening from the beginning to the close of the season, the sisters Stahr and a select few of the Lisztianer sup together and discuss the affairs of the day. Although the persons and place of meeting have from time to time changed, this "historical corner table" has for many years been the favorite resort, and the Fräuleins Stahr the permanent supports of it. If its memoirs were written, what hopes and disappointments, successes and failures, sacrifices and jealousies, joys and sorrows, comedies and — yes — tragedies it could chronicle of the youth, beauty, and talent that have surrounded its boards. In very warm weather the crowd spends an occasional evening at Chemnitius's or Werther's Garden, the Felsen Keller, and out of town at Tiefurt or Belvedere.

For many years the Master and his pupils have been the guests of Herr Hofrath Gille at the neighboring city of Jena on the occasion of a special performance of oratorio — generally a work of Liszt's — by the local singing society. They were entertained at his residence formerly with a substantial repast, of which hot roast sausage was the chief ingredient. The Lisztianer nicknamed the day the "Sausage Festival," and now it is never called otherwise. The "Sausage Festival" of '85 occurred Friday, June 26th. The Lisztianer and the sisters Stahr went by a morning train to Jena; the Master, accompanied by the Baroness M., was to follow in the afternoon. Our host met us at the station, and while he and the ladies were driven to the hotel, the remainder of us visited the old Schiller house and garden where "Wallenstein" was written, 1789–99. Later, we met by agreement at a public garden. The place was crowded mainly by university students, drinking beer and listening to the excellent music of a military band. Two large tables placed together accommodated our party, and the hours passed gayly until time for dinner with Dr. Gille at the hotel "Zum Bären." The court councillor presided at a long table in a private dining-room; toasts filled in the pauses between courses, and afterwards all strolled off to drink coffee at a restaurant on a rose-covered hillside in full view of the picturesque region.

After a four o'clock performance of Bach's St. John passion music, at the ancient City Church, Liszt, the Baroness M.,— a Princess Gortschakoff by birth and a niece of Russia's late Prime Minister,— our party from Weimar, and the oratorio soloists assembled in the pretty little garden at the rear of the "Bären" for the "Sausage Festival." Dr. Gille proved to be a model host, and did everything possible for the comfort of his guests. Long tables were spread under the trees, and at a bountifully supplied sideboard the gentlemen helped the ladies and themselves from pyramids of sandwiches, salads, cheese, and great platters heaped high with steaming roast sausage, a rare kind made especially for this feast, and extraordinarily appetizing. Speeches were made and healths drunk. When Liszt and the Baroness drove off, we strolled leisurely to the station as twilight deepened into night.

The Fräuleins Stahr gave frequent informal four o'clock "coffees" on week-days to which a select few were bidden. These were more enjoyable than the Sunday soirées, for artists are oftener heard at their best when free from restraint. I had heard a performance by Adèle aus der Ohe in a Berlin drawing-room a few months previous, and been disappointed. But in one of those hours of inspiration which come to some artists, she made memorable a gathering, the Thursday following our Jena trip, by her superb playing of "Isolda's Liebestod" and Liszt's first and second Mephisto waltzes. Fräulein aus der Ohe is certainly one of the first lady pianistes of Germany, though too passive to be often enthusiastic. Another time, a year since, Alfred Reisenauer, without leaving his seat, gave one of the finest performances of Liszt's two concertos to which I have ever listened, in defiance of an upright and a second piano accompaniment. Volumes of Liszt's music for two pianos have had some of their best hearings on these informal occasions.

My hostess rarely had more than one or two guests at most in the house, generally young Englishmen to learn German; but, during my absence in Jena, our small family received two additions in the persons of Mrs. B—— and her granddaughter, Miss G——, of Chicago, who had come to study with Liszt. Absorbed in a thoroughly congenial existence, I forgot the approach of our national holiday until the calendar turned Wednesday, July 1st. Then it occurred to me that a *soirée musicale* might appropriately celebrate the day in Weimar, if the Master and his pupils would join us, on the anniversary of American Independence. Miss G—— and I, the only Americans then with Liszt, went the following day, and found him much pleased to participate in the national celebration of a country with which he has so many ties.



Engraved by T. Johnson. After a photograph by Louis Held.

LISZT AT THE PIANO.

Friday afternoon we entered the Master's salon as the lesson was beginning. The crowd before the piano courteously opened the way for us to address Liszt, who was seated beside Emil Sauer, about to play a Rubinstein concerto. Arthur Friedheim, at the upright, was to accompany.

"Ah, ha! America!" ejaculated the Master, in his paternal fashion, smiled, and extended his hand. "To-morrow is the great national celebration. By the way, B——, you must have 'Yankee Doodle' for us to-morrow afternoon. It would never do to omit that at a national celebration. Sit down and play it now." All joined in the laugh that followed.

"Here, Sauer, get up," and he waved the surprised pianist from the stool. "Now, B——, give us 'Yankee Doodle.'"

The Master's word is law, and the melody was performed while Friedheim improvised variations at the second piano.

"Yes," continued the Master, who stood erect, nodded his head, and beat time impressively, as if directing a grand orchestra, "and Friedheim must write variations on 'Yankee Doodle' especially for to-morrow afternoon! Now, Friedheim," said he, as he approached the piano, "as soon as you go home, take pen and paper, and set yourself down to work, and you can have the variations ready in time. You and B—— must play them together!" The pianist looked aghast and groaned at the task allotted him. The Master had entered into the spirit of the occasion. He undertook the entire management, questioned closely about the arrangements, and, by his determination to make the affair a success, evinced a desire to prove his good-will and honor for the American nation.

"Have you plenty of room, B——?"

"Plenty, Master."

"Good! So, Fräulein B——, we will see you also to-morrow?" said he, turning to a pupil.

"I am not invited, dear Master," was the quiet response.

He looked at me in surprise.

"Yes, Master, all the ladies and gentlemen are invited. I have not yet had time to speak with them, as everything has been so hastily arranged."

At the close of the lesson he said to me: "Provide *Bowle* and—yes!—Rubinstein's variations on 'Yankee Doodle' too."

"Have you heard, Master," volunteered a pupil, "they are so long that when Rubinstein himself played them in Steinway Hall, New York, almost the entire audience left before he was through?"

"They are very long, something like forty pages, I believe, but well made," was the reply. "Each one shall play at them to-morrow."

Our hostess demonstrated a generous interest in the entertainment, and surrendered the entire house to the caterer in charge. When four o'clock Saturday afternoon came, the ladies of our household advanced to the head of the stairs to meet Liszt, whom I had escorted from his residence. Miss G—— pinned the national colors in flowers, worn by all the guests, to the lapel of his coat.

"We are all Americans to-day," said the Master, with a patriotic ring to his voice.

An American flag of flowers, stripes of red and white roses, square of blue corn-flowers, with small white star-flowers, made especially for Liszt, rewarded this speech. Besides the Master and his twenty pupils, there were present the Fräuleins Stahr, Max Alvary-Achenbach, the operatic tenor, and three American ladies, the Misses M—— of Brooklyn, C—— of New York, and R—— of Elmira, who had stopped over a day on their journey southward from Berlin. The Master, who was at his best and very gay, extended both hands to each of them, and said, as he motioned to a laurel-crowned bust of himself, "You have already made my acquaintance!" Finally he said, "Now we will have some music," and took his seat in the front row. Then Göllerich and Stradal of Vienna played appropriately to the day Liszt's "Festklänge" for two pianos. The Master left his chair and seated himself between the two pianists, where he could make observations and occasionally heighten the orchestral effect by playing on one end of the keyboards. After a pause Liszt called for the next number, and gallantly led Miss G—— to the instrument, sat at her side, and encouraged by muttered "bravos," "good," etc., as she performed an *étude* of his. Then Arthur Friedheim of St. Petersburg, the best living interpreter of Liszt's compositions, played the second "Ballade." At the close the Master asked for the pianist's variations on "Yankee Doodle." Ansorge, one of the best artists present, was at the second piano. After an impressive introduction came the familiar melody, but the music grew gradually wilder and more complicated, and in the grand crash of the finale the closing chorus from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and the "bell" theme from Wagner's "Parsifal" were distinguishable. Friedheim was triumphant, but when he afterwards gave me the manuscript he made me promise that I would never permit its publication, as it was written under pressure and not in satisfactory shape. The freaky medley developed a proper Fourth of July humor in all; the Master especially shook with laughter. During the ensuing pause for refreshments it was my duty to toast our illustrious guest; in response to a "*hoch*" for

the Master, he cried "*Amerika hoch!*" The following telegram from Dr. Gille, who could not be present, was read: "*Amerika und Meister hoch!*" The Master then invited a young man from Berlin, Alfred Sormann, who arrived that morning, to play, and he contributed Schumann's "Toccata."

"Now for Rubinstein's 'Yankee Doodle'!" exclaimed Liszt. The music, which had been procured in haste from Leipzig, was placed on the rack. "Who shall begin? Ah, yes; here, L——, you may be the first to play."

"Dare I ask to be excused, Master? I am just in from a two weeks' tramp in the mountains, and have no piano. My fingers are very stiff," said L—— uneasily.

"Then, Sauer may begin."

"Dear Master, my wrist is very painful from over-practice on that Rubinstein concerto yesterday. Will you not excuse me?" pleaded the blushing pianist.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Master. "Good! very good! It reminds me of an anecdote of William Mason of New York, who was with me twenty-five or thirty years ago. He brought Chopin's E minor concerto one day to the lesson, but was unable to play this passage." He stepped to the piano, and ran his fingers over the keys. "He played it so"—here he illustrated the faults of the performance. "I had him try it over several times, but without improvement, so I told him to work on it until the next lesson. He appeared the next time with his arm in a sling." At this the Master laughed heartily, and continued: "I asked him the cause of his affliction, and he replied that he had overworked his hand trying to master that difficult passage. Now each shall play two pages. Stradal may begin." Several watched the opportunity and glided into the adjacent rooms. Reading at first sight before the Master is rather venturesome, for the consciousness of having played badly in his presence is punishment enough, even though he were not ruthless in his criticism. Liszt keenly enjoys this game of "hide and seek"; and during the ordeal at the piano he circulated freely through the rooms, to the confusion of the faint-hearted.

"Bravo, Stradal! Now Rosenthal shall play two pages."

When the composition had created merriment enough the Master said, "There, that will do. Bring the variations in to the lesson Monday, B——, and we will finish them."

At half-past six the carriage came.

"Stradal, you accompany me; B—— is host, and must not leave," commanded the Master.

"I can find but one of your gloves, Master," said Stradal as we stood in the hall.

"I never wear but one, and that the left hand," was the response. The other guests remained, and the next two hours resembled a technique tournament. Rosenthal, Ansorge, van de Sandt, Sauer of the stiff wrist, and others contributed feats of piano gymnastics rarely excelled. Then the evening was terminated about the historical corner table at the Russian Hotel. All agreed that American Independence had been gloriously remembered in 1885.

The following Monday morning one of my colleagues hurried in excitedly.

"B——, you can do the fellows the greatest favor in the world if you will only forget those variations this afternoon. The Master will not think of them again."

"Indeed he will; he forgets nothing. I will leave them outside and have them convenient if he asks for them."

"Let me have a look at them, then. I have no intention of making myself ridiculous this afternoon," chattered the pianist.

"It is just my luck to get one of the difficult ones. Let me see, how does this go?" It resulted in his taking the music with him until lesson time.

"Now, B——," said the Master at the close of the afternoon lesson, "we will finish 'Yankee Doodle.'" The music was produced and the comical game of hide and seek begun anew. Finally Rosenthal, with his splendid technique and rapid sight-reading, brought the variations to a triumphant close, and the pupils dispersed, inexpressibly relieved to have the piece forever shelved.

The American flag of flowers stood for one week on a large table in the salon.

"See," said Liszt to me at each lesson, "how fresh they are still."

Pauline said, "*Ach*, Herr Doctor has me water them carefully every day."

When withered and dry, the flag was relegated to the entry, and conspicuously stood there all summer.

That week Mrs. Harkness and her daughter Arma, the latter known to the public by her artist name Senkrah, took up their residence in Weimar for the summer. The young violiniste once met Hans von Bülow at the office of the concert-agent Wolff in Berlin, and showed him a Leipzig paper which praised her for refusing to give a second piece in response to three enthusiastic recalls at a Gewandhaus concert. Bülow took a blue pencil and wrote "Bravo" under the article.

"That is only complete with your signature," said Miss Senkrah, delighted to possess a souvenir so thoroughly characteristic of this erratic being. The pianist wrote, "Snah nov Wolüb."

"Why, what is that?" exclaimed the bewildered artiste. Bülow laughed. "Your name

is Harkness; reverse the letters, and it is Senkrah. Have I not your privilege to make Hans von Bülow Snah nov Wolüb?" When Wolff became manager of Miss Harkness's concerts he desired her to adopt a foreign name; she refused, and, at his suggestion, compromised by reversing the spelling of her patronymic. As Arma Senkrah she has become in two seasons one of the greatest favorites before the German public. Musical critics, young and old, have raved about the "violin fairy," to all which the young American is utterly indifferent. She is only twenty-one years of age, and has spent thirteen years studying in Europe. After taking the second and first prizes at the Paris Conservatory she had instruction from Leonhard, Sarasate, Vieuxtemps, and Joachim. Liszt has a high regard for her musicianly attainments, and has used his influence in her behalf where it could most benefit her. Miss Senkrah is thoroughly cosmopolitan, and an important addition to the artistic circle in Weimar.

The young artiste made her début in Weimar at the Fräuleins Stahr. Liszt took special interest in her, and she became, with her mother, a regular attendant of his class. Miss Senkrah always brought her instrument, and at the close of the lesson the Master himself accompanied her in the Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano, and miscellaneous compositions of his own and other composers. It was an appreciated privilege to hear Liszt play so frequently, for before Miss Senkrah's advent he rarely performed a piece in its entirety, even in the lessons. Whenever the Master waved a pupil from the stool and took his place at the piano to illustrate a passage, a sudden hush fell on the assembly; the stragglers whispering and laughing over in the corner stopped their chatter and joined the group of eager listeners, standing closely about the performer and concealing him from view. Those were moments of hopeful expectancy. How hard every one was wishing that he would play it all! Sometimes it would be only a few measures; again, a page or two; then he would stop abruptly. A score of happy faces grew long with disappointment, though all were grateful for even these fragmentary delights; but when the Master deigned to perform an entire piece, the favor was regarded as a special act of Providence. As Liszt has long since ceased playing in public, and given up daily practice, one would naturally suppose, at his age (he was born October 22, 1811), that his fingers have lost much of their skill. Unquestionably there are moments when a failing in his technical powers is perceptible, and the Master is altogether too clever to play more than a few measures when forced to realize this; but there are hours when he seems rejuvenated and in full possession of his old-time vigor. Then his playing overwhelms by its majesty and passion, dazzles by its sparkle and brilliancy, animates by its light playfulness, or excites the deeper emotions by its tenderness and pathos. No pianist has ever so successfully worked upon the different feelings of his auditors. Whatever his mood, he compels one to feel with him. By force of his irresistible personality he fascinates and conquers without putting forth an effort. His playing is like the man himself. As he sits at the piano or listens to a worthy composition his face mirrors the feelings of the inner self. A deaf person could learn the character of the work performed, and of the performance too, merely by watching Liszt's face. Added to his natural qualifications is the ripeness of knowledge grown of such an experience as his has been. Aside from the pleasure of having heard him play, the privilege of attending his class is exceedingly valuable to a young musician, as the Master's interpretation of any composition is accepted as unquestionably authentic. His suggestions and instruction are treasured up among those rare things that stand out in relief from the experiences of a lifetime. Few are granted this boon, as Liszt has never accepted a penny for lessons, and can cull at pleasure from the many that seek his instruction. Thus the musical public have learned to consider his pupils among the elect, though so many who have merely been admitted to a lesson or played once in his presence have afterwards made capital of it by announcing themselves as "a pupil of Liszt," that the advertisement is now regarded with distrust. During the entire summer the Master was in unusually good health and capable of more physical endurance than the year before. With the impetus derived from his accompaniment of the violin, he frequently went on and played alone.

One day Fräulein B—— brought Chopin's Étude in A flat, Op. 25, No. 1. The Master had just arisen from a refreshing nap and was in a mood for playing. He smiled benignly as he glanced at the piece and said, "I play that well myself," and proceeded to prove his assertion. Played throughout pianissimo, the gently undulating accompaniment resembled the faint sighing of the breeze through the trees in the still of evening, while, as if borne on the wind, there arose softly, yet clearly and distinctly, a wonderful melody. A superhuman spell seemed to hold the listeners as the music died away. The fingers that had wrought such magic lingered a moment on the keys, and then the Master arose slowly from the stool and said in barely audible accents, "Now you may play, Fräulein B——."

"No, Master," said one with tears in his eyes, and his voice sounded strangely harsh and real, "let us live in the recollection of this."

"Very well, another time then," replied the Master, awakening us all to a realization of our surroundings.

"Do you play whist, B——?" inquired Liszt one day shortly after Miss Senkrah's arrival.

"Yes, Master."

"Then remain after the lesson."

The class ended, the Master, and Arma Senkrah, Fräulein von Liszt, and I formed the party. From this time until the departure of Fräulein von Liszt, early in August, the same four played regularly after each lesson, unless Fräulein Breidenstein, the oratorio singer, happened in from Erfurt, when she became my partner. However, Miss Amy Fay arrived just in time to fill the vacancy. Mrs. Harkness and two or three favorite pupils always remained, and occasionally formed a second party at whist. At the start the English game was played, but one day the Master said, "We will try Russian whist to-day." It was new to me. My mistakes amused Liszt, who called me ever afterwards "the desired opponent," even, as he said, when I no longer deserved the appellation. He is great at whist; it is his recreation after work. Often we were bidden on the "off" days to come at four o'clock for a quiet rubber. When he played, a small table placed at his side held a lighted candle and a broad flat shell, on which he laid at intervals the long, slender cigar he so fondly smoked. The unoccupied ones present always vied for the honor of keeping it burning. Although the Master attentively watched the game, he invariably entertained us with interesting talk while the cards were being dealt. These quiet games, free from restraint, were to us all the most enjoyable hours spent in his society. One afternoon a hand-organ began grinding in the garden under the open windows. To hear that instrument of torture before Franz Liszt's house was ludicrous, and a general burst of laughter greeted the first notes of a waltz from "Gasparone."

"Here, T——," and the Master felt in his pocket, "hurry down and give him this. I threw him a mark" (25 cts.) "yesterday; he shall have only half the amount to-day. Tell him to hurry off."

Liszt spoke both German and French on these occasions; he understands English, but never carries on a conversation in that tongue, though he would repeat some of our remarks that amused him. One day Miss Fay glanced dubiously at a card he had led, and said quietly, "I don't like that," before playing. The Master thought it quite amusing, and would repeat, "I don't like that!" when at a disadvantage.

In a secluded garden room of the "Hotel zum Elephanten" eight gentlemen sat enjoying the after-dinner repose. The patriarchal figure of Franz Liszt, towards whom all eyes were directed, occupied the head of the table. Every feature expressed contentment as he leaned back on the high, deep sofa, sent an occasional whiff of cigar-smoke curling above his head, and listened to his friend Dr. Gille relating reminiscences of other days. Stradal, our host, sat at his left and anticipated every wish of the beloved Master. The court councillor cleared his throat, knocked the ashes from his cigar, and began. "It was many years ago. Johanna Wagner, then in her prime, had sung Orpheus with great success at the Opera here in Weimar, and Master had directed. After the performance she invited Master and myself with three or four others to sup with her in her lodgings. When the repast was finished, Master requested Johanna to sing. 'Very well,' said she, 'if Master will accompany me.' She chose the 'Erl King' by Loewe, the same who wrote 'Archibald Douglas,' and sang it, well—as only Johanna could. When she was through, Master continued playing as though inspired, extemporizing on the theme of the song. Johanna stood motionless at his side, spellbound, like the rest of us. As the last notes died away Johanna burst into tears, threw her arms about Master's neck and sobbed out '*Ach*, dear Master, I will never again sing that song! Nothing shall mar the recollection of this evening!'"

"Yes, yes," said the Master, smiling as the incident was ended, "I remember it well."

"On another occasion," continued the narrator, as he took a pinch of snuff, "Master and several of us from Weimar were spending the evening out at Berka with Ferdinand David of Leipzig, who had taken lodgings there for the summer. David desired to try a new composition through with Master. 'You will find the piano part,' said he, as he touched the music with his bow, 'very difficult.' We all felt indignation at David's arrogance, but Master said nothing. The piece began with a broad majestic movement; the piano part grew more and more brilliant. David's face changed expression as though some important fact were dawning upon him, and finally he stopped playing altogether. 'Why,' he gasped, 'he is playing the violin part too!' Master continued without noticing the mortified violinist, and with orchestral effect brought the piece to a magnificent close. It was a rebuke that David could never forget."

PART OF THE SCORE OF STANISLAUS.

In this strain Dr. Gille and some of the pupils recalled incidents in the life of the Master, who frequently joined in the conversation, until his carriage was announced shortly after ten o'clock.

One of Liszt's pupils is Fräulein S——, a young girl of uncommon perseverance. She gives lessons and has undertaken concerts in the leading summer resorts of Thuringia. As his presence never fails to draw a large audience, Liszt has attended some of these latter to insure a paying house. I will never forget the first trip of this kind. The Master, Fräulein S—— with her mother, B—— of Munich, and I comprised the occupants of a coupé in the 1:30 P. M. train from Weimar. An hour later we stepped out at S——, a little city planted in the valley with numerous summer hotels and cottages growing up and over the beautiful hills that shut it in. Fräulein I——, the singer, with a bevy of English and German boarding-school girls under the chaperonage of her mother, quitted another compartment and surrounded us. They were anticipating a frolic, though the presence of the great Master awed them into temporary silence.

"Please, mamma," said the youthful pianiste, extending her hand, "the receipt for the traveling-basket."

"I have none! They gave me no receipt for it in Weimar!" exclaimed the startled matron.

Search proved the object of solicitude missing. Whether conveyed farther or still in Weimar, there was no passenger-train to return it before nine o'clock. Every face expressed consternation; only the penetrating gaze of Liszt prevented a scene. At our suggestion both artistes drove with him to the Kurhaus, the principal hotel, where the concert was to take place. Then Frau S—— admitted that an introduction to Liszt at the station in Weimar so overcame her that she had not thought of the basket after the porter had brought it in from the cab. Besides, it was not marked with her name.

"What shall we do?" wailed the poor woman. "We cannot have the concert, for their dresses and music are in the basket. If the Master were not here, it would be different; and he so generous and good to come, too!"

After much telegraphing the basket was found in Weimar, where the porter had first put it down, and placed on a freight-train just departing for S——. We drove in a heavy rain to the Kurhaus, whither the ladies had preceded us. In a small, damp, dismal room, that served as main entrance to the hotel, sat Liszt and Fräulein S——, drinking their afternoon coffee. A crowd of ladies and children hovered about the doorway of the large dining-hall, and stared curiously at the Master.

News of the basket's safety was hailed with fervent thanksgivings. I chose an opportunity to reconnoiter; new troubles arose. Through the mismanagement of Frau S——, who had been at S—— a few days before, neither the Kurhaus proprietor nor the townspeople knew of the concert. The dining-hall was hastily put in order for evening, a few handbills were sent out, and, as we afterwards learned, the guests in the house notified their friends in the hotels and cottages of Liszt's arrival. There was not one available room in the house for the Master. I argued repeatedly but vainly with the proprietor. Liszt created a flutter among the guests when he entered the dining-hall and ran his fingers over the keys of the piano which Herr H—— of Weimar had just put up. The assemblage beamed with a delight of short duration, for the Master arose and departed. We tried to make him comfortable in the deserted public room. Immediately every woman and child in the house, it seemed, invented errands which took them this way. With locked doors we guarded his repose. At half-past four Liszt drove to the castle to visit friends, and took me as far as the railway station. After the usual delays the freight-train came in. A porter shouldered the basket, and we walked over the long hill to the Kurhaus. The girls met us, caught up the basket, and ran off, shouting with delight, to a private room temporarily at their disposal.

In the concert-hall a large easy-chair had been placed in the middle aisle before the platform for Liszt. Some of the ladies at the hotel reserved for themselves all the adjacent seats. I knew the Master would not take so conspicuous a seat, and proposed a better position on one side. The ladies gathered their cards from the chairs and followed. Another group approached them.

"Why do you take these places? You saw our cards here," said one.

"We told you that we intended sitting near Liszt, no matter where his chair stood," was the unblushing reply. "We have put your cards on just as good seats over the aisle." The second detachment was vanquished. News of Liszt's arrival crowded the concert-room in the evening. All eyes were directed to a side door through which he should enter. At the first glimpse of his snow-white head a burst of applause greeted him. He led Fräulein S—— to the platform, turned to his seat, and gracefully acknowledged the hearty reception. B—— and I had places at his side. The ladies in the rear hung on his every look and movement as though he were a divine being.

Barring a few minor mishaps, the concert

was a success. The local City Church organist, an awkward, nervous old man, with short, corpulent body, supplied the singer's accompaniments. He tiptoed in his heavy, squeaking boots to the platform; seated himself at the instrument; fumbled in all his pockets; finally produced a small case; pulled out a pair of spectacles; put them on, but at once removed and polished them with a voluminous red handkerchief; gazed a moment at Liszt as if to gain courage; leisurely hunted his place in the book before him; gave Liszt a hasty look, and began pecking nervously at the keys. His style of playing annoyed the Master, who made an occasional sotto-voce criticism to me. Fräulein S—— was in the midst of her next number, a stormy composition, when discordant noises from the piano indicated something on the wires. Several of us dashed simultaneously to the pianiste's assistance. The accompanist's spectacle-case was bouncing about like a rubber ball. The owner retired in confusion with his property, and the music went on. When the funny man again appeared, he fidgeted about as usual until ready to play, raised his hands above the keyboard, and — stopped short. Something was evidently wrong, and he began to cast searching glances at the audience. His eyes were set, his face sullen, as he leaned forward and beckoned angrily, giving a broad sweep to the index finger towards the shoulder and a rapid jerk of the head. A waiter with a huge napkin on his arm hurried precipitately forward, vanished through a side door, and reappeared with the piano lamps, which had been removed when Fräulein S—— played. The accompanist vented his agitation in an aimless staccato prelude with one hand,—loud pedal on,— ending abruptly on the upper notes. This last almost upset the gravity of the spectators. At the close of the concert the Master bowed gallantly to the ladies whose infatuation for him had made them conspicuous, and repaired with us to the public room, where supper had been prepared for our party. The other tables were reserved by the hotel guests in anticipation of this event. A portion of the audience crowded into the room and obstructed the doorway; some even stood on chairs in the far background to get a glimpse of Liszt, who sat apparently oblivious to it all. After supper the Master grew very weary, and said he would take a chair into the little entry beyond, where it was dark and quiet, and try to rest. B—— mounted guard at the outer door. It was impossible longer to endure the indifference manifested by the landlord for Liszt's comfort. I appealed to the guests, who were each and all eager to be of assistance. "Why did you not tell us before? He shall have my room! What a perfect shame!" exclaimed they in chorus. Just then B—— hurried towards me. "It is too late. A lady tried to get through the farther door; the Master heard her and unlocked it. She was indignant to see him so carelessly treated by the proprietor, and invited him to her room, made him comfortable on the couch, and we have just left him alone." The ladies now made themselves agreeable to our party, and easily persuaded Fräulein S—— to return to the concert-hall and play. An hour later the Master walked into the public room, quite refreshed by his short nap. An army officer's wife handed me a card and pencil and implored me to procure his autograph. I explained that it would be impossible, as he wrote on his photographs only when requested by pupils or friends. "I should so much like a souvenir of him and this evening," sighed the lady. As the Master made his simple toilet before the concert, a handful of hair had come out on the comb, and I had put this in my card-case. Thinking it would sufficiently answer the lady's request, I produced the tangle of long, snowy hair, which was viewed with acclamations of delight. "Oh! oh! oh!" came from a dozen throats at once before I had time to explain. A dozen hands were outstretched as the ladies closed in around me. "Give me some! Give me some!" The half had been portioned out when one of the group snatched from my hand the remainder. As she persistently refused to divide her spoils the crowd dispersed. It was now time to go to the train. Fräulein S——, B——, and I accompanied the Master. At midnight we steamed into Weimar, but were compelled to wait several minutes before the station for Liszt's carriage. Miska sprang from the box and made profuse apologies in broken German, which the Master good-naturedly accepted. We bade him good-night at his house-door.

The succeeding day, at the close of the lesson, Fräulein von Liszt said to the Master:

"The Fräuleins Stahr requested me to ask if you would attend the circus with some of us one evening this week."

"Who? I? You must have misunderstood them!" said he in surprise.

"No, I have not; they said you had gone with them before."

"I have not been inside a circus for five and twenty years! You tell the Fräuleins Stahr, for me, that they have been mistaken!"

That evening the party from the Russian Hotel, with additional ladies, went to the circus. The tent was pitched in an open square adjoining the Grand Ducal Museum, and, though small, the performance was excellent. I observed that the general tone was

much higher than that of similar organizations in America; the rough element was utterly wanting. A number of ladies walked behind the scenes to pet the dogs and horses. I took occasion to address the English clown, who was quite delighted to hear his mother tongue. He sent for and introduced his wife, who gave me a hearty shake of the hand. A group of army officers, interested in athletic sports, stood about the entrance and conversed with the performers. It was like a cozy family theater, where every one is acquainted with his neighbor. Friday morning an item in the local column of the daily paper announced that "Dr. Franz Liszt will attend the performance at the circus this evening." At the afternoon lesson the Master corroborated the statement, and bade several accompany him. He had been especially invited by the manager. Punctually at eight o'clock he drove up to the tent. The manager, in evening dress and bareheaded, opened the carriage door, received him with great ceremony, and escorted him within. Mrs. Harkness, her daughter, and five of the pupils followed. The seats were already filled. The band played a march as we entered the second row, where an arch of green boughs had been erected over the space reserved for the Master and his court. The performance began immediately. As the artists stepped into the ring they saluted, first Liszt, then the audience. During the long pause I went behind the scenes to request the clown to perform his greatest feat, the "railway"—a series of somersaults straight across the ring—as I had described it to the Master, and it was not down on the bills this evening. The poor fellow was quite indisposed, but cheerfully complied when his act came on, and received more applause from the Master than his fellow-performers had. Then the "fire steed, Miranda," skipped through burning hoops, waltzed amidst a shower of sparks, and the programme was ended. The manager was instantly at Liszt's side to lead the way through the crowd. "This is the proudest day of my life, Master," said he, as they reached the carriage.

"I have enjoyed it very much," responded Liszt; "it is the first circus I have visited in five and twenty, or possibly thirty, years."

The next day the Fräuleins Stahr left for the North Sea coast to spend their midsummer vacation, though the party at the Russian Hotel remained otherwise unbroken. During their absence the Sunday soirées were replaced by four-o'clock "coffees" at the residences of the different Lisztianer. Mind-reading *à la* Cumberland, stage-coach, and like amusements filled the time instead of music, of which we had a sufficiency during the week. Another time we strolled out under the magnificent old trees to Belvedere and supped on the shaded terrace overlooking the city, as the sun sank behind the Ettersberg. Lights peeped from the silver haze hanging over the lovely valley as we stepped into the park fronting the castle to enjoy the view before starting homeward.

One day Dr. Gille, Göllerich of Vienna, and I sat with the Master at his dinner-table discussing the excellent qualities of the last course—muskmelon. "Is that not the work of young Herr von M.?" asked G——, pointing to a large drawing hanging on the wall.

"Yes!" replied the Master with sudden interest. "The boy evinced unusual ability as an artist, but chose another profession. One evening several years since, he was then only fourteen years of age, I played my music to Longfellow's 'Bells of Strasburg' at his mother's home. He was studying his lessons in a neighboring room at the time, though I knew nothing of it. A week or ten days later the Baroness showed me this picture as it now appears. He had been so deeply impressed with the words and music that he presented his conception of the poem in this sketch, made in the short interval. I was so much pleased with the creation that I asked him to give it to me, which he did. The poem is in one of two volumes entitled 'Legends,'" continued he, addressing me. "I knew Longfellow myself years since, perhaps ten or twelve, in Rome, during Pius the Ninth's time. He first called on me, I returned the visit, and he came again, without our ever meeting. So I wrote him an hour when I should be at home. It was holiday time, the last of December, and I awaited him after the Te Deum. When the bell rang, my servant was out, and there chanced to be no one else in the house, so I went to open the door. Longfellow and our common friend Healey, the painter, stood in the dark outer corridor. In one hand I carried a candle, and as I peered into the gloom shaded my eyes from the light with the other. Healey then grasped the idea, and afterwards painted a portrait of me in that position. Longfellow had it in his possession at the time of his death, I believe. He had a charming family—quite charming! I met them frequently that winter."

We now passed into the drawing-room and played a rubber at whist. While waiting for dinner the Master spoke of a certain celebrated writer who had financially ruined himself by his exceeding hospitality. "That reminds me," added he, "I must write Siloti to change his soirée Tuesday to four o'clock in the afternoon. He has invited eighteen already, and a supper for that number with wines, etc., is

too extravagant! A plain coffee is more reasonable. I shall write him at once and say I will decline for *supper!*" He seated himself at his writing-desk and spoke the words aloud as he slowly traced the characters on the paper. "Dear friend Silotissimus" (an affectionate mode of address for S——, who is a great favorite of his): "Your—company—is—at—four—o'clock—Tuesday—afternoon—. Have—only—cake,—wine,—sandwiches?" said he musingly. "No, that is too much"; and he wrote, "perhaps—cognac—and—seltzer-water—and—" here he hesitated; "yes!—music. Now! that will do," he exclaimed with satisfaction, and signed himself with a flourish. "Siloti must have that this afternoon," was his final remark as Miska announced dinner.

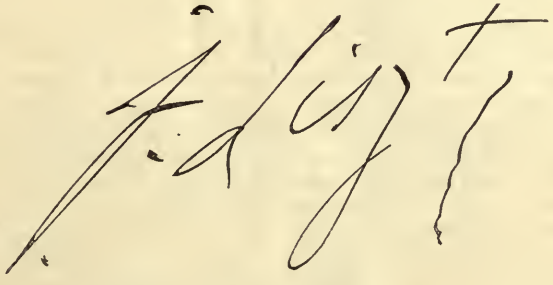
Siloti, however, coaxed the Master into coming at eight o'clock the following Tuesday evening. He had dined with the Grand Duke at Belvedere, and wore his long abbé's coat with a single order fastened in a buttonhole. Siloti first arranged for him a rubber of whist with his customary associates, though the Master suggested that the others might be hungry. Then our host, who is one of Liszt's very best pupils, played a "Mazeppa" by some Russian composer, a countryman of his. Miss Senkrah and Siloti performed the Master's "Hungarian Fantaisie" (dedicated to Joachim) for violin and piano in splendid style. Both were thoroughly aroused. I had never before heard the violiniste play with such fire and abandon; her instrument seemed a soul that breathed and had human passions. Liszt led in the prolonged applause that ensued. He again suggested supper, but Siloti said: "Just wait a moment, please, Master, until we play a little Russian melody."

"Good! good!" was the kindly reply.

After supper Wilhelm Posse of Berlin, who visits the Master a few days each summer, played his own arrangement of Liszt's third "Liebestraum" for harp. The Master once said to me: "In my opinion Posse is the greatest harpist since Parish-Alvers." More need not be said; Parish-Alvers died in 1849, and Posse is just thirty-two years of age. Liszt could not sufficiently express his pleasure and gratification with Posse's wonderful music. To our intense delight he went to the piano and played the first "Liebestraum," adding at the close a long improvisation. We who heard him on this particular occasion can never forget it; there is magic in his touch! The Master was weary and left; the ladies likewise. Posse then played Chopin's piano Étude in A flat (Op. 25, No. 1), his own Scherzo, and Liszt's "Consolation" magnificently. The gentlemen gathered about a long table; coffee, beer, and cigars were served, and the story-tellers warmed to their tasks.

In her biography of him Fräulein Ramann writes: "Liszt is not a genius, he is a phenomenon!" A lady recently said to me: "His heart is as great as his playing." This thought recurs to me especially when I recall the day in S——. Neither before nor since, at home or abroad, have I seen deference and attentions less than those demanded by a sovereign shown him. Throughout the long, weary hours he submitted patiently to discomforts and annoyances unknown in his old age, at least. Not one look or gesture betrayed his mental observations. With his pupils especially is he tender and fatherly. While eager to make some return for his kindness, and show appreciation of the privileges granted them, his greatness is an obstacle to many who grow dumb and helpless in his presence. Ever generous and kind, he is ready to encourage talent or assist the needy. His benevolence is proverbial and frequently abused. Though the city of Weimar forbids "soliciting alms" within its limits, many a well-dressed beggar finds his or her way to the liberal giver at the court garden. To know Liszt is to love him.

Albert Morris Bagby.



AUTOGRAPH OF LISZT.

"JUST AS LIKE AS NOT YOU'LL COME OUT OF THIS AFFAIR ALIVE."

IN my native town there lived an elderly man, Professor Harlow M. Spencer by name, who in middle life had followed the business of "ballooning." During the summer seasons just prior to the war, he had made ascensions from many of the large cities of New England and adjacent States, and as balloon ascensions were rare in those days, he had reaped a fair competency from the business. To my boyish eyes he was the greatest man in town. He was a glib talker, and by the hour would detail to me the pleasures and dangers of his many trips. In fact, he filled me from time to time so full of "balloon talk" that the garret of our house was the only room in which I could take any comfort. Years had rolled by, and I had reached the advanced age of twenty-seven years without having lost a particle of my boyish interest in balloon matters, when one day in June the walls of our town were covered with flaming bills announcing that the celebrated aëronaut, Professor Silas M. Brooks, a hero of one hundred and sixty-six ascensions, would make a great balloon ascension in connection with a fair and horse-trot at Canton, Connecticut, on July 4, 1885.

At last my dreams were to be realized. I had never seen a balloon, so I resolved not only to be present, but also, if possible, to be one of the passengers. From the moment of this resolution until the 4th of July I hardly took an instant's comfort. In the daytime I watched the clouds and noticed the direction and force of the wind; in dreams by night I fell out of balloons at all heights and into all manner of places; in fact, I was killed from three to five times a night for a week. Finally the morning of Saturday, July 4, 1885, dawned bright, and as the time drew near for the train to depart, I stoned the neighbors' chickens out of our garden for what I thought might be the last time, and pale and wan wended my way to the depot with a few boon companions to whom I had made known my intentions. Our trip to Canton and thence to the park was without incident, except that my courage received a severe and nearly fatal shock as we turned an angle in the road and saw a rock upon which the Salvation Army had cut the inscription, "Prepare to meet thy God."

After entering the park and making my way to the balloon inclosure, I inquired for Professor Brooks. A mild, blue-eyed gentleman sixty odd years of age, with a full beard and a kindly countenance, came towards us. "Well, boys, what is it?" inquired the professor. After a moment's silence, with a faltering voice I explained to the hero that I fain would accompany him upon his aërial voyage. "I'm sorry, young man," said he, "but this balloon will carry but one person." Afterwards we approached the subject of allowing me to go in his stead; he laughed a quiet laugh at the foolhardy proposition, but I was persistent, and offered ample security for the balloon, and also to pay him a bonus for the privilege. But he waived aside my proffered dollars, and said, "If you are bound to go, and will give security for the safe return of the apparatus to me, you may go; but it is a dangerous undertaking." The bargain was closed. The gas used was hydrogen, and it was made by decomposing fifty barrels of water contained in a large tank, and extracting the stored gas contained therein.

From the time of closing the bargain until the advertised time for the ascension, four o'clock P. M., time hung heavy upon my hands. I prevailed upon Professor Spencer, who was

present, to tell me of one or two of his pleasant day trips, some of those "ordinary day" trips when a child could handle a balloon. He gave me what comfort he could, and ended by saying, "Just as like as not you'll come out of this affair alive."

Before the balloon was full enough to go, a storm broke upon us, the wind and rain came together and beat upon the balloon, so that more than a score of men were fully occupied in keeping it from threshing itself to pieces. My courage began to come back to me in small sections, for it looked as if no one could go that day. But at 5:15 P. M. the storm had subsided, and the inflation was resumed. At six o'clock the car was attached, and Professor Brooks called for me. When everything was ready and the huge machine hung over my head like a cloud, after being assisted, in a frightened condition, into the flimsy, yielding basket which served as a car, and receiving a few parting instructions from the two venerable aëronauts as to the management of the machine, I shook hands with several thousand people whom I had never seen before, drew in a long breath, and sang out, "Let go!" They let go! Cæsar! what a sensation! It seems to me that I at that moment learned how a boiler feels when it bursts. As I looked over the edge of the car and watched that hooting crowd drop swiftly away from me, my mind was filled with a tumult of thoughts; but, as there was no motion to the car, I gradually became accustomed to the sensation and began to enjoy the magnificent view. The panorama spread out before me was bewildering. I could not at first comprehend it. Finally the gilt dome of the Capitol building at Hartford, Connecticut, caught my eye; thence following the crooked Connecticut River north, I could see Springfield, Massachusetts, and the many towns scattered along the river-banks between. Following the river south, Middletown, with its iron drawbridge, seemed quite near Hartford; farther down, Saybrook, at the mouth of the river, was plainly visible, while Long Island Sound lay near the horizon. Toward the west could be seen Waterbury, New Britain, and many smaller towns standing on the line of the New England railroad. Beneath were scores, yes, hundreds of little villages, thousands of miniature farms and lakes, and innumerable ponds and small sheets of water. Trains upon the New York and New Haven, Connecticut Western, and New Haven and Northampton railroads could be seen moving along apparently at a snail's pace. The landscape for a distance of

"THEY LET GO!"

seventy-five miles in all directions appeared as level as a floor. Mountains could not be distinguished from valleys. All was seemingly one vast prairie. I was amazed and impressed with the wonderful changing view. Overhead was that monstrous balloon, leaning slightly in the direction in which we were going, and just a little ahead of the car, the latter being suspended eighteen feet below the balloon

"HE FELL UPON IT, AND MY JOURNEY WAS ENDED."

proper, by means of thirty-four quarter-inch linen cords, which, when outlined against the distant clouds, seemed not larger than hairs. The car was simply a round willow basket four feet in diameter and thirty-one inches high.

As nearly as could be judged, I was more than a mile high, and all sounds from the earth had ceased. There was a death-like silence which was simply awful. It seemed to my overstrained nerves to forebode disaster. The ticking of the watch in my pocket sounded like a trip-hammer. I could feel the blood as it shot through the veins of my head and arms. My straw hat and the willow car snapped and cracked, being contracted by the evaporation of the moisture in them and by the fast-cooling temperature. I was compelled to breathe a little quicker than usual on account of the rarity of the atmosphere. I became sensible of a loud, monotonous hum in my ears, pitched about on middle C of the piano, which seemed to bore into my head from each side, meeting in the center with a pop; then for an instant my head would be clear, when the same experience would be repeated. By throwing out small pieces of tissue-paper I saw that the balloon was still rapidly ascending. While debating with myself as to the advisability of pulling the valve-rope (I was afraid to touch it for fear it would break) and discharging some gas, the earth was lost sight of, and the conviction was forced upon me that this must be the clouds! It made me dizzy to think of it. Above, below, and upon all sides was a dense, damp, chilly fog. Upon looking closer, large drops of rain could be seen, silently falling down out of sight into what seemed bottomless space.

I was alone, a mile from the earth, in the midst of a rain-cloud and the silence of the grave. Moreover, I had sole charge of the balloon; if it had not been for this fact I could have taken a little comfort, as I had no confidence in my ability to manage it. A rain-storm upon the earth is accompanied by noise; the patter of the rain upon the houses, trees, and walks always attends the storm; while here, although the drops were large, they could not be heard falling upon the balloon or its belongings. Silence reigned supreme. The quiet spoken of by Dr. Kane and other Arctic explorers as existing in the northern regions, was a hubbub beside this place. More tissue-paper was thrown out; seeing that it seemed to ascend, I knew that the apparatus was slowly descending, being brought down by the weight of rain upon it. Soon the earth was in view. How peaceful and quiet it looked! Immediately the whistling of railroad trains could be heard. Now mountains could be distinguished from valleys, and the cawing of frightened crows and the shouting of men could be heard. I passed immediately over Talcott Mountain tower, where there were some two hundred people enjoying the day. I could plainly hear one of them blowing a horn. As the balloon slowly descended men could be seen running from all sides towards the place of landing. Now the hum of insects could be heard, and the grapnel, with a hundred feet of rope attached, was thrown out; it soon struck the ground, and dragged lazily along through the turf and over the stones without getting a secure hold. I approached a man weighing three hundred pounds, who was sitting upon a stone wall all out of breath from running. Without the formality of an introduction I asked him to "catch on to that anchor and stop the business." With a woe-begone look upon his honest face and an ominous shake of the head he replied: "It's no use, young fellow; I can't work my bellows." But as the rope twitched along near him, he fell upon it, and my journey was ended. I had landed upon the farm of S. B. Pinney, in Bloomfield, Connecticut, sixteen miles from the starting-point, and the journey had been

THE BALLOON IN THE STORM.

accomplished in nineteen minutes, into which was crowded a stack of experience. Mr. Pinney invited me to supper, and the assembled crowd invited me to make a speech, both of which invitations were accepted.

Upon my return home an impromptu "reception" was extended to me at the depot. I was immediately dubbed "professor," and for days my advice upon picnic weather and other purely scientific subjects was eagerly sought after. Fair women wanted my photograph, and brave men desired to know "how it seemed up overhead where neighbors were scarce." My mushroom reputation must be sustained, so I purchased a mammoth balloon which Professor Brooks had in process of

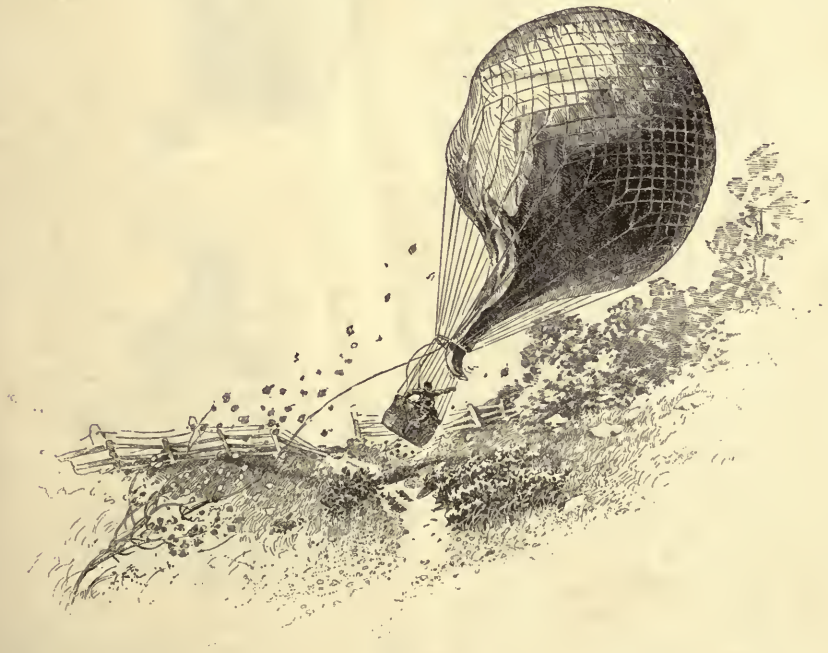
construction, stipulating that he should accompany me upon the first voyage and teach me his "trade" of an aëronaut. After which, by the aid of Mr. Doughty, a photographer of the same age as myself, and an enthusiast upon the subject, I hoped to be able to take photographs from a balloon which would convey, plainer than words can, an idea of the appearance of the earth and clouds as seen from above.

On the 29th day of July, 1885, the professor and I made the trial trip, from Winsted, Connecticut, in the new balloon, which when filled with gas lifted over twelve hundred pounds. This trip resulted in nearly spoiling the entire apparatus and frightening two persons out of the "trade." Before relating the experience of my second trip I am constrained to say a word concerning my companion. Professor Silas M. Brooks was a character. Combining the trades of farmer, mechanic, and aëronaut, he managed to meet the demands of the tax-gatherer with a fair degree of promptness, and at the age of sixty-five years was hale and hearty. As a mechanic he was phenomenal — the most ingenious I ever met. Every part of the balloon and its accouterments he was capable of making with his own hand, even the anchor-rope; and there was not a grist, cider, or cider-brandy mill for miles around that had not felt the weight of his hand. Even the scarecrows in his neighborhood were designed by him, and they were indeed frightful. They consisted, in part, of a small windmill with a ratchet attachment that made a terrible racket when the wind blew; he also had one rigged to a small water-wheel, in a brook near by, for quiet days. An Irish farmer living near averred that the professor made one for him that frightened the crows so that they brought back the corn they stole the year before. As an aëronaut he has made, I believe, more ascensions, and had more practical experience in aëronautical matters, than any other person now on the continent, the proceeds from which have not remained to him. Nature did not design the professor for a farmer. This was his weak point. He would allow the succulent potatoes to freeze in the ground while he was perfecting some contrivance that would dig them all up at once.

Professor Brooks and I left the ground at Winsted in the brand-new balloon at 12:56 P. M., four minutes before the advertised time for the ascension. We started thus early to avoid a heavy shower which was fast coming up in the south-west. The start availed us nothing, however, for by the time we had reached an altitude of eighteen hundred feet the storm was upon us. The monstrous balloon whirled around and swayed about, and we were wet through by the driving rain. Twenty pounds of sand was quickly thrown out, and we shot up through the rain-cloud like an arrow. My companion smiled as we came into the sunshine above, and assured me that it was nothing but a little "flurry" liable to occur upon any trip. We could now look down upon our recent enemy with composure, and over the edge of the cloud to the north had a magnificent view of the earth thickly dotted with towns and villages, some near enough to be recognized, while others were so far away that the houses looked like white dots upon the broad green fields. The various lakes, ponds, and smaller bodies of water shone in the sunlight like silver shields. All sounds from the earth having ceased, we sailed silently along enjoying the wonderful panorama. Soon the smell of gas caused us to look up; the diminished pressure, due to the great elevation, had caused the gas to expand to such an extent that it was passing out of the opening at the bottom of the envelope at the rate of several hundred feet a minute. My associate quickly seized the valve-rope and held the twelve-inch valve open about three seconds; this relieved the pressure upon the balloon and caused us to descend about a thousand feet. The clouds were swiftly gathering from all directions, and to all appearances we were going to have a heavy storm. At my timid suggestion that we drop down through the lower layer of clouds and make a landing, my mate turned to me and put the question, "Are you afraid?" With my heart in my throat I replied, "Oh, no! I like it." (The latter part of this answer,

"WE THREW OUR WET ARMS ABOUT EACH OTHER'S NECK AND WEPT." (SEE PAGE 677.)

at least, was not true, but I have since confessed the fact to Professor Brooks, and he himself confessed that he knew it all along.) While we were debating, we were steadily approaching an ominous black bank of clouds which was apparently six hundred feet through upon the outer edge. These clouds were continually moving in and out, seething and boiling like the ocean in a storm, while cold winds swept along their face, chilling us and causing the mercury to fall twenty degrees in as many seconds. Large blocks of cloud would break away from the main body, sometimes passing over us, sometimes under us, and then enveloping us in such darkness and rain that the balloon was scarcely visible from the car. The professor remarked that he was not pleased with the appearance of things, and began to tumble the ballast overboard; but in the occupation of giving me a fright he had delayed too long, for with a whirl we were drawn into the black-walled thunder-head, into the darkness and storm. Now began a season of terror which can be but feebly described. The rain was continuous, pouring in upon us from all sides, from above and below, being forced about by the ever-changing wind. Forked tongues of lightning opened and lighted up great gaps in the liquid gloom, each blinding flash accompanied by sharp, deafening thunder which reverberated through the dark mass with frightful distinctness. Overhead the monstrous balloon trembled, shivered, and anon shifted its position in the netting with a tearing sound which, if possible, added to our terror. At times it stood still for a moment, then, toppled over by an upper current, it would swing away, swiftly dragging the car diagonally behind — as school-boys play "snap the whip"— to be again twisted around and brought to a halt by a cross-current. This was a most sickening experience. While the massive gas-bag overhead contained all of the lifting power and struggled manfully to hold us up, it had no *lateral* strength; when a strong counter-current struck it, over it would go until it lay upon its side, with the cords between the car and balloon for a moment slack; then the car and its stooping occupants would drop the length of the cords, straining the yielding willow of which the car was composed to the last degree, and wringing the water from the cordage which attached it to the balloon. Heretofore we had knelt back to back, grasping opposite sides of the car, to preserve the equilibrium. Now, upon turning around our eyes met; his face was white, but not a word was spoken. Handing the barometer to me, he seized an open bag of ballast, weighing eighty pounds, and with the valve-cord tied about his arm, to prevent the wind from blowing it out of his reach, he stood bareheaded, with disheveled hair and set teeth, looking, in the lightning-lit scene, the very picture of determination. I called out "Three thousand feet" (we had entered the cloud five thousand feet above the level of the sea); over went half the ballast! Despite the weight of



THE LANDING.

"THE FENCE MELTS AWAY." (SEE PAGE 679.)

rain in the cordage we began to ascend, and the barometer-pointer slowly moved around to three thousand eight hundred feet and stopped. I nodded, indicating that we were stationary, and over went the other half of the ballast, bag and all. Again the unwieldy apparatus mounted upward through the dismal storm until the pointer registered four thousand five hundred feet. Ballast to the amount of nearly three hundred pounds was thrown out, and an altitude of six thousand two hundred and fifty feet was reached. Thus, after passing up three thousand two hundred and fifty feet through the thunder-cloud and running out of ballast, there was but one alternative left, namely, to allow the balloon to settle down through the storm, having weight, in the shape of rain, added every minute (every mesh in the netting formed a little reservoir for holding the water), and take our chances of being dashed to pieces upon the land or drowned in some small body of water. We feared, too, that in again entering the thunder-clouds, and running the terrible gauntlet of lightning-flashes, the gas escaping from the balloon might be set on fire, and the perils of our already frightful situation reach their climax. The earth having been out of sight over half an hour, we had not the remotest idea of our location. Already we were swiftly descending, and as the pointer upon the barometer began slowly to revolve backward, a sickening feeling overcame me.

The awful silence was broken by the professor, who asked:

"How fast are we falling?"

After comparing the barometer and watch, I replied:

"One hundred feet every three seconds."

"And we have but just started," was his cheerful rejoinder. Every movable article in the car, except a few valuable instruments of but little weight, was thrown overboard. With an appealing expression upon his worn countenance, the professor turned to me and asked, "Is there anything else we can throw out to lighten the load?"

As a shipwrecked sailor, hopelessly lost, starved and thirsty, looks covetously upon the last drop of water, thus I, with equally greedy eyes, looked upon a pair of cowhide boots which adorned the legs of my learned associate. But, no! Banish the thought! I answered him "Nothing!" We were falling thirty-three feet per second, causing the cloth trimmings upon the sides of the car to flap violently, and the resistance offered by the air forcing great hollows into the yielding cloth of the balloon overhead, the flabby and trunklike neck of which slowly waved from side to side. As this neck rubbed with a grating noise against the varnished sides of the balloon, it seemed as if some huge elephant

"I GOT OUT IN COMPANY WITH A THERMOMETER." (SEE PAGE 679.)

was accompanying us in our nightmare descent to destruction!

Still there was no *sense* of falling. There was the certain information of the fact offered by the barometer, and we saw that the rain seemed stationary, but there was no dizzy sensation. Within three horrible minutes the earth was dimly seen through the rain. As it seemed to come swiftly towards us we became more fully impressed by our danger. It was frightful! awful! Now the wind changed, and instead of falling perpendicularly we took a diagonal course. My friend, ever full of ideas, brightened up and said eagerly, "If this lower current of air holds steady, and the entire apparatus can stand the strain of a strong anchor-hold, I think we can make a landing without getting killed." Saying which, he handed me the "rip-cord," with earnest instructions to take up all the slack and pull hard the instant he gave the order, while he carefully and skillfully recoiled the long anchor-rope, so that it should not become knotted and tangled at the last moment. Everything about the balloon, except the professor, was new; it ought to stand the strain. There was a hope. I was anxious for the trial to take place, while he, although as thoroughly frightened as myself, had a better control over his feelings.

We were now five hundred feet from the ground, and after passing like a shadow over a strip of woods, the heavy, four-pronged steel grapnel with its two hundred feet of untried one-inch rope was thrown out.

We watched with bated breath and feverish interest the result. It first caught in a clump of alders, and as the rope quickly tightened like a whip-cord, the bushes came out by the roots, without having made a perceptible impression upon our progress. In an instant the grapnel had passed on twenty rods and caught a three-inch maple-tree close to the ground. Thinking this would hold, my instructor called out, "Rip it!" In an instant there was a hole forty-one feet long in the balloon, and with a fearful crash the car struck the ground, stunning for a moment its two occupants. But we had not yet finished our journey, for the grapnel, after bending the maple-tree down to the ground and stripping it of every leaf and small limb, had let go. The balloon, being more than half full of gas, and assisted by the wind, lifted us clear of the ground, and, after going along at railroad speed for an eighth of a mile, dropped us again. We partly sailed and partly dragged in this manner for a long distance, grabbing frantically at every bush and tree within our reach. For an instant my companion would glance over the edge and grab at the air; then he would take his turn at being walked upon in the bottom of the swift-revolving basket. After plowing up the ground and leveling everything in our path, we brought up against a post-and-rail fence built upon a stone wall, a dozen or more lengths of which bowed out like a horse-shoe; but it held together, and we had landed *alive*.

Crawling out through the slack ropes from under the ill-smelling balloon, we threw our wet arms about each other's neck and wept. I casually remarked, as we viewed the half acre of tangled balloon wreckage and various meteorological instruments scattered about, that my researches in the interest of science would hereafter be confined to lower altitudes.

Thus terminated one of the most dangerous trips ever taken. We were in the air fifty-four minutes, during thirty-eight of which we were out of sight of the earth in the thunder-storm, and had traveled in a roundabout course about seventy miles. I did not recover from my fright for days, and was thoroughly discouraged at the prospect of accomplishing anything in the line of photography from a balloon.

The balloon was repaired and offered for sale upon "easy terms." But, as the demand for balloons seemed limited, and as we had several weeks of pleasant, "ordinary" days, my courage returned, and with Mr. Doughty, the photographer, I determined to wait for a good day and try my "hobby" of taking photographs from a balloon. As the subject deals largely in photographic matters, I leave those trips to the lucid pen of Mr. Doughty.

On the 23d of September, 1885, I made an ascension from New Milford, Connecticut, alone in the small balloon. A light wind was blowing, but the day was bright and pleasant. At three o'clock P. M. the balloon rose majestically, and, taking an easterly course, passed over the town of New Milford at an elevation of one thousand feet. As it continued to ascend, the entire length of the beautiful Housatonic valley, with its railroad, winding river, and myriads of rich farms, lay spread out beneath. What a magnificent view! Oh, ye grovelers, plodding along at a snail's pace upon the earth's surface, I pity you! I move along without a jar, without exertion, leagues to your rods. Nay, more: I drink in at one glance your entire day's journey. Far up and down the valley, on the hillside and the plain, lay the homes of the thrifty farmers surrounded by their ungathered crops. Fields of buckwheat ripe for the cradler's knife, corn in sheaves, with the gaudy pumpkins, "nuggets of the field," scattered about between, together with the orchards laden with fast-maturing fruit, made a picture of peace and plenty, while the tracts of woods with their variegated autumn leaves gave the charm of color to the landscape. As, filled with awe, I

noiselessly float along, the chilly air admonishes me of the proximity of the clouds; the mercury in the thermometer, which registered eighty-four degrees as I left earth, has now, at an altitude of four thousand feet, fallen to seventy-three degrees. Anon the earth is lost to view, and the entire apparatus is enveloped in a cold, clammy mist, known to those below as a cumulus cloud. The mercury continues to fall until forty-five is reached. My jaunty beaver hat, which had been waved so gracefully to the New Milford girls, was unceremoniously pulled down over my ears, and a handkerchief did weak service as a muffler. A few pounds of ballast was thrown over to shorten the stay in the cloud, and, after passing up through six hundred feet of the cold, damp fog, I emerged into the sunshine. Continuing upwards one thousand feet above the cloud-level and six thousand feet from the earth, the mercury has gone up to ninety-two degrees,—*eight degrees warmer than upon the earth's surface at the same moment.* This result was owing to the reflection of the sun from the clouds one thousand feet below. The heat is intense, it rises around and about me in visible waves; the lower part of the balloon, known as the neck, heretofore closed, is now fully extended by the expanding gas, which, invisible while within the envelope, is now seen slowly curling out of the neck like white smoke. My former protections from the cold are removed, and I stand in my shirt-sleeves. Extending below in all directions as far as the eye can reach is an endless landscape of beautiful white clouds, piled up here and there into vast foggy chains of mountains, with chasms and valleys between that would make a chamois hunter dizzy to contemplate. In a few short moments the misty mountains have melted away, only to be reconstructed elsewhere by the chilly breezes that blow over their surface. Speak not to me, ye loiterers upon the footstool, of Alpine scenery! *Here* people of the most sedentary habits, without exertion, can see scenery manufactured. Again one is reminded of an immense mass of ice irresistibly borne along upon some unseen current. Here a huge field, hesitating for a moment, is then whirled around as if by some hidden snag; there, huge, irregular blocks are piled up, as if against some immovable obstruction, and for the moment the current passes smoothly around; the obstacle being overcome, the misty cakes lazily resume their position in the silent stream as it flows on its way to some cloud-ocean in the dim distance. Seeing the earth through an aperture in the clouds ahead, I reluctantly pulled the valve-cord; while I keenly enjoyed the scenery above the clouds, I feared that an adverse current might carry me over Long Island Sound, which had been visible but a short distance to the south before I passed above the clouds. The balloon slowly descended; when directly over the open place indicated, the valve was opened wide for a space of four seconds, and the return journey through the cloud-level was accomplished without having come in disagreeable contact with the clouds themselves. After descending below the layer of atmosphere cooled by the clouds, ballast was discharged until the barometer indicated that the balloon had ceased to descend. I should say that when one half mile from the earth there is no perceptible motion, unless there be a cloud near, or some object for comparison; whether the balloon be going up or down is known to the occupant of the car only by the barometer or the casting overboard of feathers or thin paper.

The view now at hand is the busy Naugatuck Valley. Waterbury lies immediately beneath, with its monstrous factories, and following the crooked Naugatuck railroad north (apparently about eighteen inches) the tall chimneys of the rolling-mills at Thomaston are seen, while farther north may be beheld old Litchfield with its broad streets and white liberty pole, dear to the hearts of many a "city boarder." South of Waterbury are seen Birmingham, Ansonia, Naugatuck, and a dozen other manufacturing places, filled with the hum of industry and overhung with smoke. Truly this is the valley of tall chimneys, whirring machinery, and business energy. How different from the peaceful Housatonic! As we glide along due east, the city of Meriden appears directly in our path, and farther along Middletown; while upon the left the gilded dome of the Capitol at Hartford is the most prominent landmark, and New Britain the largest city between. To the south lies New Haven, with its tall church-spires and red-walled East Rock, and the many cities and towns along the edge of the Sound are connected with those of the interior by a network of railroads, upon the rails of which may be descried numerous trains of cars rumbling and tooting along at what seemed from my position a surprisingly slow pace. Immediately beneath are countless villages, the inhabitants of which run eagerly after some colored circulars thrown to them. Approaching the valley of the Connecticut, a most enchanting view meets my vision; from far above Hartford down to the Sound the grand old Connecticut River looks like quicksilver in the afternoon sunshine. The busy little tugs, wheezing up and down the river, with their long line of barges, a steamer now and then, and the numberless reels for holding the fishermen's

nets which line the bank, give this valley a maritime aspect. While the Housatonic farmer would talk of trading a "beef creetur" with you, and the Naugatuck Valley manufacturer would speak of the money that could be made out of his patent rat-trap, we would expect the veracious dweller upon the river-bank to expatiate upon the unprecedented "run o' shad" in '85. To avoid such a risk we cross the river at Middletown, seeing and hearing the little river-steamer *Silver Star* as she whistles for the drawbridge which spans the river at this point. Fearing that the wind might change, and that I should be unable to reach Norwich, which lay due east about twenty-five miles, and seeing that the stretch of country ahead was covered with woods and lacking in railroads, I concluded to land. As I neared the earth the wind changed, and I was surprised and chagrined at the speed of the lower current of air.

The shadow of the balloon seemed to fly over the earth's surface. As it skipped over valleys, woods, and pastures like a ghost, a feeling of discontent began to assert itself. As we scooted along just high enough to clear obstructions, valve-rope in one hand and bag of ballast in the other, I could not help thinking "something was going to happen." Places soft enough to land upon from a balloon which is tearing along a mile a minute are scarce in Connecticut. While over a tract of woods on high ground, in East Hampton, the valve was opened in hopes of being able to make a landing in the valley on the other side, out of the wind. As the machine settled down the side of the mountain, the car became engaged with the limb of a large chestnut-tree. The momentum was too much for the limb; it snapped off close to the tree, at which place it was certainly ten inches through, and the journey down was continued. The grapnel with one hundred feet of rope was thrown out. It caught in and tore down three lengths of a six-rail fence. I passed the time of day with a terrified farmer, who was at work in the lot, and, dropping a fifteen-pound bag of ballast, rose up over the hill into New London county. I shall never forget the picture of horror depicted upon that farmer's countenance, as he saw his fence melt away, and looked up at me whooping along over his head.

After two other unsuccessful attempts to make a safe landing the ballast gave out. Unless the anchor should catch a secure hold at the next attempt, I might hear something "drop." As I neared the earth the anchor was thrown out again. I should explain that the anchor, or grapnel, is drawn into the car after every unsuccessful attempt, to avoid the danger of its being caught in the tops of trees; for if the anchor with a hundred feet of rope attached becomes securely hooked into the top of a tall tree during a gale of wind, there will be trouble.

It was gratifying to see the anchor finally take strong hold. Knowing that it would not pull out when the slack was taken up, I pulled the rip-cord, making a hole twenty-two feet long in the balloon; but when the balloon reached the end of the slack rope the speed was too great, and the heavy hickory hoop overhead, to which the anchor-rope is always attached, parted, causing the ropes which attached the car to the balloon to pull upon one side only; the car was bottom side up in a minute, twenty-six feet from the ground. I got out, and, in company with a thermometer and a porous-plaster advertisement that some one had thrown into the car at the outset, started out to make a landing. I struck into the top of a white birch-tree, broke it off, and fell from limb to limb until I landed on the ground, with no bones broken. The balloon could go but a short distance with the great rent in its side, so I secured the services of a kind farmer living near, and soon the balloon and its owner were on their way to Goodspeeds Landing on the river. I landed in Colchester at 4:28 P. M., having covered seventy-four miles in eighty-eight minutes, averaging nearly fifty miles an hour.

Alfred E. Moore.

BALLOON EXPERIENCES OF A TIMID PHOTOGRAPHER.

MY FIRST ASCENSION.

ALTHOUGH I had always wished (as who has not?) to taste the pleasures of a balloon ascension, yet, when in July, 1885, Mr. A. E. Moore confided to me that he was having a large balloon built, and asked my opinion concerning the possibility of photographing from it, nothing was further from my thoughts than that I should ever realize my aspirations.

Later Mr. Moore consulted me about the construction of some parts, but still I had no suspicion that I was destined to be his companion in two ascensions.

The first ascension with the new balloon was made from Winsted on July 29th; and on his return from what was to him an eventful trip, Mr. Moore proposed that I should go with him, and attempt the feat of photographing from the balloon. This direct proposal nearly threw me into a fever; but I wished to go, and had a good degree of *theoretical* confidence in the success of the venture. After a serious consideration of the matter, I decided to accept the offer, and after this decision, which I felt to be final, went about with the emotions of a criminal whose sentence is deferred; for the day of the ascension had not been fixed. As, however, we expected to ascend soon, it became necessary to make all the photographic preparations at once; and I wrote my orders for apparatus and materials in such a condition of nervous apprehension that, to this day, I wonder that they were understood.

At length Mr. Moore came to me "with a piece of bad news," as he put it. There was to be an ascension on the 2d of September! Upon receiving the announcement, my heart stopped for two beats, and then went on to make up for lost time.

Feeling now that I had but a week to live, my preparations and experiments were continued with great care. If a balloon was mentioned in my presence, my heart would give a fearful throb, and I could feel myself grow pale; if I glanced up at a cloud floating high overhead, the thought would instantly come, "Perhaps I may go higher than that cloud!" and I would at once grow sick and faint with the dizzying fear.

I detail the "premonitory symptoms" with such minuteness, in order to show that no one who ever thinks of making an ascension can possibly dread the experience more than I did, and to give the reader some faint idea of the revulsion of feeling which took place when the ascension was made, and I at last found myself where I had feared to be — higher than the clouds!

On awaking in the morning of September 2d I was somewhat comforted to find that a strong wind was blowing from the north-west; but on visiting the ground from which the ascension was to take place, I was shocked to discover that preparations for the inflation were already begun. I heard a gentleman say to the aëronaut, "Isn't it too windy for you to go?" and listened eagerly for his answer, which was a confirmation of my worst fears: "Oh, no; we wouldn't go if there was not wind enough to take us away from Winsted."

After partly inflating the balloon, it was decided, notwithstanding this courageous declaration, to wait awhile, and let the wind moderate if it would. At noon the wind was still strong, and to my great relief it was thought best to wait until two P. M. Two o'clock arriving found the wind apparently as fresh as ever, and after a consultation another postponement was made to four o'clock. Then, if the wind continued as strong as ever, Professor Brooks was to go alone.

During the day some of my kind friends advised me not to go; others offered to bet that I wouldn't; and some one started a story that I had backed out. These latter persons receive a large share of gratitude, as they helped materially to strengthen my resolution.

A large part of my fear was lest when once up, and too far away for retreat, my fears might serve to unfit me for the business for which alone I was to be taken from the earth.

As four o'clock approached, the inflation was resumed, and I noticed with an increase of alarm that the violence of the wind was much abated; but, after all, there was a chance that only one could go up, as the gas, which had been standing in the balloon since morning, had lost much of its buoyancy.

At last the great balloon was filled, and rounded out to its enormous proportions above the heads of the crowd. It is necessary for the passengers to take their places before the basket is attached to the netting. Moore took his place, and I was told to get my apparatus and get in; camera and plate boxes were brought from their place of storage, and I made my way back through the crowd gathered around the balloon, conscious of being very white, and moving very carefully to avoid trembling.

Even to the last moment the vague hope, which was half a fear, remained that the buoyancy of the gas might not be sufficient to carry both the aëronaut and myself. The car contained, besides its two passengers and a rather bulky amount of photographic apparatus, a large coil of rope attached to the anchor, and two bags of sand for ballast, with a frame intended to hold my camera perpendicularly over an opening which had been left in the bottom of the car for the purpose of taking views directly beneath us, and a bag containing three pigeons. Having taken our places in the car, the hoop was raised above our heads, and the cords from the balloon netting were connected with pegs attached to the hoop, which in its turn is permanently fastened to the car by cords. Those who were holding the cords from the balloon were directed to let it up while a few men took hold of the car, to test the lifting power of the machine. In this final moment of uncertainty my breath came short, and it was hard to resist a wild impulse to separate the cords, which

seemed to me like prison bars, and make my escape through the crowd.

It was quickly ascertained that the balloon had sufficient lifting power, the word was given to let go, and with a gasp I caught one deep breath, as though in preparation for a plunge into water, as with a dizzying whirl the car swung to its position under the great gas-bag, and we were off!

I had looked forward with indescribable fears to the time when I should feel myself torn from the earth and lifted rapidly into the sky; but now that the time was come, how unlike was the reality to my anticipations! Instead of seeming to be carried rapidly upward, we felt as though standing at ease upon a secure support, while the crowd from the midst of which we had just started sank quickly below us, and was soon out of sight and hearing.

Many things combine to make this my first ascension more impressive and more vividly remembered than any other, though they should be counted by the hundred. On the occasion of my first ascension my emotions before starting formed a strong contrast with the experiences directly following, which did not occur in so great a degree again, as before my second ascension the distressing fears previously experienced were almost wholly absent. To complete the inflation of the balloon, and attend to the smaller details in the arrangement of the various apparatus, all of which are important when we consider that our lives are to hang literally by a thread, consume much time; so that our ascension was not begun before five P. M., when the sun had set behind the hills and the chill of gathering darkness was felt.

We were soon lifted from the gloom of deepening twilight into the full glow of light and warmth from the sun, which, as we were carried up, presented the singular effect of a sudden sunrise in the west.

This change in our physical condition was paralleled, in my own case at least, by an equal change in my feelings; as we rose from darkness to light my spirits rose from a sickening fear to a wonderful sense of relief from danger. At last, turning my attention from the town we had left, and looking around, I was amazed at the wonderful widening of the horizon. From the point of our departure the view was shut in on all sides by the near hills; at the next glance the Highlands and Catskills of the Hudson were in sight, while the view to the east was without limit, the eye ranging at will over stretches of hill and valley, as one might look out over the ocean.

Any person who makes a balloon ascension is sure to hear from his friends one question, many times repeated: "How did it feel?" After an earnest attempt to answer this question, I have been driven to the conclusion that the sensations of an ascension take the form of a tremendous mental impression, instead of producing any noticeable physical manifestations. In my own experience the paralyzing fear felt at starting was entirely lost before we had risen one hundred feet, being followed by the emotions of surprise and wonder, growing into a strong feeling of awe and joy, which continued through the whole time we remained in the air. All fear and dread were lost so suddenly that before we had been ten minutes from the earth I found myself wondering at the change, and trying to recall my former feelings for comparison with those of the present. As the balloon rises gradually, the many sounds of earth, striking the ear at first with confusing variety and force, grow quickly faint and distant. Soon only the loudest sound reaches us, and at last we attain an altitude which no earthly sound can reach.

The only physical sensations noticed by me at any time are the ringing in the ears caused by the unbalanced pressure behind the tympanum, which may be relieved by swallowing, only to return again as the balloon is rising or falling; and, at the greater heights, a curious feeling of lightness and inclination to breathe fuller and more frequently in the rarefied air.

After our departure from the earth, and my recovery from the first impression of surprise, the rustling of the doves, our unwilling companions, attracted our attention. One of them was quickly set free, and, after circling about the car a few times, decided on the proper course, and soon disappeared in the direction of Winsted. It was at about this time that our attention was attracted to the peculiar appearance of Long Lake near Winsted. From the altitude at which we were sailing, the whole surface of the lake was in sight far below, giving us an excellent idea of the comparative size of its three bays and of the outline of its very irregular shores. The rays from the sun, still high in the west, were reflected directly to us from the surface of Third Bay, causing so bright a spot upon the rippling water that it could only be glanced at for an instant; nor was the camera's eye less dazzled than ours, for a spot of white appears upon the picture of this scene, a photographic record of the phenomenon. The race-track east of the lake, so far below that the buildings were hardly visible, was apparently of about the circumference of a one-cent piece, and perfectly elliptical in shape.

Another dove was now thrown out, its

actions giving us sufficient proof, were all other means lacking, of the increasing rarity of the air, as it exhibited much hesitation at leaving us. At first its wings beat the air rapidly for a short flight; then it returned to the balloon, perching upon the hoop near our heads; seeming at last to gather courage for its plunge, it spread its wings, and, describing a series of ever-widening circles, was soon out of sight far beneath us. Now as never before could I realize the great variety of lake scenery in Litchfield county. One hundred bodies of water are indicated upon a map of this county, and it seemed to us that a large proportion of them were in sight at once, either sparkling brightly, as they reflected the setting sun, or lying, dark and cool, in the shadow of the hills.

While passing directly over Shepherd's Pond, in New Hartford, Mr. Moore referred to the statements made by former aëronauts as to the ease with which the bottom of lakes and rivers might be seen; it was apparent to us that such statements should be made with caution, or some explanation should accompany them. There would seem to be only one position from which, under the proper conditions, it is possible to see objects at a considerable depth under water: the observer must be at not too great an angle with the vertical, and the water must be quite smooth. It is also necessary that the sun should be low down, so that there shall be no direct reflection of light from the surface of the water; and though in the case of a *shallow* pond the whole of the bottom might be seen, yet, when the body of water is of much depth, the bottom is only visible near the shore, except when the water is quite clear and the bottom has a light hue, reflecting the light which has reached it through the water.

Having at length gained an altitude of over six thousand feet, it was decided to part with our last dove, which was accordingly dropped from the bag in which it had been confined. The singular actions and evident fear of the creature excited at once our interest and pity. Three times, after as many attempted flights, the dove returned to perch on the hoop attached to the car, breathing rapidly, and evidently exhausted by the violence of its efforts to sustain itself in the rarefied air. At last, as we persisted in driving it away, it made another attempt at flight, which proving ineffectual, it was seen to turn and plunge directly downward with a velocity which soon carried it beyond our sight.

As we continue rising, the scene becomes every moment more impressive in its grandeur; the earth, with its network of streams and roads spread out below us, resembles a marvelously perfect map, with every variety of color and shading. The silence is absolute, unless broken by our own actions; and the experience of being carried along without effort or consciousness of motion, over this wonderful picture, can never be forgotten. While sailing through this Desert of Silence, the least sound proceeding from the balloon or its occupants is startling in effect; the blood is plainly heard as it pulses through the brain; while in moments of extra excitement the beating of the heart sounds so loud as almost to constitute an interruption to our thoughts. The sound caused by a slight shifting of the gas-bag inside the netting occasions frequent starts of alarm; and the cracking of the willows of which the car is woven causes an involuntary grasp at the hoop or ropes. The sensation produced by a little gust of wind, often felt upon the face while the balloon is passing from one air-current to another, is weird and unearthly, and has caused me to glance in the direction from which it came, with the idea that I felt the breath of some invisible being.

At last our barometer indicated an altitude of seven thousand two hundred feet, after which we began to descend slowly. From this height we enjoyed a magnificently extended view over an area much larger than the State of Connecticut. To the north, Mount Tom and other mountains of Massachusetts were in sight, as small points above the dead level of the horizon; to the east, beyond the Connecticut River, no prominent objects arrested the attention, but the landscape gradually rose up to the horizon, at the level, apparently, of the eye, showing many miles of country beyond the river; to the south lay Long Island, beyond the narrow line of light which we knew to be the Sound; while in the west, after ranging over the hills and valleys of Litchfield county, the eye rested upon the Catskills and the mountains forming the Highlands of the Hudson.

The maplike effect of the landscape is very striking. The course of streams, with the different railroads and highways, may be traced for many miles, dividing the country into irregular plots, which are again subdivided by the farms. I was pleased to see the large area of forest which still remains, notwithstanding the great amount cut for lumber and the land annually cleared by the iron manufacturers.

As our highest point had been reached, after which the balloon began to descend, we were compelled to resort to our ballast in order to remain longer at a considerable altitude. The frame mentioned as having been intended to hold my camera was first thrown out, as it was found to be unnecessary in our work; we

watched it as it fell, whirling round and round until nearly out of sight.

The sunset scene was one of the most beautiful I have ever witnessed. From clear, dark blue overhead, the sky gradually shaded down into deep red in the west; and in this glorious setting of color, the sun, seeming slightly flattened, as when seen sinking at sea, blazed out a deep orange color.

Suddenly our attention was caught by the blowing of a number of whistles; we were again within hearing distance of the earth. My first thought was, "We are getting a salute"; but we soon found that the whistling was from the factories in the many towns below us. In our position the sound of whistles from many places could reach us at once, as all were blown at the time for stopping work. At this time the trains on several railroads were in sight, and we could hear their rumbling faintly, while a surprisingly long time elapsed between our sight of a puff of steam from a locomotive and the hearing of the whistle. The balloon continued to descend, and soon we could distinguish human voices; some remarks were exchanged with the inhabitants of the farm-houses we were passing.

An interesting phenomenon observed by us, and to which I have seen no reference by other aëronauts, is the distinctness of the echo returned from the earth. When within easy shouting distance quite long sentences are returned with startling clearness; many times I was deceived into thinking that those below were mocking us by a repetition of our questions.

The order to pack the instruments caused me a feeling of deep regret that my voyage should end so quickly. Having left the ground with the greatest reluctance, I was about equally unwilling to return to it! As the balloon descended, we were rapidly nearing a hill the western side of which was a precipice two or three hundred feet high, while its flat top was thickly wooded.

Well knowing the inconvenience of a landing in the woods, Mr. Moore at once threw out the last of our ballast in the hope of clearing the trees; but the balloon sunk rapidly, and soon we could hear the rustling of the wind through the tree-tops, and then the chirping of crickets.

One or two sand-bags were sacrificed, and Mr. Moore was stooping to remove his shoes, when I saw that we should clear the woods, and we turned to see where the balloon would land. Not until then did we see that the land beyond the trees was on a lower level; in fact, that the east face of the hill was higher and more abrupt than the west.

Our balloon cleared the trees by only a few feet, and we were then directly over the precipice; all consciousness of support from the balloon was for a moment lost; we seemed to be falling, and I was aware of gasping for breath as we sank over the edge. This impression was of short duration, yet I learned in that moment how it feels to fall from a great height.

Our confidence restored, we glanced back at the gray, lichen-covered rocks, and then down to the pasture towards which we were gently sinking; we narrowly escaped the top of a large tree, and descended to the ground so slowly that we might have gathered leaves from the tree in passing. We struck the ground so lightly that I hardly felt the shock, and then, standing in the car while the gas was escaping, I could feel the relaxation following a period of intense excitement.

Soon the sound of hurrying feet was heard, and quickly a party gathered about us, all eager to help and ask questions.

MY SECOND ASCENSION.

As we were compelled to wait until five P. M. before beginning our ascension on September 2d, I had very little confidence of success in my attempt at photographing; and the results obtained proved that there was reason for my apprehensions. At that time of year the light is very weak, so that the taking of instantaneous views is difficult, even under the most favorable conditions. When we remember that in addition to this the light also grows rapidly weaker as the sun approaches the west, it is easy to understand that the conditions were very unfavorable to balloon photography.

When the result was known, Mr. Moore offered to make another ascension solely for the purpose of photographing. As my first ascension had quite overcome my fears and had left me with an earnest desire to again experience the pleasures of an aërial voyage, I gladly agreed.

My first ascension enabled me fully to understand what I had suspected before, that it was a much more difficult matter to get instantaneous views from a balloon than from some more secure support.

After much time spent in altering apparatus, constructing some new parts, and in further experiments, it was decided to make an ascension on October 16th, if the weather should be favorable.

The day was all that we could wish, with the exception of considerable haze in the atmosphere; the wind was very gentle, blowing from the south-west, and high in air we could

see by the motion of the clouds that there was an upper current, also moving slowly, toward the south-east.

As the inflation progressed, and it was evident that we might soon be off, I found it impossible to ignore a rapid increase of nervousness at the prospect. Those who have made many ascensions assure me that this dread felt at the moment of starting is rarely outgrown by any amount of experience. We went up much more slowly than before, and were for some time within hearing distance of our friends. This was because our ascensional force was more nearly balanced by the greater weight of sand carried.

We were soon over the hills east of Winsted, and before turning from it exposed one plate on a part of the town on which the illumination seemed particularly favorable, and which fortunately proves to be one of our best views.

This photograph, taken just as we attained an altitude of 3050 feet, although not so perfectly sharp as some of the others, is nevertheless one of our best, owing to its fine gradation of light and shade, and to the superior delicacy of chemical effect in the negative. The portion of Winsted included in the view is at the northern end of the borough, and at the lowest point within its limits reached by the stream which supplies power to the factories closely set along its banks. Part of our main street passes through the center of the view, and some other streets are included, mostly occupied by dwellings.

Within the limits of the picture are three of the many factories whose business forms the chief support of the place. Many of the garden plots near dwelling-houses are plainly shown; also the woods on a steep hillside at the farther side of the view. The shadow from a passing cloud darkens one corner of the picture, blotting out all definition in that part, and showing how useless it would be to try such work without a good light.

As some may be interested in the details of our photographic equipment, I will give a description of it. We used five-by-eight-inch plates, which size seems best suited to our purpose, as it allows a considerable extent of country to be included in the view, while the apparatus need not be unduly bulky or heavy. The camera was quite light, as all the apparatus used in a balloon must be, but not so fragile as to sacrifice rigidity in keeping the distance at which the plate is set from the lens, as this is of even more importance than lightness. The plates used, which must be of the utmost sensitiveness, were contained in the necessary number of dry-plate holders, which in turn were carried in two boxes made to pack them securely. In any future ascensions these boxes will be provided with locks, as we have learned to our cost that nothing will so excite the curiosity of the average hotel porter as a photographic apparatus left in his care. The object of packing our plate-holders in boxes was twofold: first, the plates were better protected from light and more convenient to carry, as in ordinary work; second, as we knew that the landing is not always as orderly as could be wished, we hoped, by keeping hold of our holders at such a time, to save our exposed plates, at least, from injury.

A "finder" was attached to one side of the camera, to enable the operator to see just what would be included in the view at the moment of exposure. This instrument is like a smaller camera, except that no provision is made for focusing, and the ground glass is permanently fixed at the proper distance from the lens. The ground glass of the finder was of the same proportion as the larger plates on which the views were secured, and had lines drawn from either side, crossing at right angles in the center. The finder is attached to the camera in such a position that any object appearing on its screen will be sure to occupy the same position on the dry plate.

The lens used was of the rectilinear kind, especially made for groups and instantaneous work. The instantaneous shutter, used to cut off the light and give the plates their very brief exposure, was fastened in front of the lens, and was of the kind called an eclipse, but was considerably changed by me before our second attempt. The springs which caused the sudden motion, and admitted light to the camera for an instant, exerted a force of eleven pounds when the shutter was set for action, and were, of course, adjusted to give a quick rather than a forcible motion.

My manner of operating while in the balloon, when we had determined on "taking" any place we might be approaching, was, after deciding on the correct focus, first to "set" the shutter, then insert the plate-holder and draw the slide; the camera was then taken in the left hand, with the rubber bulb of the "pneumatic release" of the shutter in the right. Then we must wait until the revolution of the balloon had brought the desired place opposite the camera, when it was pointed so that the view was in correct position on the screen of the finder, the rubber bulb was pressed, and the exposure was made; the slide was then inserted in the plate-holder, the holder removed and boxed, and we were ready for another subject. At the same time Mr. Moore recorded the exposure for me, taking down the number of the plate-holder, the sub-

When directly over the mountain we looked down at the forest and roads beneath us, endeavoring to discover some sign of human occupation or activity. To all appearance the country might never have been visited by man; the forest was thick, except when broken by some bare ledge or precipice, and, almost upon the highest part, a lake nestled among the trees, which grew quite to the water's edge. This little lake, almost circular in form, closely surrounded by the unbroken forest, the surface without a ripple, and its waters lying dark and apparently unfathomable, presented a picture of silence and solitude which held our attention while it remained in sight.

The mountains crossed in this delightfully easy manner, we were over the town of Bloomfield; and an exposure was made on what seemed to us a fine type of the better class of New England homestead, which, with its large fields, trim fences, and ample buildings, was directly below us. This view, taken at the height of one mile, is wonderfully distinct, when we consider the distance of the objects from the camera, the conditions necessary to the taking of an instantaneous picture, and our very unsteady support. The stone and rail fences, bounding the fields of all sizes and shapes, are shown with great sharpness. The pasture, meadow, and cultivated land are plainly indicated; also the curiously regular arrangement of the crops. The trim and regular appearance of the orchards is well contrasted with the variety and freedom of growth in the woodland; and the photographic effect of the autumnal colors is indicated by the foliage of a group of white birches near the center of the view, as contrasted with the dark, unchanged green of the orchards.

Our view towards Hartford at this time was very interesting, though the smoky atmosphere in that direction was a great obstacle to photographing. The Capitol reflected the sunlight from its dome, and many of the prominent buildings of the city could be distinguished. A line of clouds hung over the country south of Hartford, cutting off the light, and producing the singular effect of a view under a shelf or table. The Connecticut River was in sight for many miles above Hartford, until the thickening haze cut off the light far to the south. We were astonished at the number of abrupt turns in the river between the city and Wethersfield.

As we were so nearly there, and sailing in exactly the right direction, we were anxious to remain in the upper air-current, and land in Hartford; in order to do so, we threw out all our remaining ballast; the balloon still descended, and soon we saw that our hope must be abandoned, as the lower current began to take us away from the city and in the direction of Windsor.

When we had secured a view of Windsor and the junction of the Farmington and Connecticut rivers, Mr. Moore decided to land before going farther from the railroads; and, opening the valve to let the gas escape, we descended rapidly.

The point selected for our landing was an open field near a large tract of woods; but such calculations are very liable to failure, owing to the difficulty of estimating distance and rate of motion of the balloon, and it was soon evident that the wind would take us over the woods before we could reach the ground. As we had already thrown out all the ballast, and did not wish to sacrifice the photographic apparatus, we could only let things take their course; but we wished for a few pounds of sand, by the loss of which we might have cleared the woods and found a better landing-place.

The balloon sunk rapidly, and soon, as before, we heard the sound of the wind in the trees; we looked anxiously to see where we should strike, but were not long left in doubt as we passed quickly down beside a large chestnut-tree, and the netting of the balloon, which curves far out on each side, caught in the upper branches, when our fall was suddenly checked. At first the weight of the balloon and load, descending with such force, bent the top of the tree far over; then, as our momentum was gradually checked, there was a recoil which lifted us again about fifteen feet, where we hung, planning how we should get the balloon down. We could not climb out, for then the balloon, relieved of our weight, would rise and leave us; but, after much hauling and jerking, the netting was detached from the tree, and we were on the ground again. Even then we were but little better off, as no one appeared to help us, and if one left the car the other would surely go up again.

Considerable gas was allowed to escape, and then, while I held fast to a bush, Mr. Moore climbed out and secured our anchor-rope to a tree; then I made my escape, and, leaving the balloon pulling at its moorings, we started to find help. After walking nearly a mile we met two men and a little boy, who asked if we "had seen anything of a balloon around there."

The balloon had fallen near a road cut through the woods, and we determined to get it to the road if possible. To do this, we persuaded the boy to get into the basket, in order to overcome part of the buoyancy, and let the balloon up the length of the anchor-

rope. We were then able to work the rope through the trees, and so led the balloon out to the road. But when we tried to tow it along to the clearing we quickly found it impossible, and the balloon was hauled down and ripped to let the gas escape, as the trees were too near together to admit of the usual practice.

A man was found to carry the balloon to the railroad and us to Hartford; and during the ride there I busied myself trying to recall the experiences of the ascension. As on the former occasion, I observed a singular loss of memory. Immediately after the excitement of landing it was hardly possible to recall a single incident of the ascension. I seemed to have just awakened from a wonderful dream, and the startling experiences so recently passed through appeared to have left only the faintest traces upon the mind. It was not until I had retired for the night, and *would* have slept, that memory revived, and I was treated (unwillingly) to a complete review of every incident connected with our trip. I am told that this has often been the experience of the soldier after passing through the dangers and excitements of the battle-field.

John G. Doughty.

A PISTOL-SHOT.

A GREAT window opening upon a lawn in front of a country house on a sweet May day, and inside the broad sill a mother stands holding her year-old boy carefully in her arms. In all her movements and looks, in all her play with him, there is a deep watchfulness, a certain pathos of tenderness, more than is usually bestowed even upon blossoms as rosy and handsome as this. It was the time of orioles; and in the wide bends and sweeps of a great apple-tree which overshadowed and occasionally dropped a blossom upon them, the gay bird sat uttering now and then one or two rich, full notes. At every repetition of them the mother bent a tender glance upon the boy, in which there was not any lively expectancy, but a lingering, loving hope — a wistful look from the depths of her soul as if she wished for him some great good. The child paid no attention to the melodious notes, although he was full of fun and reached for the falling petals and laughed when he could not catch the shadows of the leaves; but when the bird flitted from one twig to another he noticed its gay orange sides with an infantine approval of bright colors, and stretched out a hand where four dimples stood for knuckles, with the palm pink like the apple-blossoms themselves. So they played at bopeep with the bird, and then suddenly the child became silent, looked eagerly out of the window, and an expectant look came upon his face. The mother noted it, and her own earnest expression increased tenfold, and she also assumed a listening attitude. There was the sound of the wind in the tree above them, and the squeals of a cat-bird were heard from a greater distance as if it were in a bad temper and were telling somebody disagreeable truths; but otherwise nothing broke the country stillness of the air. The door behind them opened, and two men entered. One, the father of the boy, advanced with the confidence of affection; but the mother held up her finger and said, "Wait — watch him."

Both gentlemen stood so that they saw the child's face in profile. His little soul seemed completely absorbed in listening to some distant sound; he did not hear them enter; he paid no heed to them. So for a period of two or three minutes the mother stood amid unbroken silence; then the child's face gradually lost its attentive look, he turned his head, saw his father, and broke forth into lively manifestations of joy with feet and hands and little inarticulate cries and baby smiles. The father took him, and another little scene began between them, and his face wore the same look of hope that was not expectancy and pathetic longing.

As they played, the other gentleman watched them, after having greeted the mother with the air of an old friend.

"Wait still a moment," said Mrs. Richmond as the doctor offered to take the baby. He paused, and a bagpipe man came down the drive squeaking and droning a martial tune upon his instrument, and a train of boys and girls followed. His pipes were noisy and so were the children, but the baby, held with his back toward the window, paid no attention to the disturbance — did not seem to hear it at all.

"Doctor Laurens," said the mother, "there might be ten bagpipes behind him now and he would not know it."

"But when we came in he seemed to be absorbed in listening to something," said the doctor surprisedly.

"You noticed it, as I hoped you would. What was he doing, doctor? Did he hear the man away off in the street? He did not hear you enter."

"No, he seemed entirely taken up with something far away."

"He has worn that look before when I could hear nothing, though later I have always perceived it, and by that time he would stop listening. It gives me a very strange feeling — as if he could hear things I cannot. I don't know but he is hearing one now. Yet crates of china upset by his cradle or behind him would not disturb him."

"He is going to sleep in the midst of all this confusion," said the doctor.

It was true. The child's eyelids were drooping, his head was bending over upon his father's breast, and in five minutes more the long lashes lay together, and the little, even breathing showed that he was far over in the land of dreams.

It was cruel to awaken him, but the doctor had come from the city to give him an especial examination, and his time was precious.

"We will make his sleep a test of his hearing power," said the doctor. The wild noises they made around the cradle of the sleeping child would have aroused bears from their wintry naps or dormice from their six months' sleep, but nothing disturbed him. They carried him out into the light and sun, and the bright rays of the golden god tickled his eyelids open and made him sneeze. The doctor then applied various scientific-looking instruments to those little ears, small and pink like shells, though, unlike shells, no sound of sea or land vibrated through their convolutions. The boy, thoroughly awakened, raged nobly at the indignities offered him; his hands were held firmly down, things were poked into his ears, and he was not even allowed to squirm. The doctor finally ceased, and the boy sat up on the floor and screamed out his indignation at those whom he had hitherto deemed his friends, but who had now basely conspired with the doctor against his peace. His mother could not pacify him, nor his father. The nurse was called in, and he accepted her overtures and was carried out to calm down.

"By every test your little Hubert is utterly deaf," said the doctor; "I am sorry to say so," and he held out his hand as if in apology to the father and then to the mother. "It is a terrible blow. We want our children perfect, and I know well how we would invest them — how mothers dream of every good for them before they are born." He paused a moment — he had spoken with the sympathy of the friend that he was — and then added, "You will watch him, I know, Constance," unconsciously calling her as he had known her when a girl, "and you must teach him to talk without hearing you. Your husband will aid you in every way, and the boy must be your especial care. He will learn quickly. He is the most splendid physical specimen I have seen in a long time — with this exception. He will make a noble man, in spite of this drawback."

He again shook hands with them and went away, back to his busy rounds, his classes, his lectures. But he did not forget the baby who seemed to hear and did not.

TEN years later — this is a story of decades — Dr. Laurens stood by one of the high, narrow tables in the medical college where he was professor. The room was clean and lofty, and through the open windows swept a sweet, wholesome breeze. On the wall was blazoned in old English text, "I will give thanks unto thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

The doctor had finished the practical part of his lecture on the anatomy of the ear, and was ready to begin one of his pleasant talks, which the students enjoyed especially, because then he lost a certain irritability of manner which he always showed when his skillful knife was in his hand, keenly dividing muscle or ligament. The young fellows said among themselves that it was because he liked theory better than practice.

"Take out your note-books, gentlemen," his face becoming genial and mellow, and his voice sympathizing with the change.

"I was called——" and he related his visit to the country on that May morning long ago, and then went on:

"YESTERDAY I went to see the boy again. How he had grown in the interval, and what a hearty, manly fellow he was, thanks to his mother's fine training! He came up and shook hands with me. I forgot that there was any trouble, and spoke to him as I would to any one. Then I saw the difference, as he answered me; I saw the difficulty — the old difficulty. His language was correct, his eyes sparkled, his face was full of expression. His *voice* was absolutely without emphasis or expression. The words flowed along smoothly, clearly, but with no change to higher or lower pitch; even and cold, the monotone would have made me sleepy in five minutes if he had been telling his career as a pirate.

"His mother was watching us all the time, and I felt that she was reading my face; I felt, too, that the boy saw a change in my expression, but went on as if he were used to that sort of thing and had learned not to heed it.

"I regained my presence of mind, however,

instantly, and praised Mrs. Richmond for having taught the boy so well. I spoke of his personal beauty, his intelligence, and she listened as parents do, knowing that under it all I had discovered his secret. When I stopped, she said, 'Yes, doctor, he is supposed to be a deaf-mute, and yet — there is no change in him — I have watched and waited — and yet ——' Then she stopped so long that I got out of patience. She saw my impatience, and said, 'Will you examine him again?'

"I did so at once. The speculum threw its light as far as it could into the little dark passage of the outer ear, but threw no light upon anything imperfect or strange. The difficulty was farther in. By every test I brought to bear upon the boy, he was utterly deaf. There was nothing for me to add to the opinion I had given ten years before. As I finished, his mother said abruptly, 'Let us go for a walk.'

"The boy was, of course, delighted. I acquiesced; there was an hour to spare before my train should take me back. We went out, Hubert calling his dog, a splendid hound of a rather rare breed. We went through the garden and then began climbing one of a range of crooked and rocky hills that stretched along back of the house. We were rambling along peacefully enough when Hubert suddenly exclaimed, 'Mother, mother, there is trouble — somewhere — over there — I am going'; and calling the dog, they both bounded up the hill, the dog gamboling about and only following because the boy led, not as if he heard something himself. We stopped a moment, but heard nothing, and then followed him at a slower pace. We scrambled on two or three minutes, then the dog pricked up his ears, began to bark, and rushed ahead with the eagerness of an animal who hears or smells his prey. A moment later we caught up with Hubert; the dog was out of sight, and he was looking excited and flushed and also puzzled and lost.

"'Where is it?' said he to me. 'It has gone.' I stopped to answer him, and then I myself heard a noise — a sharp, pained snarl as if some animal were in distress.

"'Follow the sound — and the dog,' said I, forgetting that he could not; but he was quick to take the last half of my sentence, and we rushed on, the sounds growing more and more distinct; but now Hubert followed us. We ran fast, but Fleet was faster; there were sounds of a struggle, with half-smothered barkings and squealings, and we arrived at the spot just as the hound was giving the last shake to a young fox caught by the leg in a steel trap. Hubert threw himself upon the dog to save the fox if he could, but Fleet had been too quick, and the boy bent over the little torn heap of fur with his eyes full of tears and cried out, 'Fleet is cruel, mamma — do not let him come near you — do not pet him.'

"Ordinarily I should have been pleased to see this feeling of kindness toward an injured thing, but now I was too much struck by the chain of incidents I had seen to do much but take hold of his hand to show my sympathy. *He* had heard the cries of the tortured animal first, *then* the dog had heard — lastly I. It gave me a very curious feeling. I questioned him, my face probably showing some excitement, for he watched me very closely as I spoke.

"'How did you know that the fox was in trouble?'

"He gave me a look fully as puzzled as my own could have been, and said, 'How did Fleet know?'

"'By his ears,' I answered; 'his ears told him.'

"'I knew it here — and here.' He laid his hands upon his breast and then on his throat under the chin.

"'Tell me what it is like. Have you always heard in this way?'

"'Yes, when I was very little, and now.'

"'Tell me exactly what it is like; how does it feel?' I said, pressing him a little to see if I could not make him explain more fully. His face quivered, his eyes widened and burned as he looked at me struggling to express his meaning. I never felt so strongly before the sensation of two souls trying to meet and yet unable to cross a gulf fixed between them. Then his expression fell to deep sadness, and he said, 'Your language is not enough — I do not know words to tell what I mean,' as if he were a foreigner.

"His mother had come up and heard it all. She looked at me, her eyes full of tears. I let the boy's hand drop in a sort of awe that came over me, and she said:

"'My own boy — my oldest child — he has always seemed more a part of me than any of the others, and yet we live estranged in this way.'

"I must confess there was a misty feeling about my own eyes. It was — there was something weird about it. That boy, shut up alone, living apparently in the calmness of a land disturbed by no voices or sounds, and yet conscious in some dim way of certain notes of joy or sorrow, learning to speak a language he could not hear, to the words of which he could give no emphasis or accent, and which failed to express the feelings of that far region of silence in which he lived.

"'There is more here than I thought,' said

I. 'You have watched him all these years; what are your facts?'

"'Just the sort of thing you have now seen for the second time,' said she. 'He has acted at times, ever since he was a little baby, like a person who hears distant sounds. It puzzled me, because I could hear nothing until after he had ceased to hear it. But I noted the facts, and presently I observed that I always did hear something later, and that it was usually high notes—a band or the shriek of an engine—always something high and not unmusical. Yet no sound in the room or in the house ever penetrated his ears. Doctor, does it mean that some day he will hear—like other people?'

"She was only asking one of those impossible questions which people are always putting to our profession. I did not answer; I came away. But I think of these things."

"He ought to be thoroughly studied and then dissected," said one of the students.

The proposition was received with professional coolness.

"The trouble is," said the doctor, "that there is something which would be lost by his dying. Does he really hear? There may be some partial life in those mysterious parts of the inner ear, which dimly stirs when sharp, loud sounds of pain or sorrow disturb the air. There may be faint quiverings and stirrings of those Corti rods, that we know so little about with all our dissections. But the thing goes beyond a mere physiological explanation. Who can tell the point where the soul and the body blend? At the place where mind and matter meet, we clumsy fellows with lancets and scalpels take off our hats and stand back. I have a theory—but this is all to-day. Probably Hubert Richmond will outlive me, but I hope some of you will be enough interested in him to take up the torch when it falls from my hands. Good-morning, gentlemen. Next Thursday, at three, as usual." And, gathering up his notes and instruments, the doctor hastily departed.

Hubert Richmond accomplished the first two decades of his life in the usual manner. He grew up. His fine tall figure kept the promise his early physique had given. His face, with regular features, glowed with life and health and expression, but always back of that lay a calm, sweet look, like that some babies have before the ills of life overtake them. He was like his kind—with a difference. Some people noticed this at once, others saw it first when he spoke, but all admitted that he was not quite like everybody else. The fine training his mother gave him overshadowed his infirmity so much that few guessed his deafness as the cause of his singularity. His earnest eyes read the faces as well as the lips of those with whom he talked. He was ready with his answers sometimes before the mouth had shaped the words. He seemed to all appearances as well equipped for the struggle of life as ordinary people who live in the roar and noise of business, and upon whose ears fall every day the myriad sounds of the turmoil of life. He graduated in the scientific department of a university near his home, and devoted himself so closely to the study of astronomy that his enthusiasm marked him among his fellow-students; and at the end of the course Professor Bayne, who had observed his energy, and who had charge of the observatory, asked him to become his assistant. Hubert accepted the offer and remained with him four years.

In the darkness of their tower at night, where they kept watch over other worlds, Hubert's lack of hearing might have been a serious inconvenience. But he had a resource.

Mr. Morse did more than he knew when he invented an alphabet of dots and dashes. With electric aid he carried intelligence to people in widely separated regions. The deaf-mutes have adopted that alphabet with their finger-tips, and wherever they can touch each other with the hand, they carry thought over the unbridgeable, unwirable distance that lies between the deaf-mute and those who can hear. Hubert and the professor learned this telegraphy of touches, and words became unnecessary between them. Those long, fruitful midnight silences Professor Bayne came to regard with a little touch of awe and much pleasure. It was a sort of still-hunt, and they bagged many a stray planet—or at least watched them doing very extraordinary things. The silence between the professor and Hubert was like that of the vast depths into which they swung when at the telescope, and Hubert seemed more and more a fitting companion.

At the beginning of the summer vacation, when Hubert was entering his twenty-fifth year, the Government invited Professor Bayne to experiment with a set of fog-whistles which were intended to be put up at Tennant Point near the light-house, whose light alone was not sufficient to pilot mariners around its stormy, ever-changing shoals.

The professor asked Hubert to accompany him.

"You will only want a thick coat and a change or two of clothes in a bag." Hubert accepted with almost boyish delight, and they proceeded the next day by rail to a little salt-flavored, self-respecting town on the sea-shore, whose West India trade had departed to a

neighboring city, and where old sea-captains lived, but no new ones grew up. Here a strong, sloop-rigged pilot-boat met them with a crew and a pilot. They started late in the afternoon, expecting to reach the light-house by midnight.

The sun set in a sharp, brilliantly clear atmosphere, with very little softening due to roseate mists or gorgeous clouds.

"A strictly American sunset," said the professor. "A business affair, of the earth turning its back upon the sun for the purpose of giving us coolness and shade; no nonsense of purple mists or clouds of many hues, such as you would see on the hills of effete monarchies in the Old World, but a plain transaction of a necessary matter in a manner suitable for a republic."

Hubert laughed, and brought out an abundant luncheon which he had the forethought to provide.

"How fortunate that it is such a business-like affair, and therefore it is not sacrilege to eat supper by its light." He handed a generous half of his lunch to the crew, causing them to change an opinion they had secretly and promptly formed of him.

"Blest if he ain't a good provider," whispered the pilot to the man next him. "I says to myself as soon as I saw him, here's a high-lookin' feller — loftier 'n the full moon."

"You wasn't wrong there," said the other; "he's got a mortal high-lookin' face, but the' ain't no east wind in it; 'tain't sour."

"It's myrackelus he thought of anything to eat — I'll say that for him. Young fellers is apt to forget the grub till it comes to eatin' time."

The others agreed with him, but each held a politely reserved opinion that there was "something queer" about the young man, though they did not know what. The blue-black luminous darkness began to close around them, and Hubert cast his eyes heavenward.

"It will be a good meteor night, professor."

"It is the 11th of August — I remember now."

"The sky will be full of star-dust," said Hubert, "there — and there! It is hardly dark enough yet, but they are coming."

The darkness crept on, deepened, and then began the fireworks of the skies. The little planet might have been sailing through an aërial Fourth of July. There were hundreds of falling meteors, of which one or two may be seen almost any night, but there were also globes of fire with trailing lines of sparks which slid along horizontally, visible for a minute at a time before they perished miserably by exploding or seeming to do so; their last agonies so evident that the beholder felt that they must be audible, at least in Nature's ear.

Out on the water as they were, they had a magnificent sweep of unbroken sky, and the men and the professor watched and looked and broke forth into enthusiastic exclamations.

Hubert seemed always to know when especially brilliant ones were coming, and half a dozen times told them in which direction to look, till the professor said:

"Can you see them so much farther than we?"

"I hear them," said the young man. "Those little meteors are the only really disagreeable things in the sky. They come with a swift rush nearer and nearer, and then they crash, and the pieces drop, drop in all directions."

The professor had been using the telegraphic dots and dashes upon Hubert's arm; to hear this cold, smooth, monotonous voice uttering such things in reply through the darkness gave him a strange sensation, and renewed an unpleasant impression he remembered having of Hubert at the very outset of his college career, but which he had long since forgotten in the warm affection of later growth. He endeavored to conquer this resurrection of an old sensation, but he gladly saw the stiffening breeze was fast bringing them near the Point, whose light they had seen for an hour flashing and dying over the water like a terrestrial meteor.

It was after midnight when they landed, and the pilot apologized for being so long.

"It's a dreadful uncertain channel. They shift some with every tide, and after there's been a blow, the' ain't no livin' man as would know how to git in, or how to go by them shoals, till he's sounded, as careful as Christopher Columbus comin' here for the first time."

Tennant Point was evidently a spot which needed a great deal of attention.

The lighthouse-keeper met them at the wharf. Being for the time officers of the Government, they were to have rooms in the keeper's house, but were to take their meals at a little boarding-house near by.

At the early breakfast the next morning, in a rough cabin whose side walls opened like hatches and swinging up showed a magnificent sweep of blue sea and sky and the buff sands of the shore, Hubert met a young lady, who with her father was staying at the Point. The father was slender and nervous, with light, thin hair, blue eyes, and a look of ill health. He was about forty-five, and had faded, as some women do, in many fine wrinkles, but with none of the strong lines which give character to a face and redeem it as it grows old. He was a lawyer and had a capacity for reading character at a glance often

found in the profession, and he was also affected by the strong points of those with whom he came in contact in a way that was almost ultra-womanish. He was irritable in the morning from the state of his nerves, and was almost unbearable till noon, except by those who knew his weakness and pardoned it. He saw in the first glance at Hubert that there was something strange about him, and in the second discovered what it was, and promptly disliked him for it, moved thereto by the same feeling which makes the healthy herd of animals shun the wounded ones, or else by the instinctive dislike which some parents have to the young man who may become a suitor to a pretty daughter. He was, however, polite naturally, and the limitations of the table service compelled strangers to fraternize over the butter-plate and to pass cups of coffee, and an acquaintance began through these social exigencies.

The daughter, Helena Moore, was not in the least like her father. Every line of her figure, every movement, told of vigorous health. Her hair was the darkest brown that is not black, curling, and thick; her eyes of blue-gray were soft, and so clear that in certain positions the light could be seen shining across the eye behind the pupil; the nose had a little aquiline curve which gave it strength; and the skin was brown and smooth with a tinge of rose in the cheeks — the crowning touch of health and sweetness and bloom.

"Yes, we are having an amphibious time," said the young lady in reply to some question of Hubert's; "I am learning to swim and not to mind salt water in my hair, or sand in my boots, or a state of feet which would make my grandmother say, 'My dear, you will catch your death of cold.'"

"You are in training to become a mermaid," said Hubert. She smiled, and her father said in coldly polite tones, "You are here, I believe, on a scientific expedition?"

"Yes," said the professor, the remark having been scattered equally over them both; "we shall go out to-day on the steamer and try the horn and that siren screamer, whose sweet voice will be a warning to all who hear her."

"We go for a long sail," said Miss Moore, "and I am to learn how to tack and reef."

"Are you really trying to learn to manage a boat?" said Hubert. "I suppose, though, it should form part of a mermaid's education. Can you sing too?"

"Oh, yes; I have a soprano voice — best in the high notes. I presume I could overtop your siren."

"Do you know what is the matter with that young man?" said Mr. Moore, a few minutes later, as they were alone on their way to the wharf. His voice was that of a double-edged sword, but the girl was used to that in the morning; she looked surprised at the words, not the tone.

"Is anything the matter? I saw nothing wrong. He has a fine figure and a handsome face."

"Certainly there is something the matter. He is as deaf as — this post," and he touched one of the big posts, gray and ponderous, with a fathom or two of rope coiled around it. "He did not hear a word you said. Probably he never has heard a sound since he was born."

The tone now had a brutal exultation in it, as if he were glad to point out some grievous defect in that splendid physique that contrasted so with his own.

"He had a proud look, as if he were on some higher pinnacle than the rest of us. He looked about half human, and his voice was wholly inhuman. You must have noticed that."

"He seemed to me unusually high-bred in his looks and manners; his voice was a little peculiar, I remember; I am sorry he is so afflicted."

Her face took a pained, sympathetic expression, which her father did not at all like; he had not intended to overshoot the mark. He wagged his head irritably; he was obliged to let off his unspent temper in some way. "Come, come, there's the boat; let's get aboard. The boat has been waiting a long time."

A small steamer, a worn-out relic of the war, whose boilers the inspectors still insisted would not explode, had been detailed for the work, and the professor on the very first expedition began to see that the difficulties were greater than he had anticipated. Their object was to find out which of two or three kinds of fog-whistles and trumpets conveyed sounds the farthest. To this end they steamed out every day to greater or less distances, and at prearranged moments they were set off.

The professor asked Mr. and Miss Moore to accompany them after a day or two, and they went. With the elder people the day was not a success. The two younger ones enjoyed it. Hubert had little to do but sympathize with the professor at the ill success of the attempt and devote himself to the guests.

The whistles were a dead failure; they had been before. The air was very still, yet not a sound could be heard. It was very hot, with a slight haze in the air which the sun shone through with a dazzling shimmer infinitely more unpleasant to the eyes than the glare of an ordinary clear day. Mr.

Moore retired to the cabin very soon; colored spectacles, a broad-brimmed hat, and a morocco shade like a small awning could not protect his weak eyes. The conduct of the whistles seemed a most unreasonable proceeding. The professor tied himself into a hard knot mentally over his observations, and expressed it physically by sitting on a camp-stool on the open deck with the thermometer marking ninety in the shade. Miss Moore went quietly behind him and held her umbrella so as to overshadow him. The professor manifested an unconscious appreciation, by taking an easier attitude, and then a less anxious look. Next he became aware of the friendly mediation; but she would not let him move.

"If you are comfortable, pray sit still and let me think I am of some use in these scientific proceedings — or that my umbrella is."

The gentleman gracefully yielded, and took her as well as Hubert into his scientific confidence.

"Theoretically this was to have been a very easy thing," said he; "the wind or the air was to bring us the sounds, and we were to notice how far out we had to go before we lost them. Practically we shall have to sit at the mouth of the siren to hear her remarks about shoals and sands."

"Doesn't the wind carry sounds?" said Miss Moore.

"Apparently not in these regions. Yesterday the wind was from the land toward us, and not a note did we hear of all the howling that you said at supper had been terrific."

"Very unreasonable — on this coast, too, where such wild winds blow and where they play such pranks!"

"Women have imagination; let yours pierce the distance between us and the shore; tell us what it is in this invisible, impermeable air that shuts off the sounds of those great whistles as if it were a wall."

"Reason and previous events are not of any use in this case?"

"Not the slightest. There are only space and the facts to go upon. This is a moment for a scientific imagination."

Miss Moore looked about her with a smile, — caught Hubert's glance in which he had allowed much adoration to appear, trusting to her absorption with the professor,— colored a little at its fervor, and then said, "I know it is this odd little fog — this haziness. It breaks up sound just as ground glass breaks light. Each little particle of fog gets a bit of sound and holds it."

"It must be an ear-fog," said the professor, smiling indulgently; "it is scarcely visible to the eye."

"You must put it down among your notes, or I shall be hurt — the latitude and longitude, and then the profound observation — a ground-glass atmosphere and an ear-fog — could not hear a sound."

The professor did this with the utmost solemnity, and then, relinquishing his books and his looks, showed a capacity for matronizing a party of young persons, consisting of two, by plunging into a technical conversation with the captain upon the merits of fish as a diet. Mr. Moore did not think well of his matronly powers when he crept on deck an hour later and brought his glasses and his awning to bear upon the scene. Hubert and Helena had made great progress toward friendship, and the steamer was yet far from land.

The trip, in its scientific failure, was like many others that they had during the next week. With a quiet sea and scarcely any wind, they could not catch a sound even of the largest whistle that at other times could be heard for miles. Sometimes they could hear its eldritch screeching perfectly, when they were far to windward and it seemed as if no sound could possibly be heard against such a wind as was blowing. Or they would be inshore and hear nothing, and on going a mile or two farther out would hear them perfectly. The professor in a sort of desperation took his notes every day, saying, "After we have had contradictory things enough, we shall begin to see the law that governs them."

After a week of these acoustic inconsistencies, they started on a day in which everything seemed to promise success. The sky was clear, the sun bright and hot, a gentle breeze blew from the shore toward them — a "lady's wind," sailors would call it. The boat steamed out for two or three miles and then lay to. At the concerted moment every ear was pricked up, but nobody caught a sound; they listened till long past the time appointed — it was unbelievable. But there was only the lap of little waves upon the steamer's quarter, and a rippling in the water a few yards off, where two strong currents met.

The sailors and the captain, as much interested as the professor, broke out in astonished exclamations.

"Professor, I have always noticed one thing was queer hereabouts," said the captain, "and that is, whenever I was beating up toward the Point in a snow-storm,— for you know that's about as bad as fog for sailors,— that with the wind comin' dead east I could hear the bells ringin' in Shelbyville, and that is due west. Dunno' but 'twas 'lectricity, but that's the fact."

The professor listened and recorded with a look of impatient patience and of stern

resolve that there was no fact, however small, but should have its chance.

Hubert, full of sympathy, made a movement to speak now. The professor turned upon him a little shortly, as if he almost expected him to say he had heard. Hubert hesitated a little, but not from suspicion of the real thought in the mind of his friend.

"I think Miss Moore ——"

"Oh!" The professor's lips shaped the exclamation without any sound, and the ghost of a smile quivered at the corners of his mouth.

Hubert saw the word and the look, but went bravely on.

"Miss Moore had hold of the right idea, although she had not training enough in such matters to follow it out. I think the atmosphere must be homogeneous to convey sound. You know at a certain waterfall in South America the sound is heard better in the daytime than at night. They accounted for it by the sun-heated rocks of the plain sending up columns of invisible steam as they cooled off at night. Acoustic transparency, I should call it, is necessary to convey sound—not merely optic transparency."

There was meat in this idea, and the professor chewed it. That "odd little fog"—could it have made all the trouble? Could there be an acoustic fog?

The steamer kept on her course, and presently they overhauled a little boat dancing gayly along over the water. It was Miss Moore with her father. They exchanged handkerchief-signals of greeting. The professor, rousing from his reverie, shouted an invitation to come on board and dine. He could not be heard, for the wind was rising, neither could they catch Mr. Moore's attempt at an answer; but Miss Helena called in clear notes with her hand to her mouth, sailor fashion, a merry challenge to race with them on the wind, and then they sailed on.

"Are they going farther out still in that little boat?" said Hubert to the skipper, with an uneasy look at the sky. The captain gave him a look of approval.

"You've got a pretty good weather-eye, if you be a landsman. They ought to be puttin' toward shore pretty soon. We're goin' to have a regular Tennant Point blow. That kind of sky means mischief."

He pointed to the quarter from which the wind was blowing. Against the blue which had been so clear, small white clouds, like feathers from the breasts of swans, were whirling up, and the sun began to have a look of shining through a haze, although it was still bright and hot.

"Them feathers, the sailors say, blows ahead of the storm—stripped off'n old Mother Carey's chickens, I guess."

From canoe to brig, anything built to sail is full of sensitiveness to breath of wind or sway of wave; it makes them the things of life they always seem. Hubert looked at the little craft now about a mile from them. The wind tugged at the sail in a warning way, and it responded with thrills and shakes to which the careless boatman paid no attention.

The professor still sat below in the cabin, with his brow in a tangle over his notes, and the steamer kept on her way.

The captain grew more and more uneasy, and said to Hubert, "The professor hain't got his weather-eye so open as you. We're a-gettin' out to sea all the while, and that blow is comin'; them signs never failed yet. We ought to go about! It's a-brewin' over there."

Hubert's heart sank at the thought. Leave that little sail! He did not take the hint. Now the whirling feathers, white and playful, changed to dark, driving, snake-like wreaths; the sun vanished, and opposite him in the east a long, level black cloud rose, looming up faster and faster. The wind came with it, the haze thickened, and black waves with white crests began to curl on the weather side.

The captain spoke again: "If you don't want to say anything to the professor, I must. This craft can't live in no such wind as we'll have in ten minutes more."

"Must we turn back? Do you really think it worth while?" said Hubert desperately, trying to make him talk and so detain him. But the man of wind and weather had not lived all his life on a stormy coast to let the threads of a polite conversation entangle him.

He did not answer, but went abruptly to the cabin skylight thrown back to admit air, and bawled down, "Professor, will you give me orders to go about? The's a dust gittin' up to wind'ard, and we don't want to be in it."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the professor in a polite tone, and obviously without the slightest knowledge that there was any cause for uneasiness. The captain gave a grim little smile at the courteous tones, and muttered to Hubert, "You land-fellows don't know much about actooal sea and sky, even when you're tryin' to help sailors and puzzlin' your heads off about sound-meejums."

Hubert watched with anguished eyes as the vessel turned about and headed for the shore. The haze was closing in fast around the little boat; she was struggling gallantly on under a rag of sail, enough to keep her trim, and rose over the waves like a wild duck breasting the rollers; but how long could she do so in the wilder struggle that was coming! Could it be that the captain thought there was no danger

except for themselves, that he turned so coolly and left her there?

The professor came up and stood by Hubert's side, holding on to a rope, his spectacles dimmed with the spray flying from the white-caps that foamed in their lee.

"Is that a fisher-boat?" said he, noticing the faint white spot of sail yet to be seen through the thickening mist.

"That is Mr. Moore and his daughter with an unskilled boatman."

The cold, monotonous voice was Hubert's usual tone, but he stepped forward as he spoke and the professor saw his face. He had never seen its high calm disturbed before; now it was distorted with an agonized gaze that would fain penetrate that heavy mist and could not.

Suddenly filled with a sense of the impending danger, the professor made his way to the captain over the wet deck, which at one moment rose like a hill so that he climbed, and the next was the side of a slippery descent so that he had much ado not to be carried into the scuppers.

"Will that boat live through the gale?" he panted in the ear of the captain.

"She may." He cleared his throat. "I've heard tell of boats like her weathering a blow like this; I never see one. They come ashore stove in."

"And the people in the boat?"

"They come mostly as bodies, when the under-tow lets them come at all," replied the man of the sea.

At this moment they heard Hubert's voice call in its level tones through the roar of the wind and the waves; it seemed to pierce, and not override:

"Professor Bayne, order the captain to go about and find that little boat."

The passionless tones were effective where angry or excited ones would have seemed impertinent from a young man to two superior officers. The necessary command clove the air from the captain's mouth before the professor had time to even look the assent he felt. The skipper spit a mighty torrent of tobacco to leeward and chuckled:

"I thought I should not have much trouble with him; and the young fellow has had his feelin's ever since the boat hove in sight."

The steamer with her change of course began to roll and pitch furiously like the old tub she was, and everybody got a thorough wetting; but she made progress, though too slowly for the anxiety of those on board. The mist closed down, a blinding veil, and they could only guess where the little boat might be from the way she was heading when last seen. So for half an hour they cruised about, the frail little steamer meeting the force of the waves that shook her as if they would crush her, and poured hills of green water over her struggling bows.

A look of doubt came over the face of the captain, reflected in that of the professor. The latter turned to Hubert, who had suddenly taken an expression that was not joy nor yet despair.

"Can you make out where they are, Hubert?"

"Will the captain believe me?"

The captain heard the question and cast him a scornful glance. "I reckon you ain't a-goin' to lie about her just now."

"I heard the voice of Miss Moore a moment ago from that direction," and he pointed to leeward.

"Port! port hard — steady, now." The spokes whirled hard at first, as if she knew what she must face and dreaded it; then more quickly as she answered the demand of her helm. The movement brought her fully into the force of the sea, and she quivered and groaned at the stress brought upon her; but she bore it, and in a moment more they sighted the boat on its side, drifting, the mast and sail serving to keep her afloat. Tangled in with the ropes and the fragment of her jib, they saw three heads.

"With a will now, men!" roared the captain, "and — somebody hold that youngster," he added, jumping forward himself to catch Hubert.

"She'll last," he cried, as Hubert turned a white face and blazing eyes upon him, and gave a wrench at his captor's arms that tried even those weather-seasoned muscles.

"That girl is game. She'll be aboard in a minute; and job enough, without your jumpin' over to be hauled in too."

Hubert saw his meaning, gave up the intention, and flew among the men, helping coolly, but with the energy of a madman.

A rope with a running bowline whirled from the vessel's deck and fell, well thrown, with its loop lying open close at the side of Miss Moore. She was as game as the captain prophesied; with that wild sea tearing at her and breaking over her, she contrived to slip the rope over her head and under her arms.

"Steady, now — slowly — no jerk at first."

It was again Hubert's smooth, quiet tones piercing the tumult and usurping the captain's privilege. The latter heeded it not. The caution was what the men needed, no matter from whom it came, to avert a very real danger — that the first strong pull might do her some bodily injury. She rose slowly and then faster, the waves reaching for her and rushing after her to the moment when the captain

caught her in his arms and set her down, shivering, dripping, but unhurt, on the deck. The professor unloosed the rope, and Hubert, who had vanished with lightning speed, reappeared, bearing all the overcoats of the party; she was swathed in them and taken below. Mr. Moore and the boatman were both brought aboard in the same way, and then a new danger pressed upon them.

A man came up and reported to the captain, "We are leaking badly, sir."

"I s'pose so by this time. Tell 'em to pile on coal and keep up the fires; she must not lose her headway."

Ten minutes more, and it was again reported, "Water's gainin', sir."

There also arose a loud, thumping noise from below, as of heavy bodies pounding the vessel's sides. It had an ominous sound; the captain's face became more anxious, and he went to his cabin and came out again buttoning his coat tightly across his breast. Beckoning to Hubert, he drew him aside and said in a whisper, "I may want you in a few minutes. Follow me. Stand by to catch a pistol if I heave it to you, and back me up in whatever I do."

He moved toward the companionway which led down to the engine-room, and stood in a quiet attitude glancing once over his shoulder to see if Hubert were near. They stood there several minutes in the steady roar of the wind and thunder of the waves, which yet did not drown those heavy thumping sounds.

Then there was a burst of excited, frightened voices from the fire-room. The captain turned, and in two strides was half-way down the ladder, Hubert following closely. The firemen and engineer came rushing toward them.

"We're sinking! the boats, the boats!"

The wild energy of men running for their lives was in their faces, and in their panic they had lost all self-command.

"Stop!" roared the captain. They did not heed, but pressed on. "Stop!" he cried once more, and they began to feel the voice of command, and instinctively paused, huddled around the foot of the ladder, but desperate, and only held for a moment by his tones. As they paused, the hiss of water upon fire could be heard, and then the knocking rose again, louder, more furious than before. The heavy plates of iron which paved the engine-room were loosened from their bolts by the rocking of the vessel, and they clashed and ground together with every plunge the steamer gave. The sounds roused the men again, and in another second they would have swarmed over him up the ladder.

"Not a step farther!" and this time a pistol gleamed in the captain's hand, the hammer lying back on its rest.

"If I miss, the chap behind me takes him," and he handed to Hubert, without turning his head or averting his stern eyes, the other pistol, also cocked. The movement had a persuasive effect.

"The water is comin' in to the fires," called out one of the men.

"I know it. Get back and keep it out."

As he spoke he gestured expressively with that shining barrel.

"It's them plates pitchin' round. They'll break a man's legs."

"Break 'em, then. Not another word. Back to your work."

They went. The authority — the pistol — brought them to their senses, and as they turned the captain sent after them a conciliating word to hearten them up in the desperate alternative.

"It's our only chance; we've no boats that would hold together five minutes in this sea. What's a broken leg to all our lives?"

It showed the sound sense that justified the captain's sternness.

"Our only hope is to get inside the breakwater," said the captain to Hubert as they turned to go up the ladder.

"Yes," said Hubert in his cold, even tones, no breath of the peril they had just passed through appearing. "I can hear the waves tearing against it on the outside. Inside it is as smooth as a lake."

The captain looked at him a moment and half recoiled, and then said, "I've lost my bearin's a little in this fog. If you *can* hear, how far off are we?"

"I think you would call it two miles."

The captain felt a strong disposition to withdraw from him, but resisted it and kept Hubert with him near the ladder in case of another outbreak.

The steamer meanwhile labored heavily, but still kept her headway, and they began to creep nearer the breakwater.

At last, after endless ages, as it seemed, they gained the inside. Then, with a cheer, the firemen rushed on deck, some of them limping and badly bruised, but nobody seriously hurt; the hatches were fastened down and the sails hoisted.

Then the captain, feeling that he was safe, raised his pistol to let the hammer gently down. As he was doing this, Hubert leaned a little forward to look past him at the danger they had escaped. The captain was not quite careful enough in his manipulations; the hammer went suddenly down and the charge exploded. Hubert gave a wild scream, threw his hands to his head, and fell on the deck.

The horrified captain knelt beside the prostrate figure, the professor joined him, and Miss Moore would also have gone forward, but was restrained by her father.

"It's no place for a woman," said he severely.

They tried all the usual means of restoration, but in vain, and the captain began to tremble a little, and raised appealing eyes to the professor.

"He ain't a coward to think he's shot when he ain't. He knew quick as lightning what he'd got to do with the men if I failed. His head was close to the butt of the pistol, but not to the barrel. Professor, what is to be done?"

The poor professor could only shake his head. There was no sham about that set, white face with the look of agony molded into the features; his heart beat very faintly, and there was a thread of pulse, but only a thread, and those were the only signs of life.

When they landed, Hubert was carried to his room. During the night his condition changed a little. They could see that he began to breathe faintly, and once there was a quick, convulsive movement of his whole body, during which he raised his arms and laid his hands on his ears. The tortured look on the face remained as at first.

The professor sat by him through the night, and in the dim twilight of early morning heard a low knock at the door. He opened it and saw Miss Moore in traveling-dress and hat, her eyes red with recent weeping, and her father in the background jealously watchful.

She spoke in a low tone, still it had the wonderfully resonant, bell-like quality often noticeable in the voice of a soprano singer—a quality which will make it penetrate farther at the same pitch than an ordinary voice.

"How is he now?"

The professor whispered the change.

"We are going, as you see, early. I had—to—to ask about him before we went."

"It would have been heartless to do any less," said the professor, a little severely. "If he had not in some mysterious way heard you, or seen you, or whatever it was, we should not have found you until much later—too late, probably."

She shivered a little in the raw air just as she had when they pulled her in from the devouring waters.

"He must have heard my scream when the boat capsized. Will he live, Professor Bayne?"

"I do not know. We cannot tell. The doctor says it is not a cataleptic fit or paralysis. His mother and Doctor Laurens have been sent for."

Her eyes sought his, and in the lessening twilight her wavering resolution drew courage from them, spectacled though they were.

"I will not go," said she, and, turning to her father, repeated the words, taking off her gloves as she spoke. She went downstairs and out to her room. Mr. Moore followed her into the apartment, shut the door, and faced her, white with anger.

"You love him—you love that young fellow!" He knew that his anger would harden her resolution, but he could not restrain it.

She only looked at him and repeated, "I will not go," in a tone that had no yielding, although there was a great weariness in it as if there had been a struggle—either with herself or her father.

A WEEK later Hubert lay on a bamboo lounging-chair in the shadow of the light-house tower. His face was pale and thin, and below the eyes were bluish lines as if he had been ill. Helena Moore sat by him, and he held her hand.

"Your voice, my darling," he was saying, "as you spoke to the professor in the gray of the morning, was the first sound I could endure. Up to that moment I had been in terrible tortures that I cannot express, they were so exquisite. All the sounds of life were pouring in upon me—a fearful multitude"; an expression of pain at the memory came upon his face. "Before that I had lived in silence, except those strange, quivering shocks at times which made me say *I heard.* I know now it was not hearing—not really. Sometimes when I have been alone in the observatory, I have thought I knew what it meant when it says 'the morning stars sang together.'"

Helena saw the old look begin to come on his face—the look her father objected to, and which had not been there of late. She spoke a little quickly, "Doctor Laurens has called it a 'sympathetic hearing,'" and, recalled from those recollections by her, he raised her hand and kissed it.

"I am glad it was my voice you could bear first——"

"It stole into my consciousness, sweet and clear and soft. The noise of the world is terrible. I was certain that during those first awful hours I heard the roar and rush of our planet in space and the creaking as it turned on its axis."

She smiled, and then there was silence. They did not seem to feel that dire necessity for filling every moment with "words, words, words!"

The sky was a clear, remote blue; high up in the azure floated two or three great white piled clouds, as if Alpine mountain-tops had

been cut loose and were drifting leisurely about. A brisk wind bent the long, sparse, steel-pointed spikes of beach-grass, and made them draw semicircles in the sand as if they longed to give lessons in geometry. The wind brought the sound of voices — Mrs. Richmond and Mr. Moore speaking together at first, then another, clear and loud as if from a habit of hailing the mast-head.

"They say he can hear now just like the rest of us, an' 'twas my careless handlin' the pistol done it."

"Yes, captain," said Mr. Moore, "he's all right; the doctor has some theory about it, I believe. But the thing which pleases me most is to have him just like other men. I hate a man that is different from other people."

The skipper must have nodded sympathetically, for he made no audible answer; and the doctor, who seemed to have been turning the leaves of a note-book, said:

"This is the note I have made on the subject. If we could have dissected him before the incident of the captain's pistol, I should have more facts to sustain me."

"Dissect him!" said Mrs. Richmond.

"Yes; there is more to be learned with a good knife ——"

"Oh-h! Ah-h! Ugh-h!" The three groans were given by the audience immediately around the doctor. He turned calmly to his little book.

"Listen," said Helena, "they are talking about you."

He turned toward the direction of the sounds as naturally as any one would, but his ear had not been long enough under training, and he involuntarily cast an imploring glance at Helena. She understood, and repeated the words without a sound. Her lips filled and made perfect whatever sounds were not fully understood by him.

"I have a theory that, probably, most of the delicate 'cords of Corti,' as we call them, were paralyzed at his birth. This paralysis or pressure or whatever it may have been, that prevented the function of the cords ordinarily in operation, tuned up others not ordinarily brought into play, so as to make them respond to vibrations which lie far beyond the range of human beings. It is a fact that certain animals can hear sounds inaudible to man, and this difference is due to the physical mechanism of the ear. The world as it comes to us through the senses of sight and hearing is very circumscribed. No doubt there is color and there is music to which we are blind and deaf. This abnormal state brought Hubert into a higher sphere of sound by increasing the tension of some of the vibratory cords, and, when there was some emotion of the mind connected with it, carried his capacity to a most astonishing extent. When the pressure on these cords was relieved, when the sudden shock of this explosion tore up the adhesions, whatever they were, the tension was reduced to the ordinary state, and those cords which were before rigid and paralyzed began to take up and convey to the brain all the sounds of life. The leap of those paralyzed cords into full activity, letting into the silence of his brain the rush and roar of the myriad sounds of life, must have been, evidently was, an unspeakable agony. He may thank that splendid physique, that perfect physical health of his, that he did not have brain fever. But he was strong enough to bear it; with his return to the ordinary range of sound, he has lost his extra-human faculty of hearing and become like one of us ——"

"And finds it interesting to hear himself discussed at three rods," broke in a full, rich voice. Expression had come to his tones at once. His words brought the whole party upon them with a burst of delighted exclamation.

"At least, if I did not understand it all, I shall with a little more experience and teaching"; and he cast a mischievous glance at Helena, who did not betray him.

Kate Foote.

LOST JOY.

ON a sweet spring journey
Through a lovely land,
Happiness slipped my grasp
And left an empty hand.

Not the less is it gone,
That I did not see it go,
Nor light nor sight we need
To estimate our woe.

Sometimes in haunted dreams
I see its shadow pass;
It seeks, or so it seems,
A grove deep-grown with grass.

Yet were I to follow
Whither its swift feet fly,
I should not find that grove
Though I follow till I die.

Joy lost is never found,
No grave its ghost shall hold;
Its abode in earth or air
Defies the pursuer bold.

Lucile.

THE CASTING AWAY OF MRS. LECKS AND MRS. ALESHINE.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or The Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," etc.

PART II.

ADOPTING Mrs. Lecks's suggestion, I "ducked" my head under the bar, and passed to the other side of it. Mrs. Lecks, with but little trouble, followed my example; but Mrs. Aleshine, who, by reason of her stoutness, floated so much higher out of the water than her friend and I, found it impossible to get herself under the bar. In whatever manner she made the attempt, her head or her shoulders were sure to bump and arrest her progress.

"Now, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, who had been watching her, "if you ever want to get out of this salt water, you've got to make up your mind to take some of it into your mouth and into your eyes; that is, if you don't keep 'em shut. Get yourself as close to that bar as you can, and I'll come and put you under."

So saying, Mrs. Lecks returned to the other side of the bar, and, having made Mrs. Aleshine bow down her head and close her eyes and mouth, she placed both hands upon her companion's broad shoulders and threw as much weight as possible upon them. Mrs. Aleshine almost disappeared beneath the water, but she came up sputtering and blinking on the other side of the bar, where she was quickly joined by Mrs. Lecks.

"Merciful me!" exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, wiping her wet face with her still wetter sleeve, "I never supposed the heathens would be up to such tricks as makin' us do that!"

I had waited to give any assistance that might be required, and, while doing so, had discovered another bar under the water, which proved that entrance at almost any stage of the tide had been guarded against. Warning my companions not to strike their feet against this submerged bar, we paddled and pushed ourselves around the turn in the rocky passage, and emerged into the open lagoon.

This smooth stretch of water, which separated the island from its encircling reef, was here about a hundred feet wide; and the first thing that arrested our attention as we gazed across it was a little wharf or landing-stage, erected upon the narrow beach of the island, almost opposite to us.

"As sure as I stand here," exclaimed Mrs. Lecks, who never seemed to forget her upright position, "somebody lives in this place!"

"And it isn't a stickery coral island, either," cried Mrs. Aleshine, "for that sand's as smooth as any I ever saw."

"Whoever does live here," resumed Mrs. Lecks, "has got to take us in, whether they like it or not; and the sooner we get over there, the better."

Mrs. Aleshine now regretted the loss of her oar, and suggested that some one of us who could get under bars easily should go back after it. But Mrs. Lecks would listen to no such proposition.

"Let the oars go," she said. "We won't want 'em again, for I'll never leave this place if I have to scoop myself out to sea with an oar."

I told the two women that I could easily tow them across this narrow piece of water; and, instructing Mrs. Lecks to take hold of the tail of my coat, while Mrs. Aleshine grasped her companion's dress, I began to swim slowly towards the beach, towing my companions behind me.

"Goodnessful gracious me!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, with a great bounce and a splash, "look at the fishes!"

The water in the lagoon was so clear that it was almost transparent, and beneath us and around us we could see fish, some large and some small, swimming about as if they were floating in the air, while down below the white sandy bottom seemed to sparkle in the sunlight.

"Now, don't jerk my skeert off on account of the fishes," said Mrs. Lecks. "I expect there was just as many outside, though we couldn't see 'em. But I must say that this water looks as if it had been boiled and filtered."

If any inhabitant of the island had then been standing on the wharf, he would have beheld on the surface of the lagoon the peculiar spectacle of a man's head surmounted by a wet and misshapen straw hat, and followed by two other heads, each wearing a dripping and bedraggled bonnet, while beneath, among

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the ripples of the clear water, would be seen the figures belonging to these three heads, each dressed in the clothes ordinarily worn on dry land.

As I swam I could see before me, on the island, nothing but a mass of low-growing, tropical vegetation, behind which rose some palms and other trees. I made for the little wharf, from which steps came down into the water, and as soon as we reached it we all clambered rapidly up, and stood dripping upon the narrow platform, stamping our feet and shaking our clothes.

"Do you see that house?" said Mrs. Lecks. "That's where they live, and I wonder which way we must go to get there."

From this somewhat elevated position I could plainly see, over the tops of the bushes and low trees, the upper part of the roof of a house. When I found the bars across the passage in the reef, I had easily come to the conclusion that the inhabitants of this island were not savages; and now, since I had seen the wharf and the roof of this house, I felt quite convinced that we had reached the abode of civilized beings. They might be pirates or some other sort of sea miscreants, but they were certainly not savages or cannibals.

Leaving the wharf, we soon found a broad path through the bushes, and in a few moments reached a wide, open space, in which stood a handsome, modern-built house. It was constructed after the fashion of tropical houses belonging to Europeans, with jalousied porches and shaded balconies; the grounds about it were neatly laid out, and behind it was a walled inclosure, probably a garden.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, "I'd like to be less drippin' before I make a call on genteel folks!"

"Genteel folks!" exclaimed Mrs. Lecks indignantly. "If you're too proud to go in as you are, Barb'ry Aleshine, you can go set in the sun till you're dry. As for me, I'm goin' to ask for the lady of the house, and if she don't like me she can lump me, so long as she gives me somethin' to eat and a dry bed to get into."

I was too much amazed to speak, but my companions took everything as a matter of course. They had expected to see strange things in the outer world, and they were not surprised when they saw them. My mind was not capable of understanding the existence of an establishment like this on a little island in mid-ocean. But it was useless for me to attempt to reason on this apparent phenomenon; and indeed there was no time for it, for Mrs. Lecks walked boldly up to the front door and plied the knocker, stepping back immediately, so that she might not drip too much water on the porch.

"When they come," she said, "we'll ask 'em to let us in the back way, so that we sha'n't slop up their floors any more than we can help."

We waited for a couple of minutes, and then I, as the member of the party who dripped the least, went up on the porch and knocked again.

"It's my belief they're not at home," said Mrs. Lecks, after we had waited some time longer, "but perhaps we'll find some of the servants in"; and she led the way to the back part of the house.

As we passed the side of the mansion I noticed that all the window-shutters were closed, and my growing belief that the place was deserted became a conviction after we had knocked several times at a door at the back of the building without receiving any answer.

"Well, they're all gone out, that's certain!" said Mrs. Lecks.

"Yes, and they barred up the entrance to the island when they left," I added.

"I wonder if there's another house in the neighborhood?" asked Mrs. Aleshine.

"I don't believe," said I, "that the neighborhood is very thickly settled, but if you will wait here a few minutes, I will run around this wall and see what there is beyond. I may find the huts of some natives or workpeople."

I followed a path by the side of the garden wall, but when I reached the end of the inclosure I could see nothing before me but jungle and forest, with paths running in several directions. I followed one of these, and very soon came out upon an open beach, with the reef lying beyond it. From the form of the beach and the reef, and from the appearance of things generally, I began to think that this was probably a very small island, and that the house we had seen was the only one on it. I returned and reported this belief to my companions.

Now that Mrs. Aleshine had no fear of appearing in an untidy condition before "genteel folks," her manner changed very much. "If the family has gone into the country," said she, "or whatever else they've done, I want to get into this house as soon as I can. I expect we can find something to eat. At any rate we can get ourselves dry, and lay down somewhere to rest, for not a wink has one of us slept since night before last."

"I should think," said Mrs. Lecks, addressing me, "that if you could manage to climb up to them second-story windows, you might find one of them that you could get in, and then come down and open the door for us.

Everybody is likely to forget to fasten some of the windows on the upper floors. I know it isn't right to force our way into other people's houses, but there's nothin' else to be done, and there's no need of our talkin' about it."

I agreed with her perfectly, and taking off my coat and shoes I climbed up one of the columns of the veranda, and got upon its roof. This extended nearly the whole length of two sides of the house. I walked along it and tried all the shutters, and I soon came to one in which some of the movable slats had been broken. Thrusting my hand and arm through the aperture thus formed, I unhooked the shutters and opened them. The sash was fastened down by one of the ordinary contrivances used for such purposes, but with the blade of my jack-knife I easily pushed the bolt aside, raised the sash, and entered. I found myself in a small hall at the head of a flight of stairs. Down these I hurried, and, groping my way through the semi-darkness of the lower story, I reached a side door. This was fastened by two bolts and a bar, and I quickly had it open.

Stepping outside, I called Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.

"Well," said the latter, "I'm sure I'll be glad to get in, and as we've squeezed most of the water out of our clothes we won't make so much of a mess, after all."

We now entered, and I opened one of the shutters.

"Let's go right into the kitchen," said Mrs. Lecks, "and make a fire. That's the first thing to do."

But Mrs. Lecks soon discovered that this mansion was very different from a country dwelling in one of our Middle States. Externally, and as far as I had been able to observe its internal arrangements, it resembled the houses built by English residents which I had seen in the West Indies. It was a dwelling in which modern ideas in regard to construction and furnishing adapted themselves to the requirements of a tropical climate. Apparently there was no kitchen. There were no stairs leading to a lower floor, and the darkened rooms, into which my companions peered, were certainly not used for culinary purposes.

In the mean time I had gone out of the door by which we had entered, and soon discovered, on the other side of the house, a small building with a chimney to it, which I felt sure must be the kitchen. The door and shutters were fastened, but before making any attempt to open them, I returned to announce my discovery.

"Door locked, is it?" said Mrs. Aleshine. "Just wait a minute."

She then disappeared, but in a very short time came out, carrying a bunch of large keys.

"It's always the way," said she, as the two followed me round the back of the house, "when people shut up a house and leave it, to put all the door-keys in the back corner of some drawer in the hall, and to take only the front-door key with them. So, you see, I knew just where to go for these."

"It's a poor hen," said Mrs. Lecks, "that begins to cackle when she's goin' to her nest; the wise ones wait till they're comin' away. Now we'll see if one of them keys fit."

Greatly to the triumph of Mrs. Aleshine, the second or third key I tried unlocked the door. Entering, we found ourselves in a good-sized kitchen, with a great fireplace at one end of it. A door opened from the room into a shed where there was a pile of dry twigs and firewood.

"Let's have a fire as quick as we can," said Mrs. Lecks, "for since I went into that shet-up house I've been chilled to the bones."

"That's so," said Mrs. Aleshine, "and now I know how a fish keeps comfortable in the water, and how dreadfully wet and flabby it must feel when it's taken out."

I brought in a quantity of wood and kindling, and, finding matches in a tin box on the wall, I went to work to make a fire, and was soon rewarded by a crackling blaze. Turning around, I was amazed at the actions of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. I had expected to see them standing shivering behind me, waiting for the fire to be made; but, instead of that, they were moving rapidly here and there, saying not a word, but going as straight to cupboard, closet, and pantry as the hound follows the track of the hare. From a wild chaos of uncongenial surroundings, these two women had dropped into a sphere in which they were perfectly at home. The kitchen was not altogether like those to which they had been accustomed, but it was a well-appointed one, and their instincts and practice made them quickly understand where they would find what they wanted. I gazed on them with delight while one filled a kettle from a little pump in the corner which brought water from a cistern, and the other appeared from the pantry, carrying a tea-caddy and a tin biscuit-box.

"Now, then," said Mrs. Lecks, hanging the kettle on a crane over the fire, and drawing up a chair, "by the time we've got a little dried off, the kettle will bile, and we'll have some hot tea; and then the best thing to do is to go to bed."

"We'll take time to have a bite first," said Mrs. Aleshine, "for I was never so near famished in my life. I brought out a box nearly

full of biscuits, and there's sardines in this, Mr. Craig, which you can easy open with your knife."

I piled on more wood, and we gathered close around the genial heat. The sunshine was hot outside, but that did not prevent the fire from being most comforting and refreshing to us.

As soon as the kettle began to simmer, up jumped Mrs. Aleshine. A sugar-bowl and some cups were placed upon a table, and in a short time we were cheered and invigorated by hot tea, biscuits, and sardines.

"This isn't much of a meal," said Mrs. Aleshine apologetically, "but there's no time to cook nothin', and the sooner we get off our wet things and find some beds, the better."

"If I can once get into bed," said Mrs. Lecks, "all I ask is that the family will not come back till I have had a good long nap. After that, they can do what they please."

We now went back to the house and ascended the main stairway, which led up to a large central hall.

"We won't go into the front rooms," said Mrs. Lecks, "for we don't want to make no more disturbance than we can help; but if we can find the smallest kind of rooms in the back, with beds in 'em, it is all we can ask."

The first chamber we entered was a good-sized one, neatly furnished, containing a bedstead with uncovered mattress and pillows. Opening a closet door, Mrs. Lecks exclaimed: "This is a man's room, Mr. Craig, and you'd better take it. Look at the trousers and coats! There's no bedclothes in here, but I'll see if I can't find some."

In a few minutes she returned, bearing blankets, sheets, and a pillow-case. With Mrs. Aleshine on one side of the bedstead and Mrs. Lecks on the other, the sheets and blankets were laid with surprising deftness and rapidity, and in a few moments I saw before me a most inviting bed.

While Mrs. Aleshine held a pillow in her teeth as she pulled on the pillow-case with both hands, Mrs. Lecks looked around the room with the air of an attentive hostess. "I guess you'll be comfortable, Mr. Craig," she said, "and I advise you to sleep just as long as you can. We'll take the room on the other side of the hall, but I'm first goin' down to see if the kitchen fire is safe, and to fasten the doors."

I offered to relieve her of this trouble, but she promptly declined my services. "When it's rowin' or swimmin', you can do it, Mr. Craig; but when it's lockin' up and lookin' to fires, I'll attend to that myself."

My watch had stopped, but I suppose it was the middle of the afternoon when I went to bed, and I slept steadily until some hours after sunrise the next morning, when I was awakened by a loud knock at the door.

"It's time to get up," said the voice of Mrs. Lecks, "and if your clothes are not entirely dry, you'd better see if there isn't somethin' in that closet you can put on. After a while I'll make a big fire in the kitchen, and dry all our things."

I found my clothes were still very damp, and after investigating the contents of the closet and bureau, I was able to supply myself with linen and a light summer suit which fitted me fairly well. I even found socks and a pair of slippers.

When I entered the kitchen, I first opened wide my eyes with delight, and then I burst out laughing. Before me was a table covered with a white cloth, with plates, cups, and everything necessary upon it; at one end was a steaming tea-pot, and at the other a dish of some kind of hot meat; and Mrs. Aleshine was just taking a pan of newly baked biscuits from a small iron oven.

"I don't wonder you laugh," said Mrs. Lecks, "but our clothes was still wet, and we had to take just what we could find. I'm not in the habit of goin' about in a white muslin wrapper with blue-ribbon trimmin's; and as for Mrs. Aleshine, I did think we'd never find anythin' that she could get into; but there must be one stout woman in the family, for that yeller frock with black buttons fits her well enough, though I must say it's a good deal short."

"I never thought," said Mrs. Aleshine, as she sat down at the tea-pot, "that the heathens had so many conveniences, 'specially bakin' powders and Dutch ovens. For my part, I always supposed that they used their altars for bakin', when they wasn't offerin' up victims on 'em."

"Have you got it into your head, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, looking up from the dish of potted beef she was serving, "that this house belongs to common heathen? I expect that most of the savages who live on these desert islands has been converted by the missionaries, but they'd have to take 'em from Genesis to Revelations a good many times before they'd get 'em to the p'int of havin' force-pumps in their kitchens and spring mattresses on their beds. As far as I've seen this house, it looks as if the family had always been Christians, and probably either Catholics or Episcopalians."

"On account of the cross on the mantelpiece in our room, I suppose," said Mrs. Aleshine. "But whether they're given to idols or prayer-books, I know they've got a mighty nice house; and, considerin' the distance from

stores, there's a good deal more in that pantry than you'd expect to find in any house I know of, when the family is away."

"It is my opinion," said I, "that this house belongs to some rich man, probably an American or European merchant, who lives on one of the large islands, not far away, and who uses this as a sort of summer residence."

"I thought it was always summer in this part of the world," said Mrs. Lecks.

"So it is in effect," I replied, "but there are some seasons when it is very unpleasant to remain in one of those towns which are found on the larger islands, and so the owner of this house may come up here sometimes for fresh sea air."

"Or it's just as like," said Mrs. Aleshine, "that he lives somewhere up in the iceberg regions, and comes here to spend his winters. It would do just as well. But, whichever way it is, I can't help thinkin' it's careless not to leave somebody in the house to take care of it. Why, for all the family would know about it, tramps might break in and stay as long as they like."

"That's just what's happenin' now," said Mrs. Lecks, "and for my part I ain't goin' to find no fault. I don't suppose the people would have been so hard-hearted as to turn us away from their doors, but I've seen enough of folks in this world not to be too sure about that."

"How do you suppose," said Mrs. Aleshine, addressing me, "that the family gets here and goes back? Do they keep a private steamboat?"

"Of course they have a private vessel of some kind," I answered, "probably a yacht. It is quite certain that ordinary steamers never touch here."

"If that's the case," said Mrs. Lecks, "all we can do is to wait here till they come, and get them to send us away in their ship. But whether they've just gone or are just a-comin' back depends, I suppose, on whether they live in a freezin' or a burnin' country; and if they don't like our bein' here when they come back, there's one thing they can make up their minds to, and that is that I'm never goin' to leave this place on a life-preserver."

"Nor me nuther," said Mrs. Aleshine, finishing, with much complacency, her third cup of tea.

When breakfast was over, Mrs. Lecks pushed back her chair, but did not immediately rise. With an expression of severe thought upon her face, she gazed steadfastly before her for a minute, and then she addressed Mrs. Aleshine, who had begun to gather together the cups and the plates. "Now, Barb'ry Aleshine," said she, "don't you begin to clear off the table, nor touch a single thing to wash it up, till we've been over this house. I want to do it now, before Mr. Craig goes out to prospect around and see what else is on the island, which, I suppose, he'll be wantin' to do."

I replied that I had that intention, but I was quite willing to go over the house first.

"It's come to me," said Mrs. Lecks, speaking very gravely, "that it's no use for us to talk of the family bein' here or bein' there, till we've gone over this house. If we find that they have, as far as we know, gone away in good health and spirits, that's all well enough; but if anythin's happened in this house, I don't want to be here with what's happened — at least without knowin' it; and when we do go over the house, I want a man to go with us."

"If you'd talked that way last night, Mrs. Lecks," exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, "I'd never slept till after sun-up, and then got up and gone huntin' round among them frocks and petticoats to find somethin' that would fit me, with the quiet pulse I did have, Mrs. Lecks!"

To this remark Mrs. Lecks made no reply, but, rising, she led the way out of the kitchen and into the house.

The rooms on the first floor were very well furnished. There was a large parlor, and back of it a study or library, while, on the other side of the hall, was a dining-room, and an apartment probably used as a family room. We found nothing in these which would indicate that anything untoward had happened in them. Then we went upstairs, I leading the way, Mrs. Lecks following, and Mrs. Aleshine in the rear. We first entered one of the front chambers, which was quite dark, but Mrs. Lecks unfastened and threw open a shutter. Then, with a rigid countenance and determined mien, she examined every part of the room, looked into every closet, and even under the bed. It was quite plain that it was in one of the chambers that she expected to find what had happened, if anything had happened.

The room on the other side of the hall was very like the one we first examined, except that it had two beds in it. We next visited the chamber recently occupied by my two companions, which was now undergoing the process of "airing."

"We needn't stop here," remarked Mrs. Aleshine. But Mrs. Lecks instantly replied, "Indeed, we will stop; I'm goin' to look under the bed."

"Merciful me!" exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, putting her hand on her friend's shoulder. "Supposin' you should find somethin', and we sleepin' here last night! It curdles me to think of it!"

"It's my duty," said Mrs. Lecks severely, "and I shall do it."

And do it she did, rising from the task with a sigh of relief.

My room was subjected to the same scrutiny as the others; and then we visited some smaller rooms at the extreme back of the house, which we had not before noticed. A garret, or loft, was reached by a steep stairway in one of these rooms, and into its dusky gloom I ventured by myself.

"Now, don't come down, Mr. Craig," said Mrs. Lecks, "till you're sure there's nothin' there. Of all places in the house that cock-loft, after all, is the most likely."

I had none of the fears which seemed to actuate the two women, but I had a very unpleasant time of it, groping about in the darkness and heat, and, as the place was only partly floored, running the continual risk of crashing down through the lath and plaster. I made myself quite sure, however, that nothing had happened in that loft unless some one had suffocated there, and had dried up and become the dust which I raised at every step.

"Now, then," said Mrs. Lecks, when I descended, "as there is no cellar, we'll go wash up the breakfast things; and if you want to take a walk, to see if there's any genuwine heathens or anybody else a-livin' in this island, we're not afraid to be left alone."

For the whole of the rest of the morning I wandered about the island. I investigated the paths that I had before noticed, and found that each of them led, after a moderate walk, to some wide and pleasant part of the beach. At one of these points I found a rustic bench; and, stuffed in between two of the slats which formed the seat, I found a book. It had been sadly wet and discolored by rain, and dried and curled up by the wind and sun. I pulled it out, and found it to be a novel in French. On one of the fly-leaves was written "Emily." Reasoning from the dilapidated appearance of this book, I began to believe that the family must have left this place some time ago, and that, therefore, their return might be expected at a proportionately early period. On second thoughts, however, I considered that the state of this book was of little value as testimony. A few hours of storm, wind, and sun might have inflicted all the damage it had sustained. The two women would be better able to judge by the state of the house and the condition of the provisions how long the family had been away.

I now started out on a walk along the beach, and in little more than an hour I had gone entirely around the island. Nowhere did I see any sign of habitation or occupation, except at the house which had given us shelter, nor any opening through the surrounding reef, except the barred passageway through which we had come.

When I returned to the house, I found that Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine had been hard at work all the morning. They had, so to speak, gone regularly and systematically to housekeeping, and had already divided the labors of the establishment between them. Mrs. Aleshine, who prided herself on her skill in culinary matters, was to take charge of the cooking, while Mrs. Lecks assumed the care of the various rooms and the general management of the household. This arrangement was explained to me at length; and when I remarked that all this seemed to indicate that they expected to remain here for a long time, Mrs. Lecks replied:

"In my part of the country I could tell pretty close, by the dust on the tables and on the top of the pianner, how long a family has been out of a house; but dust in Pennsylvany and dust on a sea island, where there's no wagons nor carriages, is quite different. This house has been left in very good order, and though the windows wants washin', and the floors and stairs brushin'—which will be easy considerin' that none of 'em has carpets—and everything in the house a reg'lar cleanin' up and airin', it may be that the family hasn't been gone away very long, and so it may be a good while before they come back again. Mrs. Aleshine and me has talked it all over, and we've made up our minds that the right thing to do is just to go along and attend to things as if we was a-goin' to stay here for a month or two; and it may be even longer than that before the people come back. And I don't think they'll have anything to complain of when they find their house in apple-pie order, their windows washed, their floors clean, and not a speck of dust anywhere."

"For my part," said Mrs. Aleshine, "I don't see what they've got to find fault with, anyway. I look on this as part of the passage. To be sure, we ain't movin' a bit on our way to Japan, but that's not my fault, nor yet yours, Mrs. Lecks, nor yours, Mr. Craig. We paid our passage to go to Japan, and if the ship was steered wrong and got sunk, we hadn't anything to do with it. We didn't want to come here, but here we are, and I'd like to know who's got any right to find fault with us."

"And bein' here," said Mrs. Lecks, "we'll take care of the things."

"As far as I'm concerned," added Mrs. Aleshine, "if this island was movin' on to Japan, I'd a great deal rather be on it than

on that ship, where, to my way of thinkin', they didn't know much more about housekeepin' than they did about steerin'."

"I think your plans and arrangements are very good," I said. "But how about the provisions? Are there enough to hold out for any time?"

"There's pretty nigh a barrel of flour," said Mrs. Aleshine, "a good deal of tea and coffee and sugar, and lots of things in tins and jars. There's a kind of cellar outside where they keep things cool, and there's more than half a keg of butter down there. It's too strong to use, but I can take that butter and wash it out, and work it over, and salt it, and make it just as good butter as any we got on board the ship."

"But," said I, "you have given me nothing to do. I shall not be content to stand about idle and see you do all the work."

"There's nothin' in the house," said Mrs. Lecks, "which you need put your hand to; but, if you choose to go out into that garden, and see if there's anything can be done in it, or got out of it,— that is, if you know anything about garden work,— I'm sure we'd be very glad of any fresh vegetables we could get."

I replied that I had been accustomed to garden work in an amateur way, and would be glad to do anything that was possible in that direction.

"I never seed into that garden," said Mrs. Aleshine, "but of all the foolish things that ever came under my eye, the buildin' a wall around a garden, when a pale fence would do just as well, is the foolishest."

I explained that in these countries it was the fashion to use walls instead of fences.

"If it's the fashion," said Mrs. Aleshine, "I suppose there's no use sayin' anything agin it; but if the fashion should happen to change, they'd find it a good deal easier to take down a barbed-wire fence than a stone wall."

This conversation took place in the large lower hall, which Mrs. Lecks had been "putting to rights," and where Mrs. Aleshine had just entered from the kitchen. Mrs. Lecks now sat down upon a chair, and, dust-cloth in hand, she thus addressed me:

"There's another thing, Mr. Craig, that me and Mrs. Aleshine has been talkin' about. We haven't made up our minds about it, because we didn't think it was fair and right to do that before speakin' to you, and hearin' what you had to say on one side or another of it. Mrs. Aleshine and me has had to bow our heads to afflictions, and to walkin' sometimes in roads we didn't want to, but we've remembered the ways in which we was brought up, and have kept in them as far as we've been able. When our husbands died, leavin' Mrs. Aleshine with a son and me without any, which, perhaps, is just as well, for there's no knowin' how he might have turned out——"

"That's so," interrupted Mrs. Aleshine, "for he might have gone as a clerk to Roosher, and then you and me would 'a' had to travel different ways."

"And when our husbands died," continued Mrs. Lecks, "they left us enough, and plenty, to live on, and we wasn't the women to forget them and their ways of thinkin', any more than we'd forget the ways of our fathers and mothers before us."

"That's so!" said Mrs. Aleshine fervently.

"And now, Mr. Craig," continued Mrs. Lecks, "we don't know how you've been brought up, nor anything about you, in fact, except that you've been as kind to us as if you was some sort of kin, and that we never would have thought of comin' here without you; and so me and Mrs. Aleshine has agreed to leave this whole matter to you, and to do just as you say. When us two started out on this long journey, we didn't expect to find it what you call the path of roses, and, dear only knows, we haven't found it so."

"That's true!" ejaculated Mrs. Aleshine.

"And what we've had to put up with," continued Mrs. Lecks, "we have put up with. And so, Mr. Craig, whether you say dinner in the middle of the day at twelve, as we've always been used to, or at six o'clock in the afternoon, as they had it on board that ship,— and how people ever come to turn their meals hind part foremost in that way, I can't say,— we are goin' to do it; and if you've been brought up to six o'clock, you won't hear no complainin' from us, think what we may."

I was on the point of laughing aloud at the conclusion of this speech, but a glance at the serious faces of the two women, who, with so much earnest solicitude, awaited my reply, stopped me, and I hastened to assure them that dinner in the middle of the day would be entirely in accordance with my every wish.

"Good!" exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, her eyes sparkling amid the plumpness of her face, while an expression of calm relief passed over the features of Mrs. Lecks.

"And now I'll be off and get us somethin' to eat in less than no time," said Mrs. Aleshine. "We didn't know whether to make it lunch or dinner till we had seen you; so you can't expect much to-day, but to-morrow we'll begin, and have everything straight and comfortable. I'm goin' to get up early in the mornin', and bake a batch of bread; and you

needn't be afraid, Mr. Craig, but what I'll have you a bit of hot meat every night for your supper."

In the afternoon we all visited the garden, which, although a good deal overgrown with luxuriant weeds, showed marks of fair cultivation. Some of the beds had been cleared out and left to the weeds, and we found some "garden truck," as my companions called it, with which we were not familiar. But there were tomato vines loaded with fruit, plenty of beans of various kinds, and a large patch of potatoes, many of which had been dug.

From the lower end of the garden Mrs. Aleshine gave a shout of delight. We went to her, and found her standing before a long asparagus bed.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "If there's anything that settles it firm in my mind that these people is Christians, it's this bed of grass. I don't believe there ever was heathens that growed grass."

"I thought that was all settled when we found the bakin' powders," said Mrs. Lecks.

"But this clinches it," answered her companion. "I can't tell from a sparrowgrass bed what church they belong to, but they're no idolaters."

The next morning I delivered to the genial Mrs. Aleshine a large basket full of fresh vegetables, and we had a most excellent dinner. Somewhat to my surprise, the table was not set in the kitchen, but in the dining-room.

"Me and Mrs. Aleshine have made up our minds," said Mrs. Lecks, in explanation, "that it's not the proper thing for you to be eatin' in the kitchen, nor for us neither. Here's table-cloths, and good glass and china, and spoons and forks, which, although they're not solid silver, are plated good enough for anybody. Neither you nor us is servants, and a kitchen is no place for us."

"That's so!" said Mrs. Aleshine. "We paid our money for first-class passages, and it was understood that we'd have everything as good as anybody."

"Which I don't see as that has anything to do with it, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "for the steamship people don't generally throw in desert islands as part of the accommodation."

"We didn't ask for the island," retorted Mrs. Aleshine, "and if they'd steered the ship right, we shouldn't have wanted it."

When we had finished our dinner, Mrs. Lecks pushed back her chair, and sat for a few moments in thought, as was her wont before saying anything of importance.

"There's another thing," said she, "that I've been thinkin' about, though I haven't spoke of it yet, even to Mrs. Aleshine. We haven't no right to come here and eat up the victuals and use the things of the people that own this house, without paying for them. Of course, we're not goin' to sleep on the bare ground and starve to death while there's beds and food close to our hands. But if we use 'em and take it, we ought to pay the people that the place belongs to — that is, if we've got the money to do it with; and Mrs. Aleshine and me has got the money. When we went down into our cabin to get ready to leave the ship, the first thing we did was to put our purses in our pockets, and we've both got drafts wrapped up in oiled silk, and sewed inside our frock-bodies; and if you didn't think to bring your money along with you, Mr. Craig, we can lend you all you need."

I thanked her for her offer, but stated that I had brought with me all my money.

"Now," continued Mrs. Lecks, "it's my opinion that we ought to pay our board regular every week. I don't know what is commonly charged in a place like this, but I know you can get very good board where I come from for six dollars a week."

"That is for two in a room," said Mrs. Aleshine; "but havin' a room to himself would make it more for Mr. Craig."

"It ain't his fault," said Mrs. Lecks, somewhat severely, "that he ain't got a brother or some friend to take part of the room and pay part of the expense. But, anyway, the room isn't a large one, and I don't think he ought to pay much more for havin' a room to himself. Seven dollars is quite enough."

"But then you've got to consider," said Mrs. Aleshine, "that we do the cookin' and housework, and that ought to be counted."

"I was comin' to that," said Mrs. Lecks. "Now, if me and Mrs. Aleshine was to go out to service, which you may be sure we wouldn't do unless circumstances was very different from what they are now ——"

"That's true!" earnestly ejaculated Mrs. Aleshine.

"But if we was to do it," continued Mrs. Lecks, "we wouldn't go into anybody's family for less than two dollars a week. Now, I've always heard that wages is low in this part of the world, and the work isn't heavy for two of us; and so, considering the family isn't here to make their own bargain, I think we'd better put our wages at that, so that'll make four dollars a week for each of us two to pay."

"But how about Mr. Craig?" said Mrs. Aleshine. "He oughtn't to work in that garden for nothin'."

"Fifty cents a day," said Mrs. Lecks, "is as little as any man would work for, and then it oughtn't to take all his time. That will make three dollars to take out of Mr. Craig's

board, and leave it four dollars a week, the same as ours."

I declared myself perfectly satisfied with these arrangements, but Mrs. Aleshine did not seem to be altogether convinced that they were just.

"When a woman goes out to service," said she, "she gets her board and is paid wages besides, and it's the same for gardeners."

"Then I suppose, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "that we ought to charge these people with our wages, and make 'em pay it when they come back!"

This remark apparently disposed of Mrs. Aleshine's objections, and her friend continued: "There's a jar on the mantel-piece there, of the kind the East Indy ginger comes in. It's got nothin' in it now but some brown paper, in which fish-hooks is wrapped. We came here on a Wednesday, and so every Tuesday night we'll each put four dollars in that jar, under the fish-hook paper; and then if, by night or by day, the family comes back and makes a fuss about our bein' here, all we have to say is, 'The board money's in the ginger-jar,' and our consciences is free."

Mrs. Lecks's plan was adopted as a very just and proper one, and at the expiration of the week we each deposited four dollars in the ginger-jar.

While occupying this house I do not think that any of us endeavored to pry into the private concerns of the family who owned it, although we each had a very natural curiosity to know something about said family. Opportunities of acquiring such knowledge, however, were exceedingly scarce. Even if we had been willing to look into such receptacles, the several desks and secretaries that the house contained were all locked; and nowhere could Mrs. Lecks or Mrs. Aleshine find an old letter or piece of wrapping-paper with an address on it. I explained to my companions that letters and packages were not likely to come to a place like this, but they kept a sharp lookout for anything of the kind, asserting that there could be no possible harm in reading the names of the people whose house they were in.

In some of the books in the library, which were English and French in about equal proportions, with a few volumes in German, I found written on the blank pages the names "Emily" and "Lucille," and across the title-pages of some French histories was inscribed, in a man's hand, "A. Dusante." We discussed these names, but could not make up our minds whether the family was French or English. For instance, there was no reason why an English woman might not be called Lucille, and even such a surname as Dusante was not uncommon either among English or Americans. The labels on the boxes and tins of provisions showed that most of them came from San Francisco, but this was likely to be the case no matter what the nationality of the family.

The question of the relationship of the three persons, of whose existence we had discovered traces, was a very interesting one to Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.

"I can't make up my mind," said the latter, "whether Emily is the mother of Lucille or her daughter, or whether they are both children of Mr. Dusante, or whether he's married to Lucille and Emily is his sister-in-law, or whether she's his sister and not hers, or whether he's the uncle and they're his nieces, or whether Emily is an old lady and Mr. Dusante and Lucille are both her children, or whether they are two maiden ladies and Mr. Dusante is their brother, or whether Mr. Dusante is only a friend of the family, and boards here because no two women ought to live in such a lonely place without a man in the house."

"Well," said Mrs. Lecks, "whether Mr. Dusante comes back with two nieces, or a wife and daughter, or Mrs. Dusante and a mother-in-law, or a pair of sisters, all we've got to say is, 'The board money's in the ginger-jar,' and let them do their worst."

In my capacity as gardener I do not think I earned the wages which my companions had allotted to me, for I merely gathered and brought in such fruits and vegetables as I found in proper condition for our use. In other ways, however, I made my services valuable to our little family. In a closet in my chamber I found guns and ammunition, and I was frequently able to bring in a few birds. Some of these were pronounced by Mrs. Aleshine unsuitable for the table, but others she cooked with much skill, and they were found to be very good eating.

Not far from the little wharf which has been mentioned there stood, concealed by a mass of low-growing palms, a boat-house in which was a little skiff hung up near the roof. This I let down and launched, and found great pleasure in rowing it about the lagoon. There was fishing-tackle in the boat-house, which I used with success, the lagoon abounding in fish. Offerings of this kind were much more acceptable to Mrs. Aleshine than birds.

"There's some kinds of fishes that's better than others," said she, "but, as a gen'ral rule, a fish is a fish, and if you catch 'em you can eat 'em; but it's a very different thing with birds. When you've never seen 'em before, how are you goin' to tell but what they're some kin to an owl, a pigeon-hawk, or a

crow? And if I once get it into my head that there's any of that kind of family blood in 'em, they disagree with me just the same as if there really was."

One afternoon, as I was returning in the boat from the point on the other side of the island, where I had found the rustic seat and Emily's book, I was surprised to see Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine standing on the end of the little wharf. This was an unusual thing for them to do, as they were very industrious women, and seldom had an idle moment; and it seemed to be one of their greatest pleasures to discuss the work they were going to do when they had finished that on which they were then engaged. I was curious, therefore, to know why they should be standing thus idly on the wharf, and pulled towards them as rapidly as possible.

When I had rowed near enough to hear them, Mrs. Aleshine remarked with cheerful placidity:

"The Dusantes are coming."

The tide was quite low, and I could not see over the reef; but in a few moments I had grounded the skiff and had sprung upon the wharf. Out on the ocean, about a mile away, I saw a boat, apparently a large one, approaching the island.

"Now, then, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "you'll soon see whether it's his two nieces, or his daughters, or his wife and sister-in-law, or whatever of them other relationships which you've got so pat."

"Yes," said Mrs. Aleshine, "but, what's more, we'll find out if he's goin' to be satisfied with the board money we've put in the ginger-jar."

(To be concluded.)

Frank R. Stockton.

THE SERMON OF A STATUE.

(IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.)

SUDDENLY, in the melancholy place
With sculptured king and priest and knight assembled,
The music called us. Then, with kindly grace,
On a gold head was laid a hand that trembled:
"You little stranger, come," the verger cried,
"And hear the sermon." "No," the child replied.

A moment standing on his new-world will,
There in the Corner of the Poets, holding
His cap with pretty reverence, as still
As any of that company, he said, folding
His arms: "But let that canon wait." And then:
"I want to stay here with these marble men.

"If they could preach, I'd listen!" Ah, they can,
Another thought. It pleased the boy to linger
In the pale presence of the peerless man
Who pointed to his text with moveless finger.
Laughing with blue-eyed wonder, he said: "Look,
This one (but do you know him?) has a book!"

. . . I know him. Ay, and all the world knows him,—
Among the many poets the one only!
On that high head the stainéd gloom was dim;
In those fixed eyes the look of gods was lonely.
Kings at his feet, to whom his hand gave fame,
Lay, dust and ashes, shining through his name.

I heard him. With the still voice of the dead
From that stone page, right careless of derision,
Sad jesters of a faithless age! he read
How the great globe would vanish like a vision,
With all that it inhabit. . . . And hath he
Then writ but one word, and that—Vanity?

S. M. B. Piatt.

A GLANCE AT THE ARTS OF PERSIA.

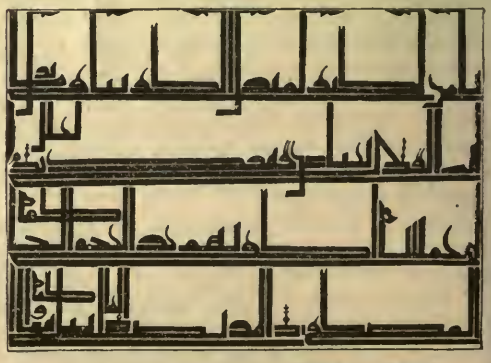
NASCH WRITING BY MIR. REDUCED ONE-HALF.

THE present is perhaps a favorable time to glance at Persian art, as it is in a transition state, passing, as it has often done already, from one form of expression to another. One of the features peculiar to contemporary Persian art is the evidence it affords that it is coming under European influences. This is not the first time that foreign and especially occidental art has directed the development of Persian art; but it is interesting to be able to note from a contemporary point of view the agencies at work in producing such results.

Persian art has been essentially industrial. The Persian artist has displayed his genius and taste in adapting his practice to the materials at hand and to the influences of his age and clime combined with utility, much if not all the arts of that historic race being eminently constructive, as may be said when builder and architect act in concert in designing a handsome building. By ever adhering to the principle of rendering his work subordinate to this principle, the Persian artist has been not only true to his instincts, but has given a vitality and endurance to his work that make it indeed national and therefore immortal. They who are wedded to the theory that easel-paintings and sculptures, independent of decorative aim, are necessarily the highest form and end of æsthetic expression, would probably relegate the greater part of the art of Persia to an inferior position. None the less, the fact remains that no people was ever more permeated by the art spirit than the Persians.

Grant, if you please, that it is not of the highest order, as I am likewise inclined to admit, and yet one may conscientiously ascribe to Persia a very high position among the races that have contributed most to the progress of the arts. The long-continued existence of Persia as an integral people and autonomy, exhibiting for twenty-five hundred years an almost unbroken national career, is well-nigh without a parallel in the history of art development. The arts of Egypt, Assyria, and Greece culminated long ages ago; those of the Saracens have arisen and decayed since then; but the artistic life of Persia is still active, and it would be a mistake to assume that the present decline of some of the most important branches of her art indicates more than that it is passing through one of the numerous periods of transition in which her artists and artisans have seemed to rest while gathering inspiration for a new departure. Consider, for example, the far from dormant genius still displayed at this very time in the practice of architecture in Persia. It was in architecture that she acquired her first triumphs, and her hand has not yet lost its cunning.

An interesting and important feature of Persian architecture has always been, and continues to be, with some recent exceptions, its entire adaptability to existing conditions. In the south, where good stone and marble were easily procurable, they entered largely into construction. In the Caspian provinces, where wood is abundant, it is the chief building material, the roofs being made of wood covered with tiles, while the exterior is decorated with wooden piazzas such as one might look for in vain elsewhere in Persia. The beams, lintels, and eaves are quaintly, sometimes elegantly, carved and tinted with brilliant hues. The climate also suggested windows of such form that, on being thrown open, they would leave almost the entire side of an apartment clear to the unobstructed passage of the breeze. This naturally affords a rare opportunity for artistic effects, which has been successfully seized by the Persian



CUFIC WRITING ON VELLUM. REDUCED ONE-HALF.

THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE AT RESHT.

architects. It may be affirmed that nowhere have the artistic possibilities offered by the decoration of mullions and casements been more admirably rendered than in Persia. Everywhere one finds himself amazed at the beauty of the designs represented in the windows of Persian houses, facing fountains and gay parterres. Often the effect from within is heightened by the addition of stained glass, set in elaborately beautiful designs. It is quite common to see humble dwellings in an obscure hamlet possessing, as their sole merit, a broad window with a casement of form and decoration to fill an artist with delight. The adjoining cut, representing part of the governor's house at Resht, gives an average idea of the picturesque effects often reached by Persian architecture, this structure being by no means of costly or unusual character.

Although coming into prominence only since the beginning of this century, Teherân is not a new city, and possesses some old dwellings which offer bits of great beauty to the connoisseur. Owing to the

MINARET OF SMALL MOSQUE IN TEHERÂN.

scarcity and expense of wood at the capital, the materials used in construction in that city and environs are, with scarcely an exception, sun-burned bricks and *cargêl*, or mud toughened with straw. The better class of buildings are reënforced at the angles with kiln-burned bricks. One would hardly imagine that out of such prosaic materials the artist could evolve art and beauty; but the fact that he has done so is a strong additional proof of the innate and universal taste existing in Persia for artistic decoration. By the aid of *gatch* or plaster of Paris, the artisan of Teherân often transforms these mud structures into dreams of loveliness.

The skill of the Persian architect is once more apparent in the method taken to avoid the appearance of weakness or disproportion suggested by roofs of enormous weight supported by slender shafts. Massive piers are therefore alternated with the pillars or placed at the corners of the colonnades. The result is a singularly effective combination of lightness and strength, grace and repose. Sometimes the effect is increased by the continuation of the capitals into delicate arches that relieve the otherwise heavy horizontal sky-line of the roof.

What a wealth of decoration is sometimes lavished on the elegant dwellings of Teherân may be gathered from the accompanying views of a portico and façade of the superb country-seat called the Bagh Ferdôze, or Garden of Paradise. It belongs to the Moayer-ul-Mamolêk, and during his exile has unfortunately been left in an incomplete condition. The entire interior of this stately establishment is consistently carried out on this sumptuous scale, bewildering the eye with the opulent fancy and marvelous handiwork displayed in the realization of such results from such materials as sun-dried bricks, cargêl, and gatch, and here and there the addition of burned bricks or polished alabaster. It will be perceived from the accompanying illustrations that the scheme of decoration at the Bagh Ferdôze is semi-European or classic, a sort of bastard Renaissance, as if an architect of old had for once cut loose from the severe canons of his art, and given the reins to a fancy intoxicated by the freedom it had usurped. This indicates the transition through which Persian art is passing. The residence of the Moayer-ul-Mamolêk in the capital is still more foreign in its character, the façade, although of gatch, being altogether of a florid Renaissance type. There is a tendency now apparent among the better class of new buildings rising at Teherân to imitate European ideas; but the imitation is generally far from slavish, being rather an adapta-

tion or assimilation. A very agreeable combination of Persian and European styles is also seen in the summer palace of the Prince Naïb Sultanêh or Secretary of War, at Kammaranieh.

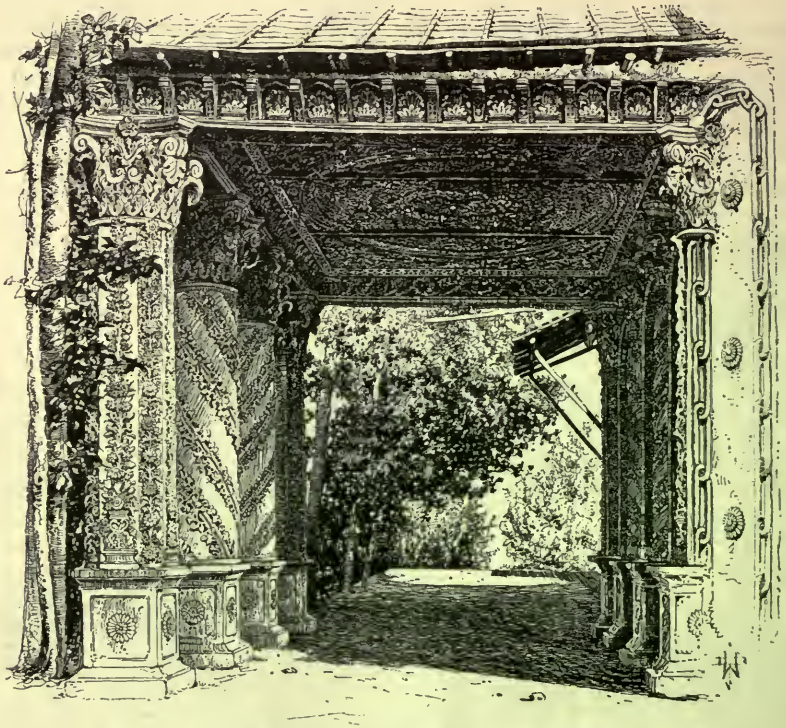
One of the most remarkable features of the Bagh Ferdôze is the wonderful grotto-like hall on the first floor. The apartment is sixty feet by forty feet. In entire contrast to the general Renaissance-like scheme of decoration exhibited in the Bagh Ferdôse may properly be considered the hall of which we have just spoken. Ordinary Persian gatch decoration is called *gatch pourrèe;* but that presented in the ceiling of this apartment is designated as *mokarness.* Those familiar with architecture will recognize this honeycomb-like pattern for filling arches as especially Saracenic. Brilliantly colored and gilded, it forms one of the most striking attractions of the Alhambra and other celebrated oriental monuments. Few are aware that this beautiful style owes its origin to the Persians, from whom it was borrowed, like several other important features appropriated by artistic nations.

Although this hall at the Bagh Ferdôze is incomplete and unfurnished, yet one who visits it cannot avoid a thrill of rapture when gazing as from a cavern roofed with stalactites upon the magnificent landscape that recedes in the distance into the vapory mirage of the vast plains of Persia fading away in the south.

Of the taste and skill displayed by the artisans who can devise and construct such a building there can be no question. But one is still more astonished when he learns that these patient idealists are aided by little or no scientific study, but are guided entirely by natural instincts supplemented by practice and tradition. You will see a workman carefully molding an intricate design out of a mass of plaster without any pattern to guide him, often with neither rule nor compass, and using only a slight shaping-tool of wood. If you ask him who were his instructors and what principles he follows in reaching such exquisite results, he will reply that he had no systematic instruction and gives himself little trouble about art-principles. He grew up to the business, and produces such designs

HOUSE OF PRAYER AT RESHT.

because he feels inspired to create them. It is true that Shah Abbas* established art-institutions under government patronage, to which the artisans were only admitted after satisfactory proof of ability. His immediate successors continued to foster the culture of the arts in like manner. It is reasonable to believe that Darius and Anushirwân, the greatest monarchs of the Achæmenid and Sassanid dynasties, also encouraged the arts of Persia by a patronage as liberal if not exactly identical in method. There are traditions that Anushirwân invited Byzantine sculptors to Persia, and it is well known that the revival of a high order of decorated pottery in Persia, under the name of Kashee, owes its existence to the skilled Chinese artisans brought to Ispahân and Kashân by Shah Abbas the First. Doubtless each of these periods of artistic renaissance has had its influence in perpetuating the art-instinct in a race naturally imbued with æsthetic feeling; but it is quite certain that several centuries have now elapsed without any public and systematic methods of art-instruction in Persia. One of the most beautiful arts of Persia is the form of gatch pourrèe called *ainâh karree*. The gatch ceiling and wall are molded into the most intricate forms with daring confidence. While the plaster is yet soft the minute surfaces are inlaid with an incrustation of minute mirrors. It is needless to add that the effect is one of bewildering splendor, as if the light were flashed from the polished facets of millions of gems.



PORTICO OF BAGH FERDÔZE, SHOWING WORK IN GATCH OR PLASTER OF PARIS.

It is surprising that while searching the past and present, and almost the future, for designs rare and dazzling enough to whet the pampered appetite of New York millionaires, our architects have not yet borrowed from Persia a style of decoration the splendor of which eclipses all their previous efforts.

Tiles! methinks I hear the tile-devotee say; but what about tiles? Are there no tiles in Persia? To speak frankly, it must be stated that what the Persian artist does not know, or did not know in former times, about tiles, is scarcely worth the mention. The tiles now made in Persia are of a far more common order than those of former ages. This fact, however, does not prevent the present use of decorative tiles in Persian art from being one of great interest. The absence of good marble in the vicinity of Teherân, or the cost of working it, causes a great demand for the incrustation of floors and walls with elegant colored patterns, composed of glazed tiles of various

* This name is pronounced as if spelled Abbauss.

degrees of excellence and of endless variety of design.

The interior of the baths is often covered with tiles; the effect of glistening walls and roofs in the half-twilight of these vaulted rooms is artistic and beautiful. The outer surface of the domes of the mosques, as well as the minarets and city gates, are also overlaid with glazed tiles, producing at the proper distance fine chromatic effects, which tell in a magical way against the intense azure of the cloudless skies of this scenic tropical clime. When smitten by the full rays of the setting sun they flash like gold. In this connection one naturally calls to mind the face-bricks glazed like the tiles, which form one of the most common means of decoration in Persia, and especially at Teherân. In skillful hands they adapt themselves readily to many forms of constructional decoration, and might with great propriety be introduced into the facing of gateways or even entire façades in the United States, where it is becoming the fashion to employ variety of colors in architectural decoration. Unlike the American decorator, however, the Persian artist generally understands the importance of combining these bricks in such manner as to produce broad designs effective at a proper distance, instead of being rendered practically useless by a mincing scrupulosity in the rendering of minute details which are entirely lost sight of at a short distance.

In considering the old tile-work of Persia, and indeed the greater part of its art-development during the last dozen centuries, one cannot avoid observing three or four prime influences which, although apparently having little relation with the pursuit of the fine arts, have nevertheless exerted a powerful effect in directing the art-progress of Persia since the fall of the Sassanids. These influences are the conversion of the country to the doctrines of Mohammed; the consolidation of the legends of Persia into a popular form by Ferdöusee in his great national epic of the Shah Namêh, thus reviving the

A COUNTRY HOUSE NEAR TEHERÂN.

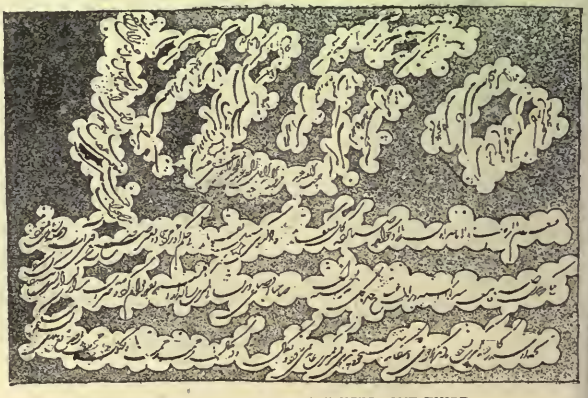
A PERSIAN DOORWAY.

interest in subjects which attracted general attention, and stimulating the fancy of the people at a time when the arts were entering on a new phase of expression; the induction into power of the Sefavean dynasty; and the importation of Chinese and Indian artisans into Persia. Numerous minor influences may also be traced giving direction to the former artistic instincts of the people, but these seem to be the most important.

The acceptance of the faith of the Prophet brought with it the Arabic language, which since that time has entered largely into the literature and language of the cultivated classes of Persia. But in nothing is the influence of the Saracenic invasion more evident than in the results following the adoption of the Arabic character. Never was there a greater revolution than that effected over half the known world in less than a century by a horde of enthusiastic nomads. The Christian who has never lived in the East but little apprehends how complete was the transformation which attended the overwhelming conquests of the followers of Mohammed.

With the acceptance of Islamism the Persian artist renounced for a time the delineation of the human figure; but with the acceptance of the Arabic character he found new scope for his exuberant fancy. The Saracens also introduced into Persia and the regions beyond a turn for mathematics, which it may be justly inferred was one cause of the origin of the intricate geometric designs in which Mohammedan art has been so successful, that the word arabesque has become one of the most prominent terms in the nomenclature of decorative art.

The religious fervor of the people made it a congenial task to erect numerous tombs and shrines of prayer over the length and breadth of the land. To make of these mere receptacles for people living or dead, without comeliness or attraction, was altogether foreign to the genius of the Persians. The result was a distinct school of architecture and decoration. The Persian artist found a suggestive source of decorative inspiration in the pithy precepts of the Koran and the singularly suggestive and pictorial forms of the Arabic letters. His quick fancy discerned the opportunities they suggested; his new interest in mathematical pursuits and his native love for flowers, aided by an unsurpassed feeling for color, added to his decorative resources; while the scarcity of wood and the abundance of various clays suggested the employment of the kiln as the means for giving the final strokes to the results of his artistic aims. Hence a school of keramic decoration was very naturally evolved



NASCH WRITING BY MIR. REDUCED ONE-THIRD.

BOOK-COVER DESIGN — FRONT. REDUCED.

which, it is no rash assertion to say, has never been surpassed, nor even equaled, at least in the direction of glazed tiles. A multitude of shrines and tombs still exist to testify to the splendor of this phase of Persian art. But yet, alas! how many of them have been spoiled, not only by the ravages of war or of time, but also of avarice, which has steadily stripped many of them of some of their noblest decorations, torn away to enrich the museums and private collections of Europe. One of the finest interiors of this sort was the celebrated mosque at Sultaniêh, of which only a mere crumbling shell remains.

Of the many varieties of tiles which were produced at the two best periods of the art, the most interesting are those called *reflêts*, because of their iridescent glaze. A playful fancy has interwoven vines and flowers among the lovely combinations of the calligraphic art, which in the best examples are also in relief. The graceful letters, spreading across the entire width of the tile, are generally of a magnificent ultramarine blue on a delicate cream or buff ground, while the vines and flowers are of variegated but harmonious tints interlaced with gold. The entire surface gleams with a massive polish or glaze which, in a broad front light, gives the effect of polished marble, while a glancing side-light reveals mysterious opalescent flashes. The secret of compounding those intense blues and this iridescent glaze has become one of the lost arts of Persia, buried with the millions whose genius has illustrated the historic pages of Persia, although there seems to be a tradition that gold entered into the composition of these glazes. It should be carefully noted that the relative antiquity of these tiles is indicated by the form of the characters. Those with Cufic letters invariably take precedence in age.

The peculiar character which the Persians adopted from the Arabs led also to the development of calligraphy to a point where it actually became one of the fine arts. Combined with the art of illumination, which is still practiced with extraordinary ability and artistic feeling at this very time in Teherân, results were reached which arouse the enthusiasm of the Persians even now, when the printing-press is invading the province of the scribe and rapidly relegating illuminated manuscripts to the past. It is a significant fact that while the names of many of the leading artists of Persia are forgotten, the fame of a Mir or a Dervish or some other celebrated calligraphist is cherished like that of a Veronese or a Rembrandt. The specimens of their work still extant are very highly prized, and he who is so happy as to possess such autographs causes them to be carefully mounted on illuminated pages and elegantly bound in such manner as to escape destruction. Notwithstanding that numerous printing-presses now exist in Persia for printing books and periodicals by lithographic processes, the art of calligraphy is still cultivated to some extent, as I have already observed, and its followers are held in much esteem. The most celebrated living calligraphist of Persia

BOOK-COVER DESIGN — BACK.

REFLÊT TILE.

is Mirza Gholâm Rezâh. He lives at Teherân. His portrait indicates a refined and thoughtful character; and such is indeed the case, for he is not only a calligraphist, but likewise a poet and philosopher of repute. He has many disciples of what, to apply an old term in a new form, may be truly called a "gentle craft." The five chief forms of calligraphy practiced in Persia since the Saracenic conquest are the following, given in the order of their introduction. First is the Cufee or Cufic character, angular and representing straight rather than curved lines. It holds the same relation to the contemporary character that the old English lettering holds to the modern English characters. Next comes the Nasch, a word in which the final h is guttural. This style is curved, but with a tendency to perpendicular rather than horizontal lines. These two characters are the most common on old Persian tiles, and the latter is the character chiefly used at present in manuscripts and printing. The Nastalīch is also used in manuscripts, and also the Reïhanee. The Shekestêh, the most recent character used in Persia, is more running, and is ordinarily used for letters and accounts.

The absence of designs representing the human form either in the flat or the round is a marked characteristic of the ante-Sefavean period. But while the faithful disciples of the Prophet, following, as they supposed, the precepts of the Koran in abstaining from such art, were finding a vent for their æsthetic aspirations in ingenious and beautiful arabesques, a new intellectual influence was looming up which was destined eventually to prove a powerful agency in the shaping of the Persian art of subsequent ages. I refer to Ferdöusee, the great epic poet of Persia. Under the patronage of Mahmood of Ghiznêh, Ferdöusee gathered together the historic legends of Persia in a national epic called the Shah Namêh, or Book of Kings. This magnificent poem gives noble versions of the legends into which the imaginative Persians had crystallized the prominent events of their history until the Sassanid epoch, and thus became for Persia what the Iliad was to Greece or the Arthurian legend to England.

But fully to bring the poetry of Ferdöusee into harmonious association with the arts of Persia, it was necessary that his counterpart should appear who would give a fresh impulse to the artistic instincts and yearnings of the great people of Irân. He seemed long in coming, but he came at last with the intellectual grasp and the administrative power requisite to give rise to a great revival of the arts. It was the renowned Shah Abbas the

BLACK AND POLYCHROMATIC KASHEE WARE.

FRAGMENT OF MOSAIC FROM THE PALACE WALLS OF ISPAHÂN. GREATLY REDUCED.

Great. Never has a monarch done more to beautify his capital, to foster the arts, and to develop the taste of his people. Those who have studied the plates in the magnificent work of Chardin, who visited Persia in the succeeding reign, may form some notion of the opulence and magnificence which made Ispahân more than the rival of Bagdad, and rendered its name proverbial for splendor. The people of Persia, especially those of the central province of Irân, are of a gay, fickle, mercurial, and imaginative character, loving change, moved by a sensuous love of the beautiful, and impatient of aught that tends to curb their galliard temperament. Revolting against the severe inculcations of the Koran regarding wine and spirits, many of them rebel against them, and are said to indulge secretly in the use of intoxicating liquors. In like manner to such a people the time came when license should be allowed for a wider range of artistic expression. The rise of the Sefavean dynasty offered the long-expected occasion for such a vent to the national sentiment. The founder of that dynasty introduced Sheah doctrines; with these doctrines came greater rigidity of belief in certain directions, but also greater liberality in others, admitting a larger scope to artistic expression. The result was almost immediately apparent, in the rise of the most important revival of art Persia had seen since the palmy days of Anushirwân the Just.

EWER OF SOLID SILVER, MADE AT ISPAHÂN — PROBABLY TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Repoussé and champlevé work, inlaid with turquoise blue, orange leaf, green and brown enamel. Illustration is one-half the size of the original.

Happily the reign of Shah Abbas was comparatively so recent that numerous examples of the art of the time have come down to our day. The character and number of the artistic treasures of this palmy period are still sufficiently numerous to be classified with

MURAL PAINTING ON TILES FROM PALACE OF SHAH ABBAS.

TILE REPRESENTING RUSTÊM AND WHITE DEMON.

a system that gives a clear idea of the subject. But while Ispahân was the center of the art-activity of Persia in that age, it would be a mistake to overlook the fact that the general thrift and prosperity of the empire naturally caused the practice of the industrial arts to be widespread, and many places became prominent at that period for the production of special objects displaying a high order of skill and æsthetic talent. Shirâz, Kermân, Koom, Meshed, Yezd, Zenjân, and Kermanshah were among the capitals of prosperous districts which acquired a repute that they retain to this day for the fabric of articles of great artistic merit. The secret of making reflêt pottery, if it had been forgotten, was rediscovered at that time, and continued in full efflorescence until the disastrous invasion of Mahmood the Afghan. But in addition to the reflêt tiles, a new ware was produced by Chinese artisans which was excellently imitated by their Persian pupils. The ware was called Kashee because the potteries were established at Kashan. Admirable faience, either polychromatic or of prevailing black or blue-black tints, was produced by these Chinese artisans, who at the outset represented on many of these Kashee dishes the lightness of touch and the few suggestive strokes characteristic of blue china ware, interwoven with quaint bits of landscape and lovely floral patterns in a conventional but thoroughly decorative style. A Chinese monogram was on the reverse side of these wares. But soon the Persian genius for keramic art awoke once more under these new influences, and the designs of the Chinese artisans were modified by Persian ideas, the joint result being a ware entirely distinct and national.

When the resemblance between the faience of China and the Kashee work is such that it is difficult to decide between them, the test is found in the greater lightness of the latter and the softer quality of the material employed in the Persian ware. The Kashee can be cut or scraped by sharp steel, while the Chinese blue ware is hard as flint.

Another ware of great value and exceedingly rare and precious is the white porcelain made at an earlier period. It is of a translucent milk-white, invariably ribbed or fluted with delicate moldings. The translucent effect was produced, it is said, partly by shaping the inner and outer shells over a mold of wax, which on melting left a hollow space between. The glaze is hard and pearl-like. Most of the examples of this ware have been picked up by collectors, and can hardly be considered as being longer objects of general sale, so rare have they become.

The Sefavean monarchs found it entirely in accord with the new creed they induced their people to accept to redecorate the sacred tombs after a style in harmony with the Sheah interpretations of the Koran; and hence a species of reflêt was introduced, resembling the iridescent tiles of earlier times, but generally of more fanciful shapes and with a greater variety of tints.

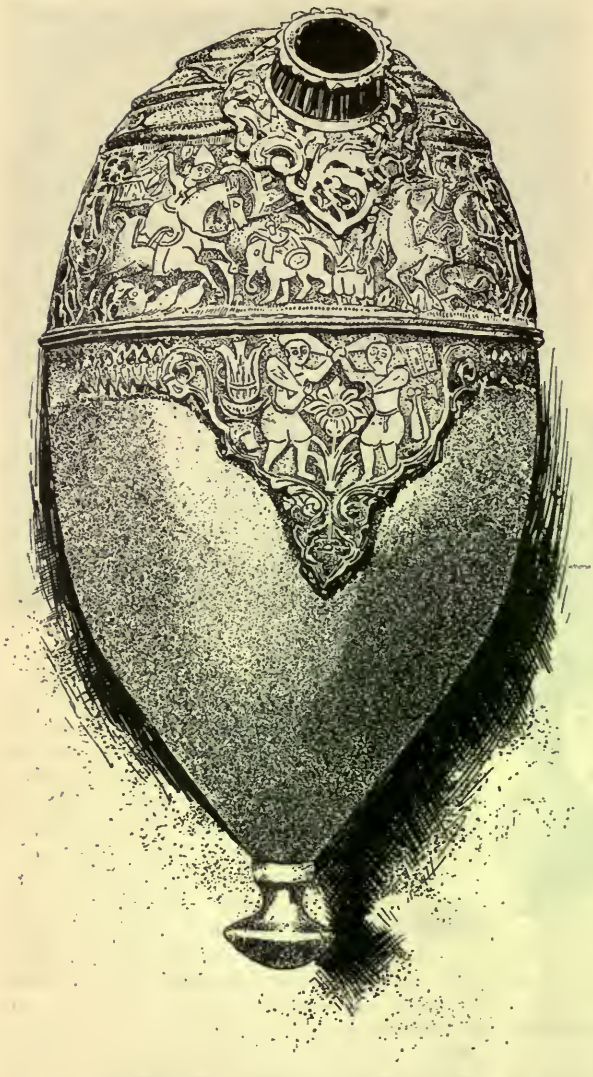
It is to the magnificent patronage of the royal Sefavean house that Persia is also indebted for the pictured tiles which incrusted the walls of the enchanting palaces and pavilions of Ispahân, and which yet, after the repeated ravages of ruthless invaders, preserve to that storied capital traces of her former glory. These tiles were divided into two classes. The first belongs rather to the order of mosaic. The general character of the designs, which of course were numerous and varied, is indicated by the accompanying engraving representing fragments from the palace walls of Ispahân. Aside from the intrinsic and effective beauty of the designs, this mosaic is remarkable for two special features. I refer to the imperishable loveliness and vividness of the colors, and especially the deep lapis-lazuli blue, which it is impossible to produce to-day in Persia. The other feature of these mosaics is the fact that they are

OPEN BRASS ORNAMENTAL WORK.

composed of thin pieces of glazed brick or tile made specially for each part.

At other times the Persian artists gave free rein to a fancy inspired by the magnificent strophes of Ferdöusee. The tiles were then emblazoned with fancifully grotesque designs in relief, representing Rustêm overcoming his enemies in battle. A favorite design, which frequently reappears with variations, is Rustêm engaged in deadly combat with the Div Sefeed, or White Demon of Mt. Demavênd. The accompanying illustration represents one of three mural paintings on tiles which belong to the period of Shah Abbas the Great, and are mentioned by Jacquemart in his history of the keramic art. This painting is in thirty-six tiles, forming a picture seven feet six inches long, and containing no less than seven colors, of which three are no longer produced in the keramic art of Persia. The student of oriental art will be struck by the admission of human figures in this work, a fact of extreme rarity in this department of Mohammedan art.

The art in metals was carried to a high degree of excellence in the ages preceding the Sefavean period. Relics of the handiwork of the early and middle periods of the Mohammedan era are not wanting, but such examples are now unfortunately rare, and it is to the Sefavean age that the collector must turn for the most abundant and magnificent evidences of the success reached by Persia in the metallic arts. The metals selected for developing the native talent were iron, steel, gold, silver, copper, and brass. Ispahân was the center of this pursuit, as it continues to be to the present day, although several cities



EXAMPLE OF OLD PERSIAN CARVING IN BRASS.

entered into close competition in the working of special metals. The cities of the province of Khorassan, such as Meshed, Astrabâd, and Damghân, vied with the capital in the production of steel blades but little, if at all, inferior to those of Damascus. The steel of the best period of Persian art is possibly a trifle less ductile than that of Damascus, but the damaskeening, or wavy surface resembling watered silk, is similar in each, and was probably reached by the same methods. Some old Persian scimetars are still to be found with the end of the blade divided into a double point. Inlaying helmets, shields, breast-plates, and swords with silver and gold was carried to great perfection; and it must be admitted that this art is not yet forgotten in Persia. Two processes were and are still followed. One process is called *zerneshan*, and also *telakoob* and *nograkoob*, according as the inlay is of gold or silver. It consists of engraving a design on the steel with a fine graving-tool, slightly undercutting the surface, and hammering a fine gold or silver wire into the groove, the result being practically imperishable. Another method employed is to cut the surface with transverse lines, somewhat like the cross-hatching of wood-engraving, beat in gold or silver, and smooth the surface. Superb were the helmets and shields which were decorated in this manner for the warriors who won the victories of the Sefaveans and their mighty successor Nadir Shah.

The manufacture of gun-barrels was also at one time carried to a high point of excellence at Ispahân. Two makers were especially famous, Hassân and Hadji Mehmêt. The work of each bears the name of its maker. Those of Hassân are the most elaborate, but those of Hadji Mehmêt were superior in texture.

The other method alluded to, for combining the precious metals with iron and steel, is by overlaying them in a thin coat scarcely more solid than gold-leaf, and fixing them with mercury. The effect is very pleasing, but, as may be easily imagined, is far less durable than the former. While still quite capable of working in telakoob and nograkoob, the metal-workers of Persia prefer, at the present day, to produce after the latter process; and most of the beautiful imitations of the ancient work which are now made at Ispahân for the foreign market are therefore of this inferior sort. The entire surface of the elegant blades, vases, ewers, and helmets or bucklers is covered with a varnish of which two parts are said to be alum and shellac, although the secret of the compound is difficult of discovery. This varnish unites the entire surface like a scumbling, and gives the effect of a high polish; at the same time it communicates a delicate buff tint to the iron, resembling, but not equaling, the color of steel.

The Persian artists in metal also acquired great excellence in the handling of articles in brass-work, a pursuit which they have not yet forgotten, although the old Persian work is far superior to what is produced now at Ispahân. This, I am convinced, is due less, however,

to lack of ability than to the facts that the demand for the best brass-work has practically ceased in Persia, and a more showy style or a cheap imitation of the antique seems to meet a ready demand abroad. While such continues to be the case, little improvement can be expected in the quality of the supply. There seems to be little evidence that the manufacture of articles in bronze ever became popular in Persia; but from early ages brass has been a favorite metal with Persian artists. Although understanding how to fuse metals and cast them, as in the case of cannon, the metal arts of Persia have generally consisted of hammered ware or of designs chiseled or engraved, alike in iron, brass, silver, and gold. The *kaliân*, or water-pipe, has been one of the favorite objects on which these artisans of old were wont to lavish exquisite beauty and endless variety of design.

It would be impossible to surpass the extraordinary beauty of some of the carved iron-work formerly produced in Persia; and the workmen of the present time have apparently abandoned the field as hopelessly beyond competition. It should be added, however, that the inclination of Persians now to prefer imported articles naturally tends to discourage native artisans. But a good degree of excellence is still exhibited in the manufacture of brass and silver objects, which are extensively produced at Ispahân and Zenjân, and in a lesser degree at Teherân. The most important articles now made in brass, or cut out of thin plate or rolled brass, consist sometimes of direct imitations of the antique.

Besides iron, steel, and brass, copper has been one of the metals wrought to good effect by the artisans of Ispahân. This may have arisen from the fact that this material appears to have been employed for ages for the cooking-vessels of Persian households. It became the habit to decorate even these humble utensils with engraved designs. The facility for making these articles suggested many other objects susceptible of far more beauty of form and decoration; and hence arose a school of art in copper, not only very interesting, but also affording the collector numerous artistic objects which, while comparatively inexpensive, are often possessed of exquisite beauty. Although many of the finest copper vases, bowls, and salvers are centuries old, this art is by no means abandoned, the Persian artificers still displaying a good degree of skill in engraving designs on copper. It is the usage to whiten all these copper objects, while the engraved design is made prominent on the white silvery ground by being blackened.

The Persians seem to have been less successful, or at least to have made less effort, in the engraving of the precious metals than of the baser metals. And yet I say this with some hesitation when I consider some of the bracelets and belt ornaments I have seen, which are certainly exceedingly effective. But it is perhaps their success in brass and iron, metals apparently so much more difficult to engrave, that makes the results in gold and silver relatively less original and remarkable; certainly the chasing of steel by the artisans of Persia has never been surpassed. The most interesting achievements of the Persians in the precious metals have been in the art of filigree or filigrain. The art is still pursued with fine results at Zenjân. The fairy-like work executed by the artists of that city has never been exceeded by the best filigree work of Damascus or Florence. Perhaps one reason why the Persians have not developed a great art in the fabric of other articles of gold has been because they use little or no alloy, professing to despise as base and beneath the name of gold the metal alloyed with silver or copper employed by European and American jewelers, even though it be eighteen carats fine.

The Persians have shown the most skill in working the precious metals in combination with enamel, which they call *minâr*. It is difficult to ascertain when this beautiful art first began to be practiced in Persia; but from a comparative examination of many of these enamels, I am inclined to think the art was not introduced into that country before 1560, and possibly at a later date.

Persian enamel has generally been made directly on a surface of silver or gold, but more generally on copper. Often the enamel and the gold are blended together in intricate and exquisite designs on the copper, a common scheme of color being an intense *bleu de roi* of enamel interlaced with wreaths of flowers of gold or silver. One of the most beautiful kaliâns, or water-pipes, I have seen represents the conventional cypress or palm-leaf design, so common in oriental textile fabrics, wrought on a field of blue in minute raised stars of gold resembling a cluster of snow-crystals.

But it would be a mistake to suppose the rich ultramarine blue to be the chief color successfully produced in these Persian enamels, for there seems to be hardly a limit to their chromatic splendor. Three of the most noted artists in enamel that Persia has produced were Agâ Mehmêt Hassân, Agâ Mehmêt Ameen, and Agâ Mehmêt Alee. Agâ is a title equivalent to the French word *sieur* and our word *esquire*. A tea-service of gold overlaid with enamel which is in the palace at Teherân, one of the most brilliant works in this art ever produced, whether in Persia or Europe, was executed by Agâ Mehmêt Hassân.

Of *cloisonnée* work, strictly speaking, it can hardly be said that any is to be found in Persia of native production. But of silver and gold utensils, sometimes *repoussé* and sometimes made after the style called *champlevé*, there are still some fine old examples which are becoming rare. It is a little singular that while so successful in engraving steel, brass, and the precious metals, the Persians have made so little advance in the sculpture of marble. It is true that Persepolis shows abundant evidence of the great capacity of Persian genius for sculpture in early periods, a talent revived under the Sassanids, as evidenced by the vast and magnificent sculptures of the Rock of Behistoun near Kermanshâh. Rock sculptures of less merit, but similarly ambitious in design and extent, have also been executed under the orders of Feth Alee Shah and Nusr-ed-Deen Shah. But it must be admitted that since the time of the Greek conquest Persian art has been more distinguished for its keramic achievements than for its sculpture. In wood-carving, on the other hand, the Persians have shown and continue to show great skill and considerable taste. This is the more remarkable on account of their very poor means for working in wood, and the indifferent results generally reached by Persian carpenters and cabinet-makers. For the same reason, also, one is astonished at the marvelous ingenuity, skill, and taste developed in the art of inlaid work or mosaic on wood. It would be impossible to exceed the results achieved by the Persian artisans, especially those of Shirâz, in this beautiful and difficult art, which, after what I have seen, I can hardly hesitate to consider as *par excellence* a Persian art. No object seems too singular and difficult in shape to be attempted by these clever artificers, and the amount of surface covered with minute designs in mosaic is equally remarkable.

It may be inquired what has Persia accomplished in what are strictly called the arts of design, including the employment of color, whether in the so-called industrial arts or in works executed for their own sake, such as portraits and landscape or figure compositions? To this it may be replied that a vast field opens up before us when we enter on this branch of Persian art, but that it dates wholly from the time of the Sefavean dynasty. One who really desires to consider every form of a nation's art expression and thought in an inquiring and respectful spirit must divest himself of all his prejudices in favor of European pictorial art before approaching the subject of the arts of design in Persia. Vast studios invested with vague depths of picturesque gloom, decorated with sumptuous and costly draperies and bric-à-brac for which every clime and every age has been ransacked, and where the artist in the picturesque garb he has evolved for himself in harmony with his surroundings is himself a wonderful creation of art; life schools where the palpitating curves of the human form divine are studied by eager crowds of art-enthusiasts; colossal canvases on which historic and allegorical compositions on a grandiose scale startle the eye and bid loudly for the popular applause; imposing galleries hung with paintings by the thousand, illumined by the glare of chandeliers and gazed at by the beauty and intellect of lordly capitals,—none of these things let the art-student associate with the pursuit of the arts of design in Persia. Let him rather picture to himself humble artists clad in white or green turbans and flowing tunics, seated on their heels upon a rug in an open booth by the bustling wayside, or under a spreading *chenâr* in the market-place. If the artist is prosperous and honored with the favor of the great, then he is content. Around him on their knees are seated his *chagirds*, or assistants, who aid him in his labors. He makes his colors after recipes learned from his father or his master, and devises varnishes of his own, which add a deliciously mellow effect to the delicate designs over which he devotes such patient and loving toil. He does not live in dread of art-critics who, for private gain, will hold him writhing on their quills before the public in the daily prints, and make sport of the truest emotions of his nature, as if he were a condemned criminal; his customers are his only critics; when they approach his booth, he courteously invites them to examine his productions with a "bismillah," and the offer of a pipe and a cup of tea, or, with his works carefully wrapped up and borne by a chagird, he goes forth, and exhibits them at the houses of purchasers who send for him. His ambition is gratified when he can stroll at eventide or on a Friday with dignified mien to the tea-house or the public gardens counting his beads, repeating verses from the Koran or stanzas from Hafiz, and in restful mood devising new designs for the morrow. Whether he sells his paintings or finds them a drug on his hands, he is resigned, for it is the will of Allah, "to whom be praise."

Portrait-painting as a special branch of art has never acquired prominence in Persia. But it would be a mistake to deny that considerable talent has been displayed by numerous painters in Persia for two hundred years in an art which is so highly esteemed elsewhere and seems to be almost the first that would demand attention among a civilized community inspired by taste and sentiment. Some of the old Persian portraits which have come

down to us from the time of the Sefaveans, and for a century later, are very interesting as preserving the costumes of those times; frequently, also, they give evidence of being striking likenesses.

The art of portrait-painting in Persia took a fresh start in the reign of the good Kerim Khan of blessed memory. Agâ Sadêk, one of the most noted artists of modern Persia, lived in that and the subsequent reign, and from studies of his which are still extant appears to have devoted some attention to painting from the life. His pupil Mehmêt Hassân Khan executed the really admirable series of life-size portraits in the palace of Negaristan, representing Feth Ali Shah and his numerous sons, together with the foreign envoys and prominent courtiers at the court of that distinguished monarch. Aboul Hassân Khan, the son of the above painter, now resides at Teherân, where he occupies an honorary position at the court, with the title of Sanié ul Mulk. He has inherited a portion of his father's talents, as shown by a number of portraits of distinguished Persian gentlemen.

But the pictorial art of Persia, like its other arts, has found most favorable expression in the form of industrial works. In this direction it has assumed importance. We read in Scripture of ink-horns as far back as the time of Ezekiel. The familiar way in which mention is made of these objects indicates that three thousand years ago the ink-horn was already as indispensable an article of civilization as the scribe who carried it in his belt; and it continues to be indispensable in oriental countries.

Every great man is attended by a secretary who carries in his belt an ink-horn. Being ordered to write something, he drops on his knees and takes out a roll of paper and the inevitable ink-horn, which he holds under his left arm. He has no other desk than his left hand, which holds the paper. He writes from right to left diagonally across the page, leaving a wide margin. If the document is not completed when the bottom of the page is reached, the writing is continued in the margin in short lines at right angles, running around the page like a border. Even the most important official documents and books of price are written in this manner, which allows of considerable beauty, if the scribe is an adept and varies the style of handwriting as he follows the margin round.

In Turkey and Persia the ink-horn is called *kalemdân*, or reed-holder. In the former country it is made of brass, being a flat, oblong box, not unlike a spectacle-case, and, like that, opening at the top. But the Persian kalemdâns are different in shape from that, and altogether diverse in material. They are always shaped as an even-sided, oblong box with slightly convex top, from eight to twelve inches in length, and one inch and a half more or less in width. One end pulls open and discloses a drawer extending the entire length, which contains the brass ink-stand and the pens. The material is papier-maché. In the kalemdân the best pictorial artists of Persia have found a worthy medium for expressing their love of the beautiful. To the Persian artisan one may indeed apply the well-known sentence in the epitaph of Oliver Goldsmith, "*Nil tetigit quid non ornavit.*" To study a collection of Persian kalemdâns is like reading the odes of Horace or Hafiz. Here we generally find the lighter side of life and nature depicted in colored designs corresponding to the galliard strains of the poet's lyre — not the reckless and despairing music of Omar Khayyàm, which leads the soul to lose itself in the vague and hopeless mazes of the problems of destiny, but rather the blithesome chords which draw the heart to the observation of sunny skies, and green fields, and nibbling flocks, or the pursuit of the antelope over grassy plains, or the delights of love in gay pavilions, by running streams, on a sod cushioned with flowers, where the ghittern and the nightingale blend their tender melodies with the lover's song. One enters here on the Arcady of Sidney or the Forest of Arden, with *Jaques* and *Rosalind.* Why does one, in enjoying these lovely productions of the old artists of Persia who thus delineated life in her palmy days, stop to grumble that the drawing is sometimes rude and the perspective askew, and the trees of the sort which made Ruskin hurl the ink-pot in whimsical wrath at the luckless landscape artists of the Renaissance? It is not criticism that is required here, but appreciation. Did not Shakspere make Bohemia a seaboard country? Did not all our old dramatists disregard, not once, but scores of times, the unities and the laws of versification? There are cases in which criticism becomes hypercriticism, and when censure but reveals the narrowness of the critic's intellectual scope. These kalemdâns of Persia, and the mirrors and boxes painted in the same style, transport the fancy back to the splendor and the delights of a great empire in a happy period. If we study the decorated ink-horns of that age with the true spirit, we are transported back to it once more, and gain another and an earnest glance at the better thoughts and the real character of a remarkable epoch in the history of civilization. We find withal that these pictures, so interesting to the student of the various phases of humanity, are also glowing with sunny

colors harmoniously blended in effects that charm every eye that is susceptible to the subtle music of chromatic tones. It would indeed be impossible to surpass the tone that pervades these delightful bits of life concentrated in the space of a few square inches. I am willing to grant that, to those who are accustomed to admire only immense canvases and pigments loaded an inch thick, the pictorial art of these Persian mirrors and kalemdâns are mere "trifles light as air." But they who can see beauty as well in the delicate touches of the finest miniature painting, or concede merit to a Malbone or a Meissonier, may find a rational satisfaction in some of the exquisite work that has been lovingly lavished upon this great school of Persian miniature painting. The effect of these compositions is broad, and yet the workmanship is so minute that a magnifying glass is necessary fully to appreciate the patient and loving toil the master has bestowed upon it. What in a large canvas might seem to resemble the vapid minuteness of Denner ceases to appear such in a surface ten inches by two, on which sometimes fifty to one hundred figures are grouped. I have seen a kalemdân on which were three hundred figures. I have before me another kalemdân ten inches long and one and three-quarters broad representing a battle-scene between Persians and Turks, mounted and in the armor of two centuries ago. It includes fifty-six distinct figures, of which eighteen are in the foreground. The beauty of this extraordinary composition would make it creditable to any living artist. The vivacity of the scene, the infinite variety of action displayed, the rush, the terror, the pomp, the circumstance of war are all there. The most celebrated battle-painter of Persia was Alee Koulé Beg, who lived in the time of the first Shah Abbas; he left many beautiful mirror cases and kalemdâns.

In the time of Nadir Shah flourished Abah Ger and Agâ Mehmêt Housseïn, both justly noted for their flower-paintings. They have had many imitators, but none quite their equals. Their works are generally found on the lids and backs of the cases containing hand-mirrors, and on book-covers, and are often very cleverly executed. They show conclusively that in this branch of art at least the Persian artists drew and painted from nature. In other still-life paintings they have shown less aptitude. The exquisite arrangements of roses and lilies are generally on a gold ground, which gives them exceeding brilliancy. Combined with them one commonly finds one or more nightingales painted with the utmost delicacy.

These miniature compositions are invariably executed on papier-maché, and are glazed and scumbled into harmony as well as protected by a rich varnish. The older pictures show evidence of having been repeatedly cleaned and varnished. The greatest known masters of this branch of Persian art are A' Zadek, A' Zemân, and A'Najeff.

One of the lost arts of Persia, because no longer practiced, is the embroidering of the pantalets formerly worn by Persian ladies, and called *nacsh*. These nacsh are usually about two feet long and sixteen inches wide. They consist of some superb pattern embroidered entirely in silk so firmly and solidly that they are like carpets in miniature. Some of the old patterns, still preserved in ancient families and dating back for centuries, have acquired a soft gray tone that harmonizes the intricate medley of brilliant colors. Nacsh embroideries are becoming rare, really good ones being now excessively scarce.

Still another form of embroidery which is now nearly extinct in Persia, the more's the pity, is due to female handiwork and directly owing to the peculiar custom of female seclusion. This is the embroidery of prayer-carpets and of veils for street wear on fine linen or silk; the design is produced both by working a pattern with white silk and drawing the threads, the result being a raised pattern in silk lightened by open lattice-like spaces. Masculine appreciation of such work as this must, after all, be cold and perfunctory, and yet I venture to hazard the assertion that this embroidery sometimes rivals in workmanship and beauty the finest needlework of Mechlin or Valenciennes, or the point lace covering the robes of European queens.

Among the forms of Persian embroideries which happily are yet not extinct are the shawls and portières of Kermân. In general scope the needlework of the province of Kermân is allied to that of Cashmere. It differs from that in being of coarser texture, although often wrought on very fine stuffs similar to those made of Cashmere wool. The design is also ordinarily in wool, but sometimes of silk thread on fine Cashmere or the fine wool stuffs of Kermân which resemble Cashmere. The shawls of Cashmere are intended for a different purpose, and are generally made by a different process. The work of Kermân is very beautiful, although the pattern commonly consists of variations of what we call the palm-leaf pattern, a design which orientals affirm is properly intended as a conventional rendering of the cypress, the tree of immortality. The design is worked with an exquisite union of rich, soft colors associated with effective borders of flowers. The ground is generally scarlet or pure white.

Numerous other varieties of embroidery have been and are still made in Persia, but none presenting perhaps, the same delicacy of artistic feeling, although sometimes exhibiting an amount of work almost beyond belief, and certainly surpassing, as is the case with most of the needlework of Persia, all similar work produced in the United States. The most important of these elaborate schools of art-embroidery are probably those of Shirâz and Resht, and in lesser degree of Karadagh. They resemble each other in general character; the main features are massive and intricate designs wrought with silk in chain-stitch, with a wonderful massing of brilliant colors on broadcloth, which is generally scarlet or gray, or more rarely black. The richer specimens are distinguished by having the design partly made of small bits of cloth of other colors sewed into apertures cut into the groundwork. In the Shirâz embroideries the inserted pieces are generally of velvet. Sometimes entire carpets are made on this elaborate scale, which are necessarily expensive, and for such purpose scarcely fitted for any but oriental countries, where people leave their shoes at the door. In this connection it would be unjust to omit allusion to the superb embroideries with gold and silver thread which at one time rivaled the very best work of that sort made in Europe in the middle ages. These embroideries were made on crimson and black velvet, or on blue and crimson silk. They often contain quotations from the Koran or the poets, interwoven with magnificent designs of flowers and vines. Those made for the royal family are sometimes embossed with diamonds and pearls. Fine examples of this sort of work are now becoming scarce, and collectors should not hesitate to snatch them up whenever they appear.

The manufacture of rugs forms not only one of the great industries of Persia, but, owing to the rare beauty often displayed in their texture and design, a fine art as well. But even a mere glance at the chief points of this industry would take far more space than is included in the scope of this article.

In summing up the present aspects of Persian art, I think it reasonable to conclude that it does not so much indicate that it is moribund as that it is in a transition state. There is less breadth and force now apparent in the designs of Persian artists, less firmness, less originality, less humanity, less vitality, perhaps; but the national love for the beautiful is still active, and shows its yearnings by reaching forth to Europe for new ideas and forms of expression. Before an entirely new system of art-expression worthy of note and perpetuation is evolved, we may look for every sort of artistic solecism and absurdity, relieved by occasional gleams of the new light that shall again dawn over Persia from the realms of the ideal.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

A SEPTEMBER VIOLET.

FOR days the peaks wore hoods of cloud,
The slopes were veiled in chilly rain;
We said: It is the Summer's shroud,
And with the brooks we moaned aloud,—
Will sunshine never come again?

At last the west wind brought us one
Serene, warm, cloudless, crystal day,
As though September, having blown
A blast of tempest, now had thrown
A gauntlet to the favored May.

Backward to Spring our fancies flew,
And, careless of the course of Time,
The bloomy days began anew.
Then, as a happy dream comes true,
Or as a poet finds his rhyme —

Half wondered at, half unbelieved —
I found thee, friendliest of the flowers!
Then Summer's joys came back, green-leaved,
And its doomed dead, awhile reprieved,
First learned how truly they were ours.

Dear violet! Did the Autumn bring
Thee vernal dreams, till thou, like me,
Didst climb to thy imagining?
Or was it that the thoughtful Spring
Did come again, in search of thee?

Robert Underwood Johnson.

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

XXII.

THAT night Lemuel told Mrs. Harmon that she must not expect him to do anything thenceforward but look after the accounts and the general management; she must get a head-waiter, and a boy to run the elevator. She consented to this, as she would have consented to almost anything else that he proposed.

He had become necessary to the management of the St. Albans in every department; and if the lady boarders felt that they could not now get on without him, Mrs. Harmon was even more dependent. With her still nominally at the head of affairs, and controlling the expenses as a whole, no radical reform could be effected. But there were details of the outlay in which Lemuel was of use, and he had brought greater comfort into the house for less money. He rejected her old and simple device of postponing the payment of debt as an economical measure, and substituted cash dealings with new purveyors. He gradually but inevitably took charge of the storeroom, and stopped the waste there; early in his administration he had observed the gross and foolish prodigality with which the portions were sent from the carving-room, and after replacing Mrs. Harmon's nephew there, he established a standard portion that gave all the needed variety, and still kept the quantity within bounds. It came to his taking charge of this department entirely, and as steward he carved the meats, and saw that nothing was in a way to become cold before he opened the dining-room doors as head-waiter.

His activities promoted the leisure which Mrs. Harmon had always enjoyed, and which her increasing bulk fitted her to adorn. Her nephew willingly relinquished the dignity of steward. He said that his furnaces were as much as he wanted to take care of; especially as in former years, when it had begun to come spring, he had experienced a stress of mind in keeping the heat just right, when the ladies were all calling down the tubes for more of it or less of it, which he should now be very glad not to have complicated with other cares. He said that now he could look forward to the month of May with some pleasure.

The guests, sensibly or insensibly, according to their several temperaments, shared the increased ease that came from Lemuel's management. The service was better in every way; their beds were promptly made, their rooms were periodically swept; every night when they came up from dinner they found their pitchers of ice-water at their doors. This change was not accomplished without much of that rebellion and renunciation which was known at the St. Albans as kicking. Chambermaids and table-girls kicked, but they were replaced by Lemuel, who went himself to the intelligence office, and pledged the new ones to his rule beforehand. There was even some kicking among the guests, who objected to the new portions, and to having a second bill sent them if the first remained unpaid for a week; but the general sense of the hotel was in Lemuel's favor.

He had no great pleasure in the reform he had effected. His heart was not in it, except as waste and disorder and carelessness were painful to him. He suffered to promote a better state of things, as many a woman whose love is for books or pictures or society suffers for the perfection of her housekeeping, and sacrifices her tastes to achieve it. He would have liked better to read, to go to lectures, to hear sermons; with the knowledge of Mr. Evans's life as an editor and the incentive of a writer near him, he would have liked to try again if he could not write something, though the shame of his failure in Mr. Sewell's eyes had burned so deep. Above all, since he had begun to see how city people regarded the kind of work he had been doing, he would have liked to get out of the hotel business altogether, if he could have been sure of any other.

As the spring advanced his cares grew lighter. Most of the regular boarders went away to country hotels and became regular boarders there. Their places were only partially filled by transients from the South and West, who came and went, and left Lemuel

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large spaces of leisure, in which he read, or deputed Mrs. Harmon's nephew to the care of the office and pursued his studies of Boston, sometimes with Mr. Evans,—whose newspaper kept him in town, and who liked to prowl about with him, and to frequent the odd summer entertainments,—but mostly alone. They became friends after a fashion, and were in each other's confidence as regarded their opinions and ideas, rather than their history; now and then Evans dropped a word about the boy he had lost, or his wife's health, but Lemuel kept his past locked fast in his breast.

The art-students had gone early in the summer, and Berry had left Boston for Wyoming at the end of the spring term of the law school. He had not been able to make up his mind to pop before Miss Swan departed, but he thought he should fetch it by another winter; and he had got leave to write to her, on condition, he said, that he should conduct the whole correspondence himself.

Miss Carver had left Lemuel dreaming of her as an ideal, yet true, with a slow, rustic constancy, to Statira. For all that had been said and done, he had not swerved explicitly from her. There was no talk of marriage between them, and could not be; but they were lovers still, and when Miss Carver was gone, and the finer charm of her society was unfelt, he went back to much of the old pleasure he had felt in Statira's love. The resentment of her narrow-mindedness, the shame for her ignorance passed; the sense of her devotion remained.

'Manda Grier wanted her to go home with her for part of the summer, but she would not have consented if Lemuel had not insisted. She wrote him back ill-spelt, scrawly little letters, in one of which she told him that her cough was all gone, and she was as well as ever. She took a little more cold when she returned to town in the first harsh September weather, and her cough returned, but she said she did not call it anything now.

The hotel began to fill up again for the winter. Berry preceded the art-students by some nervous weeks, in which he speculated upon what he should do if they did not come at all. Then they came, and the winter passed, with repetitions of the last winter's events, and a store of common memories that enriched the present, and insensibly deepened the intimacy in which Lemuel found himself. He could not tell whither the present was carrying him; he only knew that he had drifted so far from the squalor of his past, that it seemed like the shadow of a shameful dream.

He did not go to see Statira so often as he used; and she was patient with his absences, and defended him against 'Manda Grier, who did not scruple to tell her that she believed the fellow was fooling with her, and who could not always keep down a mounting dislike of Lemuel in his presence. One night toward spring, when he returned early from Statira's, he found Berry in the office at the St. Albans. "That you, old man?" he asked. "Well, I'm glad you've come. Just going to leave a little Billy Ducks for you here, but now I needn't. The young ladies sent me down to ask if you had a copy of Whittier's poems; they want to find something in it. I told 'em Longfellow would do just as well, but I couldn't seem to convince 'em. They say he didn't write the particular poem they want."

"Yes, I've got Whittier's poems here," said Lemuel, unlocking his desk. "It belongs to Mr. Evans; I guess he won't care if I lend it."

"Well, now, I tell you what," said Berry; "don't you let a borrowed book like that go out of your hands. Heigh? You just bring it up yourself. See?" He winked the eye next Lemuel with exaggerated insinuation. "They'll respect you all the more for being so scrupulous, and I guess they won't be very much disappointed on general principles if you come along. There's lots of human nature in girls — the best of 'em. I'll tell 'em I left you lookin' for it. I don't mind a lie or two in a good cause. But you hurry along up, now."

He was gone before Lemuel could stop him; he could not do anything but follow.

It appeared that it was Miss Swan who wished to see the poem; she could not remember the name of it, but she was sure she should know it if she saw it in the index. She mingled these statements with her greetings to Lemuel, and Miss Carver seemed as glad to see him. She had a little more color than usual, and they were all smiling, so that he knew Berry had been getting off some of his jokes. But he did not care.

Miss Swan found the poem as she had predicted, and, "Now all keep still," she said, "and I'll read it." But she suddenly added, "Or no; you read it, Mr. Barker, won't you?"

"If Barker ain't just in voice to-night, *I'll* read it," suggested Berry.

But she would not let him make this diversion. She ignored his offer, and insisted upon Lemuel's reading. "Jessie says you read beautifully. That passage in 'Romola,'" she reminded him; but Lemuel said it was only a few lines, and tried to excuse himself. At heart he was proud of his reading, and he ended by taking the book.

When he had finished the two girls sighed.

"Isn't it beautiful, Jessie?" said Miss Swan.

"Beautiful!" answered her friend.

Berry yawned.

"Well, I don't see much difference between that and a poem of Longfellow's. Why wouldn't Longfellow have done just as well? Honestly, now! Why isn't one poem just as good as another, for all practical purposes?"

"It is, for some people," said Miss Swan.

Berry figured an extreme anguish by writhing in his chair. Miss Swan laughed in spite of herself, and they began to talk in their usual banter, which Miss Carver never took part in, and which Lemuel was quite incapable of sharing. If it had come to savage sarcasm or a logical encounter, he could have held his own, but he had a natural weight and slowness that disabled him from keeping up with Berry's light talk; he envied it, because it seemed to make everybody like him, and Lemuel would willingly have been liked.

Miss Carver began to talk to him about the book, and then about Mr. Evans. She asked him if he went much to his rooms, and Lemuel said no, not at all, since the first time Mr. Evans had asked him up. He said, after a pause, that he did not know whether he wanted him to come.

"I should think he would," said Miss Carver. "It must be very gloomy for him, with his wife such an invalid. He seems naturally such a gay person."

"Yes, that's what I think," said Lemuel.

"I wonder," said the girl, "if it seems to you harder for a naturally cheerful person to bear things, than for one who has always been rather melancholy?"

"Yes, it does!" he answered with the pleasure and surprise young people have in discovering any community of feeling; they have thought themselves so utterly unlike each other. "I wonder why it should?"

"I don't know; perhaps it isn't so. But I always pity the cheerful person the most."

They recognized an amusing unreason in this, and laughed. Miss Swan across the room had caught the name.

"Are you talking of Mrs. Evans?"

Berry got his banjo down from the wall, where Miss Swan allowed him to keep it as bric-à-brac, and began to tune it.

"I don't believe it agrees with this banjoseph being an object of virtue," he said. "What shall it be, ladies? Something light and gay, adapted to disperse gloomy reflections?" He played a fandango. "How do you like that? It has a tinge of melancholy in it, and yet it's lively too, as a friend of mine used to say about the Dead March."

"Was his name Berry?" asked Miss Swan.

"Not Alonzo W., Jr.," returned Berry tranquilly, and he and Miss Swan began to joke together.

"I know a friend of Mr. Evans's," said Lemuel to Miss Carver. "Mr. Sewell. Have you ever heard him preach?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. We go nearly every Sunday morning."

"I nearly always go in the evening now," said Lemuel. "Don't you like him?"

"Yes," said the girl. "There's something about him — I don't know what — that doesn't leave you feeling how bad you are, but makes you want to be better. He helps you so; and he's so clear. And he shows that he's had all the mean and silly thoughts that you have. I don't know — it's as if he were talking for each person alone."

"Yes, that is exactly the way I feel!" Lemuel was proud of the coincidence. He said, to commend himself further to Miss Carver, "I have just been round to see him."

"I should think you would value his acquaintance beyond anything," said the girl. "Is he just as earnest and simple as he is in the pulpit?"

"He's just the same, every way." Lemuel went a little further: "I knew him before I came to Boston. He boarded one summer where we live." As he spoke he thought of the gray, old, unpainted house, and of his brother-in-law with his stocking-feet on the stove-hearth, and his mother's bloomers; he thought of his arrest, and his night in the police-station, his trial, and the Wayfarer's Lodge; and he wondered that he could think of such things and still look such a girl in the face. But he was not without the strange joy in their being unknown to her which reserved and latent natures feel in mere reticence, and which we all experience in some degree when we talk with people and think of our undiscovered lives.

They went on a long time, matching their opinions and feelings about many things, as young people do, and fancying that much of what they said was new with them. When he came away after ten o'clock, he thought of one of the things that Sewell had said about the society of refined and noble women: it was not so much what they said or did that helped; it was something in them that made men say and do their best, and help themselves to be refined and noble men, to make the most of themselves in their presence. He believed that this was what Miss Carver had done, and he thought how different it was with him when he came away from an evening with Statira. Again he experienced that compassion for her, in the midst of his pride and exultation; he asked himself what he could do to help her; he did not see how she could be changed.

Berry followed him downstairs, and wanted to talk the evening over.

"I don't see how I'm going to stand it much longer, Barker," he said. "I shall have to pop pretty soon or die, one of the two; and I'm afraid either one'll kill me. Wasn't she lovely to-night? Honey in the comb, sugar in the gourd, *I* say! I wonder what it is about popping, anyway, that makes it so hard, Barker? It's simply a matter of business, if you come to boil it down. You offer a fellow so many cattle, and let him take 'em or leave 'em. But if the fellow happens to have on a long, slim, olive-green dress of some color, and holds her head like a whole floral tribute on a stem, and *you* happen to be the cattle you're offering, you can't feel so independent about it, somehow. Well, what's the use? She's a daisy, if ever there was one. Ever notice what a peculiar blue her eyes are?"

"Blue?" said Lemuel. "They're brown."

"Look here, old man," said Berry compassionately, "do you think I've come down here to fool away my time talking about Miss Carver? We'll take some Saturday afternoon for that, when we haven't got anything else to do; but it's Miss Swan that has the floor at present. What were you two talking about over there, so long? I can't get along with Miss Carver worth a cent."

"I hardly know what we did talk about," said Lemuel dreamily.

"Well, I've got the same complaint. I couldn't tell you ten words that Madeline said — in thine absence let me call thee Madeline, sweet! — but I knew it was making an immortal spirit of me, right straight along, every time. The worst thing about an evening like this is, it don't seem to last any time at all. Why, when those girls began to put up their hands to hide their yawns, I felt like I was just starting in for a short call. I wish I could have had a good phonograph around. I'd put it on my sleepless pillow, and unwind its precious record all through the watches of the night." He imitated the thin phantasmal squeak of the instrument in repeating a number of Miss Swan's characteristic phrases. "Yes, sir, a pocket phonograph is the thing I'm after."

"I don't see how you can talk the way you do," said Lemuel, shuddering inwardly at Berry's audacious freedom, and yet finding a certain comfort in it.

"That's just the way I felt myself at first. But you'll get over it as you go along. The nicest thing about their style of angel is that they're perfectly human, after all. You don't believe it now, of course, but you will."

It only heightened Lemuel's conception of Miss Carver's character to have Berry talk so lightly and daringly of her, in her relation to him. He lay long awake after he went to bed, and in the turmoil of his thoughts one thing was clear: so pure and high a being must never know anything of his shameful past, which seemed to dishonor her through his mere vicinity. He must go far from her, and she must not know why; but long afterwards Mr. Sewell would tell her, and then she would understand. He owed her this all the more because he could see now that she was not one of the silly persons, as Mr. Sewell called them, who would think meanly of him for having, in his ignorance and inexperience, done a servant's work. His mind had changed about that, and he wondered that he could ever have suspected her of such a thing.

About noon the next day the street-door was opened hesitatingly, as if by some one not used to the place; and when Lemuel looked up from the *menus* he was writing, he saw the figure of one of those tramps who from time to time presented themselves and pretended to want work. He scanned the vagabond sharply, as he stood molding a soft hat on his hands, and trying to superinduce an air of piteous appeal upon the natural gayety of his swarthy face. "Well! what's wanted?"

A dawning conjecture that had flickered up in the tramp's eyes flashed into full recognition.

"Why, mate!"

Lemuel's heart stood still. "What — what do you want here?"

"Why, don't you know me, mate?"

All his calamity confronted Lemuel.

"No," he said, but nothing in him supported the lie he had uttered.

"Wayfarer's Lodge?" suggested the other cheerfully. "Don't you remember?"

"No ——"

"I guess you do," said the mate easily. "Anyway, I remember you."

Lemuel's feeble defense gave way. "Come in here," he said, and he shut the door upon the intruder and himself, and submitted to his fate. "What is it?" he asked huskily.

"Why, mate! what's the matter? Nobody's goin' to hurt you," said the other encouragingly. "What's your lay here?"

"Lay?"

"Yes. Got a job here?"

"I'm the clerk," said Lemuel, with the ghost of his former pride of office.

"Clerk?" said the tramp with good-humored incredulity. "Where's your diamond pin? Where's your rings?" He seemed will-

ing to prolong the playful inquiry. "Where's your patent-leather boots?"

"It's not a common hotel. It's a sort of a family hotel, and I'm the clerk. What do you want?"

The young fellow lounged back easily in his chair. "Why, I *did* drop in to beat the house out of a quarter if I could, or may be ten cents. Thank you, sir. God bless you, sir." He interrupted himself to burlesque a professional gratitude. "That style of thing, you know. But I don't know about it now. Look here, mate! what's the reason you couldn't get me a job here too? I been off on a six months' cruise since I saw you, and I'd like a job on shore first-rate. Couldn't you kind of ring me in for something? I ain't afraid of work, although I never did pretend to love it. But I should like to reform now, and get into something steady. Heigh?"

"There isn't anything to do—there's no place for you," Lemuel began.

"Oh, pshaw, now, mate, you think!" pleaded the other. "I'll take any sort of a job; I don't care what it is. I ain't got any o' that false modesty about me. Been round too much. And I don't want to go back to the Wayfarer's Lodge. It's a good place, and I know my welcome's warm and waitin' for me, between two hot plates; but the thing of it is, it's demoralizin'. That's what the chaplain said just afore I left the—ship, 'n' I promised him I'd give work a try, anyway. Now you just think up something! I ain't in any hurry." In proof he threw his soft hat on the desk, and took up one of the *menus*. "This your bill of fare? Well, it ain't bad! Vurmiselly soup, boiled holibut, roast beef, roast turkey with cranberry sauce, roast pork with apple sauce, chicken croquettes, ditto patties, three kinds of pie; bread puddin', both kinds of sauce; ice cream, nuts, and coffee. Why, mate!"

Lemuel sat dumb and motionless. He could see no way out of the net that had entangled him. He began feebly to repeat, "There isn't anything," when some one tried the door.

"Mr. Barker!" called Mrs. Harmon. "You in there?"

He made it worse by waiting a moment before he rose and opened the door. "I didn't know I'd locked it." The lie came unbidden; he groaned inwardly to think how he was telling nothing but lies. Mrs. Harmon did not come in. She glanced with a little question at the young fellow who had gathered his hat from the table, and risen with gay politeness.

It was a crisis of the old sort; the elevator-boy had kicked, and Mrs. Harmon said, "I just stopped to say that I was going out and I could stop at the intelligence office myself to get an elevator-boy——"

The mate took the word with a joyous laugh at the coincidence. "It's just what me and Mr. Barker was talkin' about! I'm from up his way, and I've just come down to Boston to see if I couldn't look up a job; and he was tellin' me, in here, about your wantin' a telegraph—I mean a elevator-boy, but he didn't think it would suit me. But I should like to give it a try, anyway. It's pretty dull up our way, and I got to do something. Mr. Barker'll tell you who I am."

He winked at Lemuel with the eye not exposed to Mrs. Harmon, and gave her a broad, frank, prepossessing smile.

"Well, of course," said Mrs. Harmon smoothly, "any friend of Mr. Barker's——"

"We just been talkin' over old times in here," interrupted the mate. "I guess it was me shoved that bolt in. I didn't want to have anybody see me talkin' with him till I'd got some clothes that would be a little more of a credit to him."

"Well, that's right," said Mrs. Harmon appreciatively. "I always like to have everybody around my house looking neat and respectable. I keep a first-class house, and I don't have any but first-class help, and I expect them to dress accordingly, from the highest to the lowest."

"Yes, ma'am," said the mate, "that's the way I felt about it myself, me and Mr. Barker both; and he was just tellin' me that if I was a mind to give the elevator a try, he'd lend me a suit of *his* clothes."

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Harmon; "if Mr. Barker and you are a mind to fix it up between you——"

"Oh, we are!" said the mate. "There won't be any trouble about that."

"I don't suppose I need to stop at the intelligence office. I presume Mr. Barker will show you how to work the elevator. He helped us out with it himself at first."

"Yes, that's what he said," the other chimed in. "But I guess I better go and change my clothes first. Well, mate," he added to Lemuel, "I'm ready when you're ready."

Lemuel rose trembling from the chair where he had been chained, as it seemed to him, while the mate and Mrs. Harmon arranged their affair with his tacit connivance. He had not spoken a word; he feared so much to open his lips lest another lie should come out of them, that his sense of that danger was hardly less than his terror at the captivity in which he found himself.

"Yes," said Mrs. Harmon, "I'll look after the office till you get back. Mr. Barker'll show you where you can sleep."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the mate, with gratitude that won upon her.

"And I'm glad," she added, "that it's a friend of Mr. Barker's that's going to have the place. We think everything of Mr. Barker here."

"Well, you can't think more of him than what we do up home," rejoined the other with generous enthusiasm.

In Lemuel's room he was not less appreciative. "Why, mate, it does me good to see how you've got along. I got to write a letter home at once, and tell the folks what friends you've got in Boston. I don't believe they half understand it." He smiled joyously upon Lemuel, who stood stock still, with such despair in his face that probably the wretch pitied him.

"Look here, mate, don't you be afraid now! I'm on the reform lay with all my might, and I mean business. I ain't a-goin' to do you any harm, you bet your life. These your things?" he asked, taking Lemuel's winter suit from the hooks where they hung, and beginning to pull off his coat. He talked on while he changed his dress. "I was led away, and I got my come-uppings, or the other fellow's come-uppings, for *I* wa'n't to blame any, and I always said so, and I guess the judge would say so too, if it was to do over again."

A frightful thought stung Lemuel to life. "The judge? Was it a passenger-ship?"

The other stopped buttoning Lemuel's trousers round him to slap himself on the thigh. "Why, mate! don't you know enough to know what a *sea voyage* is? Why, I've been down to the *Island* for the last six months! Hain't you never heard it called a sea voyage? Why, we *always* come off from a cruise when we git back! You don't mean to say you never *been* one?"

"Oh, my goodness!" groaned Lemuel. "Have—have you been in prison?"

"Why, of course."

"Oh, what am I going to do?" whispered the miserable creature to himself.

The other heard him. "Why, you hain't got to do anything! I'm on the reform, and you might leave everything layin' around loose, and I shouldn't touch it. Fact! You ask the ship's chaplain."

He laughed in the midst of his assertions of good resolutions, but sobered to the full extent, probably, of his face and nature, and tying Lemuel's cravat on at the glass, he said, solemnly, "Mate, it's all right. I'm on the reform."

XXIII.

Lemuel's friend entered upon his duties with what may almost be called artistic zeal. He showed a masterly touch in managing the elevator from the first trip. He was ready, cheerful, and obliging; he lacked nothing but a little more reluctance and a Seaside Library novel to be a perfect elevator-boy.

The ladies liked him at once; he was so pleasant and talkative, and so full of pride in Lemuel that they could not help liking him; and several of them promptly reached that stage of confidence where they told him, as an old friend of Lemuel's, they thought Lemuel read too much, and was going to kill himself if he kept on a great deal longer. The mate said he thought so too, and had noticed how bad Lemuel looked the minute he set eyes on him. But, he asked, what was the use? He had said everything he could to him about it. He was always just so, up at home. As he found opportunity he did what he could to console Lemuel with furtive winks and nods.

Lemuel dragged absently and haggardly through the day. In the evening he told Mrs. Harmon that he had to go round and see Mr. Sewell a moment. It was then nine o'clock, and she readily assented; she guessed Mr. Williams—he had told her his name was Williams—could look after the office while he was gone. Mr. Williams was generously glad to do so. Behind Mrs. Harmon's smooth, large form, he playfully threatened her with his hand leveled at his shoulder; but even this failed to gladden Lemuel.

It was half-past nine when he reached the minister's house, and the maid had a visible reluctance at the door in owning that Mr. Sewell was at home. Mrs. Sewell had instructed her not to be too eagerly candid with people who came so late; but he was admitted, and Sewell came down from his study to see him in the reception-room.

"What is the matter?" he asked at once, when he caught sight of Lemuel's face; "has anything gone wrong with you, Mr. Barker?" He could not help being moved by the boy's looks; he had a fleeting wish that Mrs. Sewell were there to see him, and be moved too; and he prepared himself as he might to treat the trouble which he now expected to be poured out.

"Yes," said Lemuel, "I want to tell you; I want you to tell me what to do."

When he had put the case fully before the minister, his listener was aware of wishing that it had been a love-trouble, such as he foreboded at first.

He drew a long and deep breath, and before he began to speak he searched himself for some comfort or encouragement, while Lemuel anxiously scanned his face.

"Yes—yes! I see your—difficulty," he began, making the futile attempt to disown

any share in it. "But perhaps—perhaps it isn't so bad as it seems. Perhaps no harm will come. Perhaps he really means to do well; and if you are vigilant in—in keeping him out of temptation——" Sewell stopped, sensible that he was not coming to anything, and rubbed his forehead.

"Do you think," asked Lemuel, dry-mouthed with misery, "that I ought to have told Mrs. Harmon at once?"

"Why, it is always best to be truthful and above-board—as a principle," said the minister, feeling himself somehow dragged from his moorings.

"Then I had better do it yet!"

"Yes," said Sewell, and he paused. "Yes. That is to say — As the mischief is done — Perhaps — perhaps there is no haste. If you exercise vigilance — But if he has been in prison — Do you know what he was in for?"

"No. I didn't know he had been in at all till we got to my room. And then I couldn't ask him — I was afraid to."

"Yes," said Sewell, kindly if helplessly.

"I was afraid, if I sent him off — or tried to — that he would tell about my being in the Wayfarer's Lodge that night, and they would think I had been a tramp. I could have done it, but I thought he might tell some lie about me; and they might get to know about the trial——"

"I see," said Sewell.

"I hated to lie," said Lemuel piteously, "but I seemed to have to."

There was another yes on the minister's tongue; he kept it back; but he was aware of an instant's relief in the speculation — the question presented itself abstractly — as to whether it was ever justifiable or excusable to lie. Were the Jesuitical casuists possibly right in some slight, shadowy sort? He came back to Lemuel groaning in spirit. "No — no — no!" he sighed; "we mustn't admit that you *had* to lie. We must never admit that." A truth flashed so vividly upon him that it seemed almost escape. "What worse thing could have come from telling the truth than has come from withholding it? And that would have been some sort of end, and this — this is only the miserable beginning."

"Yes," said Lemuel, with all desirable humility. "But I couldn't see it at once."

"Oh, I don't blame you; I don't blame *you*," said Sewell. "It was a sore temptation. I blame *myself!*" he exclaimed, with more comprehensiveness than Lemuel knew; but he limited his self-accusal by adding, "I ought to have told Mrs. Harmon myself what I knew of your history; but I refrained because I knew you had never done any harm, and I thought it cruel that you should be dishonored by your misfortunes in a relation where you were usefully and prosperously placed; and so — and so I didn't. But perhaps I was wrong. Yes, I was wrong. I have only allowed the burden to fall more heavily upon you at last."

It was respite for Lemuel to have some one else accusing himself, and he did not refuse to enjoy it. He left the minister to wring all the bitterness he could for himself out of his final responsibility. The drowning man strangles his rescuer.

Sewell looked up, and loosened his collar as if really stifling. "Well, well. We must find some way out of it. I will see — see what can be done for you to-morrow."

Lemuel recognized his dismissal. "If you say so, Mr. Sewell, I will go straight back and tell Mrs. Harmon all about it."

Sewell rose too. "No — no. There is no such haste. You had better leave it to me now. I will see to it — in the morning."

"Thank you," said Lemuel. "I hate to give you so much trouble."

"Oh," said Sewell, letting him out at the street-door, and putting probably less thought and meaning into the polite words than they had ever contained before, "it's no trouble."

He went upstairs to his study, and found Mrs. Sewell waiting there. "Well, *now* — what, David?"

"Now what?" he feebly echoed.

"Yes. What has that wretched creature come for now?"

"You may well call him a wretched creature," sighed Sewell.

"Is he really engaged? Has he come to get you to marry him?"

"I think he'd rather have me bury him at present." Sewell sat down, and, bracing his elbow on his desk, rested his head heavily on his hand.

"Well," said his wife, with a touch of compassion tempering her curiosity.

He began to tell her what had happened, and he did not spare himself in the statement of the case. "There you have the whole affair now. And a very pretty affair it is. But, I declare," he concluded, "I can't see that any one is to blame for it."

"No one, David?"

"Well, Adam, finally, of course. Or Eve. Or the Serpent," replied the desperate man.

Seeing him at this reckless pass, his wife forbore reproach, and asked, "What are you going to do?"

"I am going around there in the morning to tell Mrs. Harmon all about Barker."

"She will send him away instantly."

"I dare say."

"And what will the poor thing do?"

"Goodness knows."

"I'm afraid Badness knows. It will drive him to despair."

"Well, perhaps not—perhaps not," sighed the minister. "At any rate, we must not *let* him be driven to despair. You must help me, Lucy."

"Of course."

Mrs. Sewell was a good woman, and she liked to make her husband feel it keenly.

"I knew that it must come to that," she said. "Of course, we must not let him be ruined. If Mrs. Harmon insists upon his going at once—as I've no doubt she will—you must bring him here, and we must keep him till he can find some other home." She waited, and added, for a final stroke of merciless beneficence, "He can have Alfred's room, and Alf can take the front attic."

Sewell only sighed again. He knew she did not mean this.

Barker went back to the St. Albans, and shrunk into as small space in the office as he could. He pulled a book before him and pretended to read, hiding the side of his face toward the door with the hand that supported his head. His hand was cold as ice, and it seemed to him as if his head were in a flame. Williams came and looked in at him once, and then went back to the stool which he occupied just outside the elevator-shaft, when not running it. He whistled softly between his teeth, with intervals of respectful silence, and then went on whistling in absence of any whom it might offend.

Suddenly a muffled clamor made itself heard from the depths of the dining-room, like that noise of voices which is heard behind the scenes at the theater when an armed mob is about to burst upon the stage. Irish tones, high, windy, and angry, yells, and oaths defined themselves, and Mrs. Harmon came obesely hurrying from the dining-room toward the office, closely followed by Jerry, the porter. When upon duty, or, as some of the boarders contended, when in the right humor, he blacked the boots, and made the hard-coal fires, and carried the trunks up and down stairs. When in the wrong humor, he had sometimes been heard to swear at Mrs. Harmon, but she had excused him in this eccentricity because, she said, he had been with her so long. Those who excused it with her on these grounds conjectured arrears of wages as another reason for her patience. His outbreaks of bad temper had the Celtic uncertainty; the most innocent touch excited them, as sometimes the broadest snub failed to do so; and no one could foretell what direction his zigzag fury would take. He had disliked Lemuel from the first, and had chafed at the subordination into which he had necessarily fallen. He was now yelling after Mrs. Harmon, to know if she was not satisfied with *wan* gutther-snoipe, that she must nades go and pick up another, and whether the new wan was going to be too good too to take prisints of money for his worruk from the boarthers, and put all the rest of the help under the caumpliment of refusin' ut, or else demanin' themselves by takin' ut? If this was the case, he'd have her to know that she couldn't kape anny other help; and the quicker she found it out the betther. Mrs. Harmon was trying to appease him by promising to see Lemuel at once, and ask him about it.

The porter raised his voice an octave. "D'ye think I'm a loyar, domn ye? Don't ye think I'm tellin' the thruth?"

He followed her to the little office, whither she had retreated on a purely mechanical fulfillment of her promise to speak to Lemuel, and crowded in upon them there.

"Here he is now!" he roared in his frenzy. "He's too good to take the money that's offered to 'um! He's too good to be waither! He wannts to play the gintleman! He thinks 'umself too good to do what the other servants do, that's been tin times as lahng in the house!"

At the noise some of the ladies came hurrying out of the public parlor to see what the trouble was. The street-door opened, and Berry entered with the two art-students. They involuntarily joined the group of terrified ladies.

"What's the row?" demanded Berry. "Is Jerry on the kick?"

No one answered. Lemuel stood pale and silent, fronting the porter, who was shaking his fist in his face. He had not heard anything definite in the outrage that assailed him. He only conjectured that it was exposure of Williams's character, and the story of his own career in Boston.

"Why don't you fire him out of there, Barker?" called the law-student. "Don't be afraid of him!"

Lemuel remained motionless; but his glance sought the pitying eyes of the assembled women, and then dropped before the amaze that looked at him from those of Miss Carver. The porter kept roaring out his infamies.

Berry spoke again.

"Mrs. Harmon, do you want that fellow in there?"

"No, goodness knows I don't, Mr. Berry."

"All right." Berry swung the street-door open with his left hand, and seemed with the same gesture to lay his clutch upon the porter's collar. "Fire him out myself!" he exclaimed, and with a few swiftly successive jerks and bumps, the burly shape of the porter was shot

into the night. "I want you to get me an officer, Jerry," he said, putting his head out after him. "There's been a blackguard makin' a row here. Never mind your hat! Go!"

"Oh, my good gracious, Mr. Berry!" gasped Mrs. Harmon, "what have you done?"

"If it's back pay, Mrs. Harmon, we'll pass round the hat. Don't you be troubled. That fellow wasn't fit to be in a decent house."

Berry stopped a moment and looked at Lemuel. The art-students did not look at him at all; they passed on upstairs with Berry.

The other ladies remained to question and to comment. Mrs. Harmon's nephew, to whom the uproar seemed to have penetrated in his basement, came up and heard the story from them. He was quite decided. He said that Mr. Berry had done right. He said that he was tired of having folks damn his aunt up hill and down dale; and that if Jerry had kept on a great deal longer, he would have said something to him himself about it.

The ladies justified him in the stand he took; they returned to the parlor to talk it all over, and he went back to his basement. Mrs. Harmon, in tears, retired to her room, and Lemuel was left standing alone in his office. The mate stole softly to him from the background of the elevator, where he had kept himself in safety during the outbreak.

"Look here, mate. This thing been about your ringin' me in here?"

"Oh, go away, go away!" Lemuel huskily entreated.

"Well, that's what I intend to do. I don't want to stay here and git you into no more trouble, and I know that's what's been done. You never done me no harm, and I don't want to do you none. I'm goin' right up to your room to git my clo'es, and then I'll skip."

"It won't do any good now. It'll only make it worse. You'd better stay now. You must."

"Well, if you say so, mate."

He went back to his elevator, and Lemuel sat down at his desk, and dropped his face upon his arms there. Toward eleven o'clock Evans came in and looked at him, but without speaking; he must have concluded that he was asleep; he went upstairs, but after a while he came down again and stopped again at the office door, and looked in on the haggard boy, hesitating as if for the best words. "Barker, Mr. Berry has been telling me about your difficulty here. I know all about you—from Mr. Sewell." Lemuel stared at him. "And I will stand your friend, whatever people think. And I don't blame you for not wanting to be beaten by that ruffian; you could have stood no chance against him; and if you had thrashed him it wouldn't have been a great triumph."

"I wish he had killed me," said Lemuel from his dust-dry throat.

"Oh, no; that's foolish," said the elder, with patient, sad kindness. "Who knows whether death is the end of trouble? We must live things down, not die them down." He put his arm caressingly across the boy's shoulder.

"I can never live this down," said Lemuel. He added passionately, "I wish I could die!"

"No," said Evans. "You must cheer up. Think of next Saturday. It will soon be here, and then you'll be astonished that you felt so bad on Tuesday."

He gave Lemuel a parting pressure with his arm, and turned to go upstairs.

At the same moment the figure of Mrs. Harmon's nephew, distracted, violent, burst up through the door leading to the basement.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the editor, "is Mr. Harmon going to kick?"

"The house is on fire!" yelled the apparition.

A thick cloud of smoke gushed out of the elevator-shaft, and poured into the hall, which it seemed to fill instantly. It grew denser, and in another instant a wild hubbub began. The people appeared from every quarter, and ran into the street, where some of the ladies began calling up at the windows to those who were still in their rooms. A stout little old lady came to an open window, and paid out hand over hand a small cable, on which she meant to descend to the pavement; she had carried this rope about with her many years against the exigency to which she was now applying it. Within, the halls and the stairway became the scene of frantic encounter between wives and husbands rushing down to save themselves, and then rushing back to save their forgotten friends. Many appeared in the simple white in which they had left their beds, with the addition of such shawls or rugs as chance suggested. A house was opened to the fugitives on the other side of the street, and the crowd that had collected could not repress its applause when one of them escaped from the hotel-door and shot across. It applauded impartially men, women, and children, and, absorbed in the spectacle, no one sounded the fire-alarm; the department began to be severely condemned among the bystanders before the engines appeared.

Most of the ladies, in their escape or their purpose of rescue, tried each to possess herself of Lemuel, and keep him solely in her interest. "Mr. Barker! Mr. Barker! Mr. Barker!" was called for in various sopranos and contraltos, till an outsider took up the cry and shouted

"Barker! Barker! Speech! Speech!" This made him very popular with the crowd, who in their enjoyment of the fugitives were unable to regard the fire seriously. A momentary diversion was caused by an elderly gentleman who came to the hotel-door, completely dressed except that he was in his stockings, and demanded Jerry. The humorist who had called for a speech from Lemuel volunteered the statement that Jerry had just gone round the corner to see a man. "I want him," said the old gentleman savagely. "I want my boots; I can't go about in my stockings."

Cries for Jerry followed; but in fact the porter had forgotten all his grudges and enmities; he had reappeared, in perfect temper, and had joined Lemuel and Berry in helping to get the women and children out of the burning house.

The police had set a guard at the door, in whom Lemuel recognized the friendly old officer who had arrested him. "All out?" asked the policeman.

The smoke, which had reddened and reddened, was now a thin veil drawn over the volume of flame that burned strongly and steadily up the well of the elevator, and darted its tongues out to lick the framework without. The heat was intense. Mrs. Harmon came panting and weeping from the dining-room with some unimportant pieces of silver, driven forward by Jerry and her nephew.

They met the firemen, come at last, and pulling in their hose, who began to play upon the flames; the steam filled the place with a dense mist.

Lemuel heard Berry ask him through the fog, "Barker, where's old Evans?"

"Oh, I don't know!" he lamented back. "He must have gone up to get Mrs. Evans."

He made a dash toward the stairs. A fireman caught him and pulled him back. "You can't go up; smoke's thick as hell up there." But Lemuel pulled away, and shot up the stairs. He heard the firemen stop Berry.

"You can't go, I tell you! Who's runnin' this fire anyway, I'd like to know?"

He ran along the corridor which Evans's apartment opened upon. There was not much smoke there; it had drawn up the elevator-well, as if in a chimney.

He burst into the apartment and ran to the inner room, where he had once caught a glimpse of Mrs. Evans sitting by the window.

Evans stood leaning against the wall, with his hand at his breast. He panted, "Help her — help ——"

"Where *is* she? Where *is* she?" demanded Lemuel.

She came from an alcove in the room, holding a handkerchief drenched with cologne in her hand, which she passed to her husband's face. "Are you better now? Can you come, dear? Rest on me!"

"I'm — I'm all right! Go — go! I can get along ——"

"I'll go when *you* go," said Mrs. Evans. She turned to Lemuel. "Mr. Evans fainted; but he is better now." She took his hand with a tender tranquillity that ignored all danger or even excitement, and gently chafed it.

"But come—come!" cried Lemuel. "Don't you know the house is on fire?"

"Yes, I know it," she replied. "We must get Mr. Evans down. You must help me." Lemuel had seldom seen her before; but he had so long heard and talked of her hopeless invalidism that she was like one risen from the dead, in her sudden strength and courage, and he stared at the miracle of her restoration. It was she who claimed and bore the greater share of the burden in getting her husband away. He was helpless; but in the open air he caught his breath more fully, and at last could tremulously find his way out of the sympathetic crowd. "Get a carriage," she said to Lemuel; and then she added, as it drove up and she gave an address, "I can manage him now."

Evans weakly pressed Lemuel's hand from the seat to which he had helped him, and the hack drove away. Lemuel looked crazily after it a moment, and then returned to the burning house.

Berry called to him from the top of the outside steps, "Barker, have you seen that partner of yours?"

Lemuel ran up to him. "No!"

"Well, come in here. The elevator's dropped, and they're afraid he went down with it."

"I know he didn't! He wouldn't be such a fool!"

"Well, we'll know when they get the fire under."

"I thought I saw something in the elevator, and as long as you don't know where he is ——" said a fireman.

"Well," said Berry, "if you've got the upper hands of this thing, I'm going to my room a minute."

Lemuel followed him upstairs, to see if he could find Williams. The steam had ascended and filled the upper halls; little cascades of water poured down the stairs, falling from step to step; the long strips of carpeting in the corridors swam in the deluge which the hose had poured into the building, and a rain of heavy drops burst through the ceilings.

Most of the room-doors stood open, as the people had flung them wide in their rush for life. At the door of Berry's room a figure

appeared, which he promptly seized by the throat.

"Don't be in a hurry!" he said, as he pushed it into the room. "I want to see you."

It was Williams.

"I want to see what you've got in your pockets. Hold on to him, Barker."

Lemuel had no choice. He held Williams by the arms while Berry went through him, as he called the search. He found upon him whatever small articles of value there had been in his room.

The thief submitted without a struggle, without a murmur.

Berry turned scornfully to Lemuel. "This a friend of yours, Mr. Barker?"

Still the thief did not speak, but he looked at Lemuel.

"Yes," he dryly gasped.

"Well!" said Berry, staring fiercely at him for a moment. "If it wasn't for something old Evans said to me about you, a little while ago, I'd hand you both over to the police."

Williams seemed to bear the threat with philosophic resignation, but Lemuel shrank back in terror. Berry laughed.

"Why, you *are* his pal. Go along! I'll get Jerry to attend to you."

Lemuel slunk downstairs with Williams. "Look here, mate," said the rogue; "I guess I ha'n't used you just right."

Lemuel expected himself to cast the thief off with bitter rejection. But he heard himself saying hopelessly, "Go away, and try to behave yourself," and then he saw the thief make the most of the favor of heaven and vanish through the crowd.

He would have liked to steal away too; but he remained, and began mechanically helping again wherever he saw help needed. By and by Berry came out; Lemuel thought that he would tell some policeman to arrest him; but he went away without speaking to any one.

In an hour the firemen had finished their share of the havoc, and had saved the building. They had kept the fire to the elevator-shaft and the adjoining wood-work, and but for the water they had poured into the place the ladies might have returned to their rooms, which were quite untouched by the flames. As it was, Lemuel joined with Jerry in fetching such things to them as their needs or fancies suggested; the refugees across the way were finally clothed by their efforts, and were able to quit their covert indistinguishable in dress from any of the other boarders.

The crowd began to go about its business. The engines had disappeared from the little street with exultant shrieks; in the morning the insurance companies would send their workmen to sweep out the extinct volcano, and mop up the shrunken deluge, preparatory to ascertaining the extent of the damage done; in the mean time the police kept the boys and loafers out of the building, and the order that begins to establish itself as soon as chaos is confessed took possession of the ruin.

But it was all the same a ruin and a calamitous conclusion for the time being. The place that had been in its grotesque and insufficient fashion a home for so many homeless people was uninhabitable; even the Harmons could not go back to it. The boarders had all scattered, but Mrs. Harmon lingered, dwelling volubly upon the scene of disaster. She did not do much else; she was not without a just pride in it, but she was not puffed up by all the sympathy and consolation that had been offered her. She thought of others in the midst of her own troubles, and she said to Lemuel, who had remained working with Jerry under her direction in putting together such things as she felt she must take away with her:

"Well, I don't know as I feel much worse about myself than I do about poor Mr. Evans. Why, I've got the ticket in my pocket now that he give me for the Wednesday matinée! I do wonder how he's gettin' along! I guess they've got you to thank, if they're alive to tell the tale. What *did* you do to get that woman out alive?" Lemuel looked blankly at her, and did not answer. "And Mr. Evans too! You must have had your hands full, and that's what I told the reporters; but I told 'em I guessed you'd be equal to it if any one would. Why, I don't suppose Mrs. Evans has been out of her room for a month, or hardly stepped her foot to the floor. Well, I don't want to see many people look as he did when you first got him out the house."

"Well, I don't know as I want to see many more fires where I live," said her nephew, as if with the wish to be a little more accurate.

Jerry asked Lemuel to watch Mrs. Harmon's goods while he went for a carriage, and said sir to him. It seemed to Lemuel that this respect, and Mrs. Harmon's unmerited praises, together with the doom that was secretly upon him, would drive him wild.

(To be continued.) *W. D. Howells.*

THE SUCCESSES AND FAILURES OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

THE Chancellorsville campaign was the most eventful one of the late civil war. It brought out in bolder relief the advantages and also the deficiencies in both armies, than any other campaign. In this sketch it is proposed to note salient points without encumbering the narrative with the subordinate details that render military history so intricate and uninteresting to the unprofessional reader.

There are two branches of the military profession upon which success depends. They are essentially different from each other, and yet so dependent, that a commander of an army, who is not master of both, is not master of the situation. These two branches are styled strategy and tactics. Strategy embraces the movements and manœuvres of the different parts of an army, outside of the reach of the enemy's cannon; or, in other words, out of his sight. Tactics is confined to the movements of an army under fire.

The strategy of a commander may be of a high order, but he will lose all the advantages he has obtained by it if he is unable to manœuvre his army, under fire, in such a manner as to strike his opponent in his weakest points, and at the same time prevent him from using to advantage his strongest ones.

PERHAPS the best way to illustrate this is to take as a standard a campaign in which the strategy as well as the tactics were of the highest order; where the splendid fighting tactics supplemented perfectly the strategy by which it was brought about, and culminated in complete success.

The campaign and battle of Wagram, fought by the French army under the command of the Emperor Napoleon, and the Austrian army commanded by the Archduke Charles,— one of the ablest generals in Europe,— has many features in common with those of the campaign of Chancellorsville, and by noting how the Emperor Napoleon conducted his campaign, a comparison and conclusion can be obtained showing how the varied successes and failures at Chancellorsville occurred. Napoleon having conquered Vienna found the Archduke Charles on the other side of the Danube River with an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men. He attempted to cross the Danube from the island of Lobau, and succeeded in throwing across the two corps of Lannes and Masséna which held the two villages of Essling and Aspern, and withstood the attack of the Austrian army. The Emperor Napoleon, however, was unable to cross the remainder of his army, as the Archduke Charles sent down fire ships, and immense rafts, which the force of the current of the Danube caused to break the bridges of Napoleon faster than he could replace them; so he was forced to retreat to the island of Lobau. He then began to draw his troops from Italy, from Spain, and from France, and in six months an army of one hundred and eighty thousand men was concentrated in the vicinity of the island of Lobau. With the greatest care and scientific execution, Napoleon had his bridges so constructed and defended that the Austrians were unable to injure them. One of the most difficult and dangerous of the operations in war is the crossing of an army over a river like the Danube, with a powerful enemy on the other side. Napoleon, however, displayed so much genius in the movements of his army, that he effected a crossing without much loss.

ABANDONING THE WINTER CAMP AT FALMOUTH. (BY EDWIN FORBES, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

The Archduke Charles had his army in a strong and commanding position, one flank resting on the Danube, the other extending out to the vicinity of the village of Wagram. The flank in the vicinity of Wagram was the weak point of the position, which Napoleon detected at once; he, therefore, ordered the two corps of Bernadotte and Masséna, to make a circuitous march around Wagram, and attack the flank and rear of the Austrians. At the same time to prevent the Austrian army from changing front or sending any force to interfere with the march of these two corps, he attacked the Austrians in front with the bulk of his army. The splendid fighting of the Archduke Charles held the French army in check, and Napoleon, seeing a desperate effort must be made, organized a select corps of eleven thousand men with one hundred pieces of artillery, which he placed under

THE RIGHT WING CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK AT KELLY'S FORD. (BY EDWIN FORBES, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

the command of General Macdonald, with orders to charge the Austrian center. The charge was a success, but Macdonald lost ten men out of every eleven, and had every piece of his artillery dismounted. For this charge Napoleon made Macdonald a marshal of France on the field of battle.

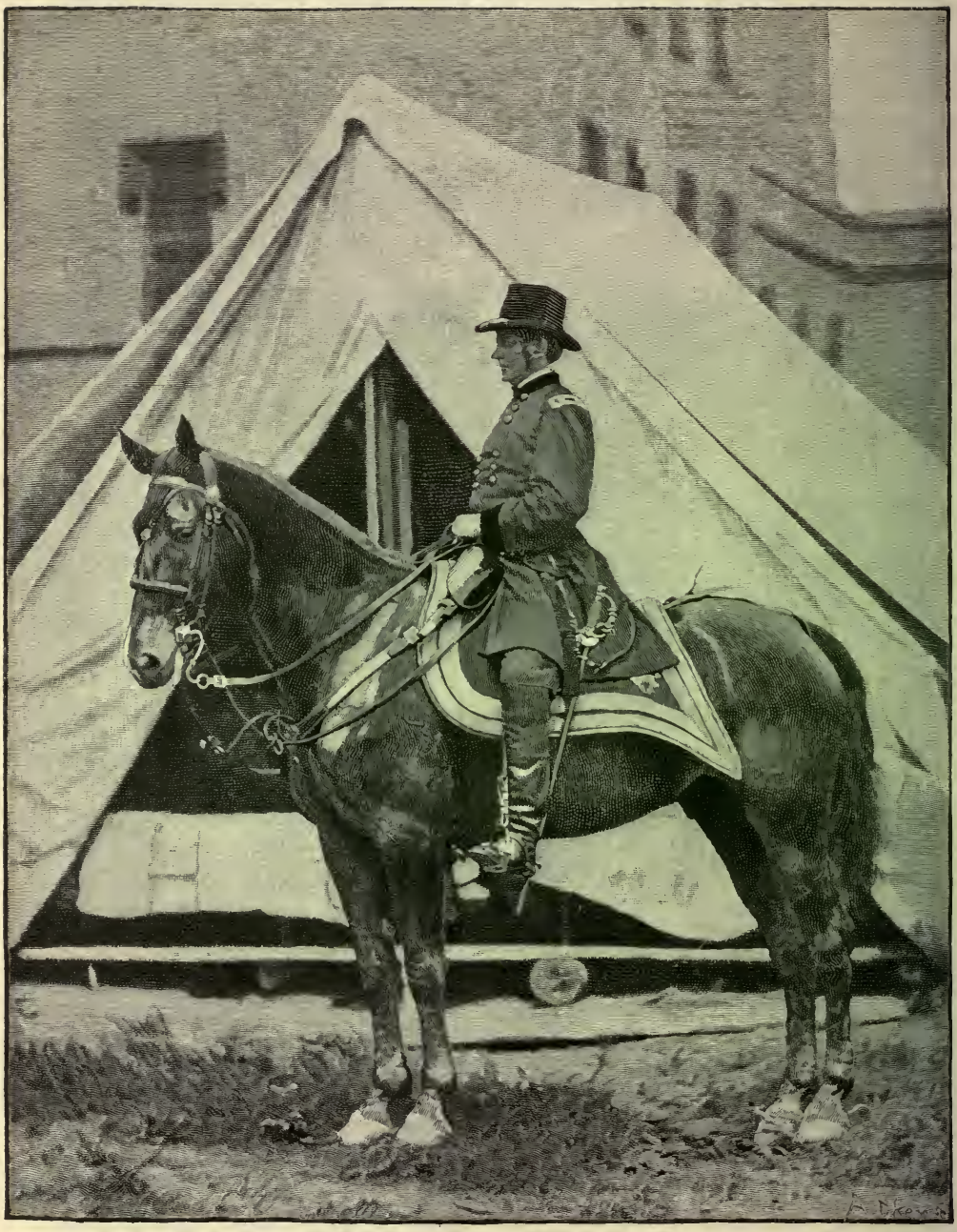
It had enabled the two corps of Bernadotte and Masséna to prosecute their march undisturbed; Bernadotte's corps was in front and struck the Austrians first, but, by one of those unexpected occurrences that often baffle the finest operations in war, his troops became panic-stricken, like the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville, and fled in confusion back upon the corps of Masséna. This so enraged that marshal, that he ordered his troops to fire upon them, charge them, and drive them back upon the Austrians. This was done with the impetuosity, determination, and genius that always characterized Masséna's greatest efforts; the Austrians, thrown into confusion, began retreating, and the field of Wagram was won. For this service Napoleon gave Masséna the title of Prince of Essling.

This campaign shows the strategy of Napoleon: How he crossed his army over the Danube, while his enemy was unable to prevent it; how his further strategy of detaching the two corps of Bernadotte and Masséna, to attack the enemy's weak point, was made successful by the splendid tactics of Macdonald, and the crushing blow given by the magnificent fighting of Masséna. Without the fighting of Macdonald and Masséna, the campaign would have failed, and to Napoleon, who selected those men to do such desperate fighting, belongs the honor of the victory his genius created by his strategy and grand tactics.

General Hooker, who after the disaster of Fredericksburg was appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac in place of General Burnside, decided in the latter part of the month of April, 1863, to undertake an offensive campaign with the Army of the Potomac against the Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee.

CROSSING THE RAPIDAN AT ELY'S FORD. (BY EDWIN FORBES, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

The two armies faced each other; Lee's, numbering about 60,000 men, being at Fredericksburg, and the Army of the Potomac, numbering about 130,000 men, at Falmouth, on the north side of the Rappahannock River opposite Fredericksburg. The plan of his campaign was based on the same principles of war which Napoleon had applied at Wagram. He directed three corps of the army, the First, the Third, and the Sixth, comprising 59,000 men, under the command of General Sedgwick, to cross the Rappahannock River below Fredericksburg, and hold Lee's army in that position, while he moved secretly and with celerity three corps, the Fifth, the Eleventh,

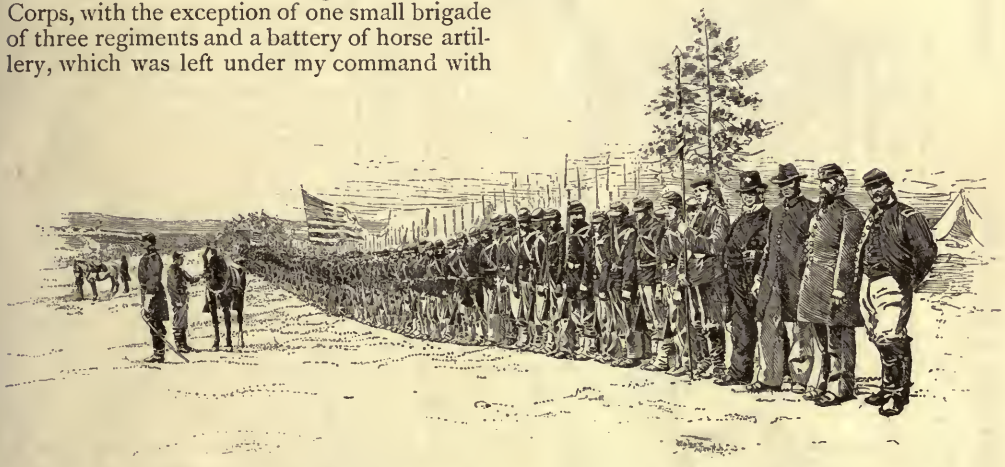


J. Hooker

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

and Twelfth, numbering 42,000 men, up the river, crossing and concentrating them at Chancellorsville, ten miles west of Fredericksburg, with the purpose of moving down upon General Lee's army to take it in rear and flank — two divisions of the Second Corps being placed to cover Banks's Ford, the third division being left at Falmouth, while a brigade and battery were stationed at United States Ford to facilitate the crossing. The Cavalry Corps, with the exception of one small brigade of three regiments and a battery of horse artillery, which was left under my command with

The left wing of the army, under General Sedgwick, was ordered to cross the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg, on the morning of the 29th; its duty was to keep the enemy as long as possible before Fredericksburg, to pursue him if he attempted to fall back on Richmond, but to take possession of his works and his line of retreat if he marched upon Chancellorsville. Or, in other words,



PARADE AT FALMOUTH OF THE 110TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

This regiment (of Whipple's division, Third Corps) with the 84th Pennsylvania performed desperate service near Fairview on Sunday morning, May 3d, the 84th losing 215 men and the 110th losing 45 men.— EDITOR.

the army, was ordered under the command of General Stoneman to make a raid in rear of Lee's army, and destroy his railroads and communications with Richmond.

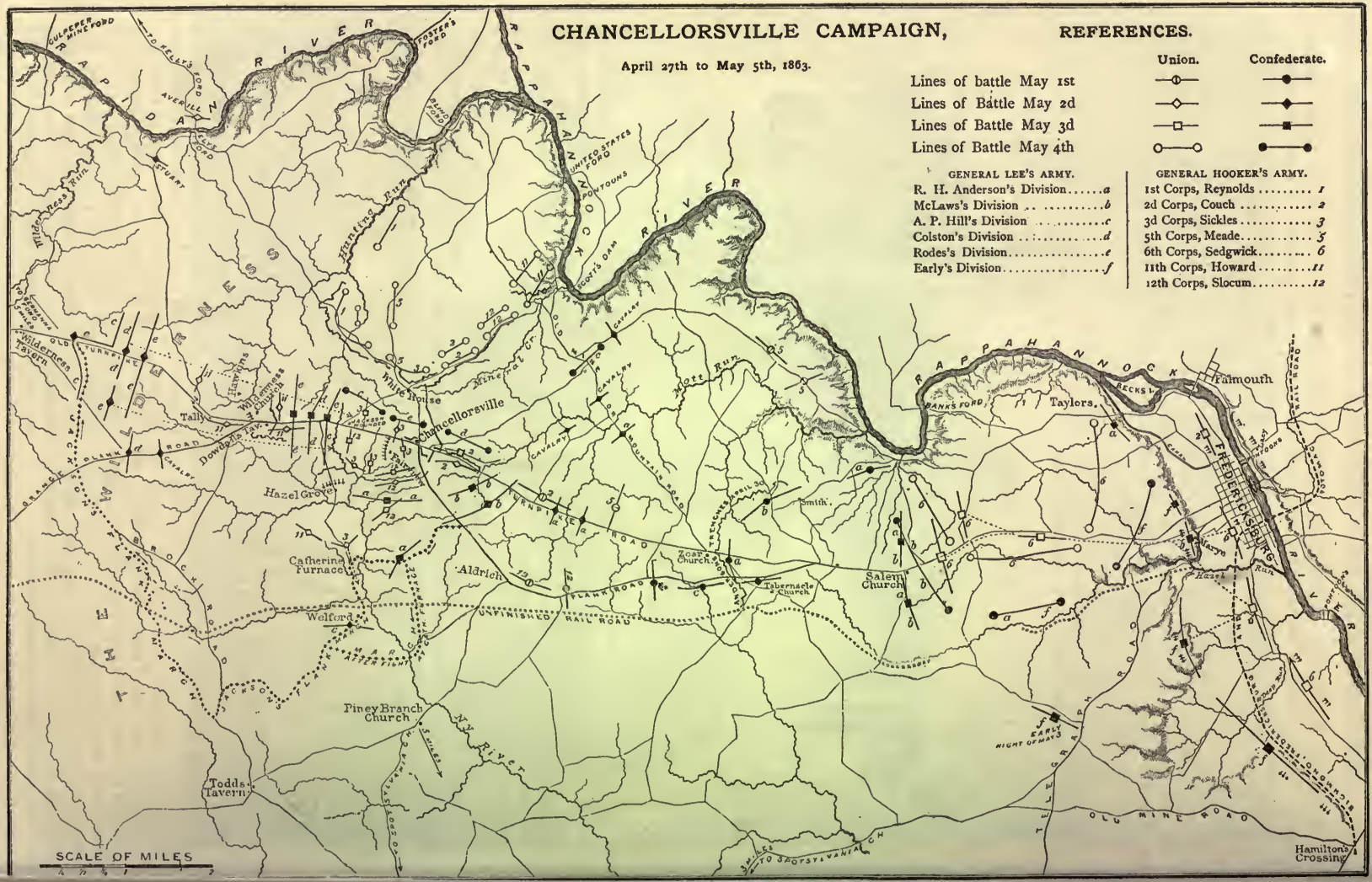
While there have been many criticisms on the propriety of detaching this large body of cavalry from the army, I desire to state that this cavalry did most valuable service, by drawing off General Lee's cavalry, under General J. E. B. Stuart, to Brandy Station and Culpeper, and thus depriving General Lee of their services; for General Hooker moved the three corps with him with such celerity that they passed between Stuart and General Lee's army, and Stuart could not get through to communicate to General Lee what was going on. It will be seen later on what a loss this was to Lee, and what a great advantage it was to the Army of the Potomac.

On the 26th of April General Hooker gave his orders for the right wing of the army to move, the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps to be followed by the Fifth; the Eleventh and Twelfth to cross the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and the Rapidan River at Germanna Ford; the Fifth Corps, marching from Kelly's Ford to Ely's Ford, nearer to the mouth of the Rapidan and to Chancellorsville.

Sedgwick was to hold Lee at Fredericksburg until Hooker could come down upon him from Chancellorsville and crush him; Sedgwick was to play the part of Macdonald and Hooker that of Masséna.

The right wing of the army crossed Kelly's Ford on the morning of the 29th, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps reached Germanna Ford that evening. I had the advance of this column with two regiments of cavalry and a battery of horse artillery; the third regiment of the cavalry brigade I sent with the Fifth Corps to Ely's Ford.

In the afternoon, at Germanna Ford, I surprised and captured a picket of some fifty of Stuart's cavalry soldiers. With them was an engineer officer belonging to Stuart's staff. On searching the party, which is done with all prisoners, I found on this engineer officer a very bulky volume, which proved to be a diary which he had been keeping throughout the war. I spent the greater part of the night in reading it, in hopes of finding something that would be of advantage to us; nor was I disappointed. This diary stated that in the first week in March there had been a council of war held at General Stuart's headquarters, at which council Generals Jackson, A. P.


CHANCELLORSVILLE CAMPAIGN,
April 27th to May 5th, 1863.
REFERENCES.
Union.
Confederate.
Lines of battle May 1st
Lines of Battle May 2d
Lines of Battle May 3d
Lines of Battle May 4th
GENERAL LEE'S ARMY.
R. H. Anderson's Division.....a
McLaws's Division .. ..b
A. P. Hill's Division c
Colston's Division .. ..d
Rodes's Division.....e
Early's Division.....f
GENERAL HOOKER'S ARMY.
1st Corps, Reynolds 1
2d Corps, Couch 2
3d Corps, Sickles 3
5th Corps, Meade..... 5
6th Corps, Sedgwick..... 6
11th Corps, Howard.....11
12th Corps, Slocum.....12
RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER
RAPIDAN RIVER
WILDERNESS
Culpeper C.H. & Mine Ford
To Kelly's Ford
Averill's Ford
Stuart's
Wilderness Run
Germanna Ford
Germanna Plank Road
Wilderness Tavern
Old Turnpike
Orange Plank Road
Orange Turnpike
Tally
Dowdle's Tavern
Hazel Grove
Catharine Furnace
Welford
Piney Branch Church
Todds Tavern
Spotsylvania C.H.
Hunting Run
Scott's Dam
United States Ford
Pontoons
Old Mine Road
Cavalry
White House
Chancellorsville
Mineral Springs
Mott Run
Fredericksburg Road
Plank Road
Unfinished Rail Road
Aldrich
Zoar Church
Tabernacle Church
Salem Church
Smith
Trenches
Fredericksburg
Falmouth
Banks' Ford
Becks I.
Taylors
Marye
Hazel Run
Early's Night of May 3
Telegraph Road
Richmond
Hamilton's Crossing
Mine Run
Scale of Miles

Hill, Ewell, and Stuart attended. They were in conference over five hours, and came to the decision that the next battle would be at or near Chancellorsville, and that that position must be prepared.

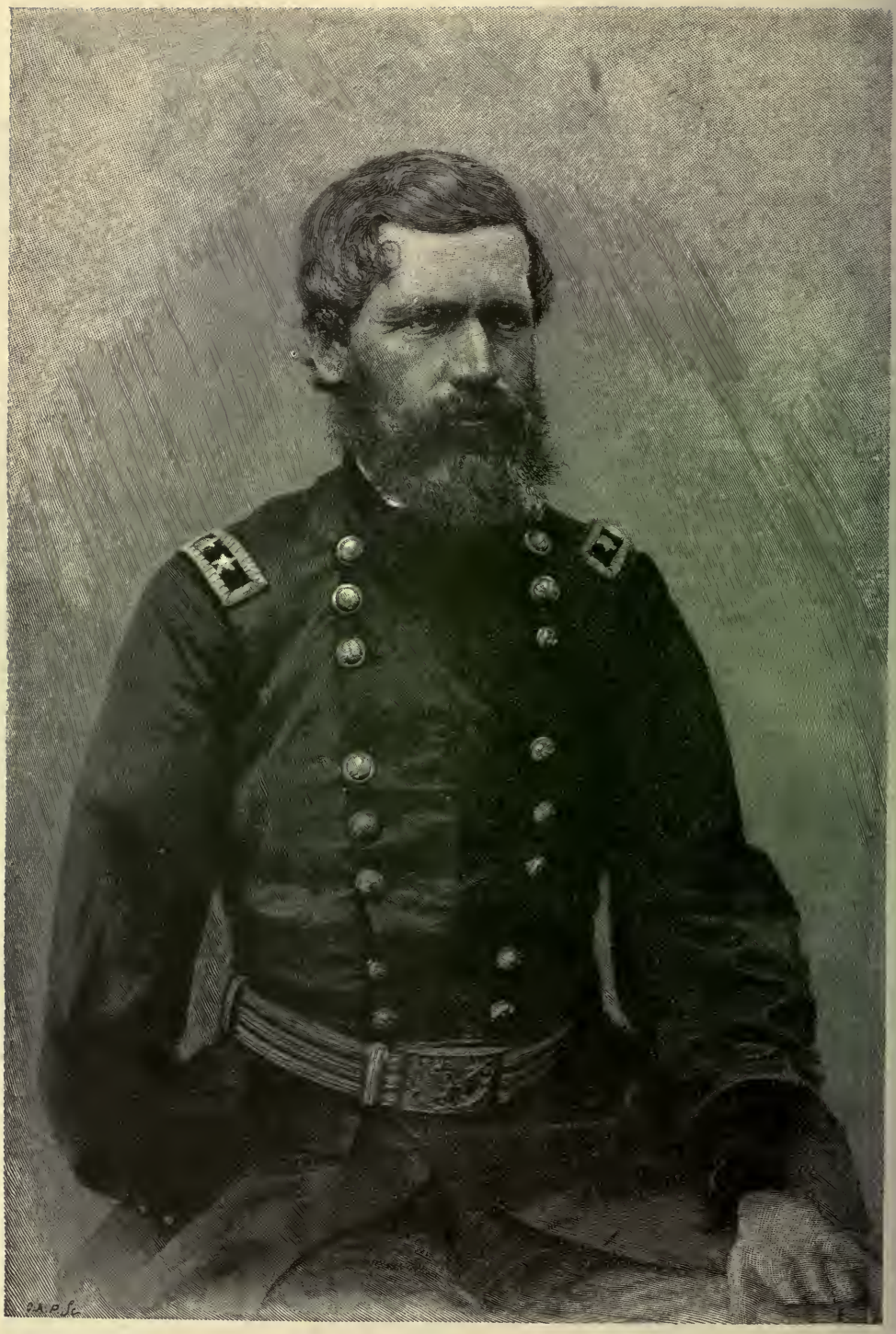
The next day, the 30th of April, I moved on towards Chancellorsville, and at one o'clock in the day I captured a courier or orderly from General Lee, who had a dispatch from Lee, dated at Fredericksburg, noon of that day, and addressed to Major-General McLaws, stating that he had just been informed that the enemy had concentrated in force near Chancellorsville, inquiring why he had not been kept advised, and saying that he wished to see McLaws as soon as possible at headquarters.

At two o'clock, P. M., one hour later, I reported to General Hooker at Chancellorsville, and submitted to him the diary and General Lee's dispatch, both of which he retained, and I suggested that we had evidently surprised General Lee by our rapid movements across the river, and, as Lee had prepared for a battle at Chancellorsville, we had better anticipate him by moving on towards Fredericksburg. A march of three or four miles would take us out of the woods into a more open country, where we could form our line of battle, and where our artillery could be used to advantage; we would then be prepared to move on Fredericksburg in the morning. Besides, such a movement would enable us to uncover Banks's Ford, which would shorten our communication with General Sedgwick over five miles, and bring us within three and a half miles of Falmouth by that ford.

MAJOR-GENERAL AMIEL W. WHIPPLE, COMMANDER OF THE THIRD DIVISION OF THE THIRD CORPS, MORTALLY WOUNDED BY A SHARP-SHOOTER ON THE MORNING OF MAY 4TH.

I was much surprised to find that General Hooker, who up to that time had been all vigor, energy, and activity, received the suggestion as a matter of secondary importance, and that he considered the next morning sufficiently early to move on Fredericksburg.

SCENE AT HOOKER'S HEADQUARTERS, CHANCELLORSVILLE, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 2D.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)



MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

Up to that time General Hooker's strategy was all that could have been desired. He had outflanked the enemy and had surprised him by the rapidity of his movements. At two o'clock, P. M., on the 30th of April, General Hooker had ninety chances in his favor to ten against him. The very cavalry under Stuart that Lee depended on to keep him advised had been cut off by the prompt action of the tween Chancellorsville and the Rappahannock River, in our rear, was rough, broken, and not at all suitable for operations required of an army. The position of the army at Chancellorsville extended about three miles from east to west in the narrow clearings, which did not afford sufficient ground to manœuvre an army of the size of the Army of the Potomac. Besides this, we were ignorant of what might

STAMPEDE OF THE ELEVENTH CORPS.

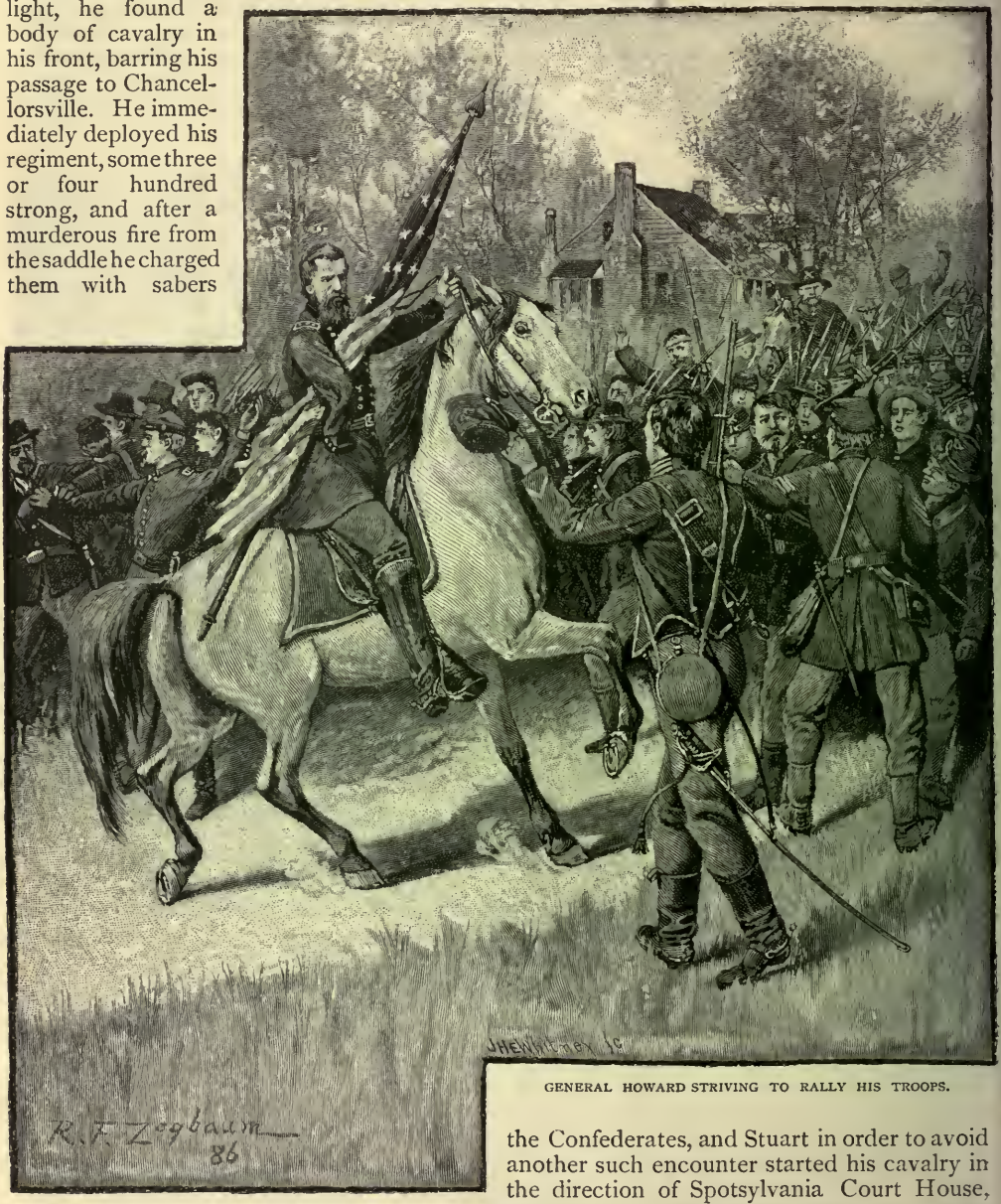
army, and we had it over the signature of General Lee himself that his army had been surprised. General Hooker had it in his power at that time to have crushed Lee's army and wound up the war. The Army of the Potomac never had a better opportunity, for more than half its work had been done before a blow had been struck, by the brilliancy of its strategy in moving upon Chancellorsville.

I camped my command about a mile from General Hooker's headquarters, which were at the Chancellor house, and such were my misgivings as regarded the situation of the army that about dusk I called upon the general again and stated to him our perilous position.

To the east, towards Fredericksburg, the woods were thick for three or four miles; to the south, towards Spotsylvania Court House, the woods extended about the same distance; to the west, from Hazel Grove, the same condition of things existed; while the country be- be going on outside of this cordon of woods, and were giving the enemy every opportunity to take us at a disadvantage. Every instinct induced me to suggest to General Hooker, to relieve ourselves from our embarrassments, to send the Eleventh Corps, which was in a miserable position in the woods, down to Spotsylvania Court House by the Jack Shop road and make the line of battle from Chancellorsville to Spotsylvania. This proposition was not approved, and I then asked permission to send some cavalry to Spotsylvania to find out what was going on in the open country beyond the woods. General Hooker assented to this, and I ordered the Sixth New York Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan McVicar, to proceed down the road from Chancellorsville to Spotsylvania, ascertain if the enemy were anywhere in that vicinity, and having done so return before daybreak. This could easily be done as the distance was

not more than eight miles. Colonel McVicar executed his orders in splendid style; he went to Spotsylvania, saw no enemy, but on his return, it being moonlight, he found a body of cavalry in his front, barring his passage to Chancellorsville. He immediately deployed his regiment, some three or four hundred strong, and after a murderous fire from the saddle he charged them with sabers and completely routed them. This force was the Fifth Virginia Cavalry, and with it were General Stuart and staff. They scattered in every direction and were pursued by the Sixth New York Cavalry until the Second Virginia Regiment, coming to their assistance, stopped the pursuit. The Sixth New York Cavalry, then unmolested, returned to Chancellorsville, but without their brave commander, who was killed in the thickest of the fray.

This action made a strong impression on the Confederates, and Stuart in order to avoid another such encounter started his cavalry in the direction of Spotsylvania Court House, but his rear-guard threw the whole column into confusion by the cry, "The enemy is upon us." Major Borcke, a distinguished officer, who was on General Stuart's staff, and was present on this occasion, in describing it, says: "Shots were fired at hazard in every direction. The First and Third Virginia regiments, no longer recognizing each other, charge upon each other mutually; Stuart's



GENERAL HOWARD STRIVING TO RALLY HIS TROOPS.

mounted men, generally so brave and so steadfast, no longer obey the orders of their officers, and gallop off in great disorder. At last quiet is restored, and the brigade finally reaches Spotsylvania Court House, while the small band which has caused so much alarm to Stuart was quietly retiring to Chancellorsville."

The next morning at daylight (Friday, May 1st) I reported to General Hooker the result of this reconnoissance, and he began to realize the importance of the information that had been conveyed the day before in the diary of Stuart's engineer officer. The Sixth New York Cavalry were only able to report that they had cut their way through a heavy body of cavalry, and this by moonlight; they were unable to say whether any infantry or artillery were in that direction.

To move the army down on Fredericksburg with an unknown force on its rear and flank was a hazardous experiment. What could have been done with safety the day before, now became doubtful, and it was this uncertainty that paralyzed the vigor and action of General Hooker throughout the 1st of May. Although he started the Second, Fifth, Twelfth, and Third Corps in the direction of Tabernacle Church on the way to Fredericksburg the movement was not of such a character as to bring success. Upon meeting a stubborn resistance from General Jackson's forces, and fearing that if he should become deeply engaged a force from Spotsylvania would take him in the rear flank, he withdrew the army and placed it in position at Chancellorsville.

From that time the whole situation was changed. Without striking a blow, the army was placed on the defensive. The golden moment had been lost, and it never appeared again to the same extent afterwards — another illustration that soldiers' legs have as much to do with winning great victories as their arms.

General Lee knew that General Hooker had taken his army back to its position at Chancellorsville. The Third Corps had already been taken from General Sedgwick at Fredericksburg, and at two o'clock on the morning of May 2d the First Corps was also ordered up to Chancellorsville, leaving Sedgwick with the Sixth Corps. These movements did not escape the attention of General Lee, so he decided to assume the offensive, and put in operation the plan which was suggested by Generals Jackson, A. P. Hill, Ewell, and Stuart, at their council of war in the first week in March. He left a sufficient force at Fredericksburg to watch Sedgwick, while with the bulk of his army he should move on Chancellorsville, sending a force under Generals Jackson, A. P. Hill, and Stuart, to make a turning movement and attack the Union army in the rear and right flank, and roll them up as Masséna did the Austrians at Wagram. Lee, himself, in the mean time, with the remainder of his forces, occupied the attention of the left and center of Hooker's army to prevent any interference with the flank movement. General Lee's strategy was the same

MAJOR PETER KEENAN, KILLED IN THE CHARGE OF THE EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.

that General Hooker had carried out so successfully until he stopped at Chancellorsville. General Lee was equally successful in his movements, and we will now investigate the causes of his failure to give the Army of the Potomac a crushing blow.

On the 2d day of May, the right of the Army of the Potomac was the Eleventh Corps, in the woods near Dowdall's Tavern (Melzi Chancellor's); the Third Corps connected it with the Twelfth Corps at Fairview and Chancellorsville, facing south towards the woods; while the Second and Fifth Corps were posted to prevent any attack taking the position in the rear and flank from the east. Throughout the morning of the 2d of May, attacks were made on different portions of our line from the east to the west. These attacks occurred at intervals of an hour or more, but always farther to the west. I was satisfied this was done to withdraw our attention from the real point of attack, and I mentioned this to General Hooker, who had become more and more impressed that the information contained in the diary of Stuart's engineer officer was correct, and that General Lee had adopted a plan to carry it out.

In the afternoon of May 2d General Sickles, commanding the Third Corps, sent

REPULSE OF JACKSON'S MEN AT HAZEL GROVE, BY ARTILLERY UNDRR GENERAL PLEASONTON.

in word that the enemy were retreating towards Gordonsville, and that their wagons and artillery could be seen passing by the Furnace road some three miles to the south. General Hooker sent for me on receiving this report, and stated he was not sure the enemy were retreating; that he wanted an officer of experience in that part of the field, and he wished me to take my command there and keep him promptly informed of everything that was going on. I asked him if he considered me to be under the orders of any one. He replied quickly, "You are under my orders only; use your best judgment in doing whatever you think ought to be done."

On arriving at Hazel Grove, about one mile from Chancellorsville, I found that General Sickles was moving two of the divisions of the Third Corps in the direction of Catherine Furnace and shortly after became engaged there with a strong rear-guard. Hazel Grove was the highest ground in the neighborhood and the key of our position, and I saw that if Lee's forces gained it the Army of the Potomac would be worsted.

General Sickles wanted some cavalry to protect his flanks, and I gave him the Sixth New York. This left me with only the Eighth Pennsylvania and Seventeenth Pennsylvania regiments and Martin's New York battery of horse artillery. I posted this command at the extreme west of the clearing, about two hundred yards from the woods in which the Eleventh Corps was encamped. This position at Hazel Grove was about a quarter of a mile in extent, running nearly north-east and south-west, but was in no place farther than two hundred yards from the woods, and on the south and east it sloped off into a marsh and a creek. It commanded the position of the army at Fairview and Chancellorsville and enfiladed our line. The moving out to the Furnace of the two divisions of the Third Corps left a gap of about a mile from Hazel Grove to the right of the Twelfth Corps. Shortly after General Sickles had been engaged at the Furnace, he sent me word that the enemy were giving way and cavalry could be used to advantage in pursuit. Before moving my command I rode out to the Furnace to comprehend the situation. It was no place for cavalry to operate, and as I could hear spattering shots going more and more towards the north-west, I was satisfied the enemy were not retreating. I hastened back to my command at Hazel Grove; when I reached it, the Eleventh Corps to our rear and our right was in full flight, panic-stricken beyond description. We faced about, having then the marsh behind us. It was an ugly marsh, about fifty yards wide, and in the stampede of the Eleventh Corps beef cattle, ambulances, mules, artillery, wagons, and horses became stuck in the mud, and others coming on crushed them down so that when the fight was over the pile of *débris* in the marsh was many feet high. I saw that something had to be done, and that very quickly, or the Army of the

MAJOR-GENERAL HIRAM G. BERRY, COMMANDING SECOND DIVISION, THIRD CORPS, KILLED SUNDAY, MAY 3D. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Potomac would receive a crushing defeat. The two cavalry regiments were in the saddle, and as I rode forward Major Keenan of the Eighth Pennsylvania came out to meet me, when I ordered him to take the regiment, charge into the woods, which, as we had previously stood, were to our rear, and hold the enemy in check until I could get some guns into position. He replied, with a smile at the size of the task, that he would do it, and started off immediately. Thirty men, including Major Keenan, Captain Arrowsmith, and Adjutant Haddock, never came back. I then directed Captain Martin to bring his guns into battery, load with double charges of canister, and aim them so the shot would hit the ground halfway between the guns and the woods. I also stated that I would give the order to fire. Just then a handsome young captain of a New

York battery, Frank Crosby (son of a distinguished lawyer of New York city), who was killed the next day, galloped up and said, "General, I have a battery of six guns, where shall I go, what shall I do?" I told him to

RESCUING THE WOUNDED ON SUNDAY FROM THE BURNING WOODS.

place his battery in line on the right of Martin's battery, and gave him the same instructions I gave Martin, as to how I wanted him to serve his guns. These two batteries gave me twelve guns, and to obtain more I then charged three squadrons of the Seventeenth Pennsylvania cavalry on the stragglers of the Eleventh Corps, to clear the ground, and with the assistance of the rest of the regiment succeeded in placing ten more pieces of artillery in line. The line was then ready for Stonewall Jackson's onset. It was dusk when his men swarmed out of the woods for a quarter of a mile in our front (our rear ten minutes before). They came on in line, five and six deep, with but one flag, a Union flag dropped by the Eleventh Corps.

I suspected deception and was ready for it. They called out not to shoot, they were friends; at the same time they gave us a volley from at least five thousand muskets. As soon as I saw the flash I gave the command to fire, and the whole line of artillery was discharged at once.* It fairly swept them from the earth; before they could recover themselves the line of artillery had been loaded and was ready for a second attack. After the second discharge, suspecting that they might play the trick of having their men lie down, draw the fire out of the artillery, then jump up and charge before the pieces could be reloaded, I poured in the canister for about twenty minutes, and the affair was over.

When the Eleventh Corps was routed, the situation was this: The nearest infantry to me was the right of the Twelfth Corps, over a mile off, and engaged by the forces under General Lee, who was trying to prevent them from impeding the movements of General Jackson. The two divisions of the Third Corps were nearly a mile to the west at the Furnace. Had Jackson captured the position at Hazel Grove, these two divisions would have been cut off from

* Major Clifford Thomson, aide-de-camp on General Pleasonton's staff, in a recent letter gives the following account of the fight at Hazel Grove: "General Pleasonton rode from gun to gun, directing the gunners to aim low, not to get excited, to make every shot tell; the staff-officers, catching their cue from him, did the same, and while at first there had been considerable excitement and apprehension among us, it soon quieted down, and every thought and action was directed to getting the best service out of those guns that they were capable of rendering. Recovering from the disorder into which Keenan's charge had thrown them, the enemy could be seen forming line of battle in the edge of woods now in our front. They were scarcely two hundred yards distant; yet such was the gloom that they could not be clearly distinguished. General Pleasonton was about to give the order to fire, when a sergeant at one of the guns said:

"'General, aren't those our troops? I see our colors in the line!' This was true, for where he pointed our colors could be seen — trophies picked up on the field. General Pleasonton turned to me and said:

"'Mr. Thomson, ride out there and see who those people are.'

"For myself, I was not at all curious about 'those people,' being perfectly willing to wait till they introduced themselves. Riding out between our guns, I galloped to within thirty or forty yards of them; all along the line they cried out to me: 'Come on; we're friends!' It was quite dark and I could not make out their uniforms, but I could see three of our flags, and these caused me to hesitate; I came to a halt, peering into the darkness to make sure, when a bullet whistled by me, and then came 'the rebel yell.' The line charged up the hill towards our guns, and I led it! Lying down upon my horse's neck, I gave him the spur, and the yells of the 'Johnnies' behind further stimulated him, so that we got over the ground pretty lively. But with the report of the first shot fired at me, General Pleasonton had opened fire, and those twenty-two guns belched forth destruction at a fearfully rapid rate. Although lying down on my horse, I kept an eye on the guns, and guided my horse between the flashes, and in less time than it takes to tell it, I was on the safe side of them. It was load and fire at will for some minutes; the enemy was mowed down in heaps; they could make no headway against such a cyclone, and ran back down the slope to the cover of the woods.

SECOND LINE OF DEFENSE AT THE JUNCTION OF THE ROADS TO ELY'S AND UNITED STATES FORDS.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

the army. He would have seen General Hooker and his staff getting what troops he could to prevent the routed Eleventh Corps from demoralizing the rest of the army, and the fatal position which that portion of the army occupied rendered it an easy task to have crushed it. Neither the Second Corps nor the Twelfth Corps was in position to have defended itself against an attack by Jackson from Hazel Grove.

For half an hour General Jackson had the Army of the Potomac at his mercy. Why he halted to re-form his troops in the woods, instead of forging ahead into the clearing, where he could re-form his troops more rapidly, and where he could have seen he was master of the situation, can only be accounted for as one of those fatal mistakes by which the most brilliant prospects are sacrificed.

When he advanced upon the artillery at Hazel Grove Jackson had another opportunity to win, if his infantry had been properly handled. The fire of his infantry was so high it did no harm; they should have been ordered to fire so low as to disable the cannoniers at the

But still the canister was poured into them, and a second attempt to charge the guns failed. Soon Sickles's corps moved from its advanced position and interposed between us and the woods; parties sent out over the field which had been swept by our guns found the dead and dying lying in heaps. Old artillery officers have informed me that they never before heard such rapid firing as occurred at that engagement; the roar was a continuous one, and the execution terrific. After it had ceased I rode up to General Pleasonton and said:

"'General, those people out there are rebels!'

"There was a grave twinkle in his eye as he held out his hand and replied:

"'Thomson, I never expected to see you again; I thought if they didn't kill you I should, but that was no time to stop for one man.'

"I should have agreed with him more cordially if that one man had been somebody else. After Sickles had made his dispositions in our front, we were withdrawn to get forage for our horses, and our part in the battle of Chancellorsville was done. Word had gone out, through the army, that Pleasonton and his staff had been killed; so, when tired, sleepy, very dirty, and extremely hungry, we next morning rode quietly into our headquarters camp, at the rear, we were looked upon as persons risen from the dead. One thing I have forgotten to mention, and that is that we had virtually no support for those twenty-two guns during the action. There was a portion of the Seventeenth Pennsylvania cavalry under the hill, but the men were new recruits and had not, I believe, been under fire previous to that occasion. Had the enemy succeeded in gaining the crest of the knoll, the support would not have made a mouthful for a single company of Jackson's men. When President Lincoln visited the army a day or two after this fight, General Pleasonton chanced to call at Hooker's headquarters, when that officer said:

"'Mr. President, this is General Pleasonton, who saved the Army of the Potomac the other night.'

"The President acknowledged the service in his usual grateful manner. Only inspiration, or the instinct of a natural soldier, could have enabled Pleasonton to accomplish so much in so short a time with so small a force. The fight at Hazel Grove was one of those sharp and decisive actions pregnant with great results."

guns. Had the infantry fire been as effective as that of the artillery, Jackson would have carried the position. The artillery fire was effective because I applied to it that principle of dynamics in which the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection,—that is to say, if the muzzle of a gun is three feet from the ground and it is discharged so that the shot will strike the ground at a distance of one hundred yards, it will glance from the earth at the same angle at which it struck it, and in another one hundred yards will be three feet from the ground. I knew my first volley must be a crushing one, or Jackson, with his superior numbers, would charge across the short distance which separated us and capture the artillery before the guns could be reloaded.

After the fight at Hazel Grove I sent into the woods and captured a number of Jackson's men. I asked them to what command they belonged. One of them said to General A. P. Hill's corps, and added, "That was a pretty trick you played us this evening." I asked to what he referred. He replied, "By withdrawing your infantry, and catching us on your guns." Thus showing that the flight of the Eleventh Corps was looked upon as a ruse. To my question, if they had suffered much, he said that they had been badly cut up; that General Jackson had been badly wounded, also General A. P. Hill, and their chief of artillery. I asked how he knew General Jackson had been wounded. He stated that he saw him when he was carried off the field in a litter. This information I immediately reported to General Hooker, when he directed me to withdraw my command from that position, and go into camp on the north side of the Rappahannock River. It was 4 A. M. of the 3d of May when I moved from Hazel Grove.

General Sickles, with the two divisions of the Third Corps, reached Hazel Grove from the Furnace between half-past nine and ten on the night of the 2d of May. Some of his troops had fighting in the woods before I left, but I am unable to say what was its character.

On the morning of the 3d of May (Sunday) General Stuart was in command of Jackson's forces, Jackson and A. P. Hill having been wounded as reported by the prisoner taken the night before. Stuart prepared, with his usual impetuosity, to renew the attack early that morning, and by one of those unfortunate occurrences so prevalent during the war, he caught the Third Corps in motion to take up a new position, connecting with the Twelfth Corps at Fairview, and facing to the west. This withdrawal enabled Stuart to take the position at Hazel Grove, from which Jackson had been repulsed the evening before. He saw its advantages at once, and, placing some thirty pieces of artillery there, he enfiladed the Twelfth Corps at Fairview and Chancellorsville, and punished the Third Corps severely. The Third Corps was fighting throughout the day under great disadvan-

RETREAT OF THE ARMY ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK AT UNITED STATES FORD.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

tages. To add to the embarrassments of the army, General Hooker that morning was disabled by a concussion, and the army was virtually without a head, the different corps commanders fighting their commands on the defensive. Such extraordinary conditions forced the Army of the Potomac to fall back from Chancellorsville and Fairview, and form a new line of battle to the north and some distance from Chancellorsville. This line presented a front to the enemy that could not be enfiladed or turned. Desultory fighting, especially with artillery, was kept up on the 4th of May; but Hooker's battle ended on the 3d, after the army had gained its new position.

It is useless to speculate what General Hooker would have done if he had not been disabled. Up to the evening of the 2d of May the enemy had suffered severely, while the Army of the Potomac had but few killed and wounded comparatively; while the unfortunate circumstances which contracted the lines of our army enabled the enemy to inflict the severest punishment upon all the troops that were engaged. In fact, the greatest injury was inflicted on the 3d of May, while the army had no commander. Had the First Corps, that had not been engaged, and the Fifth Corps, that was still fresh, been thrown into the action in the afternoon of Sunday the 3d of May, when Lee's troops were exhausted from the struggle, they would certainly have made Chancellorsville what it was intended to have been, a complete success. These two corps mustered from twenty-five to thirty thousand men. There was no one to order them into the fight, and a second golden opportunity was lost. The army recrossed the Rappahannock River on the night of the 5th of May, and renewed the position at Falmouth which they had occupied before the campaign.

In this campaign both armies failed to achieve what they attempted to accomplish. Both were equally successful in their strategy; both were equally poor in their tactics and fighting. Had General Hooker carried out his original plan and crushed General Lee's army, the war would have ended. Had General Lee, after General Hooker's mistake of stopping at Chancellorsville, been successful in delivering a crushing blow to the Army of the Potomac, he would in all probability have made a great step towards establishing the Southern Confederacy.

Why did the measures of these two generals fail? The answer is simply this: bad tactics and poor fighting. Had either general emulated the tactics and fighting of Desaix at Marengo, Masséna at Wagram, Davoust at Eckmühl, where, with thirty thousand Frenchmen, he defeated ninety thousand Austrians; Marshall Ney at the Moskwa, McMahon at Magenta, Skobeleff at Plevna, or the Grand Duke Michael at Kars, either would have won. Great victories have never been won except by great generals.

Chancellorsville was typical of all the campaigns and battles of the war of the Army of the Potomac.

Alfred Pleasonton.

Race for right of way, between the Ninth Massachusetts Battery and a baggage train.

JACKSON'S ATTACK UPON THE ELEVENTH CORPS.

In order that the student of a battle-scene may gather clear views, he must acquaint himself with the region of country where the battle occurred. The country around Chancellorsville for the most part is a wilderness, with but here and there an opening. If we consult the recent maps (no good ones existed before the battle), we notice that the two famous rivers, the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, join at a point due north of Chancellorsville; thence the Rappahannock runs easterly for two miles, till suddenly at the United States ford it turns and flows south for a mile and a half, and then, turning again, completes a horseshoe bend.

Here, on the south shore, was General Hooker's battle-line on the morning of the 2d of May, 1863. Here his five army corps, those of Meade, Slocum, Couch, Sickles, and Howard, were deployed. The face was toward

the south, and the ranks mainly occupied a ridge nearly parallel with the Rapidan. The left touched the high ground just west of the horseshoe bend, while the bristling front, fringed with skirmishers, ran along the Mineral Spring road, bent forward to take in the cross-roads of Chancellorsville, and then, stretching on westerly through lower levels, retired to Dowdall's Tavern. Just beyond Dowdall's was a slight backward hook in the line, partially encircling Talley's hill, a sunny spot in the forest between the Orange plank-road and the pike. This pike is an old roadway which skirts the northern edge of Talley's farm, and makes an angle of some forty degrees with the Orange plank-road.

At dawn of that eventful day General Hooker was at Chancellorsville. Slocum and Hancock were just in his front, infantry and artillery deployed to the right and left. French's division was in his rear. Meade occupied the extreme left, and my corps, the Eleventh, the right. Sickles connected me with Slocum. Our expansion covered between five and six miles frontage, and Hooker was near the middle point. The main body of our cavalry, under Stoneman, had gone off on a raid upon Lee's communications, and the remainder of the Army of the Potomac was under the sturdy Sedgwick, nearer Fredericksburg.

Our opponents, under General Robert E. Lee, the evening before, were about two miles distant toward Fredericksburg, and facing us.

His army was thus between us and Sedgwick. Lee had immediately with him the divisions of McLaws, Anderson, Rodes, Colston, and A. P. Hill, besides some cavalry under Stuart. He held, for his line of battle, a comparatively short front between the Rappahannock and the Catherine Furnace, not to exceed two miles and a half in extent. His right wing, not far from the river, was behind Mott's Run, which flows due east; and his left was deployed along the Catherine Furnace road.

Could Hooker, the first day of May, have known Lee's exact location, he never could have had a better opportunity for taking the offensive. But he did not know, and after the few troops advancing toward Fredericksburg had met the approaching enemy he ordered all back to the "old position," the Chancellorsville line, which I have just described.

On the preceding Thursday, the last of April, the three corps which constituted the right wing of the army, Meade's, Slocum's, and mine, had crossed from the north to the south side of the Rapidan, and by four o'clock in the afternoon reached the vicinity of Chancellorsville, where Slocum, who was the senior commander present, established his headquarters. I, approaching from Germanna ford, halted my divisions at Dowdall's Tavern and encamped them there. Then I rode along the plank-road through the almost continuous forest to the Chancellorsville house. There I reported to Slocum. He said that the orders were for me to cover the right of the general line, posting my command near Dowdall's Tavern. He pointed to a place on the map marked "Mill" near there, on a branch of Hunting Run, and said, "Establish your right there." General Slocum promised, with the Twelfth Corps, to occupy the space between his headquarters and Dowdall's clearing; but, finding the distance too great, one of his division commanders sent me word that I must cover the last three-quarters of a mile of the plank-road. This was done by a brigade of General Steinwehr, the commander of my left division, though with regret on our part, because it required all the corps reserves to fill up that gap.

DOWDALL'S TAVERN, HOWARD'S HEADQUARTERS.
(FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

The so-called Dowdall's Tavern was at that time the home of Melzi Chancellor. He had a large family, with several grown people. I placed my headquarters at his house. In front of me, facing south along a curving ridge, the right of Steinwehr's division was located. He had but two brigades, Barlow on the plank-road and Buschbeck on his right. With them he covered a mile, leaving but two regiments for reserve. These he put some two hundred yards to his rear, near the little "Wilderness Church."

Next to Steinwehr toward our right came General Carl Schurz's division. First, was Captain Dilger's battery. Dilger was one of those handsome, hearty, active young men that everybody liked to have near. His guns pointed to the south-west and west along the Orange plank-road. Next was Krzyzanowski's brigade, about half on the front and half in reserve. Schurz's right brigade was that of Schimmelpfennig, disposed in the same manner, a part

deployed and the remainder kept a few hundred yards back for a reserve. Schurz's front line of infantry extended along the old turnpike and faced to the south-west.

The right division of the corps was commanded by General Devens, later Attorney-General in the cabinet of President Hayes.

Devens and I together had carefully reconnoitered both the Orange plank and the old turnpike for at least three miles toward the west. After this reconnaissance he established his division, the Second Brigade under McLean next to Schurz's first; and then pushing out on the pike for half a mile he deployed the other, Gilsa's, "at right angles facing west," connecting his two parts by a thin skirmish line. Colonel Gilsa's brigade was afterward drawn back, still facing west at right angles to the line, so as to make a more solid connection, and so that, constituting as it did the main right flank, the reserves of the corps could be brought more promptly to its support, by extending its right to the north, should an enemy by any possible contingency get so far around. A section of Dieckmann's battery which looked to the west along the old pike was located at the angle.

The reserve batteries, twelve guns, were put upon a ridge abreast of the little church and pointed toward the north-west, with a view to sweep all approaches to the north of Gilsa, firing up a gradually ascending slope. This ridge, where I stood during the battle, was central and, besides, enabled the artillerymen to enfilade either roadway, or meet an attack from south, west, or north.

Here epaulements for the batteries were constructed, and cross intrenchments for the battery supports were dug, extending from the little church across all the open ground which stretched away from the tavern to the right of Devens's line.

To my great comfort General Sickles's corps came up on Friday, and took from our left Steinwehr's three-quarters of a mile of plank-road. Thus he relieved from the front line Barlow's large brigade, giving me, besides the several division reserves, General Barlow with one thousand five hundred men.

These were massed near the cross intrenchments and held avowedly to support the batteries and protect General Devens's exposed right flank.

As to pickets, each division had a good line of them. My aide, Major Howard, assisted in connecting them between divisions, and during the 2d of May that fearless and faithful staff-officer, Major E. Whittlesey, rode the entire circuit of their front to stimulate them to special activity. Those of Devens were* "thrown out at a distance from a half mile to a mile and stretching well around covering our right flank"; and those picket posts in front on the pike were over two miles beyond the main line.

The nature of the country in the neighborhood of the three adjoining farms, Dowdall's, Talley's, and Hawkins's, was well known to the Army of the Potomac in subsequent experiences, never to be forgotten. It is the terrible "Wilderness," where, later in the war, so many brave men fell. Here were stunted trees, such as scraggy oaks, bushy firs, cedars, and junipers, all entangled with a thick, almost impenetrable, undergrowth and criss-crossed with an abundance of wild vines. In places all along the south-west and west front the forest appeared impassable, and the skirmishers could only with extreme difficulty work their way through.

To the officers of the Eleventh Corps the position was never a desirable one. It presented *a flank in the air*. We were more than four miles south from Ely's ford, where were Hooker's nearest cavalry flankers.

In his report after the battle, General Schurz says: "Our right ought to have been drawn back toward the Rapidan, to rest on that river at or near the mouth of Hunting Run, the corps abandoning so much of the plank-road as to enable it to establish a solid line." Yes, but we were ordered to Dowdall's Tavern, and not to the Rapidan, three or four miles to our rear! And our right was fixed for us at the "Mill," which, it is true, no longer existed, but the point required was not doubted. Again, this position which Schurz recommended in his report subsequent to our battle, was that very one into which Hooker's whole army was forced two days afterward. He was so cramped by it that he did not dare to take the offensive. In that position, "solid" and fortified as it was, our army, outnumbering Lee's, was so badly handled by the enemy that Hooker at last decided it safer to take it to the north side of the Rappahannock.

The strength of Hooker's five corps, and Reynolds's, which was not far behind, was, on the morning of the 2d of May, about ninety thousand effectives.

The right corps, the Eleventh, had in all, artillery and infantry, twelve thousand men.

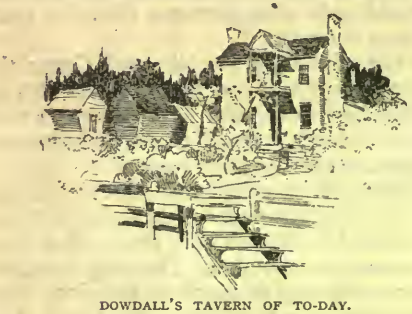
Lee faced us with his five large divisions, having on the spot about forty thousand rifles, with considerable artillery.

In my youth, my brother and I had a favorite spot in an upper field of my father's farm from which we were accustomed, after the first symptoms of a coming storm, to watch the operations of the contending winds;

* See Gen. Devens's report of Chancellorsville.—O. O. H.

the sudden gusts and whirlwinds; the sideling swallows excitedly seeking shelter; the swift and swifter, black and blacker clouds, ever rising higher and pushing their angry fronts toward us. As we listened we heard the low rumbling from afar; as the storm came nearer, the woods bent forward and shook fiercely their thick branches, the lightning zigzagged in flashes, and the deep-bassed thunder echoed more loudly, till there was scarcely an interval between its ominous crashing discharges. In some such manner came on that battle of May 2d, to the watchers at Dowdall's Tavern and Talley's farm-house.

The first distant symptom occurred the evening of May 1st. Then was heard the sudden crack of rifle-shooting. It began with Steinwehr's skirmishers, and then passed on to



DOWDALL'S TAVERN OF TO-DAY.

Schurz. Schimmelpfennig pushed out a brigade straight forward toward the south-west and received a sudden fire of artillery from the intruders. They left him and pushed on.

It was "a rolling reconnaissance" evidently to determine, for Lee's and Jackson's information, the position of our flank. They had, however, some more certain knowledge, gained from one or two of the enterprising residents let loose during that Friday by our general forward movement. We forgot these friends to Lee as we excitedly marched to Friday's battle. When we unexpectedly came back, some of these residents, with little baskets of provisions in hand, were gone beyond recall. I suspect that the commander of the "rolling reconnaissance" and the said residents formed part of the famous night-conference of Lee and Jackson where cracker-boxes served as seats and tables. General Lee says: "It was therefore resolved to endeavor to turn his right flank and gain his rear, leaving a force in front to hold him in check and conceal the movement. The execution of this plan was intrusted to Lieutenant-General Jackson with his three divisions."

Jackson's movement, with a stronger indication of battle, began at sunrise, Rodes, Colston, and A. P. Hill in order following the old road by the Catherine Furnace, there shoving off farther south to get beyond the sight of our men; then sweeping around by a private road, well known to them, up to the Orange plank; and thence on, perhaps a mile farther, through the wild forest till the old turnpike was found and crossed.

The Catherine Furnace, nearly opposite Sickles's right and two and a half miles distant, gave an open reach and fully exposed the moving column to view. Except at that point the entire Confederate force was completely covered by woods and by Stuart's busy and noisy cavalry.

About sunrise at Dowdall's I heard cheering. It was a hearty sound, with too much bass in it for that of the enemy's charge. It was occasioned by General Hooker, with Colonel Comstock and a few staff-officers, riding along slowly and inspecting the lines. General Sickles says of this: "It is impossible to pass over without mention the irrepressible enthusiasm of the troops for Major-General Hooker, which was evinced in hearty and prolonged cheers as he rode along the lines of the Third, Eleventh, and Twelfth Corps."

I was ready, mounted, and with my officers joined the ever-increasing cavalcade. Hooker observed the troops in position; Barlow, who filled the cross trenches an hour later, had not yet come out of the front line, so that my reserves just at that time were small. He noticed the breastworks, unusually well built by Schurz and Devens. He passed to the extreme right, and then returned by the shortest route. As he looked over the barricades, while receiving the salutes and cheers of the men, he said to me, "How strong! How strong!"

I still had much extension, so that there were gaps along Schurz's and Devens's fronts. Colonel Comstock spoke to me in his quiet way: "General, do close in those spaces!"

I said, "The woods are thick and entangled; will anybody come through there?"

"Oh, they may!"

His suggestion was heeded.

During the forenoon General Sickles discovered Jackson's moving column. It was passing toward Orange Court House, so everybody said. Sickles forwarded all reports to General Hooker, who had now returned to Chancellorsville. He tried to divine Jackson's purpose.

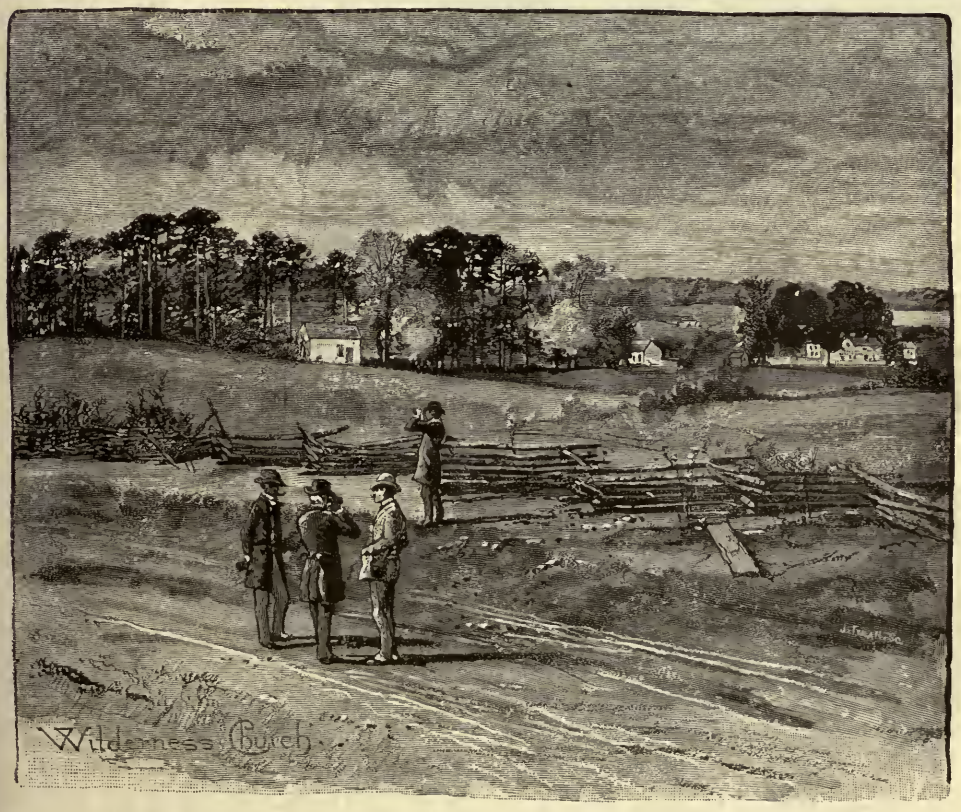
About midday Sickles received General Hooker's orders to advance south cautiously. Soon after, perhaps by two P. M., there was a stronger apprehension of a conflict, for there was a sharp skirmish in the direction of Catherine Furnace. The rattle of musketry followed; then in a little time was heard the booming of cannon. I sent the news to every

division and said, "Be ready." Slocum went forward to the aid of Sickles, and Hancock was behind him with support. Next, the enemy was reported to be in full retreat. General Hooker so telegraphed to Sedgwick; Captain Moore, of his staff, who had gone out with Birney to see the attack upon Jackson, came hurriedly to me with an order from General Hooker for my reserve brigade, Barlow's.

Major Howard rode rapidly to Sickles, that he might point out exactly where to locate the brigade. He was also to ascertain the nearest route, so as to save time and not weary the men by a circuitous march.

It was already past four. There was much excitement among the groups of officers at the different points of observation. We, who were at Dowdall's, had been watching the enemy's cavalry, which kept pushing through the woods just far enough to receive a fire, and then withdrawing. Devens and his brigade and regimental commanders gathered, in various ways, all the information possible, while from a high point they obtained glimpses of a moving column crossing the plank-road and apparently making off. I sent out scouts, who returned with reports that the enemy was not more than three or four miles off, and in motion. Schurz was anxious and, with my approval, moved a part of his reserves to the

MAJOR-GENERAL CARL SCHURZ. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



THE WILDERNESS CHURCH (IN THE LEFT MIDDLE-GROUND) AND HAWKINS'S FARM (ON THE RIGHT) AS SEEN FROM THE PLANK-ROAD IN FRONT OF DOWDALL'S TAVERN.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL E. F. PAXTON, COMMANDING THE "STONEWALL" BRIGADE OF COLSTON'S DIVISION, KILLED MAY 3D. (FROM A TINTYPE.)

north of Hawkins's farm into good position to cover Devens's flank. Devens held at least two regiments well in hand, for the same purpose, and Steinwehr's whole division I knew could just face about and defend the same point. A few companies of cavalry came from Pleasonton. I sent them out. "Go out beyond my right; go far, and let me know if an assault is coming." All my staff, Asmussen, Meysenburg, Whittlesey, C. H. Howard, Schofield, Dessauer, Stinson, Schirmer, and Hoffmann, were keenly on the alert.

We had not a very good position, it is true, but we did expect to make a good strong fight should the enemy come.

General Hooker's circular order to "Slocum and Howard" neither reached me, nor, to my knowledge, Colonel Meysenburg, my adjutant-general.* From some confused notion it was issued to "Slocum and Howard" when Slocum was no longer within two miles, and had not been in command of my corps after Hooker's arrival at Chancellorsville. Slocum, naturally supposing that I had a copy, would not think of forwarding a joint order to me after that, and certainly no such order came to me.

But yet Generals Devens, Schurz, and Steinwehr, my division commanders, and myself did precisely what we should have done had that order come. The three reserve batteries were put in position, and the infantry reserves held well in hand for the possible emergency.

My aide had now returned from Sickles, near the Furnace, and reported in substance that he (Sickles) was glad to receive the help; that he was about to make a grand attack, having been for some time driving the enemy, and expected soon a brilliant result; that he desired to place my reënforcement upon his right flank in the forward movement.

Such was the state of things when, through Captain Moore, General Hooker directed to Sickles's attack, at the Furnace, all of my general infantry reserves, consisting of Barlow's stanch brigade.

Steinwehr and I, with Major Howard as guide, went far enough southward to see what was to be done with our men, and to see if his division, as was probable, must swing in to the left in support of Sickles's promised attack. There was no real battle there, so we returned rapidly to our post at the tavern and dismounted.

Meanwhile the Confederate General Rodes had been reaching his point in the Wilderness. At four P. M. his men were in position; the line of battle of his own brigade touched the pike west of us with its right and stretched away to the north; beyond his brigade came Iverson's in the same line. On the right of the pike was Doles's brigade, and to his right Colquitt's. One hundred yards to the rear was Trimble's division (Colston commanding) with Ramseur on the right following Colquitt. After another interval followed the division of A. P. Hill. The advance Confederate division had more men in it than there were in the Eleventh Corps, now in position. Counting the ranks of this formidable column, beginning with the enveloping skirmish line, we find seven, besides the three ranks of file-closers. The majority were brought into a solid mass by the entanglements of the forest, and gave our men the idea that battalions were formed in close columns doubled on the center. With as little noise as possible, a little after five P. M., the steady advance of the

* See pages 779 and 780. The original dispatch is not on file in the War Records office, but a copy of it exists in General Hooker's "Letters Sent" book and in one of the two "Letters Received" books of General Howard's headquarters. The entry in General Howard's book appears to have been made in the latter part of June. In Hooker's book a notation in red ink reads "Copy furnished General Howard"; and it is inferential that it was this "copy" which was entered in General Howard's book in June.—EDITOR.

UNION BREASTWORKS IN THE WOODS BETWEEN DOWDALL'S TAVERN AND CHANCELLORSVILLE. (THIS AND THE OTHER TWO SKETCHES ARE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN THE YEAR FOLLOWING THE BATTLE.)

enemy began. Its first lively effects, like a cloud of dust driven before a coming shower, appeared in the startled rabbits, squirrels, quail, and other game, flying wildly hither and thither in evident terror, and escaping, where possible, into adjacent clearings.

The foremost men of Doles's brigade took about half an hour to strike our advance picket on the pike. This picket, of course, created no delay. Fifteen minutes later he reached our skirmishers, who seem to have resisted effectively for a few minutes, for it required a main line to dislodge them. Doles says, concerning the next check he received, "after a resistance of about ten minutes we drove him [Devens] from his positions on the left and carried his battery of two guns, caissons, and horses."

This was the fire which Steinwehr and I heard shortly after our return from Barlow. Somebody's guns thundered away for a few short minutes, and then came the fitful rattle of musketry; and before I could again get into the saddle there arose the ceaseless roar of the terrible storm.

I sent out my chief of staff, Colonel Asmussen, who was the first officer to mount,—"The firing is in front of Devens, go and see if all is in order on the extreme right." He instantly turned and galloped away. I mounted and set off for a prominent place in rear of Schurz's line, so as to change front to the north-west of every brigade south-east of the point of attack, if the attack extended beyond Devens's right flank; for it was divined at once that the enemy was now west of him. I could see numbers of our men — not the few stragglers that always fly like the chaff at the first breeze, but scores of them — rushing into the opening, some with arms and some without, running or falling before they got behind the cover of Devens's reserves, and before Gen. Schurz's waiting masses could deploy or charge. The noise and the smoke filled the air with excitement, and to add to it Dieckmann's guns and caissons, with battery men scattered, rolled and tumbled like runaway wagons and carts in

RELICS OF THE DEAD IN THE WOODS NEAR THE PLANK-ROAD.

THE PLANK-ROAD NEAR WHERE JACKSON FELL.

STAYING JACKSON'S ADVANCE, SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 2D, WITH ARTILLERY PLACED ACROSS THE PLANK-ROAD.

a thronged city. The guns and the masses of the right brigade struck the second line of Devens before McLean's front had given way, and, quicker than it could be told, with all the fury of the wildest hail-storm, everything, every sort of organization that lay in the path of the mad current of panic-stricken men, had to give way and be broken into fragments.

My own horse seemed to catch the fury; he sprang, he rose high on his hind legs and fell over, throwing me to the ground. My aide-de-camp, Dessauer, was struck by a shot and killed, and for a few moments I was as helpless as any of the men who were speeding without arms to the rear. But faithful orderlies helped me to remount. Schurz was still

THE TWENTY-NINTH PENNSYLVANIA, TWELFTH CORPS, IN THE TRENCHES UNDER ARTILLERY FIRE, MAY 3D.

doing all he could to face regiments about and send them to Devens's northern flank to help the few who still held firm. Devens, already badly wounded, and several officers were doing similar work.

I rode quickly to the reserve batteries. A staff-officer of General Hooker, Lieutenant-Colonel Dickinson, joined me there; my own staff gathered around me. I was eager to fill the trenches which Barlow would have held. Buschbeck's second line was ordered to change front there. His men kept their ranks, but at first they appeared slow, "Will they never get there!"

Dickinson said, "Oh, General, see those men coming from that hill way off to the right, and there's the enemy after them. Fire, oh, fire at them; you may stop the flight!"

"No, Colonel," I said, "I will never fire on my own men!"

As soon as our men were near enough the batteries opened, firing at first shells, and then canister over their heads. As the attacking force emerged from the forest and rushed on, the enemy's front men would halt and fire, and, while these were reloading, another set ran before them, halted and fired, these in no regular line, but in such multitudes that our men went down before them like trees in a hurricane.

By extraordinary effort we had filled all our long line of cross intrenchments, mainly with fragments of organizations and individual soldiers. Many officers running away stopped there and did what they could, but others said, "We've done all we can," and ran on. Schirmer managed the reserve artillery fairly. Dilger, the battery commander on Schurz's left, rolled his balls along the plank-road and shelled the wood. General Steinwehr was on hand, cool, collected, and sensible. Like Blair at Atlanta, he had made his men, who were south of Dowdall's, spring to the reverse side of their intrenchments and be ready to fire the instant it was possible.

Let us pause here a moment and follow Doles, who led the enemy's attack. He states that, after his first successful charge, "the command moved forward at the double-quick to assault the enemy, who had taken up a strong position on the crest of a hill in the open field." This position was the one on Hawkins's farm where Devens's and Schurz's reserves began their fight. But wave after wave of Confederate infantry came upon them, and even their left flank was unprotected the instant the runaways had passed it by. To our sorrow, we, who had eagerly observed their bravery, saw them also give way, and the hill and crest on Hawkins's farm were quickly in the hands of the men in gray.

Doles, who must have been a cool man to see so clearly amid the screeching shells and all the hot excitement of battle, says again: "He" (meaning our forces from Schimmelpfennig's and Buschbeck's brigades, and perhaps part of McLean's, who had faced about and had not yet given way) "made a stubborn resistance from behind a watling fence on a hill covered thickly with pine."

Among the stubborn fighters at this place was Major Jere Williams. The enemy was drawing near him. His men fired with coolness and deliberation. His right rested among scrubby bushes and saplings, while his left was in comparatively open ground. The fire of the enemy as he approached was murderous, and almost whole platoons of our men were falling; but yet they held their ground. He waited, rapidly firing, till not more than thirty paces intervened, and then ordered the retreat. Out of three hundred and thirty-three men and sixteen commissioned officers in the regiment (Twenty-fifth Ohio), one hundred and thirty, including five officers, were killed or wounded.

Major Williams brought a part of the living to the breastworks near me; the remainder, he says, were carried off to the rear by another regimental commander.

During the delays we had thus far occasioned to the first division of our enemy, all his rear lines had closed up, and the broad mass began to appear even below me on my left front to the south of Steinwehr's knoll. Then it was after we had been fighting an hour that Sickles's and Pleasonton's guns began to be heard, for they had faced about, at Hazel Grove, obliquely toward the north-west, and were hurrying artillery, cavalry, and infantry into positions to do what they could against the attack now reaching them.

I had come to my last practicable stand. The Confederates were slowly advancing, firing as they came. The twelve guns of Schirmer, the corps' chief of artillery, increased by a part of Dilger's battery, fired, at first with rapidity; but the battery men kept falling from death and wounds. Suddenly, as if by an order, when a sheet of the enemy's fire reached them, a large number of the men in the supporting trenches vacated their positions and went off. No officers ever made more strenuous exertions than those which my staff and myself put forth to stem the tide of retreat and refill those trenches, but the panic was too great. Then our artillery fire became weaker and weaker. I next ordered a retreat to the edge of the forest toward Chancellorsville, so as to uncover Steinwehr's knoll, the only spot yet firmly held. The batteries, except four pieces, were drawn off and hurried to the rear. The stand

at the edge of the forest was necessarily a short one. Steinwehr being now exposed from flank and rear, having held his place for over an hour, drew off his small remnants, and all moved rapidly through openings and woods, through low ground and swamps, the two miles to the first high land south of Hooker's headquarters. Dilger sturdily kept along the plank-road, firing constantly as he retired. The Confederate masses rushed after us in the forest and along all paths and roads with triumphant shouts and redoubled firing, and so secured much plunder and many prisoners.

It was after sundown and growing dark when I met General Hiram G. Berry, as I was ascending the high ground above named.

"Well, General, where now?" he asked.

"You take the right of this road and I will take the left and try to defend it," I replied.

Our batteries, with numerous others, were on the crest facing to the rear, and as soon as Steinwehr's troops had cleared the way they began a terrible cannonade and continued it into the night. They fired into the forest, now replete with Confederates, all disorganized in their exciting chase, and every effort of the enemy to advance in that direction in face of the fire was effectually barred by the artillery and supporting troops.

Stonewall Jackson fell that evening from bullet-wounds, in the forest in front of Berry's position. And on the forenoon of the next day, 3d, the gallant General Berry here met his death. It was here that officers of the Eleventh Corps, though mortified by defeat, successfully rallied the scattered brigades and divisions, and, after shielding the batteries, went eventually during the night to replace the men of the Fifth Corps and thereafter defend the left of the general line.

Twenty-three years ago in my report to General Hooker I wrote the following:

"Now, as to the causes of this disaster to my corps: 1st. Though constantly threatened and apprised of the moving of the enemy, yet the woods were so dense that he was able to mass a large force, whose exact whereabouts neither patrols, reconnaissances, nor scouts ascertained. He succeeded in forming a column opposite to and outflanking my right.

"2d. By the panic produced by the enemy's reverse fire, regiments and artillery were thrown suddenly upon those in position.

"3d. The absence of General Barlow's brigade, which I had previously located in reserve and *en échelon* with Colonel von Gilsa's, so as to cover his right flank. This was the only general reserve I had."

Stonewall Jackson was victorious. Even his enemies praise him; but, providentially for us, it was the last battle which he waged against the American Union. For, in bold planning, in energy of execution which he had the power to diffuse, in indefatigable activity and moral ascendency, Jackson stood head and shoulders above his confrères, and after his death General Lee could not replace him.

O. O. Howard.

SEDGWICK'S ASSAULT AT FREDERICKSBURG.*

CAMP KITCHEN.

FROM our encampment on the Stafford Heights, the bright campfires of the enemy and the scenes of the terrible encounters under Burnside were daily presented to our sight from December until the following April. During this period, with the exception of a futile movement on the right known as the "Mud March," the army remained quiet. The pickets stationed on either bank of the Rappahannock were within hailing distance of each other, and dress and faces could be easily distinguished. By the comity which prevailed there was no firing from either side. One could ride or walk down to the banks of the river with perfect security. Sometimes "Johnnie Reb," as he was called, would rig up a little raft, and loading it with tobacco, start it with sails and rudder set for the other shore. When the precious freight was unloaded, the craft, generously burdened with coffee and salt, would be headed by "Yank" in an opposite direction, where it would be received with loud expressions of thanks. In this and other ways the asperities of the war were mollified. As time rolled on and the weather improved, arrangements were made for an advance. The men were well clothed, rested, and

* See articles on the first battle of Fredericksburg, in the August CENTURY, for pictures of Marye's Heights, the stone wall, and the plain over which the Sixth Corps charged.— EDITOR.

eager to move again to test the fortunes of war.

Of the several plans of attack, Hooker determined to march around the enemy's left flank to Chancellorsville, leaving a portion of the army at Fredericksburg to conceal the real movement. The army struck camp on the 27th of April, and on the 30th Hooker established his headquarters at Chancellorsville. The same evening, in general orders, he said, "It is with heartfelt satisfaction the commanding general announces to the army that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." Hooker forgot the injunction of Ahab to Benhadad. "Tell him," he said, "let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

While the right wing was concentrating at Chancellorsville, the corps of Sedgwick and Reynolds, after considerable opposition, crossed the Rappahannock on pontoon bridges below Fredericksburg, and by the evening of the 30th were deployed on the wide plain where Franklin's Left Grand Division had fought in the previous battle. Sickles's corps was in supporting distance. The position of Lee's army remained unchanged until the 29th, when Lee was informed that large bodies of Federals were moving towards Chancellorsville. It was the first information he had received of Hooker's movement on his left, and it is said he was incensed at the delay of the communication. At midnight Anderson's division of Lee's army hurriedly moved from Fredericksburg, and intrenched about four or five miles from Hooker's headquarters.

In an address of Fitzhugh Lee delivered to the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia he stated: "General Robert E. Lee said that Jackson had first preferred to attack Sedgwick's corps in the plain at Fredericksburg; that Lee told him he felt it was as impracticable as at the first battle of Fredericksburg; it was hard to get at the enemy and harder to get away, on account of the artillery on the north banks, if we drove them into the river; but, said he to Jackson, 'If you think it can be done, I will give you orders for it.' Jackson then asked to be allowed to examine the grounds, and did so during the afternoon, and at night came to Lee and said he thought he (Lee) was right; it would be inexpedient to attack them. 'Move, then,' said Lee, 'at dawn to-morrow up to Anderson.'"

Sickles's and Reynolds's corps having subsequently been ordered to Chancellorsville by Hooker, Sedgwick was left alone below Fredericksburg with about 22,000 men, the Sixth Corps being by several thousand the largest in the army.

During the evening of the 2d of May Hooker sent word to Sedgwick "to take up his line on the Chancellorsville road and attack and destroy any forces he met." He also added that "he (Sedgwick) would probably fall upon the rear of Lee's forces, and between them they would use Lee up." If Hooker thought an insignificant force was in Sedgwick's front, the engagement soon to take place showed how mistaken he was. Sedgwick received the order about eleven o'clock at night. He at once advanced his command to the Bowling Green road and then marched by the right flank towards Fredericksburg. Newton's division was in the advance. The night was dark and the road made darker by the foliage of the trees on either side. The progress was necessarily slow. Frequent short halts were made while the skirmishers were feeling their way. Once when the halt was prolonged and nothing broke the deep silence of the night except an occasional shot followed by the never-to-be-forgotten *ping* of the minie-ball, General Newton, who was riding with the third or fourth regiment from the advance, called out: "Is any of my staff here?" Those present promptly responded, and I was directed to "ride ahead and tell Colonel Shaler to brush away the enemy's pickets." The road was filled with soldiers, some lying down, others resting on their guns, but a passage was quickly cleared. At Hazel Run Colonel Shaler and Colonel Hamblin were found standing together. Here the enemy made a determined resistance. Their pickets were but a few yards distant. On the other side of the creek the road made a sharp ascent and curved to the right. In a subdued tone Colonel Shaler said: "Colonel Hamblin, you have heard the order from General Newton?" At once Colonel Hamblin left. In a moment there was the noise of hurrying feet, the troops quickly disappeared in the dark; a shout, a bright, sudden flash, a roll of musketry followed, and the road was open.

It was the gray of morning when the advance reached the rear and left of Fredericksburg. A negro who came into the lines reported the heights occupied and that the enemy were cutting the canal to flood the roads. To ascertain whether this was true, another delay was caused. No one in the command was acquainted with the topography of the country, and the advance was compelled to move with great caution through the streets and in the outskirts of the town. As the morning dawned, Marye's Heights, the scene of the fierce attacks under Burnside in the previous December, were presented to

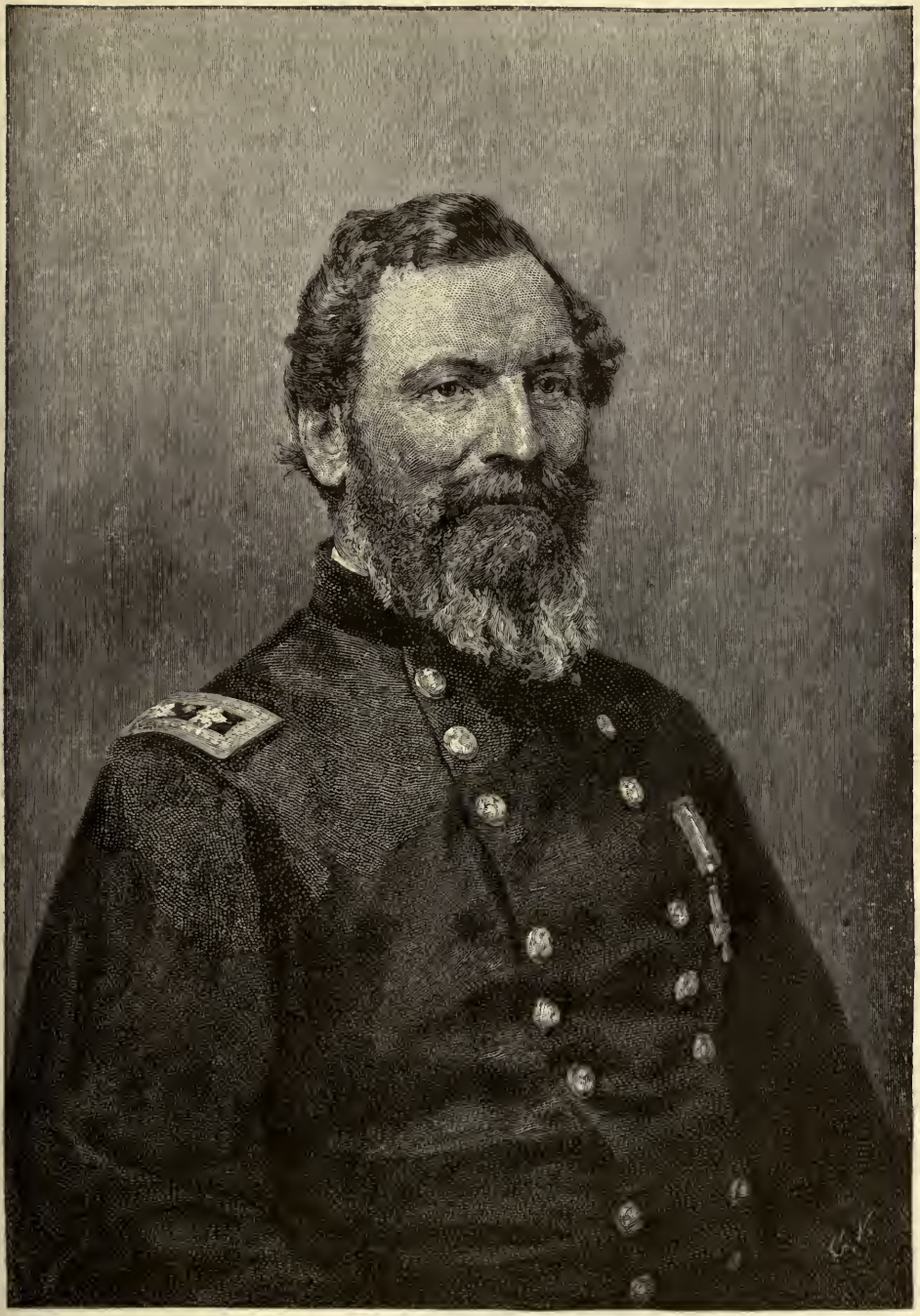
our sight. Several regiments were speedily moved along the open ground in the rear of the town towards the heights, and this movement discovered the enemy in force behind the famous stone wall at the base of the hill. Lee had left Early with his division and Barksdale's brigade, a force of about ten thousand men, to hold Fredericksburg. They were protected by strong works and supported by well-served artillery. It was at once felt that a desperate encounter was to follow, and the recollections of the previous disaster were by no means inspiriting.

It was Sunday morning, and the weather was beautiful. The town was perfectly quiet, many of the inhabitants had fled, not a person was to be seen on the streets, and the windows and blinds of the houses were closed. The marks of the fierce cannonade to which the place had previously been exposed were everywhere visible.

CAPTURE OF A GUN OF THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, ON MARYE'S HEIGHTS.

As soon as practicable and as secretly as possible, Sedgwick prepared to attack the heights. Gibbon, of the Second Corps, who had been left on the north bank, crossed shortly after Sedgwick had captured the town and moved to the right, but his advance was stopped by the canal in front, over which it was impossible to lay bridges in face of the fire from the artillery and infantry on the hill. Sedgwick says, "Nothing remained but to carry the works by direct assault." The attack on Marye's Heights was made under direction of Newton. Two columns, each marching by fours, were formed on the Plank and Telegraph roads, and were supported by a line of infantry from the Light Brigade on the left, commanded by Colonel Burnham. The right column, under Colonel Spear, was composed of the Sixty-first Pennsylvania and the Forty-third New York. These two regiments belonged to the Light Brigade. This column was supported by the Sixty-seventh New York and Eighty-second Pennsylvania, under Colonel Shaler. The left column consisted of the Seventh Massachusetts and Thirty-sixth New York, under Colonel Johns. The line of battle, commanded by Colonel Burnham, was composed of the Fifth Wisconsin (acting as skirmishers), the Sixth Maine, Thirty-first New York (these three regiments also belonging to the Light Brigade), and the Twenty-third Pennsylvania. Howe's division was posted south of Hazel Run, and coöperated handsomely, capturing five guns.

The order to advance was given at eleven o'clock. Sedgwick and Newton with the deepest interest watched the attack from the garden of a brick residence situated on the outskirts of the town and to the left of the Telegraph road, which commanded a full view of the assault. The movements of the enemy showed that they were actively preparing to receive the attack, but the men behind the stone wall were concealed from view. As the left column emerged from the town and was passing near Sedgwick and Newton, the enemy's battery opened, and a portion of a bursting shell struck and killed Major Faxon of the Thirty-sixth New York while mounted and riding with his command, and wounded several



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK, KILLED AT SPOTSYLVANIA IN THE "WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN," MAY 9TH, 1864.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

others. There was an exclamation of horror and a momentary scattering of the rear of the column, but the men quickly closed up and pressed on. Colonel Spear, commanding the right column, was killed at about the same time. Both columns and line, in light marching order, advanced at double-quick without firing a shot. The enemy kept up an incessant artil-

lery fire, and the noise was deafening. Their musketry fire was reserved until our men were within easy range. Then a murderous storm of shot from the stone wall and grape and canister from the hill burst upon the columns and line. For a moment the head of the left column was checked and broken. The column on the right was also broken. Colonel Burnham's line of blue on the green field paused as if to recover breath and slightly wavered. Sedgwick and Newton looked on with unconcealed anxiety, and turned to one another, but remained silent. The suspense was intense. Was it to be a victory or a defeat. Was the place a second time to be a "slaughter-pen"? Was the Sixth Corps to be driven into the river? Staff-officers waving their swords and hurrahing to the men dashed down the Telegraph road. A blinding rain of shot pierced the air. It was more than human nature could face. The head of the column as it reached the lowest part of the decline near a fork in the road seemed to melt away. Many fell; others bending low to the earth hurriedly sought shelter from the undulations of ground and the fences and the two or three wooden structures along the road. Out of four hundred comprising the Seventh Massachusetts, one hundred and fifty were killed and wounded. Colonel Johns, commanding, was severely wounded. Then, as if moved by a sudden impulse and nerved for a supreme effort, both columns and the line in the field simultaneously sprang forward. The stone wall was gained and the men were quickly over it. Just as my horse was jumping through a partial opening one of the enemy, standing slightly to the left and about a horse's length from me, raised his gun and fired. The excitement of the hour must have unnerved his hand, for the ball *zipped* harmlessly by to my right. In a second a bayonet was thrust into his breast by one of our men on my left. Along the wall a hand-to-hand fight took place, and the bayonet and the butt of the musket were freely used. The brilliant and successful charge occupied perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, and immediately after the wall was carried the enemy became panic-stricken. In the flight they threw away guns, knapsacks, pistols, swords, and everything that impeded their speed. One thousand prisoners were taken, besides several battle-flags and pieces of artillery. The commander of a Louisiana battery handed his saber to Colonel Allen of the Fifth Wisconsin. This regiment out of five hundred men lost one hundred and twenty-three, and the Sixth Maine out of about the same number lost one hundred and sixty-seven in killed and wounded. Over six hundred were killed and wounded in the direct assault upon the heights, and the loss to the corps on the entire front was about one thousand.

SALEM CHURCH. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

The view is from the Plank-road. On the left is what remains of the Confederate trenches. The bricks on the four sides of the church are spotted with bullet marks, and especially on the line of the upper windows towards the road, showing that many Union soldiers aimed high. This church was a refuge for many Fredericksburg families during Burnside's battle.—EDITOR.

General G. K. Warren, who had arrived that morning with instructions from headquarters, in his telegram to Hooker, said, "The heights were carried splendidly at eleven A. M. by Newton." Upon reaching the summit of the sharp hill, after passing through the extensive and well wooded grounds of the Marye residence, an exciting scene met the eye. A single glance exhibited to view the broad plateau alive with fleeing soldiers, riderless horses, and artillery and wagon trains on a gallop. The writer hurried back to Sedgwick, who was giving directions for Brooks and Howe to come up, and suggested that it was a rare opportunity for the use of cavalry. With evident regret Sedgwick replied that he did not have a cavalryman. The carrying of the heights had completely divided the enemy's forces, throwing either flank with much confusion on opposite roads, and it seemed as though a regiment of cavalry might have captured not only many prisoners, guns, ammunition, and wagons, but also cleared the way for the corps almost as far as the immediate rear of Lee's

army at Chancellorsville.

Newton's division, exhausted by the night march, the weight of several days' rations and sixty rounds of ammunition, and by the heat, fatigue, and excitement of battle, were allowed to halt for a short time. Many were soon asleep, while others made coffee and partook of their first meal that day.

THE ATTACK ON SEDGWICK AT BANKS'S FORD, MONDAY EVENING, MAY 4TH, AS SEEN FROM THE SAND-BAG BATTTERY NEAR FALMOUTH.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

Brooks's division soon came up from below Hazel Run and took the advance. Newton and Howe followed. The enemy in the mean time had united their forces, and delayed the rapid advance by frequent stands, retiring successively from hill to hill, and opening with artillery. Ravines running at right angles to the main road and the rolling character of country were favorable for impeding the pursuit, which was continued for three or four miles until we reached Salem Church, an unpretentious red-brick structure situated on a ridge covered with dense woods and undergrowth, and to-day it bears many scars of the contest waged around it.

At this point the enemy were in position with four fresh brigades withdrawn from Hooker's front, and prepared to contest any further advance. Lee had met with such complete success in his attack upon Hooker that he felt he could well spare these troops and not suffer. Brooks on the left of the road and Newton on the right quickly formed their commands and made several gallant assaults. The fight was very severe in the thick woods, and for a time with varying success. The crest of the woods and a little schoolhouse near the church were gained, and once it was thought they could be held, but the enemy, in superior numbers, pressed on, and the ground and the church were left in their possession. The contest did not last long, but nearly fifteen hundred brave men were killed and wounded. Bartlett's brigade of four regiments, numbering less than fifteen hundred, lost five hundred and eighty officers and men. That night the soldiers slept on their arms. Sedgwick and Newton passed the anxious hours at the junction of the Plank and Banks's Ford roads.

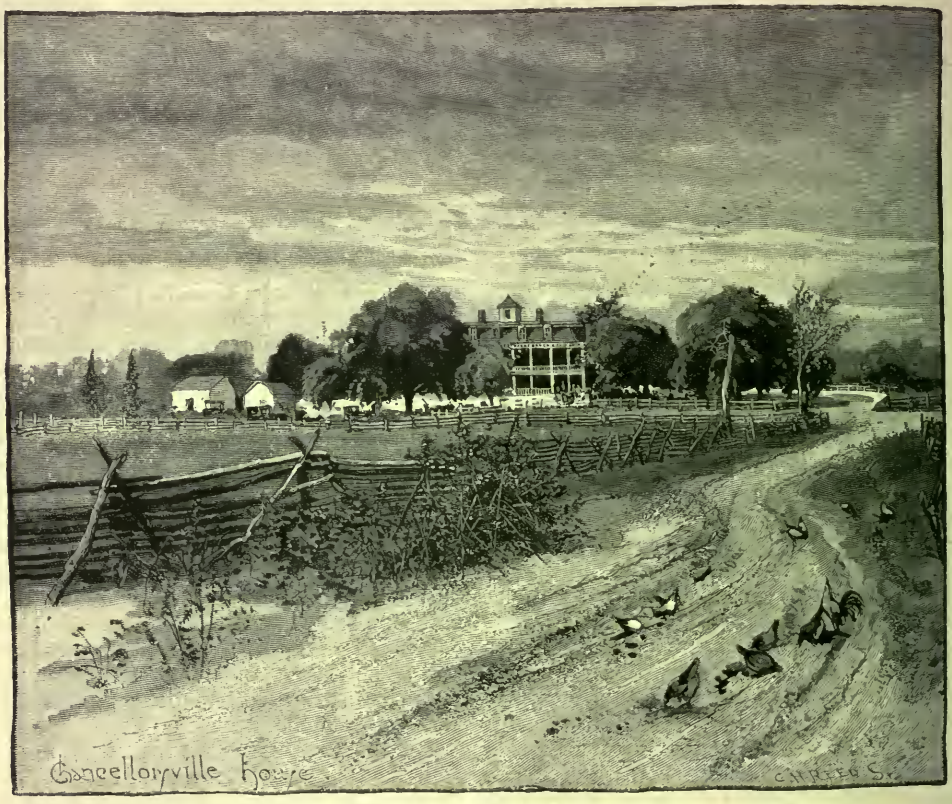
It was understood throughout the Sixth Corps that as soon as it was engaged with the enemy Hooker would immediately attack in his front, and prevent any reënforcements from being sent against Sedgwick. All during that Sabbath day and the next the sound of Hooker's guns were eagerly listened for. No sound would have been more welcome. But after ten o'clock Sunday morning the axe and spade were used more at Chancellorsville than the guns. The feeling became widely prevalent that the Sixth Corps would be compelled to take care of itself. At first it was cautiously whispered that Hooker had failed, and soon the worst was surmised, and it was concluded that no help could be expected from him. The dash, promptness, and confidence which had characterized Hooker as a division and corps commander were gone.

Lee that night withdrew his troops, flushed with their brilliant success, from the front of Hooker, with the exception of Jackson's corps, and marched against Sedgwick. Still Hooker remained inactive; with a force greatly in excess of the enemy in his front, he made no effort to relieve Sedgwick from his perilous position. Works were thrown up by the enemy along the Salem Church ridge, and they extended their right until Marye's Heights and the town of Fredericksburg, won the morning before at so great a sacrifice, were again in their possession.

Sedgwick's position, as finally established, was in the shape of a horseshoe, both flanks resting on the river and covering Banks's ford. His line of battle was between five and six miles in length. Frequent attempts were made, during Monday morning, to communicate with Banks's ford and to direct the laying of pontoon bridges, but for some time roving bodies of the enemy's cavalry, concealed

by the dense woods, frustrated this. The late Colonel Farrar, then on the staff of General Sedgwick, while carrying a message for this purpose, was captured by the enemy and taken to Richmond. The 4th of May dragged along wearily, skirmishing continued all day, the weather was hot, Sedgwick's position was most critical and the keenest anxiety was felt. Lee was in our front with a force much larger than Sedgwick's then available command of about eighteen thousand men, and an attack was momentarily expected, but fortunately Lee consumed the whole day in establishing his lines. The greatest vigilance and activity were exercised by our men in throwing up rifle-pits. Hooker sent word to Sedgwick to look well to the safety of his corps, and fall back either upon Fredericksburg or recross at Banks's ford; he also added that he could do nothing to relieve him. Sedgwick accordingly intrusted Newton with the arrangements for the withdrawal. Newton quickly made himself acquainted with the roads leading to Banks's ford and succeeded in establishing communication with General Benham, in charge of the pontoons at that place.

At six o'clock in the evening the enemy attacked our extreme left with the design of cutting off the corps from Banks's ford. Howe not only maintained his position until nightfall, but also made several counter-charges, capturing several hundred prisoners. The whole corps then successfully fell back to Banks's ford, and the long and painful suspense of the day was over. The picket line in front and on the left of Salem ridge was withdrawn in person by General Russell. I had been directed to assist him. That sterling soldier, dismounted, moved along the line, saying, "Quietly, men, quietly; don't make any noise"; but the jingle of the canteens and other unavoidable sounds on the evening air discovered the movement to the vigilant enemy, and they followed closely, yelling and firing until the double-quick step brought us to our main column on the march about a mile distant. Several of the enemy's scouts penetrated almost to the pontoon bridges at the ford



CHANCELLORSVILLE HOUSE OF TO-DAY.

This picture is from a photograph taken at a reunion of Union and Confederate officers and soldiers in May, 1884. The original house (see page 751) was set on fire by Confederate shells on Sunday, May 3d, shortly after General Hooker was injured while standing on the porch.— EDITOR.

and threw up rockets to mark our position. Immediately the enemy's artillery responded to the signal, shelling both troops and bridges, but with little injury. During the night Sedgwick's corps recrossed the river and took position to meet the enemy, should they, as expected at the time, cross to the north side to renew their attack, or attempt to destroy our depots for supplies near Fredericksburg.

According to Sedgwick the losses of the Sixth Corps in killed, wounded, and captured were 4925 [revised tables, 4,610]. The corps captured five battle-flags and fifteen pieces of artillery, nine of which were brought off, the others falling into the hands of the enemy upon the subsequent reoccupation of Fredericksburg. 1400 prisoners were also taken, including many officers of rank.

The Sixth Corps was fortunate in having for its commander John Sedgwick, a true soldier and patriot, who in appearance and character was not unlike General George H. Thomas.

Huntington W. Jackson.

ESTIMATE OF FORCES AND LOSSES IN THE CHANCELLORSVILLE CAMPAIGN.

ABSTRACT from the return of the Army of the Potomac for April 30, 1863:

	Infantry.	*Cavalry.*	*Artillery.*	*Total.*
Provost Guard.....	1,868	95	254	2,217
Artillery Reserve ..	320	..	1,290	1,610
First Corps.....	15,782	65	1,061	16,908
Second Corps	15,907	9	977	16,893
Third Corps.....	17,568	..	1,153	18,721
Fifth Corps.....	14,867	..	857	15,724
Sixth Corps	22,427	104	1,136	23,667
Eleventh Corps....	12,170	50	757	12,977
Twelfth Corps.....	12,929	..	521	13,450
Cavalry Corps.....	..	11,079	462	11,541
Aggregate ..	113,838	11,402	8,468	133,708

Exclusive of the provost guard (reported above) and the engineers (not entered on the return among the number available for line of battle), the Union army, in round numbers, consisted of about 130,000 effectives, with 404 pieces of artillery.

Abstract from the return of the Army of Northern Virginia for March 31, 1863 (there is no return for April in the possession of the Government):

Anderson's Division	7,665
McLaws's Division	7,984
Jackson's Corps	33,333
Stuart's Cavalry	6,509
Reserve Artillery	1,621
Total of all arms	57,112

To this should fairly be added the increase during the month of April, a period of "rest and recruiting," of perhaps 3000, and perhaps 1500 for the reserve artillery of Jackson's corps, which is not accounted for on the return, as shown by a note thereon.

This would give a total of 61,612, from which should be deducted Hampton's brigade of Stuart's cavalry, which we estimate at 1600, and which had been sent to the interior to recruit. These estimates make about 60,000 as the effective force under General Lee, with about 170 pieces of artillery. (Hood's and Pickett's divisions and Dearing's and Henry's artillery battalions were absent with General Longstreet in south-eastern Virginia.)

UNION ARMY.	*Killed.*	*Wounded.*	*Captured or Missing.*	*Total.*
General Headq'rs....	..	1	..	1
First Corps	27	218	54	299
Second Corps	149	1,042	732	1,923
Third Corps.....	378	2,645	1,096	4,119
Fifth Corps.....	69	472	159	700
Sixth Corps.....	487	2,638	1,485	4,610
Eleventh Corps.....	217	1,221	974	2,412
Twelfth Corps.....	261	1,442	1,121	2,824
Engineers	1	6	1	8
Cavalry Corps.....	17	75	297	389
Aggregate	1,606	9,760	5,919	17,285

CONFEDERATE ARMY.	*Killed.*	*Wounded.*	*Captured or Missing.*	*Total.*
McLaws's Division....	217	1,278	394	1,889
Anderson's Division....	186	1,049	210	1,445
Artillery Reserve	9	43	21	73
Jackson's Headq'rs	2	3	..	5
A. P. Hill's Division...	412	2,171	279	2,862
D. H. Hill's Div. (Rodes)	397	1,866	713	2,976
Early's Division	136	838	500	1,474
Trimble's Div. (Colston)	272	1,596	100	1,968
Corps Artillery.....	26	124	26	176
Stuart's Control	5	13	12	30
Aggregate	1,662	8,981	2,255	12,898

The above statements of losses during the Chancellorsville campaign, beginning April 27, and ending May 11, 1863, are compiled from the Official Records.— EDITOR.

CHANCELLORSVILLE REVISITED BY GENERAL HOOKER.

IN October, 1876, I accompanied General Hooker to the battle-fields of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Antietam, fields on which he had borne conspicuous parts. It was the first and only occasion on which he visited them after the battles. Previously he had placed in my hands his official papers and memoranda for the preparation of a history of the Battle of Chancellorsville, at the same time requesting me to make this journey with him, that I might have the advantage of a thorough knowledge of the field, and of his interpretation of the manner in which the battle was fought. At this period he was partially paralyzed, from the injury received in the Chancellorsville battle, and he could move only with great difficulty by the aid of his valet.

Some Southern ladies were on the boat which carried us down the Potomac, and the merits of the Confederate generals were, in

a friendly way, discussed. In the free exuberance of conversation, the subject was inadvertently broached why the general had postponed marriage till so late in life. He responded very frankly that service in the Florida war and in the war with Mexico was not favorable to a matrimonial alliance; that in the ten years or more of his residence in California and Oregon, during the early gold craze, few ladies made their way to the Pacific coast, and upon his return to Washington in 1861, he had entered immediately the active service of his country. When the war was over and peaceful days returned, he felt that the time had come to seek a wife. A common friend had mentioned the name of Miss Olivia Groesbeck of Cincinnati, a refined and accomplished lady, and he determined to make her acquaintance; he learned that she was spending the season at Niagara Falls, and thither he went. As the conveyance reined up in front of the hotel, the very first person upon whom his eyes fell, was Miss Groesbeck seated upon the veranda.

General Hooker at that time was in the pride of manly beauty. Old soldiers have said that of the multitude of officers whom the war brought into prominence, none realized their ideal of a soldier in an equal degree with him. Noble in form, erect in carriage, he sat his horse like the fabled centaur. It was, therefore, in the course of nature that he should win the heart and the hand of the woman whom he had come to woo.

After our arrival at Fredericksburg, General Hooker was the recipient of many courteous attentions from the leading citizens, and at night he was serenaded, when a great crowd assembled in front of the hotel, to whose repeated cheers he made a brief response, in which he said that he had never visited their city but once before, and although his reception now was not nearly so warm as on that former day, yet it was far more agreeable to him,—a conceit which greatly pleased his audience.

Our drive over the Fredericksburg field was on one of the most perfect of autumnal days, and at every turn fresh reminiscences of the battle were suggested. As we approached the flag-staff of the National Cemetery, on the hill adjoining the Marye Heights, where 15,257 of the Union dead of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, and Spotsylvania are buried, General Hooker said: "I never think of this ground but with a shudder. The whole scene is indelibly fixed in my mind, as it appeared to me on that fatal day. Here on this ground were ranged the enemy's cannon, and the heights further to his left were thickly planted with pieces; all the infantry he could use was disposed behind earthworks and stone walls. How this could have been selected as the point, above all others, for attack, and followed up until four whole divisions had been sacrificed, I cannot comprehend. As I stand here this day, the impossibility of carrying this ground by direct assault is no more apparent than it was when I made my observation preparatory to ordering Humphrey's division forward. But it is evident that General Burnside never forgave me for counseling him on that occasion as I did, for on January 23d, he drew up an order, known as Order No. 8, of his series, dishonorably dismissing me from the service, together with three other prominent general officers, at the same time relieving five other officers from duty. I was grossly maligned by the press of that day, and it was generally believed by the people at the North that I had not faithfully supported General Burnside in this battle, and that I was aiming thereby to supplant him. If these brave men who are sleeping here beneath our feet could speak, they would bear testimony to my sincerity and fidelity to the cause we were battling for; and though I have suffered in silence and my reputation has been grossly aspersed, I have rested in the firm belief that my conduct on that day would be justified by the American people."

This order, No. 8, was prepared on the 23d of January, 1863, and would have been immediately promulgated had not General Burnside been counseled first to lay it before President Lincoln, of whom he asked that it be approved, as drawn, or that his own resignation be accepted. The President refused to accept his resignation, but relieved him of the command of the Army of the Potomac; and so little effect had the order upon the mind of Mr. Lincoln that he decided to place Hooker, at whom the shaft was chiefly aimed at the head of the army. And yet so strong a hold had this unjust opinion on the public mind that even the President was tinctured with it, and in his remarkable letter to General Hooker, informing him of his appointment, he said:

"I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not an indispensable, quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such way as to believe it, of your recently saying

that both the Army and the Government needed a Dictator. Of course it was not *for* this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The Government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it.

"And now beware of rashness — Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward, and give us victories."

The caution against rashness may have been suggested to the mind of Mr. Lincoln by the epithet of "Fighting Joe Hooker," which the general never heard without expressing his deep regret that it was ever applied to him. "People will think I am a highwayman or a bandit," he said; when in fact he was one of the most kindly and tender-hearted of men.

We were accompanied on our ride to the Chancellorsville field, some ten or twelve miles above Fredericksburg, by Major George E. Chancellor, a son of Melzi Chancellor, whose home at the time of the battle was at Dowdall's tavern, where General Howard had his headquarters. On setting out, General Hooker suggested that we should take some lunch along with us, as, when he was there last, there was very little to eat in all that region. Major Chancellor thought it unnecessary, and, in fact, we were feasted most sumptuously at his father's house.

Upon our arrival at the broad, open, rolling fields opposite Banks's Ford, some three or four miles up the stream, General Hooker exclaimed, waving his hand significantly: "Here, on this open ground, I intended to fight my battle. But the trouble was to get my army on it, as the banks of the stream are, as you see, rugged and precipitous, and the few fords were strongly fortified and guarded by the enemy.

"By making a powerful demonstration in front of and below the town of Fredericksburg with a part of my army, I was able, unobserved, to withdraw the remainder, and, marching nearly thirty miles up the stream, to cross the Rappahannock and the Rapidan unopposed, and in four days' time to arrive at Chancellorsville within five miles of this coveted ground, and all this without General Lee having discovered that I had left my position in his front. So far, I regarded my movement as a great success.

"On the morning of the fifth day my army was astir, and was put in motion on three lines through the tangled forest (the Wilderness) which covers the whole country around Chancellorsville, and in three hours' time I would have been in position on these crests, and in possession of Banks's Ford in short and easy communication with the other wing of my army. But at midnight of that morning General Lee moved out with his whole army, and by sunrise had firm possession of Banks's Ford, had thrown up this line of breastworks which you can still follow with the eye, and had it bristling with cannon from one end to the other. Before I had proceeded two miles the heads of my columns, while still upon the narrow roads in these interminable forests, where it was impossible to manœuvre my forces, were met by Jackson with a full two-thirds of the entire Confederate army. I had no alternative but to turn back as I had only a fragment of my command in hand and take up the position about Chancellorsville which I had occupied during the night, as I was being rapidly outflanked upon my right, the enemy having open ground on which to operate.

"And here again my reputation has been attacked because I did not undertake to accomplish an impossibility, but turned back at this point; and every history of the war that has been written has soundly berated me because I did not fight here in the forest with my hands tied behind me, and allow my army to be sacrificed. I have always believed that impartial history would vindicate my conduct in this emergency."

Soon after leaving the open ground opposite Banks's Ford we entered the dense forest, or "Wilderness," which covers the entire Chancellorsville battle-ground. "A dense forest," says General Warren, "of not very large trees, but very difficult to get through; mainly of scrubby oak, what they call black-jack there, so that a man could hardly ride through it, and a man could not march through it very well with musket in hand, unless he trailed it."

Every important position was observed and commented upon by the man who on those fierce battle-days had wielded, on this very ground, an army of a hundred thousand men. On approaching the pine-tree under which Generals Lee and Jackson had planned the mode of attack, General Hooker observed, "It was under that tree that the mischief was devised which came near ruining my army. My position at Chancellorsville was a good one for this monotonous country. I felt confident when I reached it that I had eighty chances in a hundred to win. To make sure that everything was firm and strong, very early on the 2d of May, the first day of the battle, I rode along the whole line, and per-

sonally examined every part, suggesting some changes and counseling extreme vigilance. Upon my return to headquarters I was informed that a continuous column of the enemy had been marching past my front since early in the morning, as of a corps with all its *impedimenta*. This put an entirely new phase upon the problem, and filled me with apprehension for the safety of my right wing, which was posted to meet a front attack from the south, but was in no condition for a flank attack from the west; for this marching of the enemy's corps, to my mind, meant a flank movement upon my right. I immediately dictated a dispatch* to "Generals Slocum and Howard," the latter commanding the Eleventh Corps, which stood upon the extreme right, saying that I had good reason to believe that the enemy was moving to our right, and that they must be ready to meet an attack from the west. This was at half-past nine in the morning. In the course of two hours I got a dispatch from General Howard, saying that he could see a column of the enemy moving westward, and that he was taking the precautions necessary 'to resist an attack from the west.'† I had previously put Williams's division of the Twelfth Corps on an interior line looking westward, and had it fortified, so that if Howard should give way, this interior line would be for safety, as it afterwards proved my salvation.

"I sent Sickles to pierce this moving column of the enemy, and made preparations to flank the portion of Lee's army which was still upon my front, in the direction of Fredericksburg, and, sweeping down in reverse, destroy it if possible. But a swamp intervened which had to be corduroyed, and a small stream had to be bridged, which consumed time; and though Sickles was successful in breaking in upon the enemy's column and making some captures, yet, before he was in position to make his decisive attack, Jackson, who had led his column by a long circuit out of sight and hearing, through the dense forest, came in upon my right flank, and by one concentrated blow of his whole corps, some twenty-five thousand men, had crushed and put to flight almost the entire corps of Howard, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could lead up my reserves to the interior line of Williams, and bring Jackson's victorious forces to a halt. This failure of Howard to hold his ground cost us our position, and I was forced, in the presence of the enemy, to take up a new one. Upon investigation I found that Howard had failed properly to obey my instructions, to prepare to meet the enemy from the west." In this connection the following extracts from a letter to General Hooker from General Schurz (who subsequently gave General Hooker leave to print) will be read with interest:

40 W. 32d St., New York, April 22, 1876.

"My Dear General: Your letter of the 8th inst. was forwarded to me from St. Louis, and reached me here early this morning, and I hasten to reply. I regret very much that, my papers being boxed up, I have no access to a memorandum of the circumstances connected with the battle of Chancellorsville, as they came under my observation, which memorandum I put on paper shortly after that event. So I have to depend upon my memory in answering your questions. According to my recollection you are mistaken in your impression that General Howard put your dispatches and orders into his pocket without communicating them to his division-commanders. About noon or a little after on the day of the attack on the Eleventh Corps I was at General Howard's headquarters, a house on the Chancellorsville road near the center of our position. General Howard, being very tired, wanted to rest a little, and asked me as next in rank to open dispatches that might arrive and to wake him in case they were of immediate importance. Shortly after a courier arrived with a dispatch from you calling General Howard's attention to the movement of the enemy toward our right flank, and instructing him to take precautionary measures against an attack from that quarter. I went in to General Howard at once and read it to him, and if I remember rightly, while we were speaking about it, another courier, or one of your young staff-officers, arrived with a second dispatch of virtually the same purport. We went out and discussed the matter on the porch of the house. I am not sure whether General Steinwehr was present or not. . . .

"I have seen it stated that my troops were already gone when General Devens's division in its hurried retreat reached my position. This is utterly untrue. Some of my regiments which had remained in their old position, succeeded in wheeling round under the fire of the enemy, others were swept away, but those whose front I had changed during the afternoon in anticipation of the attack held their ground a considerable time after the débris of General Devens's division had swept through our line. I saw General Devens, wounded, carried by, and he had long been . . . in the rear when we were overpowered and fell back upon Colonel Buschbeck's position, where General Howard in the meantime had been trying to rally the routed troops. This also you will find in my report. My loss in killed and wounded was quite heavy, if I remember rightly about twenty per cent.

"I ought to add that he [General Howard] thought he could not carry out as well as he desired your instruction to hold a strong reserve in hand, for the reason that General Barlow's brigade of Steinwehr's

* "H'dq'rs Army of the Potomac, Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863, 9:30 A. M. *Circular*. Major-Generals Slocum and Howard: I am directed by the Major-General commanding to say that the disposition you have made of your corps has been with a view to a front attack by the enemy. If he should throw himself upon your flank, he wishes you to examine the ground and determine upon the position you will take in that event, in order that you may be prepared for him in whatever direction he advances. He suggests that you have heavy reserves well in hand to meet this contingency. The right of your line does not appear to be strong enough. No artificial defenses worth naming have been thrown up, and there appears to be a scarcity of troops at that point, and not, in the general's opinion, as favorably posted as might be. We have good reason to suppose that the enemy is moving to our right. Please advance your pickets for purposes of observation as far as may be safe, in order to obtain timely information of their approach. J. H. Van Alen, Brigadier-General and Aid-de-Camp."

† "Headquarters 11th Corps, May 2d, 10 m. to 11 o'k [10:50 A. M.] Maj.-Genl. Hooker, Comd'g Army. General: From Gen. Devens's headquarters we can observe a column of infantry moving westward on a road parallel with this on a ridge about 1 ½ to 2 miles south of this. I am taking measures to resist an attack from the west. Respectfully, O. O. Howard, Maj.-Gen.

division had been ordered to the support of Sickles. All the precaution that was taken against a flank attack, aside from what I did without orders, was the construction of a small rifle-pit across the Chancellorsville road in the rear of my division, near the house [Dowdall's tavern] occupied by General Howard as headquarters. If you should desire information on any particular point I may not have touched here, I shall be glad to give it if possible. Your letters will find me at 40 West 32d St., New York, until June 8th. Of course this hasty note is not written with any expectation on my part to see it printed as part of an historical narrative. It is simply to give *you* the information you wish for, and which it gives me pleasure to furnish.

"Very truly yours,

"MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER. C. SCHURZ.

"P. S. Whether General Howard received on that day any dispatches or instructions from you subsequent to those mentioned, I do not know."*

When we arrived at the Chancellor House, (which is all there is of Chancellorsville,) where General Hooker had his headquarters, and where he received the hurt which came near proving mortal, General Hooker said, "I was standing on this step of the portico on the Sunday morning of the 3d of May, and was giving direction to the battle, which was now raging with great fury, the cannon-balls reaching me from both the east and the west, when a solid shot struck the pillar near me, splitting it in two, and throwing one-half longitudinally against me, striking my whole right side, which soon turned livid. For a few moments I was senseless, and the report spread that I had been killed. But I soon revived, and to correct the misapprehension, I insisted on being lifted upon my horse, and rode back towards the white house, which subsequently became the center of my new position. Just before reaching it, the pain from my hurt became so intense, that I was likely to fall, when I was assisted to dismount, and was laid upon a blanket spread out upon the ground, and was given some brandy. This revived me, and I was assisted to remount. Scarcely was I off the blanket, when a solid shot, fired by the enemy at Hazel Grove, struck in the very center of that blanket, where I had a moment before been lying, and tore up the earth in a savage way." Turning to Major Chancellor, who was standing by, General Hooker said, "Ah, Major! Your people were after me with a sharp stick on that day."

But a short distance from the Chancellor House, in the direction of Dowdall's tavern, our carriage was halted, and dismounting, Major Chancellor led us a few paces out of the road, along a faint cart-path, when he said, "This is the place where Stonewall Jackson received the wounds which proved mortal." "I have always been struck," observed General Hooker, "with the last words of General Jackson, evincing how completely he was absorbed in the progress of the battle. In his delirium he was still upon the field, and he cried out, 'Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action — pass the infantry to the front rapidly — tell Major Hawks —' when he stopped with the sentence unfinished. After a little his brow relaxed, as if from relief, and he said, 'Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees,'—and these were his last words."

Arriving at Dowdall's tavern, General Hooker pointed out the excellent position which was here afforded for Howard's corps to have made a stout defense. "Buschbeck's brigade of that corps," said he, "did do wonders here, and held the whole impetuous onset of the enemy in check for an hour or more, which gave me opportunity to bring my reserves into position. The loss of this ground brought me into so cramped a condition that I was obliged to take up a new position, which I successfully accomplished. I now ordered Sedgwick, who commanded the Sixth Corps, the largest in my army, some twenty-two thousand men, which had been left to demonstrate in front of Fredericksburg, to cross the river and move rapidly up to my left. The effect of so heavy a body of fresh troops coming in upon the enemy's flank, I calculated would be decisive. But Sedgwick was dilatory in moving, which gave the enemy time to con-

* The following are extracts from the official report to General Howard of General Schurz, who shows, besides, that his division made strenuous efforts to stem the assaults of Jackson's men: "In the course of the forenoon I was informed that large columns of the enemy could be seen from General Devens's headquarters, moving from east to west. . . . I observed them plainly as they moved on. I rode back to your [General Howard's] headquarters, and on the way ordered Captain Dilger to look for good artillery positions on the field fronting west, as the troops would, in all probability, have to execute a change of front. The matter was largely discussed at your headquarters, and I entertained and expressed in our informal conversations, the opinion that we should form upon the open ground we then occupied, with our front at right angles with the plank road, lining the church grove and the border of the woods east of the open plain with infantry, placing strong échelons behind both wings, and distributing the artillery along the front on ground most favorable for its action, especially on the eminence on the right and left of Dowdall's tavern. . . . In the absence of orders, but becoming more and more convinced that the enemy's attack would come from the west and fall upon our right and rear, I took it upon my own responsibility to detach two regiments from the second line of my second brigade and to place them in a good position on the right and left of Ely's Ford road, west of Hawkins's farm, so as to check the enemy if he should attack our extreme right and penetrate through the woods at that point. This was subsequently approved by you. . . . With these exceptions, no change was made in the position occupied by the corps. The losses suffered by my division in the action of May 2d were very severe in proportion to my whole effective force. I had 15 officers killed, 23 wounded, and 15 missing, and 102 men killed, 365 wounded, and 441 missing; total, 953. . . . My whole loss amounted to about 23 per cent. . . . In closing this report I beg leave to make one additional remark. The Eleventh Corps, and, by error or malice, especially the Third Division, has been held up to the whole country as a band of cowards. My division has been made responsible for the defeat of the Eleventh corps, and the Eleventh Corps for the failure of the campaign. Preposterous as this is, yet we have been overwhelmed by the army and the press with abuse and insult beyond measure. We have borne as much as human nature can endure. I am far from saying that on May 2d everybody did his duty to the best of his power.

But one thing I will say, because I know it: these men are no cowards. . . . I have seen with my own eyes, troops who now affect to look down upon the Eleventh Corps with sovereign contempt, behave much worse under circumstances far less trying. . . ."—EDITOR.

centrate and stop him before he had moved over half the distance, and I consequently got no help from him."

I ventured to ask why he did not attack when he found that the enemy had weakened his forces in the immediate front and sent them away to meet Sedgwick. "That," said he, "would seem to have been the reasonable thing to do. But we were in this impenetrable thicket. All the roads and openings leading through it, the enemy immediately fortified strongly, and planted thickly his artillery commanding all the avenues, so that with reduced numbers he could easily hold his lines, shutting me in, and it became utterly impossible to manœuvre my forces. My army was not beaten. Only a part of it had been engaged. The First Corps, commanded by Reynolds, whom I regarded as the ablest officer under me, was fresh, and ready and eager to be brought into action, as was my whole army. But I had been fully convinced of the futility of attacking fortified positions, and I was determined not to sacrifice my men needlessly, though it should be at the expense of my reputation as a fighting officer. We had already had enough grievous experience in that line. I made frequent demonstrations to induce the enemy to attack me, but he would not accept my challenge. Accordingly, when the eight days' rations with which my army started out were exhausted, I retired across the river. Before doing so I sent orders to General Sedgwick to hold his position near Banks's Ford, on the south side of the stream, and I would bring my whole army to his support; but the order failed to reach him until he had already recrossed the river. Could I have had my army on the open grounds at that point where I could have manœuvred it properly, I felt assured that I could have gained a decisive victory. But this, my last chance, was frustrated."

Samuel P. Bates.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Lee's Knowledge of Hooker's Movements.

THE assertion that Hooker's move upon Chancellorsville was a surprise to General Lee is a great mistake. Every day, Lee had information of Hooker's movements. The following letter, sent by Lee to Jackson and by the latter to me, has never been out of my possession since. It shows the remarkable intuition which enabled General Lee on so many occasions to foresee and penetrate the intentions of his antagonist. In this case a demonstration had been made on our extreme right at Port Royal, and without waiting for orders I had gone with a brigade and battery to meet it. I reported the facts to General Jackson, and it is my letter to him to which General Lee refers:

"HEADQUARTERS A. N. VA., April 23, 1863. LIEUT.-GEN'L T. J. JACKSON, Com'g Corps. GEN'L: I have received General Colston's letter of 8½ o'clock to-day which you forwarded to me. I think from the account given me by L't-Col. Smith of the Engineers, who was at Port Royal yesterday, of the enemy's operations there, the day and night previous, that his present purpose is to draw our troops in that direction while he attempts a passage elsewhere. I would not then send down more troops than are actually necessary. I will notify Gen'ls McLaws and Anderson to be on the alert, for I think that if a real attempt is made to cross the river it will be above Fredericksburg. Very respectfully, R. E. LEE, Gen'l."

The back of the letter was endorsed by Jackson, 'Respectfully referred to General Colston for his guidance." It was also marked "confidential," and both the front and the back of the envelope were marked "private," so that not even my Adjutant General should open it in case of my absence.

The Federal writers have wondered why Jackson's corps did not complete its work on the evening of May 2d. They do not realize the condition of our troops after their successful charge on Howard. We had forced our way through brush so dense that the troops were nearly stripped of their uniforms. Brigades, regiments, and companies had become so mixed that they could not be handled; besides which the darkness of evening was so intensified by the shade of the dense woods that nothing could be seen a few yards off. The halt at that time was not a mistake, but a necessity. So far from intending to stop, Jackson was hurrying A. P. Hill's division to the front to take the place of Rodes's and mine and to continue the attack, when he was wounded; A. P. Hill was also wounded soon afterwards, and the advance of his troops in the narrow road on which alone they could move, was checked by the shell and canister of twelve Napoleon guns, from an elevation within five hundred yards. The slaughter and confusion were greatly increased by this terrible fire in the darkness of the night, so that the pause in the attack was one of those fatalities of war that no skill or foresight can prevent.

It was about one o'clock on Sunday that Lee received information that Early had been driven from Marye's Heights and was falling back before Sedgwick. Jackson's corps, which had been fighting since six o'clock the previous evening, with very little rest during the night, renewing the conflict at daylight, and capturing the positions at Chancellorsville, was by this time much diminished by casualties and much exhausted by fatigue, hunger, and thirst; but it was preparing to move upon Hooker's last line of intrenchments, erected during the night on very strong positions. My division was in the lead in line of battle. It was then that I received an order to report at once in person to General Lee. I found him standing in a small tent pitched by the roadside. His plain gray sack-coat with only three stars on the rolling collar, was, like his face, well sprinkled with the dust of the battlefield. In low, quiet tones he said to me: "General, I wish you to advance with your division on

the United States Ford road. I expect you will meet with resistance before you come to the bend of the road. I do not want you to attack the enemy's positions, but only to feel them. Send your engineer officer with skirmishers to the front to reconnoiter and report. Don't engage seriously, but keep the enemy in check and prevent him from advancing."

I am confident that these were almost the exact words of General Lee, to which he added, "Move at once," which I did. The result is related in my official report of the battle. I was not a little puzzled at the time (not knowing the situation at Fredericksburg), and I wondered why we were not to continue our advance and hurl Hooker into the river. General Lee left the field at Chancellorsville immediately after giving me the above orders, and hastened to Early's support with McLaws's division, Mahone's brigade, and other troops, and compelled Sedgwick to retreat across the Rappahannock.

R. E. Colston.

The Reserve at Antietam.

THE Antietam articles in the June CENTURY have renewed the old question as to why McClellan did not press his advantage on the afternoon of Sept. 17th.

At the battle of Antietam I commanded one of the battalions of Sykes's division of regulars, held in reserve on the north of Antietam creek near the stone bridge. Three of our battalions were on the south side of the creek, deployed as skirmishers in front of Sharpsburg. At the time A. P. Hill began to force Burnside back upon the left, I was talking with Colonel Buchanan, our brigade commander, when an orderly brought him a note from Captain (now Colonel) Blunt, who was the senior officer with the battalions of our brigade beyond the creek. The note, as I remember, stated in effect that Captain Dryer, commanding the Fourth Infantry, had ridden into the enemy's lines, and upon returning had reported that there was but one Confederate battery and two regiments in front of Sharpsburg, connecting the wings of Lee's army. Dryer was one of the coolest and bravest officers in our service, and on his report Blunt asked instructions. We learned afterwards that Dryer proposed that he, Blunt and O'Connel, commanding the Fourth, Twelfth, and Fourteenth Infantries should charge the enemy in Sharpsburg instanter. But Blunt preferred asking for orders. Colonel Buchanan sent the note to Sykes, who was at the time talking with General McClellan and Fitz John Porter, about a hundred and fifty yards from us. They were sitting on their horses between Taft's and Weed's batteries a little to our left. I saw the note passed from one to the other in the group, but could not, of course, hear what was said.

We received no orders to advance, however, although the advance of a single brigade at the time (sunset) would have cut Lee's army in two.

After the war, I asked General Sykes why our reserves did not advance upon receiving Dryer's report. He answered that he remembered the circumstance very well and that he thought McClellan was inclined to order in the Fifth Corps but that when he spoke of doing so Fitz John Porter said: "Remember, General! I command the last reserve of the last Army of the Republic."

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who will not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

Thomas M. Anderson.

Lieut.-Colonel Ninth Infantry, U. S. A.

General Grant's Reasons for Relieving General William F. Smith.

THE CENTURY of May publishes a letter from General William Farrar Smith in reply to General Grant, in which he states:

". . . I sought an explanation from him on the day of my return, and he was as reticent in assigning any cause for his action then as he was twenty-one years after, when, in preparing a contribution to the history of the war, he again passed sentence upon me without assigning a reason of any kind for his condemnation. I am to-day as ignorant of the causes for his action as I was then."

The following is an extract from a letter which has never been made public:

"COLLEGE POINT, L. I., July 30, 1864.

"HON. S. FOOT.

"DEAR SENATOR: I am extremely anxious that my friends in my native State should not think that the reason of General Grant relieving me from duty was brought about by any misconduct of mine, and therefore I write to put you in possession of such facts in the case as I am aware of, and think will throw light upon the subject. . . .

"On my return from a short leave of absence, on the 19th of July, General Grant sent for me to report to him, and then told me that he 'could not relieve General Butler,' and that as I had so severely criticised General Meade, he had determined to relieve me from the command of the Eighteenth Corps, and order me to New York City to await orders. The next morning the General gave some other reasons, such as an article in the 'Tribune' reflecting on General Hancock, which I had nothing in the world to do with, and two letters which I had written, before the campaign began, to two of General Grant's most devoted friends, urging upon them to try and prevent him from making the campaign he had just made. . . . Very truly yours,

"WILLIAM F. SMITH, Major-General."

The above may refresh General Smith's recollection.

Joel Benedict Erhardt.

A Correction from Mr. Whittier.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY: My attention has been called to an article in the June number of THE CENTURY, in which the writer, referring to the poem on Barbara Frietchie, says, "The story will perhaps live, as Mr. Whittier has boasted, until it gets beyond the reach of correction." Those who know me will bear witness that I am not in the habit of boasting of anything whatever, least of all, of congratulating myself upon a doubtful statement outliving the possibility of correction. I certainly made no "boast" of the kind imputed to me. The poem of Barbara Frietchie was written in good faith. The story was no invention of mine. It came to me from sources which I regarded as entirely reliable; it had been published in newspapers, and had gained public credence in Washington and Maryland before my poem was written. I had no reason to doubt its accuracy then, and I am still constrained to believe that it had foundation in fact. If I thought otherwise I should not hesitate to express it. I have no pride of authorship to interfere with my allegiance to truth.

AMESBURY, 6 Mo. 10, 1886. *John G. Whittier.*

NOTES FROM THE PRAIRIE.

THE best lesson I have had for a long time in the benefits of contentment and of the value of one's own nook or corner of the world, however circumscribed it may be, as a point from which to observe nature and life, comes to me from a prairie correspondent, an invalid lady, confined to her room year in and year out, and yet who sees more and appreciates more than many of us who have the freedom of a whole continent. Having her permission, why should I not share these letters with my readers, especially since there are other house-bound or bed-bound invalids whom they may reach and who may derive some cheer or suggestion from them? Words uttered in a popular magazine like THE CENTURY are like the vapors that go up from the ground and the streams: they are sure to be carried far and wide, and to fall again as rain or dew, and one little knows what thirsty plant or flower they may reach and nourish. I am thinking of another fine spirit, couch-bound in one of the northern New England States, who lives in a town that bears the same name as that in which my Western correspondent resides, and into whose chamber my slight and desultory papers have also brought something of the breath of the fields and woods, and who in return has given me many glimpses of nature through eyes purified by suffering.

Women are about the best lovers of nature, after all; at least of nature in her milder and more familiar forms. The feminine character, the feminine perceptions, intuitions, delicacy, sympathy, quickness, etc., are more responsive to natural forms and influences than is the masculine mind.

My Western correspondent sees existence as from an altitude, and sees where the complements and compensations come in. She lives upon the prairie, and she says it is as the ocean to her, upon which she is adrift, and always expects to be, until she reaches the other shore. Her house is the ship which she never leaves. "What is visible from my window is the sea, changing only from winter to summer as the sea changes from storm to sunshine. But there is one advantage,— messages can come to me continually from all the wide world."

One summer she wrote she had been hoping to be well enough to renew her acquaintance with the birds, the flowers, the woods, but instead was confined to her room more closely than ever.

"It is a disappointment to me, but I decided long ago that the wisest plan is to make the best of things; to take what is given you, and make the most of it. To gather up the fragments that nothing may be lost, applies to one's life as well as to other things. Though I cannot walk, I can think and read and write; probably I get my share of pleasure from sources that well people are apt to neglect. I have learned that the way to be happy is to keep so busy that thoughts of self are forced out of sight; and to live for others, not for ourselves.

"Sometimes, when I think over the matter, I am half sorry for well people, because, you see, I have so much better company than they can have, for I have so much more time to go all over the world and meet all the best and wisest people in it. Some of them died long ago to the most of people, but to me they are just as much alive as they ever were; they give me their best and wisest thoughts without the disagreeable accompaniments others must endure. Other people use their eyes and ears and pens for me; all I have to do is to sit still and enjoy the results. Dear friends I have everywhere, though I am unknown to them; what right have I to wish for more privileges than I have?"

There is philosophy for you — philosophy which looks fate out of countenance. It seems that if we only have the fortitude to take the ills of life cheerfully and say to fortune, "Thy worst is good enough for me," behold the worst is already repentant and fast changing to the best. Love softens the heart of the inevitable. The magic phrase which turns the evil spirits into good angels is, "I am contented." Happiness is always at one's elbow, it seems, in one disguise or another; all one has to do is to stop seeking it afar, or stop *seeking* it at all, and say to this unwelcome attendant, "Be thou my friend," when, lo, the mask falls, and the angel is disclosed. Certain rare spirits in this world have accepted poverty with such love and pride that riches at once became contemptible.

My correspondent has the gift of observation. In renouncing self she has opened the door for many other things to enter. In cultivating the present moment, she cultivates the present incident. The power to see things comes of that mental attitude which is directed to the now and the here: keen, alert perceptions, those faculties that lead the mind and take the incident as it flies. Most people fail to see things because the print is too small for their vision; they read only the large-lettered events like the newspaper headings, and are apt

to miss a part of these, unless they see in some way their own initials there.

The small type of the lives of bird and beast about her is easily read by this cheerful invalid. "To understand that the sky is everywhere blue," says Goethe, "we need not go around the world"; and it would seem that this woman has got all the good and pleasure there is in natural history from the pets in her room, and the birds that build before her window. I had been for a long time trying to determine whether or not the blue-jay hoarded up nuts for winter use, but had not been able to settle the point. I applied to her, and, sitting by her window, she discovered that jays do indeed hoard food in a tentative, childish kind of way, but not with the cunning and provident foresight of the squirrels and native mice. She saw a jay fly to the ground with what proved to be a peanut in its beak and carefully cover it up with leaves and grass. The next fall, looking out of my own window, I saw two jays hiding chestnuts with the same blind instinct. They brought them from a near tree and covered them up in the grass, putting but one in a place. Subsequently, in another locality, I saw jays similarly employed. It appears to be simply the crow instinct to steal, or to carry away and hide any superfluous morsel of food. The jays were really planting chestnuts instead of hoarding them. There was no possibility of such supplies being available in winter, and in spring a young tree might spring from each nut. This fact doubtless furnishes a key to the problem why a forest of pine is usually succeeded by a forest of oak. The acorns are planted by the jays. Their instinct for hiding things prompts them to seek the more dark and secluded pine woods with their booty, and the thick layer of needles furnishes an admirable material with which to cover the nut. The germ sprouts and remains a low slender shoot for years, or until the pine woods are cut away, when it rapidly becomes a tree.

My correspondent thinks the birds possess some of the frailties of human beings; among other things, ficklemindedness. "I believe they build nests just for the fun of it, to pass away the time, to have something to chatter about and dispute over." (I myself have seen a robin play at nest-building late in October, and have seen two young bluebirds ensconce themselves in an old thrush's nest in the fall and appear to amuse themselves like children, while the wind made the branch sway to and fro.) "Now my wrens' nest is so situated that nothing can disturb them, and where I can see it at any time. They have often made a nest and left it. A year ago, during the latter part of May, they built a nest, and in a few days they kicked everything out of the box and did the work all over again, repeating the operation all July, then left the country without accomplishing anything further. This season they reared one brood, built another nest, and, I think, laid one or more eggs, idled around a few weeks, and then went away." (This last was probably a "cock-nest," built by the male as a roosting-place.) "I have noticed, too, that blue-jays build their apology for a nest, and abandon it for another place in the same tree." Her jays and wrens do not live together on the most amiable terms. "I had much amusement while the jay was on the nest, watching the actions of the wrens whose nest was under the porch close by the oak. Perched on a limb over the jay, the male wren sat flirting his tail and scolding, evidently saying all the insulting things he could think of; for after enduring it for some time, the jay would fly off its nest in a rage, and, with the evident intention of impaling Mr. Wren with his bill, strike down vengefully and — find his bill fast in the bark, while his enemy was somewhere else, squeaking in derision. They kept that up day after day, but the wren is too lively to be caught by a large bird.

"I have never had the opportunity to discover whether there was any difference in the dispositions of birds of the same species; it would take a very close and extended observation to determine that; but I do know there is as much difference between animals as between human beings in that respect. Horses, cats, dogs, squirrels,— all have their own individuality. I have had five gray squirrels for pets, and even their features were unlike. Fred and Sally were mates, who were kept shut up in their cages all the time. Fred was wonderfully brave, would strut and scold until there was something to be afraid of, then would crouch down behind Sally and let her defend him, the sneak! He abused her shamefully, but she never resented it. Being the larger, she could have whipped him and not half tried; but she probably labored under the impression, which is shared by some people, that it is a wife's duty to submit to whatever abuse the husband chooses to inflict. Their characters reminded me so strongly of some people I have seen that I used to take Fred out and whip him regularly, as a sort of vicarious punishment of those who deserved it. Chip was a gentle, pretty squirrel, fond of being petted, spent most of her time in my pocket or around my neck, but she died young; probably she was too good to live.

"Dick, lazy and a glutton, also died young, from overeating. Chuck, the present pet, has Satan's own temper — very ugly — but so intelligent that she is the plague of our

lives, though at the same time she is a constant source of amusement. It is impossible to remain long angry with her, however atrocious her crimes are. We are obliged to let her run loose through the house, for when shut up she squeals and chatters and rattles her cage so we can't endure it. From one piece of mischief to another as fast as she can go, she requires constant watching. She knows what is forbidden very well, for if I chance to look at her after she has been up to mischief, she quickly drops down flat, spreads her tail over her back, looking all the time so very innocent that she betrays herself. If I go towards her, she springs on my back, where I cannot reach her to whip her. She never bites *me*, but if others tease her she is very vicious. When I tease her she relieves her feelings by biting any one else who happens to be in the room; and it is no slight matter being bitten by a squirrel's sharp teeth. Knowing that the other members of the family are afraid of her, she amuses herself by putting nuts in their shoes, down their necks, or in their hair, then standing guard, so that if they remove the nuts she flies at them.

"Chuck will remember an injury for months, and take revenge whenever opportunity offers. She claims all the nuts and candy that come into the house, searching Mr. B——'s pockets *on Sundays*, never on other days. I don't see how she distinguishes, unless from the fact that he comes home early on that day. Once when she caught one of the girls eating some of her nuts, she flew at her, bit her, and began carrying off the nuts to hide as fast as she could. For months afterward she would slip slyly up and bite the girl. She particularly despises my brother, he teases her so, and gives her no chance to bite; so she gets even with him by tearing up everything of his she can find,—his books, his gloves, etc.; and if she can get into the closet where I keep the soiled clothing, she will select such articles as belong to him, and tear them up! And she has a wonderful memory, never forgets where she puts things; people whom she has not seen for several years she remembers.

"She had the misfortune to have about two inches of her tail cut off by being caught in the door, which made it too short to be used for wiping her face; it would slip out of her hands, making her stamp her feet and chatter her teeth with anger. By experimenting, she found by backing up in a corner it was prevented from slipping out of her reach. Have had her five years; wonder how long their lives usually are? One of my neighbors got a young squirrel, so young that it required milk; so they got a small nursing-bottle for it. Until that squirrel was over a year old, whenever he got hungry, he would get his bottle and sit and hold it up as if he thought that quite the proper way for a squirrel to obtain his nourishment. It was utterly comical to see him. We have no black squirrels; a few red ones and a great many gray ones of different kinds."

I was much interested in her pet squirrel, and made frequent inquiries about it. A year later she writes: "My squirrel still lives and rules the house. She has an enemy that causes her much trouble,—a rat that comes into the wood-shed. I had noticed that whenever she went out there, she investigated the dark corners with care before she ventured to play, but did not understand it till I chanced to be sitting in the kitchen door once, as she was digging up a nut she had buried. Just as she got it up, a great rat sprung on her back; there ensued a trial of agility and strength to see which should have that nut. Neither seemed to be angry, for they did not attempt to bite, but raced around the shed, cuffing each other at every opportunity; sometimes one had the nut, sometimes the other. I regret to say my squirrel, whenever she grew tired, took a base advantage of the rat by coming and sitting at my feet, gnawing the nut, and plainly showing by her motions her exultation over her foe. Finally the rat became so exasperated that he forgot prudence and forced her to climb up on my shoulder.

"In an extract from a London paper I see it asserted that birds and snakes cannot taste. As to the snakes I cannot say, but I know birds can taste, from observing my canary when I give him something new to eat. He will edge up to it carefully, take a bit, back off to meditate; then if he decides he likes it, he walks up boldly and eats his fill. But if there is anything disagreeable in what I offer him, acid, for instance, there is such a fuss! He scrapes his bill, raises and lowers the feathers on the top of his head, giving one the impression that he is making a wry face. He cannot be induced to touch it a second time.

"I have taught him to think I am afraid of him, and how he tyrannizes over me, chasing me from place to place, pecking and squeaking! He delights in pulling out my hair. When knitting or crocheting, he tries to prevent my pulling the yarn by standing on it; when that fails, he takes hold with his bill and pulls with all his little might.

Some persons have a special gift or quality that enables them to sustain more intimate relations with wild creatures than others. Women, as a rule, are ridiculously afraid of cattle and horses turned loose in a field, but my correspondent, when a young girl, had many a lark with the prairie colts. "Is it not strange," she says, "that a horse will rarely

hurt a child, or any person that is fond of them? To see a drove of a hundred or even a hundred and fifty unbroken colts branded and turned out to grow up, was a common occurrence then [in her childhood]. I could go among them, catch them, climb on their backs, and they never offered to hurt me; they seemed to consider it *fun*. They would come up and touch me with their noses and prance off around and around me; but just let a man come near them, and they were off like the wind."

All her reminiscences of her early life in Iowa, thirty years ago, are deeply interesting to me. Her parents, a Boston family, moved to that part of the State in advance of the railroads, making the journey from the Mississippi in a wagon. "My father had been fortunate enough to find a farm with a frame house upon it (the houses were mostly log ones) built by an Englishman whose homesickness had driven him back to England. It stood upon a slight elevation in the midst of a prairie, though not a very level one. To the east and to the west of us, about four miles away, were the woods along the banks of the streams. It was in the month of June when we came, and the prairie was tinted pink with wild roses. From early spring till late in the fall the ground used to be so covered with some kinds of flowers that it had almost as decided a color as the sky itself, and the air would be fragrant with their perfume. First it is white with 'dog-toes' [probably an orchid]; then a cold blue, from being covered with some kind of light-blue flower; next come the roses; in July and August it is pink with the 'prairie pink,' dotted with scarlet lilies; as autumn comes on it is vivid with orange-colored flowers. I never knew their names; they have woody stalks; one kind that grows about a foot high has a feathery spray of little blossoms [golden-rod ?]. There are several kinds of tall ones; the blossom has yellow leaves and brown velvety centers [cone-flower, or Rudbeckia, probably, now common in the East]. We youngsters used to gather the gum that exuded from the stalk. Every one was poor in those days, and no one was ashamed of it. Plenty to eat, such as it was. We introduced some innovations in that line that shocked the people here. We used *corn meal;* they said it was only fit for hogs. Worse than that, we ate 'greens'— weeds, they called them. It does not seem possible, but it is a fact, that with all those fertile acres around them waiting for cultivation, and to be had almost for the asking, those people (they were mainly Hoosiers) lived on fried salt pork, swimming in fat, and hot biscuit all the year round; no variety, no vegetables, no butter saved for winter use, no milk after cold weather began, for it was too much trouble to milk the cows — *such* a shiftless set! And the hogs they raised — you should have seen them! 'Prairie sharks' and 'razor-backs' were the local names for them, and either name fitted them; long noses, long legs, bodies about five inches thick, and no amount of food would make them fat. They were allowed to run wild to save the trouble of caring for them, and when the pork-barrel was empty they *shot* one.

"Everybody drove oxen and used lumber-wagons with a board across the box for a seat. How did we ever endure it, riding over the roadless prairies! Then, any one who owned a horse was considered an aristocrat and despised accordingly. One yoke of oxen that we had were not to be sneezed at as a fast team. They were trained to trot, and would make good time too." [I love to hear oxen praised. An old Michigan farmer, an early settler, told me of a famous pair of oxen he once had; he spoke of them with great affection. They would draw any log he hitched them to. When they had felt of the log and found they had their match, he said they would nudge each other, give their tails a kink, lift up their heads, and say *eh-h-h-h!* then something had to come.]

"One phrase you used in your last letter — 'the start from the stump' — shows how locality governs the illustrations we use. The start was not from the *stump* here, quite the reverse. Nature made the land ready for man's hand, and there were no obstacles in the shape of stumps and stones to overcome. Probably in the East a pine-stump fence is not regarded as either particularly attractive or odd; but to me, when I first saw one in York State, it was both. I had never even heard of the stumps being utilized in that way. Seen for the first time, there is something grotesque in the appearance of those long arms forever reaching out after something they never find, like a petrified octopus. Those fences are an evidence of Eastern thrift — making an enemy serve as a friend. I think they would frighten our horses and cattle, used as they are to the almost invisible wire fence. 'Worm' fences were the fashion at first. But they soon learned the necessity of economizing wood. The people were extravagant, too, in the outlay of power in tilling the soil, sixteen yoke of oxen being thought absolutely necessary to run a breaking-plow; and I have seen twenty yoke used, requiring three men to drive and attend the great clumsy plow. Every summer you might see them in any direction, looking like 'thousand-legged worms.' They found out after a while that two yoke answered quite as well. There is something very queer about the bowlders that are sup-

posed to have been brought down from northern regions during the glacial period; like Banquo's ghost they refuse to stay down. Other stones beside them gradually become buried, but the bowlders are always on top of the ground. Is there something repellent about them, that the earth refuses to cover them? They seem to be of no use, for they cannot be worked as other stone; they have to be broken open with heat in some way, though I did see a building made of them once. The bowlders had been broken and put in big squares and little squares, oblong pieces and triangles. The effect was curious, if not fine.

"In those days there were such quantities of game-birds, it was the sportsman's paradise, and during the summer a great many gunners from the cities came there. Prairie-chickens without number, as great a nuisance as the crows in the East, only we could eat them to pay for the grain they ate; also geese, turkeys, ducks, quail, and pigeons. Did you ever hear the prairie-chickens during the spring? I never felt sure spring had come to stay till, in the early morning, there came the boom of the chickens, *Poor old boof*. It is an indescribable sound, as if there were a thousand saying the same thing and keeping perfect time. No trouble then getting a child up early in the morning, for it is time for hunting prairie-chickens' nests. In the most unexpected places in the wild grass the nests would be found, with about sixteen eggs in them, looking somewhat like a guinea-hen's egg. Of course an omelet made out of them tasted ever so much better than if made out of home-laid eggs; now I should not like the taste so well, probably, for there is a wild flavor to the egg, as there is to the flesh of the bird. Many a time I've stepped right into the nest, so well was it hidden. After a prairie fire is a good time to go egging, the nests being in plain sight, and the eggs already roasted. I have tried again and again to raise the chickens by setting the eggs under the tame hens, but it cannot be done; they seem to inherit a shyness that makes them refuse to eat, and at the first opportunity they slip off in the grass and are gone. Every kind of food, even to live insects, they will refuse, and will starve to death rather than eat in captivity. There are but few chickens here now; they have taken Horace Greeley's advice and gone West. As to four-footed game, there were any number of the little prairie-wolves and some big gray ones. Could see the little wolves running across the prairie any time a day, and at night their continual *yap, yap* was almost unendurable. They developed a taste for barn-yard fowl that made it necessary for hens to roost high. They are cowards in the daytime, but brave enough to come close to the house at night. If people had only had foxhounds, they would have afforded an opportunity for some sport. I have seen people try to run them down on horseback, but never knew them to succeed.

"One of my standard amusements was to go every little while to a den the wolves had where the rocks cropped out of the ground and poke in there with a stick, to see a wolf pop out scared almost to death. As to the big wolves, it was dangerous sport to meddle with them. I had an experience with them one winter that would have begotten a desire to keep a proper distance from them, had I not felt it before. An intensely cold night three of us were riding in an open wagon on one seat. The road ran for about a mile through the woods, and as we entered it four or five gray wolves sprang out at us; the horse needed no urging, you may be sure, but to me it seemed an age before we got out into the moonlight on the prairie; then the wolves slunk back into the woods. Every leap they made it seemed as if they would jump into the wagon. I could hear them strike against the back of it and hear their teeth *click* together as they barely missed my hand where I held on to the seat to keep from being thrown out. My most prominent desire about that time was to sit in the middle and let some one else have the outside seat.

"Grandfather was very fond of trapping, and used to catch a great many wolves for their skins and the bounty; also minks and muskrats. I always had to help skin them, which I considered dreadful, especially skinning the muskrats; but as that was the only condition under which I was allowed to go along, of course I submitted, for I wouldn't miss the excitement of seeing whether we had succeeded in outwitting and catching the sly creatures for any consideration. The beautiful minks, with their slender satiny bodies, it seemed a pity to catch them. Muskrats I had no sympathy for, they looked so ratty, and had so unpleasant a smell. The gophers were one of the greatest plagues the farmers had. The ground would be dotted with their mounds, so round and regular, the black dirt pulverized so finely. I always wondered how they could make them of such a perfect shape, and wished I could see way down into their houses. They have more than one entrance to them, because I've tried to drown them out, and soon I would see what I took to be my gopher, that I thought I had covered so nicely, skipping off. They took so much corn out of the hills after it was planted that it was customary to mix corn soaked with strychnine with the seed corn. Do they have pocket

gophers in the East? [No.] They are the cutest little animals, with their pockets on each side of their necks, lined with fur; when they get them stuffed full they look as broad as they are long, and so saucy. I have met them and had them show fight, because I wouldn't turn out of their path — the little impudent things!

"One nuisance that goes along with civilization we escaped until the railroad was built, and that was *rats*. The railroads brought other nuisances too, the weeds; they soon crowded out the native plants. I don't want to be understood as calling *all* weeds nuisances; the beautiful flowers some of them bear save their reputations — the dandelion, for instance; I approve of the dandelion, whatever others may think. I shall never forget the first one I found in the West; it was like meeting an old friend. It grew alongside of an emigrant road, about five miles from my home; here I spied the golden treasure in the grass. Some of the many 'prairie schooners' that had passed that way had probably dropped the one seed. Mother dug it up and planted it in our flower-bed, and in two years the neighborhood was yellow with them — all from that one root. The prairies are gone now, and the wild flowers, those that have not been civilized to death like the Indians, have taken refuge in the fence-corners."

I had asked her what she knew about cranes, and she replied as follows:

"During the first few years after we came West, cranes, especially the sand-hill variety, were very plentiful. Any day in the summer you might see a triangle of them flying over, with their long legs dragging behind them; or if you had sharp eyes, could see them stalking along the sloughs sometimes found on the prairie. In the books I see them described as being brown in color. Now I should not call them brown, for they are more of a yellow. They are just the color of a gosling, should it get its down somewhat soiled, and they look much like overgrown goslings set up on stilts. I have often found their nests, and always in the shallow water in the slough, built out of sticks, much as the children build cob-houses, about a foot high, with two large flat eggs in them. I have often tried to catch them on their nests, so as to see how they disposed of their long legs, but never quite succeeded. They are very shy, and their nests are always so situated as to enable them to see in every direction. I had a great desire to possess a pet crane, but every attempt to raise one resulted in failure, all on account of those same slender legs.

"The egg I placed under a 'sitting hen' (one was as much as a hen could conveniently manage); it would hatch out all right, and I had no difficulty in feeding the young crane, for it would eat anything, and showed no shyness — quite different from a young prairie-chicken; in fact, their tameness was the cause of their death, for, like Mary's little lamb, they insisted on going everywhere I went. When they followed me into the house, and stepped upon the smooth floor, one leg would go in one direction and the other in the opposite, breaking one or both of them. They seemed to be unable to walk upon any smooth surface. Such ridiculous looking things they were! I have seen a few pure white ones, but only on the wing. They seem more shy than the yellow ones.

"Once I saw a curious sight; I saw seven or eight cranes dance a cotillion, or something very much like it. I have since read of wild fowl performing in that way, but then I had never heard of it. They were in a meadow about half a mile from the house; I did not at all understand what they were doing, and proceeded to investigate. After walking as near as I could without frightening them, I crept through the tall grass until I was within a rod of the cranes, and then lay and watched them. It was the most comical sight to see them waltz around, sidle up to each other and back again, their long necks and legs making the most clumsy motions. With a little stretch of the imagination one might see a smirk on their faces, and suspect them of caricaturing human beings. There seemed to be a regular method in their movements, for the changes were repeated. How long they kept it up I do not know, for I tired of it and went back to the house, but they had danced until the grass was trampled down hard and smooth. I always had a mania for trying experiments, so I coaxed my mother to cook one the men had shot, though I had never heard of any one's eating crane. It was not very good, tasted somewhat peculiar, and the thought that maybe it was poison struck me with horror. I was badly scared, for I reflected that I had no proof that it was *not* poison, and I had been told so many times that I was bound to come to grief, sooner or later, from trying to find out things."

I am always glad to have the views of a sensible person, outside of the literary circles, upon my favorite authors, especially when the views are spontaneous. "Speaking of Thoreau," says my correspondent, "I am willing to allow most that is said in his praise, but *I do not like him*, all the same. Do you know I feel that he was not altogether human. There is something uncanny about him. I guess that instead of having a human soul, his body was inhabited by some

sylvan deity that flourished in Grecian times; he seemed out of place among human beings."

Of Carlyle, too, she has an independent opinion. "It is a mystery to me why men so universally admire Carlyle; women do not, or if there is occasionally one who does, she does not *like* him. A woman's first thought about him would be, 'I pity his wife!' Do you remember what he said in answer to Mrs. Welsh's proposal to come and live with them and help support them? He said they could only live pleasantly together on the condition that she looked up to him, not he to her. Here is what he says: 'Now, think, Liebchen, whether your mother will consent to forget her riches and our poverty and uncertain, more probably scanty income, and consent in the spirit of Christian meekness to make me her guardian and director, and be a second wife to her daughter's husband?' Now, isn't that insufferable conceit for you? To expect that a woman old enough to be his mother would lay aside her self-respect and individuality to accept him, a comparatively young and inexperienced man, as her master? The cheekiness of it! Here you have the key-note of his character — 'great I and little u.'

"I have tried faithfully to like him, for it seemed as if the fault must be in me because I did not; I have labored wearily through nearly all his works, stumbling over his superlatives (why, he is an adjective factory; his pages look like the alphabet struck by a cyclone. You call it picturesqueness; I call it grotesqueness). But it was of no use; it makes me tired all over to think of it. All the time I said to myself, 'Oh, do stop your scolding; you are not so much better than the rest of us.' One is willing to be led to a higher life, but who wants to be pushed and cuffed along? How can people place him and our own Emerson, the dear guide and friend of so many of us, on the same level? It may be that the world had need of him, just as it needs lightning and rain and cold and pain, but must we *like* these things?"*

John Burroughs.

* My correspondent was Mrs. Beardslee of Manchester, Iowa. She died in October, 1885.

UNDYING LIGHT.

I.

WHEN in the golden western summer skies
A flaming glory starts, and slowly fades
Through crimson tone on tone to deeper shades,
There falls a silence, while the daylight dies
Lingering,— but not with human agonies
That tear the soul, or terror that degrades;
A holy peace the failing world pervades
Nor any fear of that which onward lies;
For well, ah well, the darkened vale recalls
A thousand times ten thousand vanished suns;
Ten thousand sunsets from whose blackened walls
Reflamed the white and living day, that runs,
In light which brings all beauty to the birth,
Deathless forever round the ancient earth.

II.

O thou the Lord and Maker of life and light!
Full heavy are the burdens that do weigh
Our spirits earthward, as through twilight gray
We journey to the end and rest of night;
Though well we know to the deep inward sight
Darkness is but thy shadow, and the day
Where thou art never dies, but sends its ray
Through the wide universe with restless might.
O Lord of Light, steep thou our souls in thee!
That when the daylight trembles into shade,
And falls the silence of mortality,
And all is done,— we shall not be afraid,
But pass from light to light; from what doth seem
Into the very heart and heaven of our dream.

R. W. Gilder.

THE ZOÖLOGICAL STATION AT NAPLES.

STRETCHING along the water-front of the city of Naples are the beautiful gardens of the Villa Nazionale, a drive only separating them from the water's edge. In the afternoon this drive is the favorite resort of the gay world of Naples, and on fine days, between three and five, an observer from the gardens sees an unbroken procession of carriages rolling past, towards or from Posilippo. This afternoon whirl is a strong contrast to the morning quiet, when for hours together one often hears nothing but the surf breaking on the shore, unless the sirocco is blowing, and then the tumultuous voice of the sea lasts all the day long, as the great waves sweep in from the south, flinging themselves high above the sea-wall and scattering their spray over the road.

In these gardens, surrounded by flowers and fountains and statuary, is a large, imposing edifice often mistaken for a palace; and, indeed, rarely have palaces so fine a site. But, if you approach from the east, you soon see in large letters on its front, "*Stazione Zoologica.*"

To Neapolitans generally, as well as foreigners, there is something mysterious about this building; for of its dozens of rooms and its different stories there is only one room to which the public is admitted, and this is dimly lighted and lined with wonders, suggesting greater wonders above and below. This is the celebrated aquarium, which has nowhere its equal. On entering, the general darkness is relieved only by the light streaming through and illuminating the aquaria; bringing out in the most effective manner the gorgeous coloring of the various living creatures within, and producing the effect of a darkened theater, with its brilliantly lighted stage.

In one of the tanks several monstrous octopi, or devil-fish, are writhing their two yards of boneless arms upon the wall of glass, showing to good advantage those frightful suckers, which without any effort hold in a death-grip their unlucky prey. Numbers of others seem to be asleep on the rocks and under little caverns, but when feeding-time comes and the crabs appear, what a fearful waking up! They come in numbers from unseen quarters, and the very rocks seem turned into octopi, for, being much of the same color, when quiet they cannot easily be distinguished. Whether or not the humane keeper has killed or stunned the crabs, they make no resistance as the fatal arms noiselessly fold about them, but the struggle is fierce between the octopi themselves. Into another tank, from some unseen quarter, is sent a long stick, waking up from their quiet a number of cuttle-fish. For some minutes they flee from the pursuing stick, but becoming impatient and perhaps frightened, they make use of their ink-bag, and instantly what seems like clouds of dense smoke curling through the water hides them from sight.

Passing on to the other tanks, we come to the worms, which are a revelation of beauty, instead of being the object of loathing we have been accustomed to consider them. Some of them, standing up in their stem-like tubes, spread abroad their beautiful many-colored tentacles like the petals of flowers.

In a corner of one tank carpeted by a luxuriant and brilliantly tinted growth of flower-like animal life arises quite a grove of worms, resembling in miniature the palm-trees in the garden outside. The worm constructs a perpendicular tube for itself, which looks like a tall, straight, rugged pine trunk, at the top of which branch out the leaf-like tentacles, giving the effect of bright bushy foliage. The tentacles sway about in the water, much like branches moved by the wind, and in this way they sweep any morsel of food floating by to the mouth which the tentacles encircle. Flitting in and out through this curious animal grove, or resting on some brilliant animal slope, or perching on tiny rocks and precipices, may be seen a variety of strange and often most graceful creatures.

This morning, on their way from lunch, six of the *gelehrte* of the Station, who had passed into the aquarium to see what was new, might have been found standing for a long time at this spot. Three of them were watching the fantastic sea-horses. One of these curious creatures had stationed itself close under the expanded tentacles of an annelid, which suddenly contracted and drew itself, tentacles and all, far down the tube out of sight. The seeming astonishment of the hippocampus was highly amusing. It soon, however, seemed to recover itself, and came around peering with its nose into the tube down which the worm had disappeared. The animal was sufficiently interesting to hold our attention for a long time.

It is impossible even to enumerate the vast numbers of animals in the aquaria. The great hall of two hundred and sixty square meters is lined on three sides apparently by arms of

the sea, in the waters of which thousands of creatures are multiplying and living out their natural existence among the rocks and seaweed, and in half-hidden caverns closely resembling their native submarine haunts. From the graceful ethereal ctenophores and siphonophores reflecting all the colors of the rainbow, all varieties and classes of marine animals are to be seen, up to the gigantic turtles and anthropophagous sharks. The variety of fish is very great, and they are of all sizes and beautiful variegated hues, glistening like burnished silver and gold. How they seem to delight in existence! The pessimist would do well to stand for a time and mark their evident satisfaction and comfort,—more than that, their active joy as they gambol and play. While looking on here, life seems indeed a good thing.

Besides the tanks lining the walls of the aquarium, there are others running through the middle of the room, and lining the central court of the building. They number thirty in all. The smallest one contains over twelve hundred cubic feet of water, and the largest nearly four thousand, and the water is constantly being changed at the rate of over one hundred square feet an hour.

But the great public aquarium, which all the world may visit and enjoy, is but an insignificant and unimportant part of the Station. It was designed as an indirect means to subserve higher purposes.

The largest room on the north side of the building is the great laboratory, fitted up to accommodate a dozen workers. It is twenty-five feet high, and around three sides are galleries reached by an iron stairway, making a sort of second story within the room. Tall windows twenty feet high give an abundance of light. Along the north side of the room, a foot or two from the windows, are tables, drawers, shelves, and pigeon-holes, all so arranged as to divide the space into a number of alcoves, as it were, each fitted up as an independent laboratory. The outfit of each table is complete, with the one exception of the optical instruments, which the worker provides for himself. All the valuable reagents known are ready at hand in labeled bottles and in perfect condition. There are all sorts of vessels and appliances which can possibly be needed, even down to drawing materials and boxes of crayons and water-colors.

On a very short notice the investigator finds on his table the material he has been vainly trying, perhaps for years, to secure; he finds it not only both fresh and preserved in various ways, but also, as in the writer's own experience, in its different embryonic stages, so that on his arrival he can at once set himself to work without loss of time. Behind him, extending along the other side of the room, are aquaria, well lighted from all sides, for there are windows also on the southern side of the room, looking into the central court. The aquaria are admirably arranged for keeping alive and in flourishing state the animals under study. Scores of siphons are pouring their streams of fresh sea-water into the dozens of large and small tanks and basins; and when these fail to introduce sufficient air, ingenious contrivances secure an extra supply, so that each animal or ovum is kept in a healthful condition. Here may be found ova of every size and shape, in every stage of development, from the scarcely visible speck up to the great egg of the shark, with its curious transparent envelope, furnished with strings for attaching it in favorable localities. The development of animals from the earliest stage of the egg is at present, perhaps, the most important department of biological work. Many professors from the different universities of Europe, burdened with some embryological questions which at home they have no opportunity to solve, as soon as holidays give them their freedom make their way in haste to the Naples Station, hoping by means of the unequaled facilities there offered them to work out their problem.

The process of the formation of a highly organized animal from the almost invisible germ need only be understood to interest deeply people in general as well as the specialist. The building up of the various organs and parts of the body from cells and their products can be clearly followed. Strange mysteries and histories of living things have been brought to light, which, but for these embryological revelations, would have remained forever beyond our reach.

To assist each investigator in doing his best work, he is furnished with his own aquaria fitted to his own special work. Here you see an aquatic garden of sponges, of which the Mediterranean furnishes such a luxuriant variety. As the collection indicates, one of the staff is making them the subject of a monograph. Close by, a group of basins and jars contain a variety of mollusks and their ova, from which we may safely conclude that some one has mollusks in hand. On one side of the laboratory is a dark chamber, in which are small vessels filled with the plant-like gorgonias, which, notwithstanding all kindness and coaxing, sullenly refuse to help on embryological science by laying their eggs. Patience and ingenuity have been severely taxed in endeavoring to coax to good humor these contrary creatures.

On the same floor, and opening either into

THE DIVER AT WORK.

the main passageway or into smaller halls, are thirteen other rooms, many of which are fitted up for single workers. There are also a number of small laboratories on the ground floor as well as in the third story.

Opposite the large laboratory, on the other side of the passageway, is the library,—a long, pleasant room, opening by three doors on the broad loggia which runs along the southern side of the building, and from which one obtains a fine view of the bay. The library contains at present something over three thousand volumes, a large part of which is made up of the private collection of Dr. Dohrn, the founder of the Station; besides which all the important biological journals and reviews (about sixty in number), published in the four principal languages, are received here. Additions of new books are constantly made, and a great number of works are contributed directly by their authors. The library is especially rich in embryological works.

THE ZOÖLOGICAL STATION.

The progress in biological inquiries is now so rapid in every direction, the number of works published so great and constantly increasing, that the man who works by himself, not keeping up with the current literature, is soon found to be quite ignorant of the state of knowledge even in his own special line, and may be wasting his time over problems already solved. It is of the highest importance that he have access to a library which will furnish him with everything of value on his subject. The Station library leaves little to be desired, and its value is very greatly enhanced by the freedom with which the books may be used. They are well arranged and catalogued, and one has only to notice the simple arrangement readily to find the books he desires; then, without further ceremony, he takes them from the shelves, leaving in their places cards bearing his name, so that if any one else desires the same books he will know where they may be found.

THE DIVER'S BOAT.

THE BIOLOGIST.

AT THE SORTING-TABLE.

The Station itself issues three important publications: (1) A series of magnificent monographs, prepared by the staff, upon the fauna and flora of the Bay of Naples. (2) A collection of papers entitled *Mittheilungen*. The publication of these papers was begun in 1879; they consist of articles and memoirs by the staff, and also by persons not permanently connected with the Station, but engaged there for a time in biological research. These papers may be written in any of the four principal languages, French, English, German, or Italian; and the four numbers which appear yearly make a large quarto volume. (3) The yearly "Zoölogical Record" *(Zoologischer Jahresbericht)*, which furnishes lists of all the published biological works of the year, giving also a summary of their contents. This supplies a great need, and is very useful to zoölogical workers. It is an expensive undertaking, and depends for its existence upon the subscriptions of societies and academies. Its first volume was issued in 1879.

THE DIVER.

Besides the regular publications of the Naples Station, many important papers and monographs published elsewhere since 1874 are the results of studies pursued there by eminent scientists from all parts of Europe.

But we must not dwell longer on the literary productions of the Station. On the same floor with the library and great laboratory, in the rear of the building, is a series of rooms smelling strongly of the sea. They are reached also from the gardens, by a small back door and a narrow stairway. In these quarters may often be seen a dozen or so of rugged Neapolitan fishermen, who in their humble way are also doing a very important, indeed a necessary, work for the advancement of science. They may be seen bringing in loads of strange-looking mixtures, which might be said to be the refuse of sea and land. They seem to consist chiefly of broken-up plants, mixed with sand, water, dirt, stones, and formless things, among which the passer-by, if he lingers a moment, will see here and there a slow movement indicating the presence of some living thing. The uninitiated visitor would hardly think of taking a second glance into these tubs of heterogeneous things. In the early days of the Station, and before the picked crew of collectors were trained and regularly employed, considerable sums were offered to the ordinary fishermen of the bay for the animals which they accidentally took, and were in the habit of throwing back into the sea; but these sturdy fellows respected themselves too much to engage in what

DOMENICO,
THE FISHERMAN.

appeared to them most disreputable traffic, and for a long time it was difficult to secure even the animals that were known to be most abundant. A few of the more unscrupulous, however, by large offers of money were finally persuaded; but ashamed of what they were doing, they stealthily worked in the darkness. By degrees they became bolder, and finding it more profitable than fishing for the market as their fathers had done before them, they recklessly sacrified themselves to Mammon, and very soon the fishermen openly engaged in the despised traffic in broad daylight. This was in the early days; ideas have changed some-

THE DREDGER.

GIOVANNI, THE FISHERMAN.

what since then, for the strange scientists have borne themselves well, and have gained the respect of even the fishermen. But old prejudices are not easily outgrown. The chief of the fishermen declares that up to the present time he often has trouble with those men even who work exclusively for the Station. When in the same boat with them, if he is not watching closely they will catch and throw overboard again the very objects he has brought them out to secure. They cannot be made to believe that this material for which

THE JOHANNES MÜLLER.

their contempt is so strong can possibly be of any interest to their employers.

All that is dredged, fished, skimmed, or strained from the sea is brought up the back stairs to these rooms, which are fitted up for the purpose with aquaria, with all variety of vessels and tubs, sieves and the like. Here, under the direction of the skillful conservator, Salvatore lo Bianco, the laboratory boys are set at work, selecting and sorting out all that science can make use of.

The unscientific visitor, whose first feeling was that of disgust, or at least of indifferent curiosity, if he lingers will meet with great surprises. The gelatinous masses among the wet sea-weed and sand and stones, which seem to be without shape, life, or interest, when carefully taken out and put into the large vessels of crystal-clear sea-water, slowly expand into most exquisite shapes, revealing all delicate and lovely tints, iridescent bands and spots giving back all the colors of the rainbow. Then when these objects, as delicate in texture, shape, and color as they are beautiful, start off of themselves and with graceful contractions sweep through the water, it is impossible for even the most indifferently disposed to repress exclamations of delight and admiration.

From among the sticks and rubbish of the tubs are brought out clumps of something, perhaps as large as one's fist, sometimes resembling pieces of flesh. It is only when they have been left quiet some time, in the glass jars filled with sea-water, that the polyps, which have drawn themselves in, come out again, and expand like exquisite and delicate flowers. These are the coralloids. One not familiar is astonished at the transformation; instead of tubs and pails full of disagreeable-looking masses, the rooms are soon filled with bright glass vessels, containing thousands of living things of different kinds, plants as well as animals. They are now ready for distribution. First of all the wants of the investigators are consulted. Salvatore is already informed of their various needs, and unerringly gives his orders. "Antonio, take these siphonophores to Dr. Korotruff; Francesco, these jars of *auftrieb* to the laboratory, one for each table; Cicillo, the cephalopods to Prof. Grenacher," and so on. The pans and glasses, with their varied contents, are soon scattered all over the building, and each one of the score and more of workers finds himself with abundance of material. Of the animals left, some go to the great public aquarium below, others Salvatore sends to his own room. He is master of the art of preserving animals, and his room is one of the most interesting in the Station. It has a gallery on three sides, and from floor to ceiling is lined with shelves, on which are ranged bright glass jars of all sizes containing a great variety of animal forms in the most perfect state of preservation. Many organisms which hitherto it had been thought impossible to preserve are here seen, not only naturally and fully expanded, but retaining their beautiful transparency and exquisite tints. Ingenuity has been successfully employed in discovering means of killing instantaneously those animals which so contract when disturbed that their natural expanded form could not be guessed. Others still are so delicate and of such liquid consistency that ordinary preserving fluids reduce them to a shapeless, opaque mass. But most of these long and patient experiment has at last found means to preserve, so that not only the form and anatomy of the animal can be made out, but even its entire histology. The recent rapid progress in biology is very largely due to improved methods of preserving animal tissues and to other technical methods originating at the Station. With the object in hand which he wishes to study, the biologist often finds himself baffled in all his attempts to solve its problems; technical difficulties check his progress, and many important questions are waiting for new technical processes to help them on towards solution. Hence matters of technique are receiving a large share of attention from the members of the scientific staff, and useful discoveries are constantly made.

The great quantity of material preserved by Salvatore is not only used so far as it is needed in the researches prosecuted at the Station, but is sent away, as desired, to biologists at a distance who carry on their work by means of subjects supplied from Naples. Nowhere else is such a feast spread for the zoölogist's eyes. The abundance of life in the Mediterranean, and especially in the Bay of Naples, has been for many years an attraction to the zoölogists of Europe. This Station has quite a little fleet of its own,— sail-boats, row-boats, and two steam-launches. The larger of the steamers, the *Johannes Müller*, was presented by the Royal Academy of Berlin in 1877. It has sleeping room for four besides the crew, carries coal and water for four days, and is sometimes absent for several days at a time. It is fitted out with sounding and dredging apparatus by means of which the fauna from the depths of the sea is collected and studied; its dredge is hauled in by machinery, and it has on board harpoons and fusil revolvers for the chase of the dolphins. The cabin was originally fitted up with tables, tanks, vessels, optical instruments, etc., for sorting out and examining the contents of the dredge; but

experience has shown that this can be better done in the laboratories.

The able and ingenious engineer of the Station has lately devised a new method of bringing things from the ocean depths; it is simply a system of hooks attached to cords, which are dragged along the sea-bottom.

But one other method of collecting and studying marine animals must still be noticed. It is not only necessary that they be taken from their haunts to aquarium and laboratory, it is important that the biologist visit them in their native homes and examine their surroundings. Incased in a heavy water-proof suit, his head in a casque of steel and iron, the biologist is let down from the boat, and allowed slowly to sink to the bottom; by means of tubes he is supplied with air, so he can remain three hours and over walking about among the seaweeds and rocks, with from thirty-five to one hundred feet of water above him. That which strikes one first in the splendid kingdom of the fishes is the beauty of the colors. Blue is predominant everywhere, but in the blue are distinguishable the richest tints and most varied shades; then, when you reach the bottom of the sea, this general blue, which is only the color of the water at different depths, is enameled with other hues borrowed from the algæ, the hydrozoa, the bryozoa, which form enormous mossy tufts upon the rocks,— from the crinoids, the star-fish, the mollusks and crustacea which creep or frolic with each other. Fish with glittering scales come fearlessly towards you, so that you could catch them with your hand, or with a butterfly net, so to speak. The transparency of the water is so great at thirty or thirty-five feet below the surface that the minutest characteristics of a plant or animal can be distinctly observed. It is possible to make use of a lens, and one can seize with pincers the tiniest objects. We discover that the diving-suit, so heavy and cumbersome in the air, leaves the utmost freedom to our movements under the water. At first the pressure of the caoutchouc investment itself is oppressive, but one at length becomes accustomed to this, and with a little dexterity a diver would succeed in performing under the water elementary gymnastic exercises. This entire ease of movement enables one to slip through narrow passages between the rocks, to creep under their projecting ledges, and to follow into the most hidden recesses the objects of which one is in search.

The observer feels but little discomfort until he descends below fifteen feet or so. Respiration is so normal that one experiences no oppression. Salivation is generally accelerated, especially on the first descent, but the saliva never becomes so abundant but that it can be overcome by repeated movements of swallowing. The pressure upon the tympanum is great, but this also, on being a little accustomed, passes away; even when it seems almost unbearable on the first descent, it is almost unperceived on the second. It would be dangerous for a person to descend the first time lower than fifteen or twenty feet; at thirty-five feet the pressure begins to be considerable, yet the experienced diver will descend two or three times as low. M. Peterson, our engineer and master of the art of diving, a very robust person and much accustomed to the effort, descends as low as a hundred feet at times; but this seems to be the extreme of possibility, for under the enormous pressure to which one is subjected — a pressure so strong that the investments are crushed into the skin — the respiratory movements become exceedingly oppressive, and it is hardly possible to endure it more than twenty or thirty minutes.

In general there is a feeling of great security in the water; one experiences no sentiment of danger. This is not, however, because one is entirely free from it, but the precautions ordinarily taken reduce it to a minimum rarely attained. The diver is followed in his submarine wanderings by a skiff, where one on guard is attentive to every movement and signals the least danger. A condition essential to the comfort of the diver is the regularity of the current of air in the casque. It is therefore necessary to confide the management of the pump to experienced men. Besides the tubes connecting the diver with the boat, he is always securely attached to a strong cord by means of which he communicates with the persons on guard in the boat, and with which also he is let down and drawn up. Thus if he gathers in an abundant crop, he will give one pull to the cord, which will be translated at the surface by the phrase, "Let down the sack." Two pulls signify, "All goes well"; three pulls, "I wish to ascend." A series of little strokes sharply and rapidly given to the cord are a sign of alarm, and immediately the guards pull up the diver to the surface.

The results obtained by diving, dredging, sounding, fishing, skimming, and digging are carefully put on record. In this way the whole submarine region is coming under accurate knowledge. Not merely the number and character of the species to be found are noted, but the physical conditions under which they live, their breeding season, the depth at which they are found, and the dates of their appearance and disappearance, many animals coming and going periodically. All this exact information is very valuable to the investigor. Even before coming to Naples he knows definitely what to expect and is able to make his plans.

The "scientific staff" of which mention has been made consists of Dr. Anton Dohrn, the founder of the Station, and seven assistants, among whom is divided the management of the different departments of the Station. Dr. Dohrn is the director and official head, and represents the Station to the outside world. The assistants are each specially engaged upon a monograph of some group of marine animals found in the bay. Besides the monograph of one division of annelid worms with which he is occupied, Dr. Eisig is charged with the administration of the laboratory and takes the director's place in his absence. Other assistants, in addition to their own special scientific work, have charge of the systematic collections and of the great aquarium, of the botanical laboratory and herbarium, of the library, and of the conservation of specimens for sale to universities and laboratories. Besides the scientific staff, a number of men and boys are permanently in the employ of the Station, and, being well trained in their special duties, they render most valuable assistance to the scientists at work.

The Naples Station was equipped, and is now supported, it is manifest, at no little expense. Its annual income is derived from admission fees to the public aquarium, the sale of its publications and its microscopic preparations and preserved animals, governmental subsidies, and "rented tables." By an annual payment of four hundred dollars the right is obtained to send an investigator to work at the Station for ten months of the year. This right has been obtained by universities, governments, and societies.

Since the founding of the Station at Naples, zoölogical stations of varying extent have sprung up in many localities — along the Atlantic, the British Channel, the North Sea, the Adriatic, along the coast of the United States, and even in Japan; but the magnitude and permanent character, and also the international tone, of the Station at Naples give it an importance altogether exceptional. The general reader may possibly ask why these centers of investigation should in all cases be located by the sea. The problems with which the zoölogist now occupies himself are different in character from those of an earlier day. In the kindred science of botany, the time is past when the man who could call by their scientific names a thousand plants was esteemed a botanist, and he who could name ten thousand was eminent in science. What we now require is a knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of plants, of the progressive steps of their development, and of their geographical and paleontological distribution, before we recognize the scientific man. So in zoölogy. What began as a scheme of classification has now become a science which boldly grapples with all the great questions touching the history and origin of life. Now the rôle of the lower animals in zoölogical problems is a very important one. The more elementary the organism, the better, often, for these purposes. Besides containing the more primitive forms, the sea teems with animal life, offering material absolutely inexhaustible. Among the European sea-coasts, the Italian and Sicilian shores of the Mediterranean offer especial attractions to naturalists. Ever since Johannes Müller, who may be regarded as the leader of the new school of German biologists, with a little group of students accompanying him, found his way to these shores, not a year has passed without some German savant making his pilgrimage to Naples or Messina to pursue there his zoölogical studies.

Emily Nunn Whitman.

A SONG OF THE MOCKING-BIRD.

DEDICATED TO AN ENGLISH SKY-LARK.

OH,
How I long to go,
On a seaward-blowing breeze,
To the garden of the seas —
To brave King Arthur's land,
To that fair island Alfred made so free,
To the haunt of chivalry,
Where master-birds sang (in the days of song)
So long
And strong!
Oh, let me dwell a space by Avon's tide,
Or hide
In some old grove, where still a note may linger
Of Herrick's flute,
Of Sidney's lute,
Or of some precious rondel voiced by a forgotten singer!

Hark!
Even now I hear a lark,
The lark of England's ripe and mellow story,
The lark of England's fallow fields of glory,
Springing,
Singing,
Far and high in heaven's remotest blue,
His wings still cool with dew,

His voice (of which one song-god fair and young
A lyric of immortal fervor sung)
Still firm and true,
Still rich with exultation, rising higher,
And brimming with desire,
To fill ethereal vastness with its fire;
Forgetting love and sympathy and that law
Of human harmony
And rhythmic destiny,
Which darkly through a glass the seers and prophets saw!

O bird
Whom gods and heroes heard
Sing in the far dim twilight hours of Time,
Whose rapture stirred
Through many a new sweet rhyme
Whilst thou didst rise
Into the skies
To purify thy song in empyrean fire!
Say where
In upper air
Dost hope to find fulfillment of thy dream?
On what far peak seest thou a morning-gleam?
Why shall the stars still blind thee unaware?
Why needst thou mount to sing?
Why seek the sun's fierce-tempered glow and glare?
Why shall a soulless impulse prompt thy wing?
Why are thy meadows and thy groves bereft
Of Freedom's inspiration, and so left
To silence in mid-spring?

O Lark!
I mark,
Since Shelley died, thy wings have somewhat failed!
A precious note has faded from thy hymn,
Thy lyric fire has smoldered low and dim!
Nor ever have thy cloud-wrapt strains availed
Against the will of tyrants and the dark,
Strong doors of prisons grim,
And shackles manifold,
And dungeons cold,
Wherein sweet Freedom lies
With hopeless longing in her starry eyes
And lifeless languor on her splendid wings!

I hold
This truth as gold:
The grandest life is lowliest; he who sings
To fill the highest purpose, need not soar
Above the lintel of the peasant's door,
And must not hunger for the praise of kings,
Or quench his thirst at too ethereal springs!
As for me,
My life is liberty,
And close to Earth's bloom-scented, fragrant floor
I gather more and more
The larger elements,
The fine suggestions of Time's last events;
I strive to know
Whither all currents flow;
I sing
On branches that the newest breezes swing;
I overreach
The limit of the present, day by day;
I teach
By shrewd anticipation, and foresay
What wider life is coming,
What joys are humming,
Like Hybla's bees, around the Future's comb;
My home
Is where all wind-tides and all perfumes meet;
Cool and clean and sweet
The young leaves rustle round my sensitive feet,
Whilst my enraptured tongue
Rolls under it
Morsels of all the songs the world's best bards have sung!

Lo! Homer's strength is mine,
And Sappho's fire divine!
And old Anacreon's flask of purple wine
Stains many a note
Blown from the silvery labyrinth of my charméd throat!
And yet the Past
Has nothing in it glorious as the vast
Hope that the Future holds,
Of life whose flame enfolds
The final focal thought —
The meed for which the grandest souls from life's first dawn have wrought.

Erewhile I lived
Where Liberty pined and grieved,
Under the sunniest of all sunny skies,
In a rich-fruited, dreamy, slumberous paradise;
Low
And slow
The tide of human sympathy did ebb and flow.
At length, one day,
I heard a bloodhound bay;
The swamps were Freedom's sanctuary then;
Year after year
I sang the slave to cheer,
And sang to fire the hearts of earnest free-born men,
Until the new day broke,
With the lifting of the yoke,
And, in broad floods of sudden light divine,
I saw the slave to manhood's summit rise,
His vision set on farthest destinies,
And the slave-cabin like a palace shine!
Oh, what a bliss
This love of Freedom is!
And what delight
To feel, by day and night,
Its ecstasy run deeper in my blood,
While life's strong tide swells towards its grandest flood!

Not in the sky,
Where wastes of grandeur lie,
May genius find wherewith to slake its thirst;
The rainbow is not first
On Beauty's list,
Nor is the enchantment of heaven's highest mist
The master maker's aim!
The lowliest hearth-stone flame
Is worthier of worship than the sun!
The patter of bare brown feet that dance and run
With childish grace on roughest cabin floor,
And the poor mother's happy smile, are more
Than starry hosts
And lofty ghosts
And awful phantoms born of overwrought
And soulless travail on the heights of thought!

Come down, O Lark, to earth,
And give a new song birth —
The song of life that grants its sweets to all,
In hut and lofty hall;
Forsake the sky,
And sky-born melody;
Fill thy meadow and thy grove
With a strain of human love —
With a wide, strong pulse of music for the waiting ears of men,
Who, to be born again,
And live the life of freedom that I live,
More than their lives would give;
Yea,
Would slay,
And heap vast hecatombs, and flood
The world with blood,
And jar
Heaven with the thunder,
And the wonder,
And the awful weltering whirlwind of the storm of war!

Oh, ere it is too late,
Take heed, and contemplate
What tempests sleep
That yet will wake and leap
Across thy starry fields and blot them out,
And drown thy voice in their uproarious shout!
Thou art too high;
No longing ear or eye
May follow thee, nor is thy sweetest note
Echoed by mortal throat;
But ever it goes forth with none to hear
And none to catch its cheer!
Come sit beside me now,
Here on my orange-bough;
Forsake the legendary lights,
Forget the old hereditary heights,
And we will pipe one lusty score together
Wing by wing,
In this land of spring,
While all the world comes out to feel the weather
Throb with the fire of Freedom as we sing!

Maurice Thompson.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Legislative Inefficiency.

WITH much that our correspondent, whose interesting contribution we publish among our "Open Letters," says about the inefficiency of the lower House of Congress we heartily agree, but it seems to us that in drawing his indictment he overlooks several important points. He assumes that the failure of the House to pass a larger number of the measures which had been passed by the Senate was a proof of inefficiency, and he argues at some length to show that a measure which has been approved by the Senate must be desirable. This is unfortunately not the case. He cites one hundred and twenty-eight of the Senate bills as having been claims of private persons against the Government. How often such claims may be undeserving we have had striking evidence at the recent session of Congress, in the series of admirable vetoes which the President has written upon them. It is true that the last House failed to pass the Bankruptcy Bill and the Presidential Succession Bill, both obviously desirable and important; but the latter is now a law, having been passed early in the recent session of the present House.

We do not deny the inefficiency of the House; nobody can do that successfully; but it seems to us a mistake to assume that the usefulness of a legislative body can be gauged by the number of bills which it passes. The great evil of the times is not too little legislation, but too much. It requires eternal vigilance on the part of the disinterested portion of the press, not so much to get desirable laws enacted as to prevent the enactment of positively vicious measures. It is a fact that the whole country breathes a sigh of relief when Congress adjourns, because there is then no further danger of pernicious legislation. The same thing is true of our State legislatures. We cannot agree with our correspondent that the Senate is a more efficient body than the House. Take, for example, the record of the recent session. Aside from the passage of the Presidential Succession Bill, the Electoral Count Bill, and the Blair Educational Bill (a measure concerning which wise men differ in opinion), the most conspicuous act of the Senate has

been the passage of the Blair Pension Bill, calling for an annual expenditure ranging anywhere from fifty million to two hundred million dollars. This pension scheme was not only a demagogic device, but it called for such enormous drafts upon the Treasury that its becoming a law would have been a step toward national bankruptcy. The House killed this after the Senate had passed it.

With what our correspondent says about time wasted in debate we are also inclined to disagree. Much time is undoubtedly wasted in useless talk, but it is a mistake to say that nothing can be gained by debating a measure which has little or no chance of becoming a law. Especially is it a mistake if the measure be a tariff bill. We shall never secure the much-needed revision of our present tariff laws until the subject has become more thoroughly understood than it is at present, and there is no better way of diffusing knowledge upon it than by debate. What we need in Congress is not less talk, but better talk.

And this brings us to the root of the whole difficulty. We shall not have abler debating and more efficient legislation until we get a better class of men for Congressmen. Nobody who has followed the course of all our legislative bodies for the past few years can fail to conclude that there has been a steady descent in the scale of ability and character of the men who are elected to make our laws. It used to be considered a high honor to be sent even to a State legislature. Does anybody consider it so now? Few men who are fit for the service make any effort to get into it, while the most unfit men work hardest, and usually succeed in getting the position. The remedy is with the people, and in our opinion clearly lies in the line of a thorough and universal application of the merit system to all the minor offices of the nation, the state, and the municipality.

Marriage, Divorce, and the Mormon Problem.

MANY Americans believed in 1865 that the last of problems had been worked out by the United States, and that the country had now no more to do than to enjoy its well-earned leisure, with none to molest or to make it afraid. The futility of the expectation has only become more evident with the years. No year has come without its problem. Some of them have been great and others small; but each in turn has pressed imperatively for a solution. The general success of the country in meeting them has been due in no small degree to prevision. The problem has not been allowed to roll up to its full potentiality of volume before the wisest solution that foresight could compass has been applied, and then modified in execution as circumstances seemed to demand. To this general rule of action there has been one striking exception. One problem, What shall be done with the Mormons? is still unsolved; the general lines of all the attempted solutions have proved total failures; the problem is rising swiftly to a volume which threatens to be beyond remedy; and experience brings no hope of an agreement as to the solution. Surely, the urgent necessity of dealing with other difficulties need not lead us to ignore this one until it passes the others and asserts its claim to the lead among all the topics of the time.

It has been a common belief that Young and the other Mormon leaders who founded their State of Deseret in 1846–48 were coarse and ignorant men; and yet there are some circumstances which are not easily reconcilable with this view of them. This is particularly the case with their management of the *quasi* international relations between the Mormon community and the United States. It may be that they merely blundered into the advantageous position which we have found to our cost that they occupy. If so, it is odd that they have never happened to blunder out of it. It is a possibility, on the other hand, that they have acted under some guidance which was well read in our constitutional law, and possessed also a clear and far sight into the future. It may be that this is the reason why their action has so constantly hit the weakest joint in our national harness. If we look back over forty years' connection with them, and notice their successes in meeting every blow which has been aimed at them, it may aid us in finding the counteracting circumstance, the remedy which shall solve the problem and at last bring the natural forces of advancing civilization to bear upon them.

In 1845–46, when the first migration from Nauvoo to Utah was planned and executed, the country around the Great Salt Lake was still Mexican soil. It required no great foresight, however, to see that the culminating difficulties with Mexico might result in war; that the harbor of San Francisco would be an irresistible temptation to a conqueror; and that the annexation of San Francisco involved the annexation of the country around the Great Salt Lake. Still, all this was *in nubibus;* it might be or it might not be. If it should not be, the Mormon leaders would have gained their primary object. Their colony would be on the soil of a foreign, and that a very weak, government; it would be on the very outskirts of a country which could hardly maintain order in its capital city; and it would nevertheless be close to the border of the United States, and at the gateway of immigration. Supposing that the other alternative should be, as it was, proffered to them, that the United States should annex Utah, were the Mormons shut up to their first programme? Were they to meet annexation by a further migration into Sonora, or some other northern Mexican State? What were the advantages which kept them where they were, whose force the nation feels more severely with every year?

The American State, or commonwealth, has absolute power over the subjects of marriage and divorce. Any American State might at any time permit plural marriage within its jurisdiction, if it should so will. This fact might have kept the Mormons where they were, in the State of Illinois, with the purpose of gaining control of it and making it a polygamous State, but for the fact that the State had also the correlative power, when the danger should become visible, to crush the minority by imprisoning its leaders for violation of its marriage laws, while tolerating the lawless expression of the majority's public opinion. A territory where the Saints could be in the majority from the start, was the only safe place to begin a polygamous State.

But would the American Congress ever allow such a polygamous territory to become a polygamous State? Unholy as the affirmative proposition might seem, there was every chance in its favor, if patience could secure

her perfect work. Given a sufficiently large number of persons in a community, the proposition that the American people should keep them forever under absolute power was unthinkable. The Mormon community only *permitted* polygamy. The great mass of its members must always be monogamists. Let them have patience; let them submit to the imprisonment or disfranchisement of such of their few polygamists as should be convicted; let them only remain a majority, and the time must come when Congress, in some weak, hopeless, or over-sanguine hour, should admit the State of Utah. The gift of Statehood is irrevocable; once a State, Utah could not be deprived of her absolute power over marriage and divorce by any subsequent Congress, or by any instrument with the exception of an amendment to the Constitution, giving Congress the power to regulate marriage and divorce by general laws for the entire Union, and Federal Courts the power to punish for violation of them.

If this is the only remedy for a hasty or thoughtless admission of Utah to the Union, why not apply it now? Is it better to go on for years as we have done, holding this wolf by the ears, knowing that the chances are that it will some day escape? If that is to be our line of action, truly it was an astute and provident policy which kept the Mormons in Utah in 1848, for they had everything to gain and nothing to lose by a territorial location. Their population has risen from 11,380 in 1850 to 47,130 in 1860, 86,786 in 1870, and 143,963 in 1880. They are now more in number than the law requires as a constituency for a Representative in Congress; and their retention as a territory is every year becoming a greater strain upon our institutions. What are we to do when the population of Utah is a million or more? Are we still to keep them under the absolute government of Congress? Or do we imagine that our patience will be the greater, and that the Mormons will then be in the minority, or converted to monogamy? So far from that being probable, our delay is only preparing for us new difficulties of the same kind. The neighboring territories, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming, are becoming infected with the Utah disease; and the time will come when we shall have on our hands the problem of holding in four polygamous territories, instead of one, from becoming States.

There are objections to be considered, of course. The leading objection would be that the proposed grant of power to Congress would be distinctly outside of any proper limits to a really federal system; that a national marriage and divorce law would be a long step on the road to a French, or unified, republican system. The validity of the objection cannot well be denied. The fact is with the objector. Circumstances, mainly the rise of Mormonism, have forced upon us one evil. The country must decide whether this single step toward unification is too large a price to pay for a final solution of the Mormon problem. The ratification of the amendment would for the first time stamp Mormon polygamy as forever hopeless. A State government under the proposed amendment would relieve Congress of any further necessity for governing Utah; it would remit the punishment of polygamy, including disfranchisement and exclusion from office, to the automatic action of the United States courts; and, by changing political into purely legal prosecution, its natural effect would be to break up the influences which now make the Saints a consciously peculiar people, to urge the ambitious younger men out of its jurisdiction, and to strike at the ecclesiastical, which in many respects is more important than the mere polygamous, element of the question.

Again, it may be objected that such an amendment would merely substitute the loose Western divorce laws for the higher standard of the older States. Is there a Western State whose divorce laws are looser than those of Connecticut, the "land of steady habits"; or whose marriage laws and practice are looser than those of New York, the Empire State? As a matter of fact, it would be a blessing for most of the States, old or new, East or West, if national legislation on these subjects could take the place of their present systems. The Senator or Representative who would pay little attention to loose marriage and divorce laws in his own State, would hesitate before giving the legislation of the nation a character calculated to invite the contempt of sister nations. For the same reason the transfer of power would lighten, by concentrating, the labor of those devoted men who have so long been striving to reform State divorce laws. If they were released from the necessity of attacking thirty-eight different legislative bodies, and were referred to Congress alone, their efforts would have far greater promise of effect.

The evil itself has become so far national as to make national legislation applicable and appropriate. If the remedy through constitutional amendment is to be tried, the work cannot be begun too soon. The passage and ratification of an amendment to the American Constitution is about the most difficult legislative feat imaginable. To accomplish it before the Mormon problem shall have become hopelessly great, the work should be begun at once. If the first draft of the amendment should be offered in Congress in 1886, its passage and ratification would occupy probably ten years of hard work, and by that time the population of Utah will number about half a million. To leave the beginning of the work until that time would simply mean the admission of Utah as a State, out of sheer desperation, before the amendment could be ratified.

The Forgotten Millions.

MISCHIEF sometimes lurks in the tamest platitudes. Sayings that passed current until they were worn smooth have been found to be pinchbeck. The maxim which declares that it is better to feed a hundred mendicant impostors than to permit one worthy and needy person to suffer,—or, varying the form of the adage, that a hundred criminals might better be set free than that one innocent person be punished,—is by most persons accepted as a moral axiom, but it needs to be carefully analyzed.

Doubtless it is the dictate of humanity that no helpless child of want should be left to starve, as it is the dictate of justice that no innocent victim of circumstances should be made to endure an undeserved penalty. So far as it is possible in the wise administration of our charities and in the vigorous execution of our laws to prevent such wrongs, they ought to be prevented. But

these maxims are often quoted to justify indiscriminate almsgiving and a lax enforcement of criminal laws. It is when we are making choice of methods that they are generally appealed to; and thus they are made to mean that a method which lets loose upon society a hundred tramps or a hundred criminals, in order to avoid the risk of inflicting suffering upon one innocent person, is better than a method which punishes with the hundred miscreants one innocent person.

Now, it is to be remembered that all our legal and charitable machinery is imperfect. Our best discriminations are never infallible. No matter how cautious our methods may be, we shall sometimes punish innocent men. It is only a rude approximation to perfect justice that we can hope for. The question by which our administration must be tested is simply this: What methods will accomplish the most good and the least harm? Some harm we shall surely do, and much good we shall surely leave undone, if we adopt the wisest methods which it is possible for us to devise; but we must choose those measures which, on the whole and in the long run, will secure the greatest good of the greatest number.

When we find that the administration of a systematic method of poor-relief has resulted in a failure to reach and relieve some worthy person, our sympathy for the sufferer is aroused, and we are inclined to denounce and abandon the system. It has put an end to mendicancy; it has lifted many families out of pauperism into self-support; it has furnished employment and livelihood to a multitude; but it has left undone one thing that it ought to have done. This one failure, in the eyes of some sentimentalists, vitiates all its good work. It were better to feed a hundred beggars than to let one worthy person go hungry.

The suffering of the one worthy person deserves our compassion; but what of the hundred beggars? Is there nothing to deplore in the injury done them by the misapplied charity that encourages them to pursue their life of shame? Are there no tears for the moral degradation into which they are sinking? Suffering, too, is surely waiting for them if they go on in that path. Most of them will become criminals, and through their depredations upon society an indefinite amount of injury will be inflicted upon innocent persons. Is no account to be made of this? If we must choose between a method which, in order to avert suffering from a single individual, lets a hundred beggars loose in society to destroy themselves and prey upon the honest citizens, and a method which turns the hundred beggars into the paths of honest industry, but in doing so fails to relieve one worthy sufferer, there ought to be no great hesitation in making the choice. Yet there are thousands of soft-hearted and short-sighted philanthropists who are able to see no farther than the case of the individual sufferer, and who are ready to say that the system which has failed to bring him relief must be defeated, even though it has prevented a hundred times as much suffering as it has caused.

The case is quite as clear with respect to the criminals. It seems a light matter to some philanthropists to set a hundred miscreants free. They do not stop to think of the vast mischief that will be wrought by them; of the homes they will invade, of the lives they will destroy, of the sense of insecurity and terror that will pervade the communities infested by them. A great evil it is that one innocent man should be punished; but those who declare that it is a less evil to set a hundred scoundrels free, do not always comprehend what is meant by the saying. The future victims of these hundred scoundrels are entitled to a little compassion. These are the people that near-sighted philanthropy always forgets.

Moreover, the consistent following of this maxim by courts and juries results in assuring all intending criminals that they will have one hundred chances of escape to one chance of conviction, and thus practically cancels the fear of punishment and helps to multiply the criminal class.

It may be said, however, that the unjust punishment of an innocent person is a judicial wrong for which government is responsible, and therefore to be regarded with especial horror. But is not the liberation of the hundred ruffians also a judicial wrong for which government is responsible? Are not our courts and juries accountable for the evil that results from their failure to punish the guilty, as well as for their unjust condemnation of the innocent? Is not the injustice thus done to the great multitude of honest people to be taken into account in the administration of our laws?

It is easy to detect the influence of maxims of this nature in many of the current failures of our jurisprudence. The Supreme Court of one of our States lately pronounced a registration law unconstitutional, on the ground that it interfered somewhat with the right of the sovereign voter. Several opportunities were given by the law for the citizen to register his name; but the judges reasoned that some voter might possibly be absent from the State on the designated days, and might therefore lose his vote, which would be an intolerable hardship and wrong to him. Doubtless this deprivation of a few voters would be an injury to them. But if experience showed that for want of some such protection of the suffrage honest voters by whole precincts lost their votes, being overrun by organized gangs of repeaters and "colonists," then it would seem that the convenience, and even the "right," of these few absentees should give way in behalf of the measure by which such enormous wrongs might be averted. Effective legislation for the protection of the community is apt to interfere somewhat with the convenience of many honest people. Society imposes some measure of limitation and privation on all its members. It is possible that under any practicable system of registration ten or perhaps a hundred voters in a large city would lose their votes. Such a consequence is certainly to be regretted. But suppose that for want of a thorough system of registration ten thousand honest voters lose their votes by fraud. Such a result is very common. Are not the rights of the ten thousand worth considering?

It is fair to say that the decision to which we have referred follows the common rule of our jurisprudence, in its jealousy of the rights of the individual. The question here raised is simply this: Whether this tendency of our jurisprudence be not extreme; and whether the rights of the individual are not often upheld to the great injury of society. Professor Sumner pleads for the Forgotten Man. It is time that somebody should put in a plea for the Forgotten Millions.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Inefficiency of the Lower House of Congress.

THE Forty-eighth Congress was the last one that sat to the end of its term, and its record, therefore, contains the best extant evidence of the efficiency or inefficiency of our modern American Congresses. That record indicates that the Senate is comparatively attentive to its duties; but the record of the House of Representatives, as exemplified in that of the Forty-eighth Congress, is far less favorable to an optimistic view of Congressional diligence. It is my purpose to set forth the character of that specimen record, to state the evidence it contains of the inefficiency of the lower branch of Congress, and to indicate the cause of that unnecessary evil and point out a remedy therefor.

The House of Representatives of the Forty-eighth Congress received from the Senate four hundred and eighty-eight bills which had been passed by the higher body. A majority of these never were voted upon in the House, and but few of that majority were even taken up for consideration there. Two hundred and sixty of the bills received from the Senate died with the Forty-eighth Congress, merely because the House did not consider them at all, or did not consider them long enough to reach any conclusion thereon. The fact that the House passed two hundred and twenty-two and rejected only six of the bills passed by the Senate of that Congress, raises a strong presumption that nearly all of the two hundred and sixty would have been passed by the House if voted upon in that body. Debate in the Senate is substantially free, and no bill can pass that chamber without running the gauntlet of the speeches that all or any of the seventy-six senators may see fit to make against it. For this reason, the fact that the Senate passed these bills raises a strong presumption that all of them ought to have been enacted into law, and demonstrates that it was the duty of the House to give them adequate consideration.

One hundred and twenty-eight of the neglected bills were propositions intended to do justice to a similar number of private persons. The amounts involved in the claims thus allowed by the Senate were very small in proportion to the resources of the debtor nation; but they were very important sums to the people to whom they were due. It is painful to contemplate a great nation neglecting to pay just debts to poor citizens; and it is impossible to estimate the privation of living and the sense of outrage which are thus inflicted upon the innocent and the deserving. The nation itself would not willingly perpetrate such heartless wrongs. The responsibility therefor must generally be localized in the House of Representatives. Seventy-three of the neglected bills were of a public nature, but local in their immediate operation. They were probably all measures of justice to the localities to which they related; and many of them would doubtless have resulted in still wider public benefits. Nineteen of the neglected bills related to the Indians — those almost helpless wards of the nation, upon whom the Representatives seem willing, by neglect, to perpetrate another century of dishonor.

Forty of the neglected bills were public in their nature and general in their operation. Many of these were very important to the national welfare. Among them was the bill providing for the presidential succession. The omission to enact it would have left the presidency vacant if Mr. Cleveland had died before the assembling of the Forty-ninth Congress in December, 1885, and would then have probably led to a hateful party struggle over the filling of that vacancy. Among them, also, was the Bankruptcy Bill, which was carefully matured by the Senate, and passed that body by more than a two-thirds majority. That bill was very important to public justice and business prosperity; and the lack of such a law is still inflicting extensive injuries upon those interests. Another of these bills was that which reserved from sale and settlement about 60,000 square miles of the public lands around the sources of the great rivers in the Rocky Mountains, to the end that the forests growing on the lands reserved might not be destroyed and the rainfall thereby diminished and misdistributed, and the rivers be thus made to flood the adjacent country in the spring and run low in the summer season of each year. The great importance of the bill was explained and enforced by Senator Edmunds, and there was no vote against its passage in the Senate, but the measure was wholly neglected in the House. These three measures may serve as specimens of the forty. The evils and losses which must follow from the omission of the House to consider such important public measures as these are too numerous to be more than indicated here.

The Forty-eighth Congress was in session during forty-two weeks. The House had as much time as the Senate had; and its power to curtail debate, by means of the previous question, gave it a means of finishing business not possessed by the higher branch. Its omission adequately to consider the two hundred and sixty neglected bills was, therefore, not due to lack of time. It was due to waste of time; and the following are some of the particulars of that waste:

More than three weeks were occupied by the members of the House in delivering speeches on the Morrison tariff bill. That time was all wasted, because that bill was rejected by the House, and because there never was any prospect that, if adopted by the House, it would pass the Senate, and because there never was any probability that, if successful in both Houses of Congress, it would be approved by the President, or be enacted over his veto. It is evident that the time spent on that bill was not spent with any expectation of enacting any law. It was spent in delivering party speeches, to be printed and circulated at government expense, for party purposes.

More than five days were spent in delivering speeches on the Fitz John Porter bill. That time was also wasted, because the character of the bill was well understood without debate, and its passage through the House

was certain whether it was debated or not, and because nobody expected the debate to have any effect upon the action of the House. The motives that caused these speeches were doubtless somewhat variant; but they perhaps consisted mainly of desires to make personal displays of military autobiography, and of hopes to effect party purposes by reviving the recollections of the civil war. Much time was used during each of many days in delivering redundant speeches on questions which required and received decision, but did not require repetitions of well-understood arguments. The Chalmers-Manning contested election case was an instance of this kind. In that case the debate occupied more than four days, though the facts were simple enough to be abundantly debated in an hour.

The three topics last mentioned wasted more than a tenth of the entire time of the sessions of the House of the Forty-eighth Congress.

More than another tenth was wasted in redundant speeches on other bills; in calls of the House rendered necessary by the absence of a quorum, or by the refusal of a quorum to vote; in useless debates on the order of business; and in personal quarrels of the members relevant to matters quite disconnected with legislation. The entire time wasted by the House was quite enough to have enabled it adequately to consider every one of the two hundred and sixty bills which were passed by the Senate and neglected by the lower branch of Congress. These facts demonstrate the inefficiency of the particular House to which they refer; and the record made, at the time of this writing, by the present House, affords no prospect of any improvement upon its last predecessor. The inefficiency of the lower branch of Congress has become chronic.

The causes of these evils do not necessarily reside in the constitution of the House of Representatives. They reside mainly in its membership, and will continue to produce the observed result till the character of that membership is changed. The three hundred and twenty-five men who constituted the lower House of the Forty-eighth Congress, and the three hundred and twenty-five men who constitute the lower House of the Forty-ninth Congress, are capable of a fourfold analysis and classification. Many members have affinities with more than one of the four classes; but these affinities are so unequal in power that it is probably practicable to assign each man to the particular class to which he really belongs. That, however, is not the present undertaking. The present undertaking is to delineate each of the four classes, leaving the reader to assign his own representative in Congress to one or to another of those classes in the light of that delineation.

First. The intelligent statesmen. These are they who study public questions on their merits, and who conduct that study with intellectual ability and honest diligence. They seldom or never make a speech without a legitimate legislative purpose, or extend a speech beyond its legitimate boundaries. In the committee-rooms these men are laborious and thorough. In the sessions of the House they are attentive and decorous. Speaking often, they speak not to display their talents, but to convince their colleagues. Skillful in management, they use their power to forward the public business, and not to promote their private ends.

Second. The voluble demagogues. These men are not students of public affairs. They advocate whatever opinions they suppose to be popular among those to whom they look for reëlection, but seldom with any adequate knowledge of the topics to which those opinions relate. If such a man represents a "silver State," he will waste valuable time in making a superficial speech against any suspension of silver coinage; and if he represents a district where holders of Government bonds are numerous and powerful, he will waste valuable time in making an equally superficial speech in favor of such suspension. If such a man represents Texas or Arkansas, he will dilate for an hour against a protective tariff, speaking wholly from the basis of the interest of the consumer; and if he represents Pennsylvania or New York, he will dilate for an hour in favor of such a tariff, speaking wholly from the basis of the interest of the producer of protected merchandise. Neither of these men who speak about silver will indicate the possession of any fundamental knowledge of the complex factors of the problem discussed; and neither of these men who speak about the tariff will show that he has penetrated below the surface of the subject.

Third. The silent intriguers. These men seldom speak in the House, because they have not intellectual force enough to catch and hold the attention of their colleagues. They generally pretend to be influential in the committees, but they are seldom able to point to any notable measure which they caused to be enacted. In truth, they have little real connection with the public business, except to vote with their party on party questions, and on other questions to vote in such a manner as to fulfill their engagements with their special supporters. Their real labors in Washington are in the executive departments. These they haunt as the special agents of particular constituents. To-day such a member is seen seeking a pension for one supporter, and a patent for another; and to-morrow he industriously struggles to secure a pardon or a post-office for a third. He is the errand-boy of his district, the obsequious servant of its party politicians.

Fourth. The wealthy dullards. These are men who have sapped their strength to accumulate their money, and weakened their minds by indulgence in the luxuries they were thus enabled to purchase. Late in life they were called upon by party managers to be candidates for Congress, with a special view to the securing of large contributions to campaign funds. In youth and middle life they gave no particular attention to public affairs, and really learned little or nothing useful about them. Entering Congress in advanced years, their minds are too sluggish and too untrained adequately to study such complex questions as those upon which they are called to vote. Therefore they simply vote with their party, or vote for measures said to be beneficial to the business interests with which they are most nearly related; and they let the residue of legislation go forward or stand still, as it may.

The remedy for the evils I have endeavored to portray would obviously consist in electing only men of the first class to Congress; and that is an enterprise which is within the power of the people. There is probably no Congressional district which does not contain several members of the locally prevailing

political party who are honest enough and intellectual enough to be Congressmen of that class; and if there is a district which is lacking in such material, it may lawfully select such a man from any other part of the State of which it constitutes a portion. But such men are seldom nominated by party conventions, where those conventions are controlled by delegates who are sent there to promote selfish ends. To secure the nomination and election of such men to Congress, it is generally necessary for patriotic citizens to attend and control the caucuses or primaries which select the delegates to the nominating conventions. Such citizens are always numerous enough to be entitled to control such conventions; and nothing but their systematic and united action is necessary to such control.

Albert H. Walker.

The Rev. Dr. Munger on "Evolution and the Faith."

WITH the interest which fine writing always excites, enhanced by my personal friendship for the author, I have read Dr. Munger's "Evolution and the Faith" in the May number of THE CENTURY.

It has intensified my conviction that we shall not be able to make very satisfactory progress in the discussion of this subject until thinkers and writers shall somehow contrive to agree upon definitions. So long as we continue either to make one word carry two meanings, or to employ two words to signify the same thing, we shall be in confusion. I can see how an intelligent man would both agree and disagree with Dr. Munger's article, taken in its totality. Its one defect is that he uses two words indiscriminately. In one place he does this so distinctly as to be marked; it is where he closes a sentence with these words: "One law or method, namely, that of development or evolution"; and that way of thinking and writing diminishes the value of his brilliant article. He is not solitary in this, but instances might be drawn from many writers showing this same confusion of thought.

Why is it not possible to separate "development" and "evolution" so as to have no confusion in the use of the words? Professor Huxley ("Critiques and Addresses") says that the fundamental proposition of evolution is "that the whole world, living and not living, is the result of the mutual interaction, according to definite laws, of the forces possessed by the molecules of which the primitive nebulosity of the universe was based." To him the leading evolutionists, such as Tyndall and Haeckel, give agreement. Why should we not all agree? Then we should confine "evolution" to the hypothesis which means that matter has the promise and potency of all things; that matter is first, and that all things proceed out of matter without any intervention *ab extra*; that the forces are in the molecules; that they act and interact on themselves, and that they have always done so, and will always do so, as long as they continue to be the basis of matter. If we could all agree to this, the advantage would be that it would leave us free to give "development" another meaning, a meaning which might include a process by which matter passed from a homogeneous into a heterogeneous condition, under the supervision of the intellect which devised the law in the beginning and continues to operate that law until now. Would not this be a real gain to our philosophical and scientific literature?

I call attention to the following passage in Dr. Munger's article, as showing the embarrassments under which writers labor so long as "development" and "evolution" are considered interchangeable terms: "I grant that these fears would be well grounded if certain theories of evolution were to be accepted as settled — such as the theory that matter has within itself the potentiality of all terrestrial life, and goes on in its development alone, and by its own energy; a theory that may stand for the various mechanical and atomic doctrines that deify force and dispense with cause." But that *is* "evolution"; that is the definition of evolution given by the most conspicuous scientific men on that side of the question; and we are surprised to hear the doctor say: "This theory is now an outcast in the world of thought." Does the Encyclopædia Britannica agree with this? Do the writings of the scientific gentlemen named above agree with this?

Take another passage: "When evolution is regarded, not as a self-working engine,— an inexorable and unsupervised system, a mysterious section of creation assumed to be the whole,— but rather as a process whose laws are the methods of God's action, and whose force is the steady play of God's will throughout matter, there need be no fear lest man and religion be swallowed up in matter and brute life." Yes; but that is *not* "evolution." Evolution *is* "an inexorable and unsupervised system, a mysterious section of creation assumed to be the whole"; but "development" may be a "process whose laws are the methods of God's action," etc.

Why should we not settle upon that distinction, and not bracket the words, or tie them together? Does it not lead to great confusion of thought? Is it not confounding genus and species? If not that, is it not confounding two species? For instance, if process were genus, might not evolution and development be species included in that genus? Evolution could stand for the process that has no creator nor supervisor, and development for the process which is carried forward by one who is both creator and supervisor. Also, "evolution" could continue to stand for that hypothesis for which it now stands, namely, the product of mind by matter; and "development" could stand for what Dr. Munger sometimes calls evolution, namely, the product of matter from mind in a process which had a person who is both the creator and the supervisor.

Dr. Munger would have found great advantage if he had given his paper the title of "Development and the Faith"; for evolution, according to its own accredited apostles,— and we have no right to steal their thunder,— is a process in which there are no pauses, no laps, and no breaks. According to "evolution," in the beginning was matter; according to "development," in the beginning was mind. According to evolution, there must be abiogenesis: the organic must spring from the inorganic; the living must spring from the non-living. I am not now saying whether this hypothesis be true or false; if it be true, we shall certainly discover spontaneous generation, and until spontaneous generation be discovered, whether true or false, it is not scientific to take this hypothesis as settled scientific doctrine. I do not now say that the other theory

that of development, is true or false; that remains to be shown; but its reception among thinkers certainly seems to be growing, and Dr. Munger has amply and ably shown that some forms of it may be held without at all endangering the faith. But it must be borne in mind that what he has shown as not endangering the faith is *not* "evolution," if evolutionists are to be allowed to define the name which they give to their own hypothesis, and it would seem that they are certainly entitled to this privilege.

With all the pleasantness of personal regard, I must say that my friend in his article reminded me of Milton's description of the lion coming from the earth, which Mr. Huxley ridiculed in his New York lecture:

> "Now half appear'd
> The tawny lion, pawing to get free
> His hinder parts."

Towards the end Dr. Munger says: "I have attempted merely to show that the Christian faith is not endangered by evolution, and to separate it from a narrow school of thought with which it is usually associated," etc. Plainly he cannot pull out: evolution belongs to the school of thought with which it is usually associated. If we baptize our child into the name of our neighbor's child, it will not make the babies one, nay, it will not even make them twins; they are separate things. Dr. Munger may call a certain school of thought "narrow," but evolution belongs to the school of thought with which it is usually associated. And then immediately after, in laying down categorically the lines upon which future study should be pursued, the first line is: "The respects in which evolution as a necessary process in the natural and brute worlds does not wholly apply to man." Now just so far as any process in the natural world does not apply to man, so far forth it is *not* "evolution," and we ought not to call it "evolution," because it produces confusion of thought by making confusion of terms.

Throughout his whole article, wherever Dr. Munger has held to "the faith," he has been compelled to reject "evolution." If he had simply stated what evolutionists hold to be evolution in the first paragraph of his article, and then stated the development theory as held by other scientific men, he would have increased the value of his brilliant article. My simple contention is that when there are two theories before us, the *terminus a quo* of one being matter, and the *terminus ad quem* of the other being matter, we shall not talk of two trains, both running, but running in opposite directions, as if they were one and the same train.

Charles F. Deems.

REPLY BY THE REV. DR. MUNGER.

I AM grateful to my friend Dr. Deems for the very courteous terms in which he comments upon what he regards as an unwise confusion of the terms "evolution" and "development." The points he raises did not escape me while writing the article, and I considered the reasons he so well states, but reached a different conclusion. I trust Dr. Deems will not consider the brevity of my reply as indicating that I think the point unimportant or not ably defended.

My main reason for using the word "evolution" where Dr. Deems would say "development" is that I do not consider it wise to yield the word to the school that first brought it into general use and put its own definition upon it. It is not a trade-mark; it is not private property; and I must so far disagree with my friend as to think that it has not been so exclusively used by one school, and in so exclusive a sense, that it cannot properly be used by other schools. It is too valuable a word to be so surrendered. It has already passed into literature and common speech as a general phrase, and it is now too late to limit it to a certain hypothesis, even if it were desirable. It seems to me wiser to use it in its general sense, and not as an exact term, and to contend under it for the definitions we hold to be true. I grant the inconvenience of using terms that are not precise, but the contention between the two schools is not one that will be much helped or hindered by mere words. It is not the first time that opposing schools have fought under the same banner. The Church of Rome has as good a claim to the word "Catholic" as the Huxley school has to the word "evolution"; but the Protestant refuses to yield it to the Romanist, because the word itself has inestimable value and power. On exactly the same ground I deemed it wiser to use the word "evolution" and put into it what seemed to me its proper meaning, just as the Protestant insists on using the word "catholic" despite opposition and occasional misapprehension. In other words, I believe we can win a place in common speech for *theistic evolution*, and that the phrase is worth contending for.

T. T. Munger.

A Plan for Harmony between Labor and the Employing Interests.

A COMMON suggestion in what has been written on the labor question is, that arbitration can accomplish a settlement of the existing difficulties and those of a kindred kind that may occur in the future. But the theorists seem to lose sight of the fact that only one side of the arbitration would be a responsible side, viz., the side representing the industrial establishment against which the demands of the laborers are advanced. In a recent railroad strike a large amount of property was destroyed by violence, and when a proposition was made by the workmen to submit their grievances to arbitration, the other party put the question as to who would pay for these losses. On the refusal of the labor organization to assume this burden, the peace negotiations were stopped.

The only safeguard for both the workman and his employer is a written contract with sufficient surety. Let every man who employs workmen in large numbers divide his men into twelve classes, which are to be employed respectively from one to twelve months each. He will then make with the individuals of each class a written contract, binding himself to employ them for the period of time represented by the class to which they are assigned. Any causes which will void the contract, such as negligence or the indulgence of bad habits on the part of the workman, and the failure to pay the wages agreed upon, or other default, on the part of the employer, are to be specifically enumerated in the instrument. Unless ten days' notice is given by either party, the contract is to be renewed for the

same period, and upon the same terms, immediately upon its expiration. The laborer has his side of the bargain protected by the pecuniary responsibility of his employer, and he must in turn give his employer a claim upon him by leaving in his hands up to the time of the expiration of his contract wages for a half-month; that is to say, a man belonging to the second class (which will insure his employment for the space of two months) begins to receive his wages on the first pay-day that occurs after he shall have been employed fifteen days. If wages are paid by the month, he will not get his first pay for one month and a half. When his contract expires, of course he is settled with to date. Worthy employees will gradually be promoted from the shorter classes to the longer ones. Fluctuations in the seasons of production can be met by the employer giving the required ten days' notice to any of the shorter classes, that upon the expiration of their contracts their services would not be longer required for the present. This condition of things would naturally result in elevating the best men into the highest classes, where their employment would be sure and steady; while the floating element,—men without family ties,—which is really responsible for much of the trouble and discontent so often engendered by the discussion of imaginary wrongs, would be kept in classes where they could be dispensed with as soon as it was found that they were not trustworthy. This plan would be an absolute protection to both sides. Should the men establish a strike, the employer has in his possession a forfeitable sum of their money, which, under the written contract, he has a right to appropriate. If, on the other hand, the employer is disposed to grind his men beyond reasonable endurance, those who consider the wrongs unbearable can give notice and quit.

Legislation on this subject will be without avail until there is a more harmonious feeling between the parties representing respectively capital and labor. A plan like that outlined above would make the capitalist absolutely secure in his ability to employ sufficient labor for any term within a year, at a known scale of prices; and the laboring man possesses in his contract an instrument which will protect him against the petty malice or unreasonable exactions of any subheads of departments, who would otherwise unjustly cause his discharge or call for undue work at his hands.

S. H. Church.

"Danger Ahead."

Some passages in an article in The Century for November last, written by Dr. Lyman Abbott, under the title of "Danger Ahead," are adversely criticised by H. C. Fulton in an open letter in the February number.

The government is the political person of the people. It is animated by the spirit or genius of the people, and in all its operations will display that spirit or genius with a freedom and a naturalness corresponding to the freedom and naturalness with which a man displays his own spirit or genius in his own career.

Dr. Abbott has not misconceived the province of government in the instance before us.

The public railroads and the telegraphs of this country were built and are operated by corporations created by government especially for that purpose. Those corporations are persons in law, but they are public persons, and not private persons; they are artificial persons, and not natural persons; artificial or conventional subjects, and not natural subjects of the state. Public railroads and telegraphs are therefore public and not private institutions, their business is public and not private business, and they and their business are therefore properly subject to government regulation.

Government, being competent to create a subject for the especial purpose of enabling it to render a necessary public service, is, and must be, competent to compel that subject to conform to the law of its creation, and execute the design of its being.

Failing that, there is no sort of reasonable question that the government is competent to dispense with all other agents, and render the required service itself. Nor is there the least room for doubt that our government is entirely competent to undertake the general railroad and telegraph service of this country at any time and under any circumstances, upon the sole pretense of promoting the general welfare.

Our government has always been considered competent to render us the postal service, *i. e.*, to carry our letters for us. To say that our government is not also competent to render us the railroad service, *i. e.*, to carry us ourselves, and our baggage, and other *bona mobilia* for us, is mere cant and nonsense.

John C. Perkins.

"Petra."

Mr. R. Leslie Morris writes us from Highgate, England, that the list of European and American visitors given in the foot-note to "A Photographer's Visit to Petra," in The Century for last November, might be increased by the names of fifteen persons who visited Petra in April, 1862. These were Mr. Buckle, the author of "The History of Civilization," who had with him two English lads; Mr. Byron of New York, his son and two daughters; Mr. Bosworth, Mr. Harding, Mr. Gray, Mr. Stewart Glennie, Mr. R. Seaman, Mr. Ehni, Sir Capel Molyneux, and himself.

The author of the article writes as follows: "In my effort to supply a list of those who had visited Petra during the past twenty years, I neglected to mention several who are entitled to be placed upon the roll, as follows: Edward S. Philbrick, Boston; Charles G. Loring, Boston; Hon. E. Joy Morris, Philadelphia; George H. Mifflin, Boston; James Milliken, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania; Frank M. Good, Winchfield, England, and W. Bergheim, Jerusalem, Palestine. Mr. Good was 'photographer to Dean Stanley,' and told me he made less than six views, and was then only too glad to make his escape. Firth of London sells Mr. Good's views, but Firth was never in Petra. Mr. Bergheim made some photographs, but they are long since 'out of print.' On the summit of Mount Serbal (Sinai Peninsula) I found a bottle containing the names of Mr. Milliken and his companions, George D. Wells and William G. Tiffany. Doubtless there are a few others who have been to Petra, but Sheikh Salim fails to keep an accurate record!"

BRIC-À-BRAC.

IN A VENETIAN PICTURE-GALLERY.

On Some Buttercups.

A LITTLE way below her chin,
Caught in her bosom's snowy hem,
Some buttercups are fastened in,—
Ah, how I envy them!

They do not miss their meadow place,
Nor are they conscious that their skies
Are not the heavens, but her face,
Her hair, and mild blue eyes.

There, in the downy meshes pinned,
Such sweet illusions haunt their rest,
They think her breath the fragrant wind,
And tremble on her breast:

As if, close to her heart, they heard
A captive secret slip its cell,
And with desire were sudden stirred
To find a voice and tell!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

In a Bob-tail Car.

IT was about noon of a dark day late in November, and a long-threatened drizzle of hail chilled the air, as Harry Brackett came out of the Apollo House and stood on the corner of Fourth Avenue, waiting for a cross-town car. He was going downtown to the office of the "Gotham Gazette" to write up an interview he had just had with the latest British invader of these United States, Lady Smith-Smith, the fair authoress of the very popular novel, "Smile and be a Villain Still," five rival editions of which were then for sale everywhere in New York. Harry Brackett intended to ride past Union Square to Sixth Avenue in the cross-town car, and then to go to the "Gotham Gazette" by the elevated railway, so he transferred ten cents for the fare of the latter and five cents for the fare of the former from his waistcoat pocket to a little pocket in his overcoat. Then he buttoned the overcoat tightly about him, as the raw wind blew harshly across the city from river to river. He looked down the street for the car; it was afar off, on the other side of Third Avenue, and he was standing on the corner of Fourth Avenue.

"A bob-tail car," said Harry Brackett to himself, "is like a policeman: it is never here just when it is wanted. And yet it is a necessary evil—like the policeman again. Perhaps there is here a philosophical thought that might be worked up as a comic editorial article for the fifth column. 'The Bob-tail Car'—why, the very name is humorous. And there are lots of things to be said about it. For instance, I can get something out of the suggestion that the heart of a coquette is like a bob-tail car, there is always room for one more; but I suppose I must not venture on any pun about 'ringing the belle.' Then I can say that the bob-tail car is a one-horse concern, and is therefore a victim of the healthy American hatred of one-horse concerns. It has no past; no gentleman of the road ever robbed its passengers; no road-agent nowadays would think of 'holding it up.' Perhaps that's why there is no poetry about a bob-tail car, as there is about a stage-coach. Even Rudolph Vernon, the most modern of professional poets, wouldn't dream of writing verses on 'Riding in a Bob-tail Car.' Wasn't it Heine who said that the monks of the Middle Ages thought that Greek was a personal invention of the devil, and that he agreed with them? That's what the bob-tail car is—a personal invention of the devil. The stove-pipe hat, the frying-pan, the tenement-house, and the bob-tail car,—these are the choicest and the chief of the devil's gifts to New York.

Why doesn't that car come? confound it! Although it cannot swear itself, it is the cause of much swearing!"

Just then the car came lumbering along and bumping with a repeated jar as its track crossed the tracks on Fourth Avenue. Harry Brackett jumped on it as it passed the corner where he stood. His example was followed by a stranger, who took the seat opposite to him.

As the car sped along toward Broadway, Harry Brackett mechanically read, as he had read a dozen times before, the printed request to place the exact fare in the box. "Suppose I don't put it in?" he mused; "what will happen? The driver will ask for it—if he has time and happens to think of it. This is very tempting to a man who wants to try the Virginia plan of readjusting his debts. Here is just the opportunity for any one addicted to petty larceny. I think I shall call that article 'The Bob-tail Car as a Demoralizer.' It is most demoralizing for a man to feel that he can probably evade the payment of his fare, since there is no conductor to ask for it. However, I suppose the main reliance of the company is on the honesty of the individual citizen who would rather pay his debts than not. I doubt if there is any need to dun the average American for five cents."

Harry Brackett lowered his eyes from the printed notice at which he had been staring unconsciously for a minute, and they fell on the man sitting opposite to him—the man who had entered the car as he did.

"I wonder if he is the average American?" thought Brackett. "He hasn't paid his fare yet. I wonder if he will? It isn't my business to dun him for it; and yet I'd like to know whether his intentions are honorable or not."

The car turned sharply into Broadway, and then came to a halt to allow two young ladies to enter. A third young lady escorted them to the car, and kissed them affectionately, and said:

"Good-bye! You will be *sure* to come again! I have enjoyed your visit so much."

Then the two young ladies kissed her, and they said, both speaking at once and very rapidly:

"Oh, yes. We've had *such* a good time! We'll write you! And you *must* come out to Orange and see us soon! Good-bye! Good-bye! Remember us to your mother! *Good-bye!*"

At last the sweet sorrow of this parting was over; the third young lady withdrew to the sidewalk; the two young ladies came inside the car; the other passengers breathed more freely; the man opposite to Harry Brackett winked at him slyly, and the car went on again.

There was a vacant seat on the side of the car opposite to Harry Brackett,—or, at least, there would have been one if the ladies on that side had not, with characteristic coolness, spread out their skirts so as to occupy the whole space. The two young ladies stood for a moment after they had entered the car; they looked for a seat, but no one of the other ladies made a sign of moving to make room for them. The man opposite to Harry Brackett rose and proffered his seat. They did not thank him, or even so much as look at him.

"*You* take it, Nelly," said one.

"I sha'n't do anything of the sort. I'm not a *bit* tired!" returned the other. "I *insist* on your sitting down!"

"But I'm not tired *now*."

"Louise Valeria Munson," her friend declared, with humorous emphasis, "if you don't sit right down, I'll call a *policeman!*"

"Well, I guess there's room for us both," said Louise Valeria Munson; "I'm sure there ought to be."

By this time some of the other ladies on the seat had discovered that they were perhaps taking up a little more than their fair share of space, and there was a readjustment of frontier. The vacancy was slightly broadened, and both young ladies sat down.

The man who had got in just after Harry Brackett and who had given up his seat stood in the center of the car with his hand through a strap. But he made no effort to pay his fare. The driver rang his bell, the passengers looked at each other inquiringly, and one of the two young ladies who had just seated themselves produced a dime, which was passed along and dropped into the fare-box in accordance with the printed instructions of the company.

Three ladies left the car just before it turned into Fourteenth street; and after it had rounded the curve two elderly gentlemen entered and sat down by the side of Harry Brackett. The man who had not paid his fare kindly volunteered to drop their money into the box, but did not put in any of his own. Harry Brackett was certain of this, for he had watched him closely.

The two elderly gentlemen continued a conversation begun before they entered a car. "I'll tell you," said one of them, so loudly that Harry Brackett could not help overhearing, "the most remarkable thing that man Skinner ever did. One day he got caught in one of his amusing little swindles; by some slip-up of his ingenuity he did not allow himself quite rope enough, and so he was brought up with a round turn in the Tombs. He got two years in Sing Sing, but he never went up at all,—he served his time by substitute!"

"What?" cried his companion, in surprise.

"He did!" answered the first speaker. "That's just what he did! He had a substitute to go to State's Prison for him, while he went up to Albany to work for his own pardon!"

"How did he manage that?" asked the other, in involuntary admiration before so splendid an audacity.

"You've no idea how fertile Skinner was in devices of all kinds," replied the gentleman who was telling the story. "He got out on bail, and he arranged for a light sentence if he pleaded guilty. Then one day, suddenly, a man came into court, giving himself up as Skinner, pleading guilty, and asking for immediate sentence. Of course nobody inquired too curiously into the identity of a self-surrendered prisoner who wanted to go to Sing Sing. Well——"

The car stopped at the corner of Fifth Avenue; several passengers alighted and a party of three ladies came in. There were two vacant seats by the side of Harry Brackett, and as he thought these three ladies wished to sit together, he gave up his place and took another farther down the car. Here he found himself again opposite the man who had entered the car almost simultaneously with him, and who had not yet paid his fare. Harry Brackett wondered whether this attempt to steal a ride was intentional, or whether it was merely

inadvertent. His consideration of this metaphysical problem was interrupted by another conversation. His right-hand neighbor, who was apparently a physician, was telling the friend next to him of the strange desires of convalescents.

"I think," said he, "that the queerest request I ever heard was down in Connecticut. There was a man there, a day-laborer, but a fine young fellow, who had a crowbar driven clean through his head by a forgotten blast. Well, I happened to be the first doctor on the spot, and it was nip-and-tuck whether anything could be done for him; it was a most interesting case. But he was in glorious condition physically. I found out afterwards that he was the champion sprint-runner of the place. I got him into the nearest hotel, and in time I managed to patch him up as best I could. At last we pulled him through, and the day came when I was able to tell him that I thought he would recover, and that he was quite out of danger, and that all he had to do was to get his strength back again as fast as he could, and he would be all right again soon. He was lying in bed emaciated and speechless when I said this; and when I added that he could have anything to eat he might fancy, his eyes brightened, and his lips moved. 'Is there anything in particular you would prefer?' I asked him, and his lips moved again as though he had a wish to express. You see, he hadn't spoken once since the accident, but he seemed to be trying to find his tongue, so I bent over the bed and put my head over his mouth, and finally I heard a faint voice saying, 'Quail on toast!' and as I drew back in surprise, he gave me a wink. Feeble as his tones were, there was infinite gusto in the way he said the words. I suppose he had never had quail on toast in all his life; probably he had dreamed of it as an unattainable luxury."

"Did he get it?" asked the doctor's friend.

"He got it every day," answered the doctor, "until he said he didn't want any more. I remember another man who——"

But now, with many a jolt and jar, the car was rattling noisily across Sixth Avenue under the dripping shadow of the station of the elevated railway. Harry Brackett rose to his feet, and as he did so he glanced again at the man opposite to him, to see if, even then, at the eleventh hour, he did intend to pay his fare. But the man caught Harry Brackett's eye hardily, and looked him in the face, with a curiously knowing smile.

There was something very odd about the expression of the man's face, so Harry Brackett thought, as he left the car and began to mount the steps which led to the station of the elevated railroad. He could not help thinking that there was a queer suggestion in that smile—a suggestion of a certain complicity on his part: it was as though the owner of the smile had ventured to hint that they were birds of a feather.

"Confound his impudence!" said Harry Brackett to himself as he stood before the window of the ticket-agent.

Then he put his fingers into the little pocket in his overcoat and took from it a ten-cent piece and a five-cent piece. And he knew at once why the man opposite had smiled so impertinently;—it was the smile of the pot at the kettle.

Brander Matthews.

Her Choice.

Two letters lay beside her plate
That dull December morning:
One, creamy-tinted, thick, and fine,
A silver crest adorning;
And one in plain and common white,
Untinted and uncrested.
Each brought a heart, and so untouched
Her dainty breakfast rested.

One spoke in cold and courtly phrase
Of wealth, ancestral honor,
And pride; but with the name and gold
She needs must take the donor.
And one, impassioned, breathed to her
Of flowery garden closes,
A quaint white cottage by the sea,
And Love among the roses.

Before her in a vision passed
The young earl's haughty features,
His scorn of all less great than he,
And all earth's toiling creatures;
Then Robert's sunny smile, and eyes
So dark and deep and tender,
His swinging step, and ringing voice,
And figure straight and slender.

The letter with the silver crest
Proud dreams, ambitions, brought her,
Of stately halls and swelling fields
And lakes of lilied water.
Yet Cupid murmured in her ear:
"Thy maiden heart reposes
Where stands a cottage by the sea
O'errun with crimson roses."

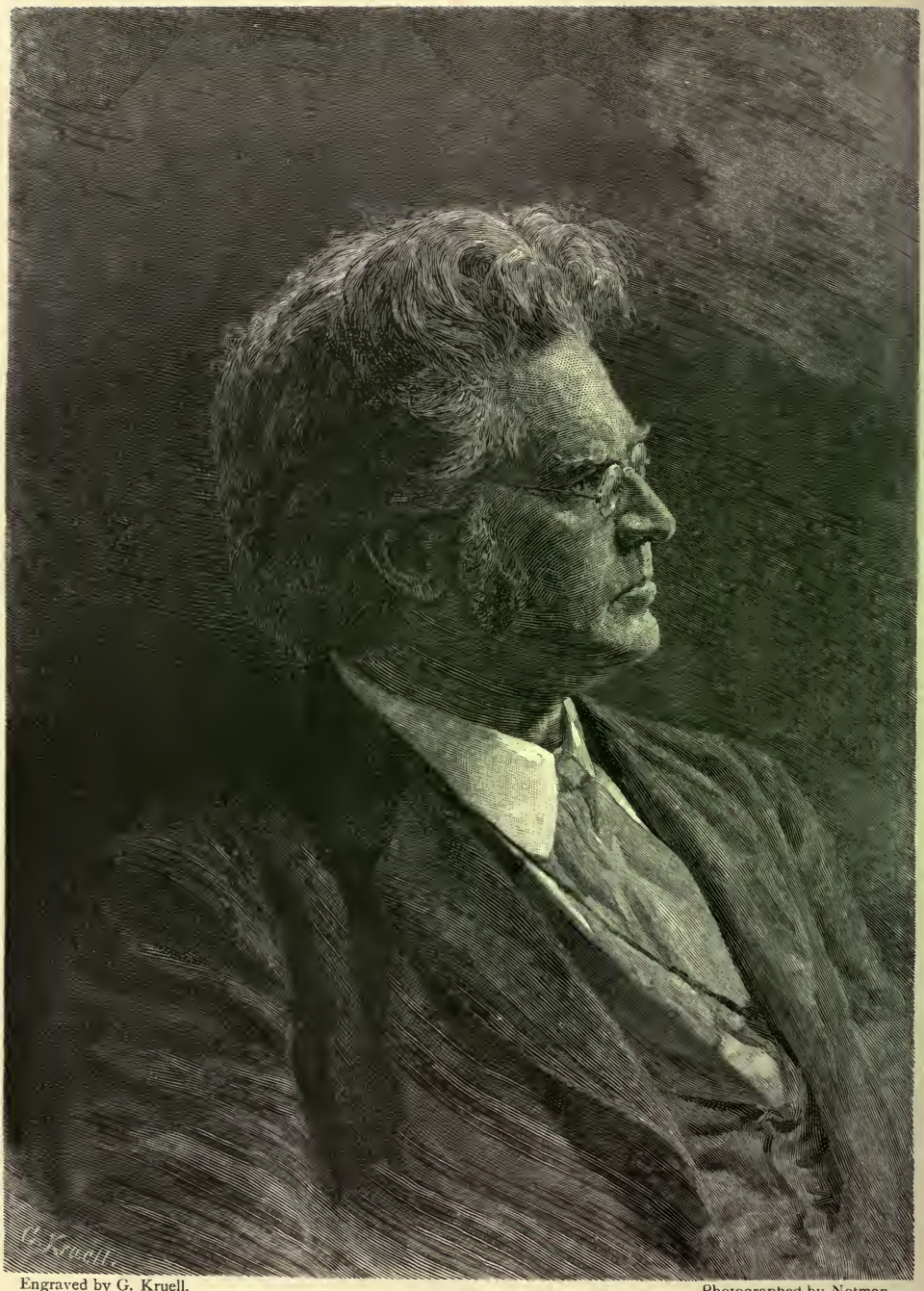
She saw herself in silken robes,
In costly jewels blazing;
The queen of dinner, ball, and hunt,
All eyes upon her gazing.
She saw herself in quiet gowns
That ill displayed her beauty,
Her home a prison, and her life
A rigid round of duty.

And so she penned two pretty notes:
One read, such honor paid he
To her, she could not choose but say
That she would be his lady;
And one, some other maid than she
Must tend the garden closes,
And round the cottage by the sea
Entwine the running roses.

She is my lady now, and leads
In folly and in fashion,—
A lovely figure dressed by Worth,
A heart devoid of passion.
She is the belle of every ball,
The beauty of the races,
And everywhere her face is still
The fairest of all faces.

But still perhaps the silver cloud
May have a leaden lining;
And who can know a woman's heart,
Its hidden pain and pining?
For sometimes in my lady's dreams
The gate of Heaven uncloses
Upon a cottage by the sea
And Love among the roses!

Minna Irving.



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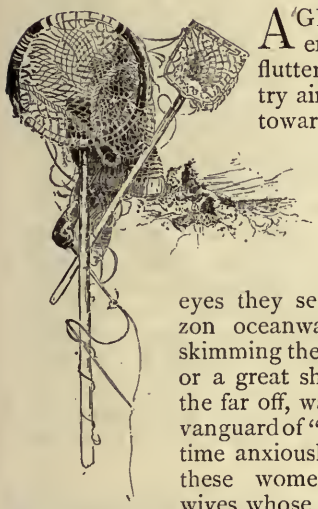
GLOUCESTER FISHERS.



A GROUP of women, their garments fluttering in the wintry air, gathered daily toward the end of February, 1882, on the great hill that overlooks Eastern Point, Gloucester. With straining eyes they searched the horizon oceanward. A sea-bird skimming the crested billows, or a great ship hull down in the far off, was hailed as the vanguard of "the fleet," at that time anxiously awaited. For these women were fishers' wives whose earthly treasure, whose all, was embarked in the frail craft that tempt the gale on Georges and the Grand Banks.

Minutes swelled into hours and hours into days, yet Skipper John and Angus, Antoine and Robert and their bold comrades came not.

One day which was long to be remembered in Gloucester, brought with it gusts of snow and piercing winds from the northward. The little band still kept its vigil on the hill, praying for a messenger of hope from the eastward. It came. Between the gusts of snow a little weather-beaten vessel was descried passing the Point. Her sails and spars were shattered, her bulwarks stove, her flag at half-mast. A cry, at once of joy and anguish, went up from the group on the hill, and women and children ran to the nearest point where could be learned the name of the incoming vessel.

"It's the *Revere!*" "It's the *Carroll!*" "It's Donald's vessel!" and kindred exclamations followed in quick succession as the craft came nearer and nearer. From deck to cross-trees, from shroud to shroud, from stem to stern, she was covered with ice; her very sails were coated with it. Notwithstanding her crippled condition, the skipper brought her into the harbor and up to the wharf in the face of a head wind with masterly hand. All Gloucester awaited with bated breath and fast-throbbing heart the news from the fleet.

The hardy skipper and his crew, bronze-visaged, ice-bearded, had faced the tempest, battled with it hand to hand without quailing; but the sight that greeted them on that wharf was too much even for those hearts of oak.

"Have you seen the *Water Spirit?*" "Have you seen the *Bellerophon?*" "Is my brother's vessel safe?" were some of the questions demanded of them by the throng of men by whom they were surrounded.

Their tale was soon told. They had been on Georges in company with the fleet when the gale of February 5th burst upon them. They reported seeing two vessels on their starboard quarter crash together and then go down with all hands. While hove-to, drifting to leeward, they saw a large fishing-schooner bottom up, and later on another lying on her beam-ends, with part of her crew clinging to her ice-covered sides; the remainder, no doubt, having already been swept from her decks. On the following morning — the 6th — they saw three dories, with two men clinging to the life-line of each, about one-quarter mile distant on their port beam. Two of the crew had attempted a rescue and were lost. Such were the first tidings from the fleet, and such were those brought the following day by another incoming vessel.

But the names of the lost, if known, were not given by the crews of either, and therefore there was yet hope, and each woman convinced herself that her husband's vessel at

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least was safe; for had he not weathered the gale before and returned unscathed?

But, as weeks rolled by and nothing was heard from the missing vessels, they were given up as lost by their owners, and then by the underwriters, and the insurance paid. But these faithful women never lost hope. They counted up the days in the almanac that the vessels had been out, and persuaded themselves against reason that they were not so long overdue. As the season wore on, the news of other gales and disasters came from the Banks, and the band of watchers was doubled, trebled, quadrupled. But a short time before a splendid fleet of clipper schooners had left Gloucester for the Banks, with bellying sails and light-hearted crews. One by one for successive days the graceful craft weathered the Point, squared away to the eastward, and sped onward with no laggard prows. Now a few battered hulks with torn sails and shattered spars struggled one by one into port. Each crew had a new story to tell of disaster, of hair-breadth escapes and lives lost.

Deep sighs of regret went up from the assemblage on the wharf when the announcement was made by one of these incoming vessels of the loss of the *Bellerophon* and all on board, including Angus Alexander McCloud, than whom a braver heart never sailed out of Gloucester. Still deeper sighs went up from a little cottage on the hill beyond, where dwelt his wife and children. In the winter of 1879 Angus was on the Banks in the same vessel with his brothers Malcolm and John and his cousin Philip. Among their shipmates were the McDonalds — William, Donald, John, and Neal. Their vessel was in the gale of 1879 on the Banks — a gale the like of which had seldom before been experienced by the fleet. Thrown over on its beam-ends, the little bark still held to its anchor, and finally rode out the gale with her crew lashed in the rigging. Another vessel was in the same position in their immediate neighborhood, and others were being tossed about to windward and to leeward of them. Two poor fellows, washed from one of the former, were swept between the two vessels that had been knocked down, and were not one hundred feet from either. The crews of these vessels, clinging to the icy rigging, looked anxiously from one to another to see if any one was bold enough to attempt a rescue. Angus McCloud cast off the lashings which bound him, seized a lanyard, made it fast about his waist, and stood for a moment poised on the shroud-lashings. Then he sprang boldly into an advancing wave and was carried toward one of the struggling men. Soon he had him by his oilskin coat, and soon the crew were hauling them in. Angus assisted in the rescue of another comrade before the gale was spent and his vessel righted.

In a little over two months in the winter of 1882 one hundred and two Gloucester fishermen, stout-bodied, fearless men, were lost on those tempestuous Banks where the fathers and brothers of many of them had gone before. The experience of the fishermen that winter was by no means an unusual one. In 1879 two hundred and forty-nine men were lost; in 1876 two hundred and twelve; in 1875 one hun-

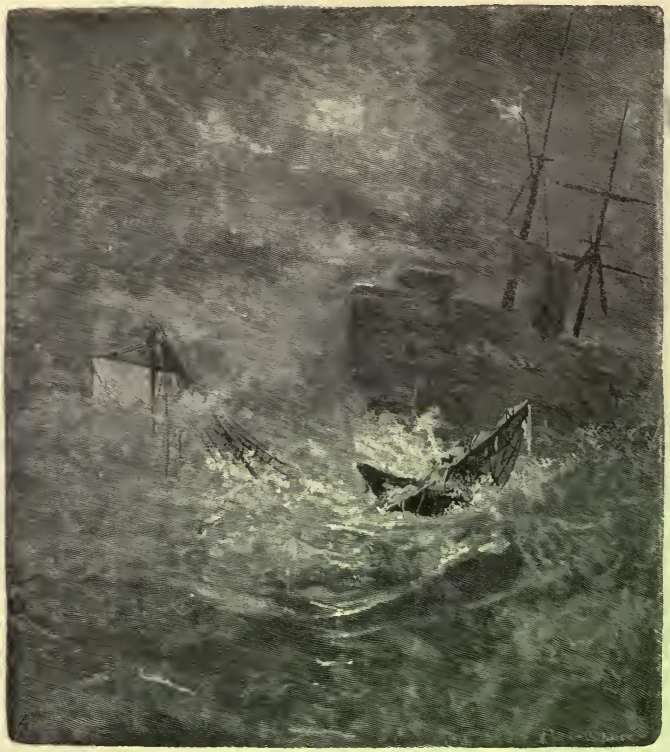
OUTWARD BOUND.

"HOVE TO."

dred and twenty-three; in 1873 one hundred and seventy-four and in 1871 one hundred and forty. In the last ten winters over a thousand Gloucester fishermen have laid their bones on the drifting sands of the fishing banks.

The Gloucester fleet, by which the markets of the country are supplied with fish, in 1882 was composed of four hundred and fifty-two sail. The masters of most of these vessels devote themselves the year round to the cod, haddock, and halibut fisheries, while a smaller number of schooners are occupied in mackereling during the spring and summer months. There is no other deep-water fishing fleet of similar importance in these waters, and, though Gloucestermen sometimes go directly to Boston or New York, when the market is favorable, to land their catch, the salt water fish consumed from one end of the land to the other may safely be said to come largely by way of Gloucester. So great is the demand for fish on some occasions that the fleet, large as it is, is often unable fully to supply it. Indeed, it often happens that the large fish-buying firms of Gloucester bid the one against the other for an incoming cargo of fish.

Few men who fish on the Banks live to be old, and the result is there are comparatively few old fishermen in Gloucester. In all parts of the city may be seen the cozy houses of the fishermen, the high land in the north-eastern quarter being the favorite locality because commanding a view of the seaward



RUN DOWN.

approaches to the town. Here when their voyage is made they pass the few days remaining to them before they again set out, in the enjoyment of domestic life, surrounded by their wives, their children, and the comrades who share with them the perils of the Banks off the Newfoundland and Nova Scotia coasts. Captain Mark Lane is one of the oldest fishermen of Cape Ann. Since the average career of a fisherman on the Banks falls short of ten years, the captain is looked upon, naturally enough, as a veteran by his fellows, for he is seventy-eight years old and has "followed the sea" for fifty-three years. The captain quit the sea some time since, and devotes the remaining years of a well-spent life to working a kitchen garden and spinning long yarns. In all, he has commanded forty-eight vessels. Some were "knocked away from under him," as he describes it, some were driven on the rocks of the Nova Scotia and Labrador coasts, while others, since he left the sea, met the not infrequent fate of Georges men, and went down at their anchors while riding out a gale.

Some years ago Captain Lane, then skipper of the schooner *Edwin*, while on his way homeward from the Banks, discovered two shipwrecked men on a half-submerged rock near the Fox Islands on the Maine coast. It was midwinter, and the waters, lashed by the gale, threatened momentarily to engulf them. A brig and a schooner were standing off and on in the vicinity; their masters not liking to leave the men to their fate, and yet, owing to the tremendous seas, fearing to launch their boats. Captain Lane put his wheel hard down, brought his vessel up into the wind, and hove her to under a close-reefed foresail to leeward of the rock in question.

"Now, boys," said he to his men, "we must get those fellows off, or Mark Lane 'll not sleep a wink this night."

It was a hazardous undertaking. It was more. There seemed to be no chance of getting a boat to the poor fellows, and the crew, naturally enough, protested.

"Then I'll go myself," said the old man. "Stand by there, my lads, to lower away a boat from the davits!" But the crew relented when they saw that the skipper was determined, and two stout fellows drove their cockle-shell of a dory over the huge seas toward the rock. The men were saved, and a certificate of the Humane

WET WEATHER.

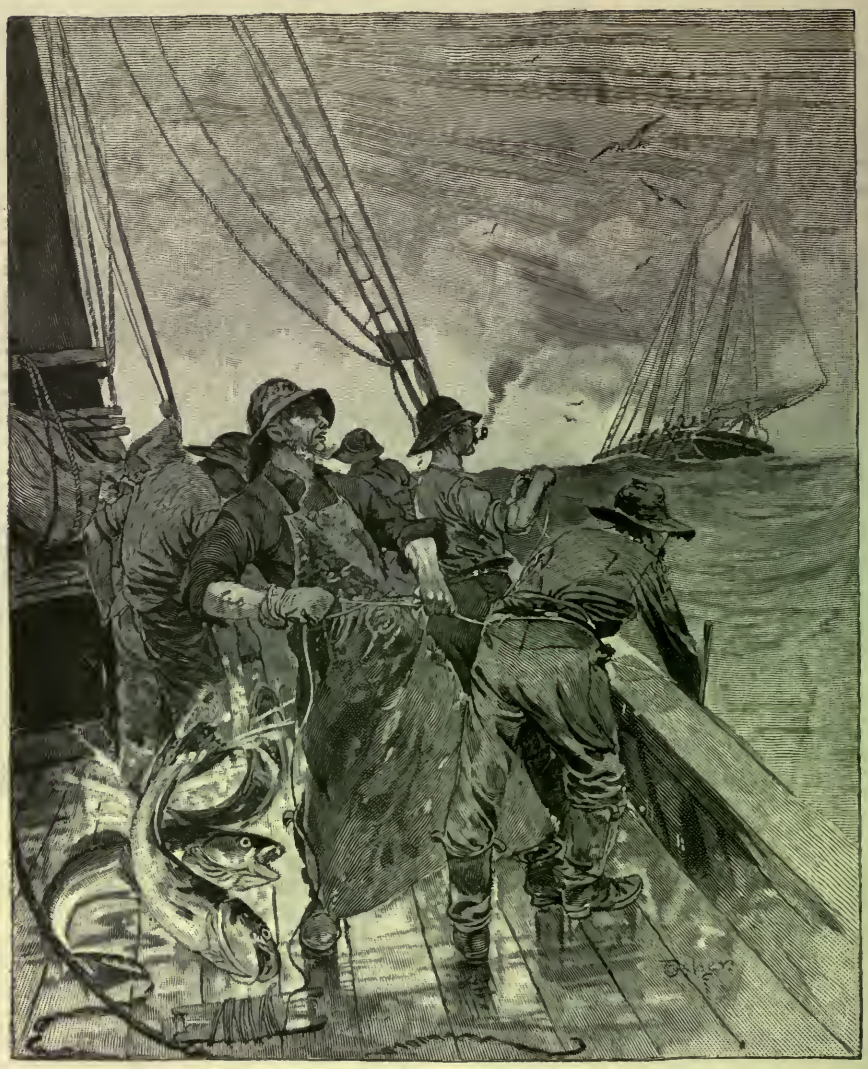
Society of Massachusetts, hanging in an oaken frame in the parlor of the captain's dwelling in Gloucester, attests that a careful examination into his conduct on that day proved him worthy the recognition of that admirable society.

While riding out a gale on the Banks, many winters ago, the captain had a singular experience. Between the fierce gusts of wind he heard the voices of men in distress. "The sounds were to windward of me," said the old skipper, telling the story, "and I stood by to throw out a line if anybody drifted down toward me. By and by I heard the voices plainer, and soon, though it was dark, I see two men in a dory a-driftin' down upon the starb'd bow. They seemed to be a-holdin' of somethin' over their faces, and I no sooner hove them a line than their boat turned over and the men disappeared. Where they went or what they was I never found out. It was mighty cur'us. So I ses to myself, ses I, nuthin' good won't happen to us arter that, and I was right. The next day the gale moderated, and I ran down the coast for Newport. The weather was thick, but what o' that? I'd been in there a hundred times afore. I was a-feelin' my way in with the lead when all of a suddint some one sings out, 'Breakers ahead!' 'Hard down yer wheel there!' I sings out to the helmsman. 'There's been rocks put down here within a fortni't; if there ain't I'm a lobster!' But I swore I'd go into Newport that night, and I did, but I didn't bring the vessel with me; I left her piled up on the rocks of Brenton's reef. While I was lookin' at the almanac to see how the tide was a-runnin', a big sea come aboard and hove me and the almanac overboard. I never heered how the men got ashore. I was washed up by the breakers, and near froze to death. To thaw me out the men laid me in a drain and built a fire around me, and pretty soon I come around all right. It was very cur'us though, and I allus knowed it all came along of them drownded men in the dory."

A CHANCE.

The captain is a great reader of poetry, and is especially fond of Longfellow, but says he regrets that the latter hadn't the advantages of a seafaring education, for then he would have known that the *Hesperus* could not have come ashore from seaward on the reef of Norman's Woe — which can be seen from his house — in "a gale from the north-east."

The crew of a Gloucesterman is by no means made up of ordinary sailors. The discipline that obtains aboard merchantmen and men-of-war has no place here. It is not needed. The master of a merchantman, like the captain of a war-ship, has the cabin to himself. The crew sleep in the fo'c's'le, and dare not speak to him on terms of equality. Aboard a fisherman all this is changed. A part of the crew of fourteen or sixteen men bunk in the cabin with the captain, or skipper, and all hands for'ard and aft are on terms of intimacy and equality. In fact, it often happens that the captain and some of his men are relatives. In the schooner *Paul Revere*, lost in the winter of 1882 on the Banks, Captain



HAND-FISHING.

John Bentley shipped his father-in-law, Martin Costello, as cook. Captain Publicover, of the schooner *Charles Carroll*, also lost, carried his brother-in-law, Herbert Norton, as cook. Indeed, the cook, or "Doctor," as he is called, is a very important personage aboard in more senses than one, for, besides supplying the four, and sometimes five, meals a day of the crew, he catches fish with the rest and has a larger "lay," or portion of the catch, than any man aboard, after the skipper himself. The crew only get one-half of what they catch, while the cook generally gets one share besides this, almost equivalent to one man's whole catch. The stores aboard, which, by the way, are the best the market affords, are paid for by the owners, a small charge being made against the crew only for the bait and ice, of which latter article a large quantity must be carried in some fisheries even in winter. This is broken up ton by ton, and at the end of each day's work the fish are packed in it in order to preserve them fresh. Frequently, however, the fishermen make "salt-trips," and the entire catch is salted.

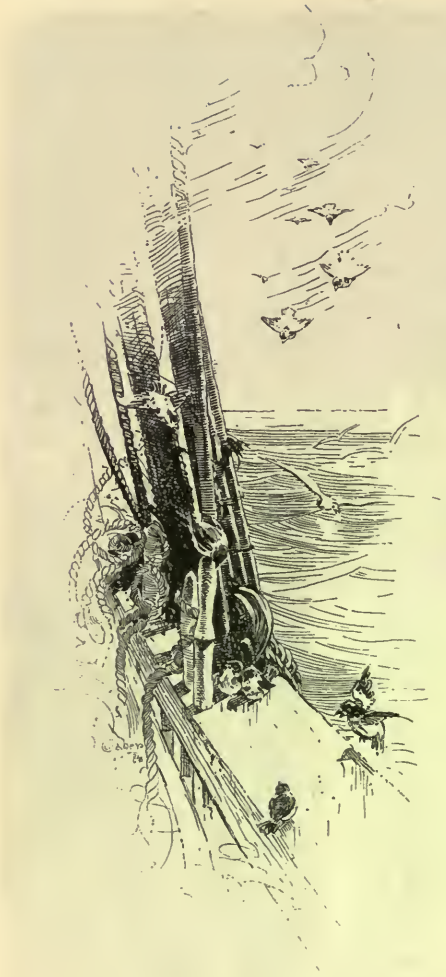
When catching fish by hand-line, each man cuts out the tongues of his fishes, and at the close of each day delivers them to the captain, who counts them carefully and credits him on the ship's books with the amount of his catch. Most of the Bank fishermen are trawlers, and the management of these trawls constitutes

DRAWING THE SEINE.

the most dangerous work performed by the fishermen. Unlike the trawl of the North Sea fishermen, the Gloucester trawl is simply a line from one to two thousand fathoms long, having innumerable depending lines of three feet to a fathom's length with hooks attached. The trawl is anchored and buoyed in a straight line by two men from a dory in from twenty to two hundred fathoms of water. Six of these trawls are usually set by the crew of a schooner. The method of setting varies with the fishery, but cod-fishermen generally set one trawl dead ahead, one dead astern, one off the starboard quarter, one off the port quarter, one off the starboard bow, and one off the port bow. As has been said, two men set a trawl after baiting the hooks, of which there are from six hundred to two thousand, and two men haul it also. To do this they must leave the schooner in a dory in varying conditions of weather. Now, as is well known, dense fogs prevail on the Banks. These last sometimes for two and even three weeks. The waters thereabouts are never still, and the fierce currents, by which the Banks were formed and are maintained, are treacherous in the extreme. Thus it happens that the loss of men in the dories is by no means an infrequent occurrence.

They generally begin to haul a trawl at the end farthest from the vessel, though this is not always practicable in dense fogs. When they have it all in the dory with its load of big fish,—for the trawl catches everything on the bottom, —the little boat has about all she can hold.* They carry a compass, maybe, but if they have drifted much while hauling their trawl, as often happens, the compass does them more harm than good; for by following it they may steer two points, or even a quadrant, out of the true course to their vessel. If they happen to get to leeward of her, they may hear her bell or fog-horn, which is kept sounding incessantly; but when the wind hauls or veers while they are out, they often lose their reckoning and are apt to weather her, and then, if the wind blows hard, they cannot hear a sound, and are lost in the fog and tossed about for days, mayhap, in the heavy seaway. At this juncture a landsman would be apt to heave the cargo overboard and relieve the boat at least from this incubus, but the sturdy fisherman rarely does this. The sea does it for him, though, sometimes, and overwhelmed by breaking waves the dory turns bottom up, and all hands "lose the number of their mess." The liability of a dory to capsize in the great seaways of the Banks has led to the wise precaution of sometimes reeving a life-

* The catch of a trawl varies exceedingly, and may be a half-dozen fish or three or four dory-loads.



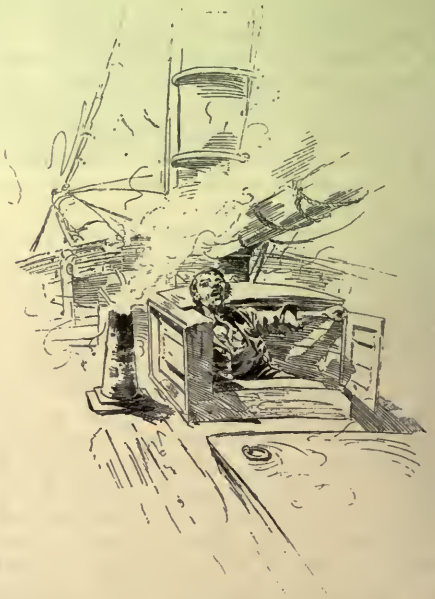
VISITORS.

line through two iron staples on the bottom. Upon this the men cling until picked up or torn away by the billows.

When a fishing vessel arrives on the Banks the crew must get to work fishing immediately, if the weather be at all suitable; for the bait they have brought out with them will not keep fresh more than ten or fifteen days. After this it "sours," and the fish will not take it. Thus it comes that the skippers of the fishing fleet will anchor near each other on the Banks when the fish are plenty, even at the greatest risk. Should one break adrift while the sea is running high, there is but little hope for her if she collide with vessels to leeward. Those who have seen the terrible seas on the Banks from the deck of an ocean steamer will readily understand this.

The schooners pay out from two hundred to four hundred fathoms of hawser in a gale. When one breaks adrift, the anchor failing to hold, she is driven along rapidly by the mountainous waves, and much skill is required to prevent her from fouling vessels immediately a-lee. If two vessels collide, they are usually torn to pieces by the concussion, and go down locked in each other's embrace.

When anchored on the Grand Banks, no amount of precaution will prevent a fisherman from being run down by the ocean steamers, for he lies directly in their track. He keeps his bell tolling, but if a steamer is approaching to windward of him, her lookout may not hear it and, before anything can be done, the relentless iron prow cuts into the schooner, which for a moment quivers and then disappears into the depths. Some masters of ocean steamers will lay-by and make an effort to pick up the poor fellows that lie struggling in the waves. But an ocean steamer under full headway cannot be quickly stopped, and even then it is usually too late to do anything — that is, in thick or foggy weather; and it is only under such conditions that these accidents happen. By law, steamers are restricted to half speed in thick weather; but it is a fact well attested, and one that steamship masters themselves would scarcely deny, that they run under full headway in nearly all weathers in order to insure quick passages. One of these great iron ships might cut the bows off a fishing schooner of sixty or eighty tons and not, perhaps, experience a sufficient shock to alarm the passengers sleeping calmly in their staterooms.



"DINNER!"

MEAL-TIME.

There is always great rivalry among the vessels of the fishing fleet, for the skipper who catches the most fish is "high-line," a title of no little consequence on the Banks as well as on Cape Ann. The attributes of a "high-line" man are iron nerve, fearlessness, ay, recklessness or a perfect contempt for danger or death itself. No doubt there is such a factor as luck that goes to make up that sum of qualities which, taken together, produce this specimen of manhood; but it is not counted upon, and is that description of luck that attends the hero of a hundred hotly contested fields, in all of which he recklessly exposes himself. It is said that the greatest "high-line" of the haddocking fleet between a January and a May landed 800,000 fish of all kinds, valued at $24,300. Each of his crew of fourteen men received nearly eighty dollars per month after all expenses were paid.

The struggle for the honor of "high-line," besides encouraging the "Banker" to battle with the tempest, sometimes necessitates a resort to subterfuge in order to prevent another from dividing a school of fish with him. Thus a Georges skipper who has struck fish, if seen, will be beset by others passing to and fro on the Banks, and, unless he misleads the new-comer, his success will be greatly interfered with. Therefore, the crew of a vessel that is being rapidly filled with fish will sometimes be ordered to pull in their lines and desist when a sail is made out coming up. The fish are quickly thrown into the hold and the crew ordered to man the windlass, as if preparing to leave their anchorage in disgust.

"Are you getting any fish?" comes from the skipper of the stranger as he brings his vessel up into the wind. "No!" gruffly and sarcastically shouts back the other skipper, "I'm getting my anchor!" At this the stranger generally sheers off and squares away for pastures new and less sterile.

The crew of the anchored vessel heave

A RACE FOR THE SCHOOL.

away at the windlass as if they intended to leave, and thus keep up the delusion. But the anchor is not disturbed, for their shrewd skipper is paying out the cable as fast as they heave it through the hawse-hole.

When the mackerel fleet fished with hand-lines the pursuit of this industry was often attended with much excitement. Occasionally, when massed together in great fleets, the vessels carried away their main-booms, bowsprits, jib-booms, and sails by collision in what might not inappropriately be called a hand-to-hand encounter, and when the manœuvre of "lee-bowing" was the order of the day. A fleet of sixty odd sail descry a schooner whose crew are heaving and pulling their lines. The glistening scales of the fish sparkle in the sunlight. The fleet as one vessel turns quickly on its heel, and there is a neck-and-neck race for the school. The first that arrives rounds to under the lee of the fortunate craft, the crew heaving the toll-bait with no niggard hands. The new arrival now shakes up into the wind close under the lee bow of the fish-catching vessel. The fish forsake the latter and fly at the lines of the new-comer. Now comes up the balance of the fleet, and each vessel on its arrival performs the same manœuvre and lee-bows its predecessor. Those to windward, forsaken by the fish, push their way through their neighbors, fill away, and round to under the bows of those to leeward. The hoarse bawling of the skippers to their crews, the imprecations of those who have been run down and left *hors de combat*, rend the air, while the crews setting and lowering sail and hauling fish freely exchange with each other language not to be found in any current religious work. Things are different now in the mackerel fleet. Large seines have taken the place of lines, and the skippers and men, from their lofty perch at the mast-head, keep a constant vigil, watching for schools of mackerel to appear at the surface.

The mackerelers do not keep together so much as formerly, but scatter about. When a school of fish is sighted, the boats go after it, and what is called a "purse-net" is brought into play. This is sometimes two hundred fathoms in length. It is cast ahead of the fish and in the direction they are swimming. The ends of the net are pulled dexterously around the school until the fish are completely encircled. Then the under part, twenty fathoms deep, is drawn together like a purse or bag, and the school is trapped on the surface and below. Gradually the circumference is contracted by the fishermen until the fish can be conveniently bailed out on the schooner's deck with large dip nets. Recently a "pocket" or "spiller" was devised by which, if another school is sighted before the fish are cured, the first catch can be quickly transferred into this easily handled small net and the large one released. The "spiller" is only thirty-six feet long, fifteen wide, and thirty deep. It is stretched from the vessel's side by means of outriggers, and will hold about two hundred

barrels of mackerel in the water. Made of stout, coarse twine, it proves an effective defense against the assaults of the dog-fish and sharks, which easily tear through the fine twine of the larger net used in catching. It answers still another and by no means less important purpose,—it keeps the fish alive while the new catch is being cured. Formerly it not infrequently happened that the fishermen suddenly found that they had caught more fish than they could handle; for mackerel must be cured in a few hours after being taken out of the water.

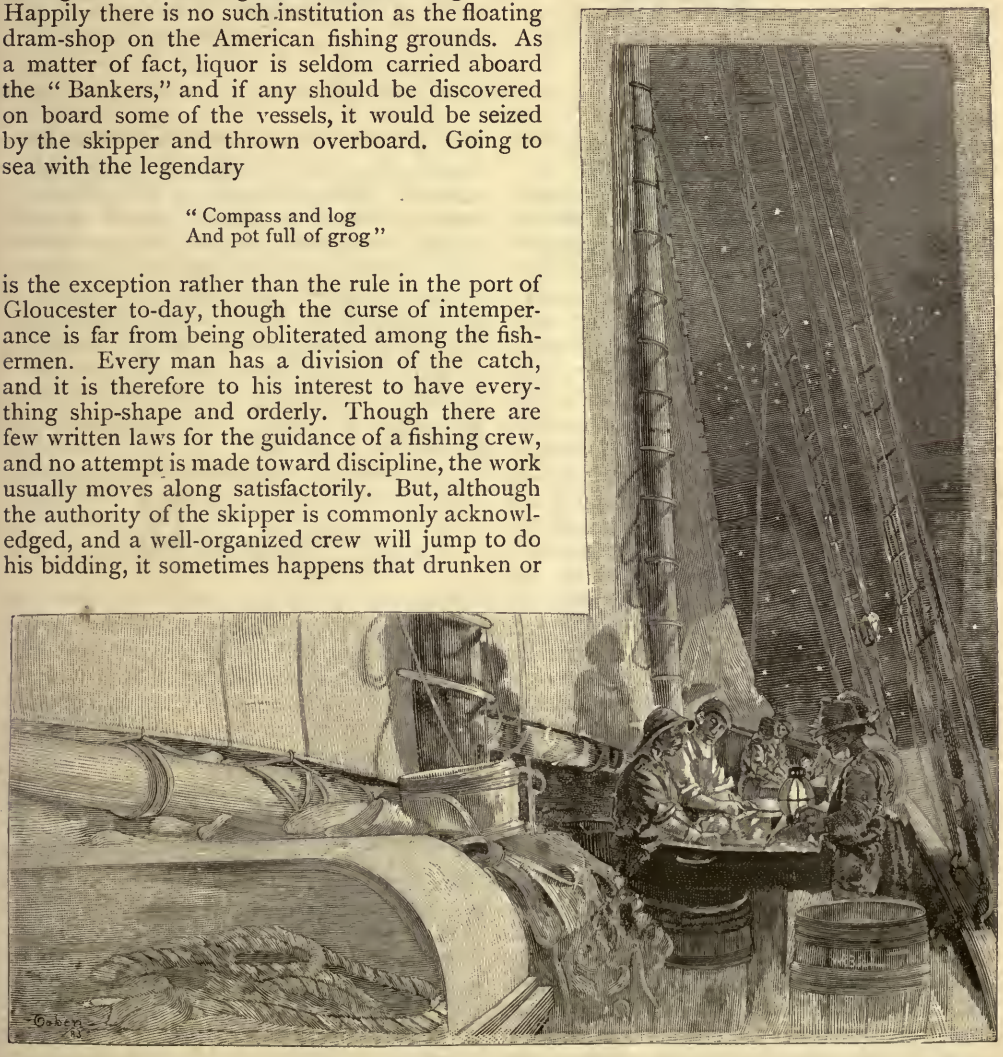
The "Bankers" who fish for cod and halibut during the winter in tempestuous seas rather look down upon mackereling, which may be called smooth-water fishing. For them it does not seem to possess a sufficient element of danger.

A berth on a "Banker," as may well be supposed, is by no means a sinecure. Its possessor must be able-bodied and adventurous; know how to hand, reef, and steer; and soon learns that vigilance and skill, as well as daring, are necessary to success.

The North Sea fisheries, it is said, abound with Dutch luggers, that are nothing more nor less than floating dram-shops. Aboard these, when the fishing is bad, the English fishermen are apt to congregate, and here they often barter their nets, trawls, and tackle for liquor; so that it often happens that English fishermen return to port from the fishing grounds with cargoes of Holland gin instead of fish, and the Dutchmen come back from fishing laden with English nets and fishing tackle. Happily there is no such institution as the floating dram-shop on the American fishing grounds. As a matter of fact, liquor is seldom carried aboard the "Bankers," and if any should be discovered on board some of the vessels, it would be seized by the skipper and thrown overboard. Going to sea with the legendary

"Compass and log
And pot full of grog"

is the exception rather than the rule in the port of Gloucester to-day, though the curse of intemperance is far from being obliterated among the fishermen. Every man has a division of the catch, and it is therefore to his interest to have everything ship-shape and orderly. Though there are few written laws for the guidance of a fishing crew, and no attempt is made toward discipline, the work usually moves along satisfactorily. But, although the authority of the skipper is commonly acknowledged, and a well-organized crew will jump to do his bidding, it sometimes happens that drunken or



DRESSING FISH BY NIGHT.

JACK AT PLAY.

refractory men become troublesome and even mutinous.

Old "square-riggers," who have gained a competence in the merchant service and lost it, are often found aboard the "Bankers," as well as fishermen who have been alike unfortunate. A good sample of the latter class is found in Captain Upham, who many years ago made on the fishing banks the nucleus of a fortune that, through judicious investment in fishing schooners, amounted later on to seventy thousand dollars. But subsequent investments proved by no means so fortunate; the money was lost, and the old mariner, with admirable pluck, some time ago shipped in a fishing schooner, and it is to be hoped has by this time repaired his shattered fortunes.

The Nova Scotia coast is iron-bound, and many a fishing schooner running into port for refuge or water is driven ashore by treacherous winds and currents in thick weather. If the fishermen may be credited, some of the wreckers along this coast are eligible candidates for Mark Twain's "Incorporated Society of Mean Men."

As may naturally be supposed, men constantly compelled to run their vessels in foggy and thick weather soon become adepts at the science of "dead-reckoning,"— that is, sailing by time, course, and lead-line. An experienced "Banker" knows the sea-bottom well. Give him only a compass on the Banks, and it is ten to one he will bring his vessel straight and safely into port by the free use of the lead-line. He has two checks in sounding: one the depth and the other the character of the bottom; for the sounding-lead has a cup to it,— that is to say, it is scooped out at its lower extremity,—and, by means of a little grease inserted therein, a sample of the sea-bottom may be brought up. This kind of navigation recalls the ancient and oft-told story of the old Nantucket skipper who was so expert as to be invariably able to tell where he was by examining the lead. In order to perplex him, his crew put some garden loam from Nantucket in the cup of the lead, and, having made a pretense of sounding, asked him to name the position of the vessel. The old skipper tasted of the dirt on the lead,—his favorite method of determining his position,— and suddenly exclaimed, as reported by Mr. J. T. Fields:

> "Nantucket's sunk, and here we are,
> Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

Some of the experiences of the fishermen would scarcely be credited were they not corroborated by a vessel's whole company. During a hurricane in 1876 on the Banks, almost an entire fleet was disabled or lost and one hundred men were drowned. The wind, which had been blowing a gale from the south-east, veered suddenly to west-north-west. Skipper Collins, of the schooner *Howard*, one of the vessels that escaped, had a remarkable experience. His vessel was "hawsed" up by the current, which set strongly to the southward and nearly at right angles with the hurricane. He had just time to tie up the clew of his riding-sail—a sort of storm-trysail—and lash the bottom hoops together, thus making a "bag-reef," when the hurricane burst upon the little vessel with terrific force. A ponderous sea boarded the schooner and carried off one of the

best seamen that ever sailed out of Gloucester, George Miller. Later on, while standing on the bit-head of the fife-rail and grasping the riding-sail halyards ready to let it run if necessary, a ball of lightning burst between the masts and knocked the captain insensible to the deck, whence he was dragged below by his crew. The lightning severely burned his right arm and leg and disappeared through his boots.

The schooner *Burnham* was struck so suddenly and with such violence by a sea as to turn her bottom up and throw her skipper, James Nickerson, and his crew who were below, upon the ceiling, where they lay sprawling for a moment until the vessel righted herself. There was one man on deck when she was struck, Hector McIsaac. He saw the wave coming and leapt into the shrouds. With his legs locked in the ratlines he went down into the foaming sea, and when the crew came on deck of their dismasted hulk there was Hector McIsaac still clinging to the shrouds.

Captain Nickerson was subsequently lost in a dory from the *Bellerophon* on the Banks. Hector McIsaac went down in the *Nathaniel Webster* in 1881, together with his brother Roderick; his cousins John and Michael went down in the schooner *Maud and Effie*, in 1879, during a gale on the Banks; and his brother Duncan was lost in the schooner *N. H. Phillips* at about the same time.

There are sad phases of life on the Banks, but there are enlivening and joyous ones too, and chief among these is the run home after the "fare" is secured. Sometimes as many as thirty sail get their anchors simultaneously, and such skillful handling of tacks and sheets is rarely found in a yachting fleet; for seamanship is to Bank-fishing what quinine is to Peruvian bark — the active principle. The start for home usually takes place late in the day. Then it is a strong wind which is too stiff for all sail; every rag that the little vessel will stagger under is set, and the race begins.

"Now, now, the night breeze freshens fast, the green waves gather strength,
The heavy mainsail firmly swells, the pennant shows its length;
Our boat is jumping in the tide — quick, let her hawser slip;
Though but a tiny thing, she'll live beside a giant ship.
Away, away! what nectar spray she flings about her prow;
What diamonds flash in every splash that drips upon my brow;
She knows she bears a crew that dares and loves the dark rough sea.
More sail! I cry; let, let her fly! this is the hour for me."

Though there are probably not many men besides Captain Mark Lane in Gloucester who have lived to grow old on the Banks, there are some who quit fishing with a competence when young, and who since then have been engaged in buying and selling fishing vessels or their cargoes. Such a man is Captain George W. Plumer. In furthering his business Captain Plumer often visits Prince Edward Island. It is ten miles thence to the New Brunswick coast. All winter great masses of ice pass continually between the island and the mainland, and, as the current runs here at the rate of four and even five knots an hour, it may easily be imagined that navigation is precarious, if not perilous. As a consequence there is no communication from the island and the shore, save by cable and an occasional expedition across the ice made by fearless men who jump from block to block at the imminent peril of their lives. They drag boats after them,—light shallops,— and when they fall into the water between the blocks of ice they are usually enabled to get into the boat with the assistance of their companions. Many sturdy fellows have been lost in this undertaking. It was therefore with great surprise that the natives heard in the winter of 1881–2 that Captain Plumer, aged sixty-four years, had organized a party to cross this icy flood to the mainland. He was urged not to make the attempt, and the perils of the undertaking were described in vivid colors. But Captain Plumer had defied the tempest and the gale on Georges and the Grand Banks in his younger days with his brother Gloucestermen, and the element known as fear was not made a component part of his organization. Boldly he tied a life-line around his waist and started across the floating ice-cakes, jumping from one to the other. His right arm he kept on the gunwale of the boat, and when he found himself slipping into the tideway he threw his heels up into the air as nimbly as many a younger man, and vaulted into his boat. Though the distance is but ten miles in a straight line between the two points, it is, owing to the strong current, necessary to make a detour of thirty miles in crossing. This was successfully accomplished by old Captain Plumer, to the great surprise of the natives of the New Brunswick shore as well as of those by whom he was accompanied.

Next in order to the "high-line" man comes the champion fish-cutter. When it is remembered that one-half or more of the cod-fish that leave Gloucester are incased in wooden boxes in the shape of slices and boneless, save for the presence of the ribs, the magnitude of this industry may be understood. This cutting process is conducted in large factories. "Dan"

TIRED OUT.

Marlin, otherwise known as "The Claimant," was carried up to the photographer's in great state by his employers, some time since, where he was photographed with a card on his hat bearing the legend, "Champion Fish-Cutter." But his claim to the title was laughed at by the other experts; and Edward Graham, who has cut up thirty-five quintals of fish in ten hours, became the recognized champion.

There would have been no little suffering in Gloucester in the spring of 1882, had not many charitable persons visited it; for nearly forty families were left fatherless and destitute by the gales on the Banks. But no amount of disaster can dissuade the hardy youth of Gloucester from tempting the Banks in winter. The mere stripling of a lad, led by his mother to the bluffs whence he may watch for the father that will never come, hungers for the time when he too may ride the boisterous seas on the distant fishing grounds.

In their cheerless cots, the bereaved women sit listlessly while the waves of the pitiless sea beat on the sands without.

Franklin H. North.

[See also Captain Collins's article, "The Outlook of the Fisheries," in "Open Letters" for this number.—EDITOR.]

SILENT.

A SUMMER MOOD.

THE "hop" was in progress. On the long hotel piazza, filled with moving figures, was heard, somewhat broken by footsteps and sibilant whispers, the thin gayety of the waltz music within. Non-hoppers, from cottages or neighboring hotels, were gathered in groups near the ball-room windows. The moon did not lend her countenance, but the white keenness of the electric lights was after all more in keeping with the scene; the fountains on the carpet-like lawn glistened as they played; all had the aspect of a hard, spectacular fairy-land. The brown tan-bark of the carriage-way emitted in the evening dampness its peculiar odor, mingled with hints of this, that, and the other fashionable travesty of a flower-scent; and strollers about the cool, sharp-shadowed grounds contributed occasional whiffs from cigars of various quality. Not far away the neglected ocean groaned protesting.

Philip heard it as he leaned against a pillar, and his spirit answered it. He was thoroughly weary; he would leave the place to-morrow; it was unworthy the notice of its distinguished observer. He had not quite enough sense of humor to smile at his own crossness and the general unfitness of these surroundings when regarded as a background for a bard. Philip wrote excellent verse, but was not content with praise of his mere workmanship; he liked to look upon himself as the Vates or seer; and what should the Vates do at a hop? He stood sulky and stately, his handsome discontented face, crowned with a great swirl of dark-red hair, turned toward the unseen sea. The white lake of linen, the pendulous black cloth, that constitute the most magnificent and ridiculous costume of civilized man, were not unbecoming to his tall, straight, slender figure. He gave his drooping, amber-tipped mustache a kind of fierce caress.

Philip Chevalier lived for — fortunately not by — the poetic art, keeping what he considered a moderately close but not strained grasp of the moral purpose. He had certain "messages" which appeared to him important, and he delivered them to the world, or that portion of it which reads magazines, with much grace. He had written some picturesque poems on the nobility of labor and the heroism of common life. He felt on these subjects a fine glow, sufficiently tempered not to confuse his taste in the treatment of them. It is indeed doubtful whether the cause of hod-carriers in general was much furthered by that poem of Mr. Chevalier's — a sonnet full of color — in which he compared an Italian workman, whom he happened to see dancing to the music of the hand-organ, to the celebrated Faun of Praxiteles, rather to the disadvantage of the latter. And though his manner of utilizing the Old Volunteer Fire Department as material for bits of *genre* was neat (see "The Silver Nine," and "Where are the Fires of 'Thirty-odd?" in his collection, since published), an ex-member of that organization, whose attention was called to Philip's work, indulged in coarse and immoderate laughter thereat. In the unconscious self-analysis which is strong in shaping our ends, Philip's capital characteristic was classed as Depth. He was as mistaken as most of us, and much of his time on the world's stage was spent in walking solemnly through an over-stately part. But the hold of nature on his impressible soul was real, and to-night the sea drew him. He would go down to the beach, and feel the wind on his cheek, and hear the close roar in the dark. But he wanted his soft hat and light overcoat, and more still his cigar-case. Philip liked to have one of those potent, pale-brown familiars, half slave, half master, always within call. He thrust his hand into his pocket, and closed his fingers over the brass-tagged key of his room.

"Oh, this is really refreshing! Can't you feel the difference at once? Thank you, I *will* have my shawl."

The merest commonplace, but a new voice that told Philip much about its owner. It was a soft voice, a warm voice; it had an indescribable tone congenial to his soul; the "can't" was spoken daintily, neither with nasal flatness nor with ultra-English breadth. And it was well that she would have her white shawl about her; for, rare accomplishment, she could wear a shawl gracefully. Further he could only see that she was "slim as a spray of spring," and fair, and that her face had a starry innocence. His fingers relaxed from his door-key.

Philip had made the acquaintance of the very young gentleman to whom this agreeable voice spoke, and had not considered him entertaining. But apparently his powers of entertainment were not now taxed, for the new voice, slightly lowered, went on and on, with a cadence that more and more commended itself to Philip; and the favored youth would frequently exclaim, "Oh, really

now, Miss Starr, oh, really now!" with a burst of laughter which struck Philip, who could not partake of the cause, as selfishly and offensively hearty. He somehow concluded that Miss Starr was witty, though he would not have accepted his boyish acquaintance as a judge of wit. The young lady glanced up once in the direction of her observer's shadowy bulk with a slightly mischievous expression. Philip somewhat hastily construed this look as quite unconsciously exhibiting a wish for a kindred soul to share her estimate — an estimate of course superior and just satirical enough to be perfectly ladylike — of her companion. He did not pause to consider whether this imagined touch of satire was compatible with a starry innocence. His hand had by this time crept out of his pocket, and there was a lull in his longing for the Atlantic Ocean. In fact, he turned his back upon that fascinating body of water, reëntered the ball-room, and began to manœuvre for an end wholly unconnected with the moon-led main.

In a little while that end was attained, and he was talking to Fanny Starr — talking small-talk with the greatest fluency! He was surprised at his own ease; he had hitherto had the impression that he was intellectually massive. But those beautiful, soft, light-brown eyes that smiled up at him with a cool sweetness furnished an inspiration to adroit gallantry. Later he listened, with a fine deference all his own, to the conversation of Miss Starr's personally uninteresting aunt, and watched Fanny dance meanwhile; she danced very well, and at last she danced with him. He had lately loathed the light and heat and dreary, motiveless movement; but now there seemed a spiritual meaning in the waltz. If such a lovely creature could but accompany as easily and closely the steps of one's mind! Philip hardly expressed this thought or wish to himself; none the less was it woven, a magic thread, into the dreamy music — music of which he took little note at the time, but which came back to him afterward, bearing with it a vision of burnished chestnut hair, of deer-like eyes, of a white throat mistily surrounded.

It was certain that Philip could bring, to a possible partner in that dance of indefinite length and extemporaneous figures called life, a high though perhaps narrow ideal of womanhood, and a singular emotional freshness. He was young, and younger than that word. His easily aroused and for a limited time almost passionate interest had been till now bestowed upon ideas. He had as yet no stock of peculiarly tender associations; he had never gathered those rose-leaf memories which, all crumpled and shrunken and dishonored, exhale to the last a subtle though faint perfume.

He felt that he should not sleep, in his pleasantly excited state, without a short pacing of the sand; and he was suddenly aware that he was walking as in a dream, without ears for the surf, or eyes for the starlight, or for the lamp-jeweled bar of the pier, glowing, tipped with a ruby, as it was thrust into the sea and the night.

Philip did not return to the city next day. His opinion of Billow Beach had altered. After all, it was the seaside; one *could* be alone with nature if he liked; one was not obliged to mingle with the current life. He saw little of Miss Starr for nearly a week, but he was satisfied. It was something to feel her in the same room now and then; to have her pass him on the piazza in the evening with some delicate wrap about her small, well-set head and sloping shoulders. He delighted in her presence as he would have done in the presence of a group of white narcissi in a vase upon the table; he delighted in her passing as he would have done in the floating by him of an exquisite strain. He once observed her in a corner entertaining a knot of children; he noticed a gentle inner mirth on her part, as though she were merely using the pretty little things as puppets to act out some comedy of her own. Philip understood her; their eyes met; the mutual comprehension seemed to isolate the two. He felt that night that his day's bread had been sweet. In short, like others in the same condition, he fared "excellent well, i' faith, of the chameleon's dish."

But it chanced that one morning he caught not the least glimpse of the young lady. Nor in the accustomed cool piazza-nook, nor on the blazing sands, nor yet at lunch was she. Shortly after that meal, Philip fell into the hands of the performer most precisely fitted to play a wandering voluntary on the strained strings of his patience. This poet had been properly dowered "with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn," and he freely applied both to Miss Pushyng. But courtesy compelled him to remain leaning against the piazza-rail at her side, since she continued looking steadily up into his face and talking to him. Her own face was chronically anxious; she had struck Philip before as always wanting something. Her small, glittering, steely-blue eye held him, and her voice ran on and on. Before he became benumbed under the torture, he perceived that she was treating the situation with tact. She had as yet failed to affix his social label. Hence she was obliged to steer her conversational bark with nicety between the Scylla of a deference which might prove to have been unwarranted, and the

Charybdis of a patronage which might prove to have been presumptuous. Philip fancied, before he lost consciousness, that she began to approach a trifle nearer to Charybdis than to Scylla — according to his chart.

His eyes escaped hers, and solaced themselves with the dark-blue ocean-stream. By and by Miss Pushyng perceived his remoteness. She was further impressed with a sense that he was remarkable.

"*Aren't* you something?" she demanded abruptly.

"I hope so," said he with melancholy humor, returning to his environment, partly because of the quick question, and partly because at that moment Fanny Starr came out on the piazza, magazine in hand.

"No, but you understand me," said Miss Pushyng with confidence. "Ordinary people don't care about the sea as you appear to. You can't disguise it from me, I am sure! You have a *look* of a something!"

"I am — an artist," admitted Philip, controlling his facial muscles as well as he could. It pleased him to give this literal-minded inquirer the truth in an equivocal form.

"I knew it!" cried Miss Pushyng triumphantly. She would probably have pursued her work of detection, had not an event of importance just then taken place. A gentleman was approaching her — a stout old gentleman with gray-sprinkled, hay-colored whiskers and mustache, purplish-mottled cheeks, and a scintillating stud. What was Philip — what were the vague possibilities, desirable or otherwise, of an uninvestigated something — in comparison with a call from that gay ancient, Dr. Fastolph, who was a guest of the great Occidental Hotel? This house, the Surfton, was nearly all that advertisements painted it, but it certainly had not the *prestige* of the Occidental — where the rates were also higher. Miss Pushyng told her friends that her family staid at the Surfton on account of the bathing, which was much better in this part of the beach than anywhere else. She had told Philip this, letting him perceive her disdain of the Surfton *cuisine* — which he thought unmerited; but Mr. Chevalier did not remember having seen her in the water.

"Oh, *so* glad to see you, Dr. Fastolph," she murmured, "and *so* surprised. And *did* you come over from the Occidental in the stage? How strange for *you* to be riding in a stage! Where are your *beautiful* horses?" The doctor greeted her in the labored voice of the corpulent, with a twinkle in his small eyes half benevolent, half contemptuous. Philip felt that he was free. He also thought he saw now what Miss Pushyng wanted.

Miss Starr's gentle smile of recognition greeted and refreshed him as he drew near. "I've just been told," he began, seating himself, "that I had a look of a something. I appeal to you; have I?"

"I heard Miss Pushyng complimenting you," said the soft voice.

"Oh, you find the remark complimentary; that's a new light," said Philip. "A something! There's a vast range of common nouns." He discerned a mild reproach in Miss Starr's eyes, although she smiled; she evidently was not willing to make merry with him at Miss Pushyng's expense, whatever her inward appreciation. Philip felt accused by her finer instinct. She gave the subject a deft turn. "And so you are an artist! Have you been making any sketches? The coast below here is more picturesque — don't you think so?"

"Ah," said the conscience-stricken Philip, "I am — something of an artist; at least, that's what I wish to be; but I work in words. Don't you remember Mr. Aldrich's lines?

> 'A poet — that means painter too,
> For words are colors, rightly laid.'"

Now it happened that Mr. Chevalier's verses had appeared most frequently in "Quillman's Monthly," which was the very periodical Miss Starr had in her hand. She glanced at the magazine, then looked up in surprise at Philip. "Oh, are you *that* Mr. Chevalier?" she said, with an odd mixture of eagerness and hesitation. Philip thought her confusion charming. He was, after all, not vainer than many men; it was hardly vanity, it was rather the pleasure of recognizing a nature related to his own, that flooded his being with warmth as she continued: "Then I know you quite, quite well; I have often, very often, enjoyed your writings." The slight stiffness of these sentences did not detract from their delightfulness, for it seemed to proceed from her flattering embarrassment.

"I am afraid I must take Fanny away," interposed at this juncture the uninteresting aunt. "You won't be ready for your drive, my dear; you know we are going a long distance, and I ordered the carriage at three." What a shy glance she darted at him as she went! Philip thought of several natural objects that she resembled, the most prominent being a startled fawn; he was aware that the image was not altogether original, and he would not have liked to employ it in his work; but it really had a novel fitness when called forth by the graceful neck, the lucent light-brown eyes, the small, full, soft-curved lips of Fanny Starr.

He lingered on the spot she had left; he looked at her chair, and tried to fancy her still present. She — knew — him — quite — well!

He felt that these five words were at once an affirmation and a proof of the most complete understanding. There are persons so gifted by nature with a bewildering charm, that their least expression on any subject is accepted as a certificate of the possession of precious mines of thought. How different would have been the result if Miss Pushyng, cognizant of Philip's true occupation, had assured him that she knew him quite, quite well — that she had often, very often, enjoyed his writings!

The latter lady was by this time deep in conversation with Dr. Fastolph, of whom Philip had heard in the city as a once-fashionable physician, now retired, and reputed to be very rich. Miss Pushyng had petted him into loquacious good-humor, and the disgusted Philip left him telling her with glee what a wily old bird he was; relating "quaint lies — how honorable ladies sought his love" for their *débutante* daughters. Philip thought this crafty Ulysses rather simple, seeing him cleverly managed by the siren Pushyng. He, Philip, was naturally unaware of any kindred simplicity in himself.

Is it any wonder that, chancing to come during his afternoon walk upon a pellucid pond covered with lily-pads, no great distance from the salty deep, Mr. Philip Chevalier found himself prompted to concoct a short poem, which set forth the delight of unexpectedly discovering a white water-lily, when weary with the garish glinting of the ocean waves? Philip was in reality never weary of the ocean waves; he meant to prefigure Miss Pushyng, and Dr. Fastolph, and the rest, by the garish glinting, though he might have objected to so coarse an analysis of his intention. He had not rested his bodily eye on any open lilies at Clear Pond, but are we never to call the imagination into play? While Mr. Chevalier's "swan-and-shadow" mind was reflecting her in metaphors, Miss Starr was enjoying her drive in an opposite direction; and, at the moment when Philip was clinching his first couplet, she was giving her elderly relative the information that he was a poet — which accounted for his hair.

"I didn't see anything the matter with his hair," said Mrs. Chaperon.

"Oh, it's Philistine in the back, but it's Bohemian in the front," explained the niece; thus exhibiting a knowledge of the language of masculine locks, in all its idiomatic subtleties, scarcely to be predicted of a startled fawn. And if Miss Starr was a white water-lily, she was, like the flower in Jean Ingelow's poem, "a lily awake and aware."

Fanny's apparent fondness for the society of children was matter of remark; she was very facile in entertaining them, and devoted more of her time to that purpose than some of her admirers thought proper. But Philip loved to watch her fair, amused face among the flaxen bangs and curly heads; he found her then especially charming. On this particular evening the juvenile army, assembled in the great barren ball-room, was having an unusually merry time; and Fanny had so far abandoned her ordinary position of directing goddess as to join in the game. Philip, pacing the piazza, would stop now and then at one of the long windows and grant his sight a restoring draught. Once an unusual burst of exultant tittering drew him to his post of observation, and he perceived that it was Fanny Starr's turn to redeem a forfeit. The blindfolded "judge" had discovered, by methods not strictly judicial, upon whom judgment was to be passed, and had decreed that she should sing a song. At this moment the young lady looked up and perceived Philip's tall figure at the window. And what was her choice for this audience of children — she who had all the "Baby's Opera" within her call? Was it "Ding, dong, bell, pussy's in the well!" or "When good King Arthur ruled this land," or "How does my lady's garden grow?" No; it was none of these; it was Longfellow's "The Arrow and the Song."

> "Long, long afterward, in an oak,
> I found the arrow, still unbroke,"

sang Fanny with suppressed feeling;

> "And the song, from beginning to end,
> I found again in the heart of a friend."

Philip's own heart looked from his eyes, which held hers for a second; then the latter were prettily veiled from him. His songs, then, had found such a lovely lodging!

No matter how late he sat up polishing and copying the lines about the white lily; nor how early he arose, to go again to Clear Pond for a handful of those queenly flowers; nor what Fanny thought, when, in the middle of the forenoon, she came upon both verses and lilies, lying across the open pages of the novel which she had left closed on a window-seat, her place marked with the stem of a rose; and oh, no matter what Philip did with the rose! The look she vouchsafed him, as they passed each other in the breezy hall, was quite noncommittal; it was certainly not one of displeasure, but just as certainly it did not express an indecorously ready pleasure; it was conscious enough to thrill him, sweet enough to hold him, but as coolly, removedly sweet as ever; it puzzled Philip, but with a rush of admiring joy he told himself that its meaning was too ethereally fine for him to grasp. Could

he expect to divine the instincts of that rare nature? should he desire to pry into her exquisite reasons? Of one thing he was quite sure: that look of hers was his, and his alone, to keep; it seemed that she could only have looked so once; it was an intensely personal thing, like a letter—not one of the ordinary glances that answer, like an advertising circular, for a hundred different people.

For three delirious days Philip took no note of time. He managed to pass successfully for a sane person among his fellow-beings. On the fourth day it rained. Rain at the seaside is favorable to fancy-work and protracted conversation. Philip found himself at last in a quiet corner, watching Fanny's white fingers perform what to a masculine eye seemed rather aimless magic, with a quantity of pale-blue zephyr. The transition from looks too fine to be interpreted to ordinary speech on commonplace subjects was necessarily something of a fall.

"I am sure you must know some of my friends in the city," began the suave and rich voice that might have imparted a kind of charm to the multiplication-table.

Philip could not have told what else he had expected her to say. He bent his head in inquiring attention, awaiting disclosures of a common acquaintanceship.

"The Alpenstocks — dear people! — you are certain to know the Alpenstocks." He professed his pleasure in the friendship of these dear people, concerning whom he found there was a good deal to be said. It did not strike him that he was being graciously led to impart to Miss Starr a quantity of entirely new information about these friends of hers, although he did feel a passing surprise at a remark exposing her ignorance of the fact that the Alpenstocks always spent their summers abroad.

It was Fanny's custom, without any of the dark ulterior purposes sometimes attributed to clever young women in fiction, to utilize every conversation by a process which, when performed as expertly as in her case, it would be sheer indelicacy to stigmatize as "pumping." A supplied her with facts wherewith to impress B, and B provided neatly put opinions for the captivation of the intellectual C. Fanny had a clear mind herself, and would have been perfectly competent to form opinions; but she was mentally much occupied with the guidance of her own fortunes, and found the system of exchange just described a convenience—playing in society the part of some graceful, iridescent insect that assists, while mindful exclusively of its own interests, in the transfer of pollen from flower to flower.

From the dear Alpenstocks they passed to the subject of Sketchley Slinger. Philip knew *him*, of course? Oh, yes; they were members of the same informal club. Philip frowned with ungenerous displeasure at the recollection that Slinger was a confoundedly bright fellow, though to be disapproved on the ground of levity; he had shown some good-natured irreverence in his intercourse with the poet. He had a great cartoon in "The Motley Fool" every week, with his name very blackly dashed across the corner. Philip wondered whether Miss Starr also knew Sketchley's closest companion, whom he disliked much more than the young artist. He had never understood how Slinger, with his undeniable brains, could tolerate that fellow Errant. Had she met the latter? Philip burned for satisfaction on this point, yet could not bring himself to form a question containing the name of his dearest foe. Yet Alfred Errant was a fellow-poet; the dailies sometimes classed him with Mr. Chevalier, in reviews of the current magazines. It was a case of curious inconsistency on both sides. Philip, as I have said, kept a moderately close grasp of the moral purpose in art; yet, although he was always talking of form as a secondary thing, he continued to file and finish his productions with great care, and it would have given him a dreadful unacknowledged shock to find that he had inadvertently sent forth into the world sentiments, even the noblest, with holes in their metrical hose. Alfred Errant, on the contrary, was an advocate of art for art's sake solely; yet he was no deft workman, but a natural dauber, inclined to an alliteration mad as the spelling-book's, inexact in phrase, splashy with his colors, frequent with "the jaw-breaking hiatus." So Philip contemned his work body and soul; he also found him personally disagreeable. And yet these two went coupled in the casual mention of the undiscriminating world!

The twinge Philip felt at present was without cause. Fanny Starr had never seen Mr. Errant, though she had read some of his verses in Quillman's, and had found others quoted in a review of his volume, published under the unique title, "Richest Juice in Poison Flowers."

Ah, it was time now to introduce a little of Philip's specialty! Fanny hastily turned over the contents of her mental scrap-bag, and flattered herself, at the end of an hour, that she had produced a very creditable piece of conversational crazy-work. And indeed she had. That was an excellent bit she had got from Slinger about having to go down into the dark of Browning with a miner's lamp; and when Philip had said in gentle reproof, "But you know it's a diamond-mine!" (a fig-

ure which she noted for future use), she had had wonderful presence of mind in replying. She had drawn upon her recollections of that young woman in spectacles at the Water Gap last year, who belonged to a branch of the Browning Society. "Oh, yes," cried Fanny, "how *grateful* one feels for 'Abt Vogler' and 'Saul'; and *isn't* 'Atalanta'" — she thought Philip would chime in here, but he did not, and she was obliged to complete her sentence — "like a perfect Greek frieze?" Philip received this as a correct, if hardly novel, description of "Atalanta in Calydon"; was it not strange that she should not have remembered that Swinburne wrote it? He smiled with some superiority on recalling her words afterward; he was, he said to himself, too exacting in demanding of an amateur a professional sense of literary flavors. Or it might have been a *lapsus linguæ;* had she meant "Agamemnon"?

But Philip was melancholy, he knew not why. Their talk had been a disappointing anti-climax. He began to be somewhat displeased with trifles, though he was displeased with himself for being displeased. Why was Fanny on such intimate terms with Miss Pushyng? He had just observed her passing her arm caressingly about the latter lady; he had even heard her say "my dear." It struck him that she had said "my dear" to all the ladies with whom he had seen her.

"I am sick of hearing that girl called sweet," said a voice beside him — the metallic voice of Miss Jane Rappee, a certain middle-aged lady whose pungent talk had seemed, in the beginning of his sojourn there, his only resource at Billow Beach. Philip turned, startled, and perceived her ensconced in a large rocking-chair, and knitting her gray brows at him, her little red-brown eyes sparkling fierily.

"You don't find the adjective applicable?" said he.

"Applicable enough — but there's so much of it. She's sweet to everybody, and all the time. She goes sifting powdered sugar over the just and the unjust. Look at her now! And everybody likes it but me. When she began the process on me I warned her off."

Philip was inwardly not averse to having his discontent formulated, but on the surface he displayed a little foam of resentment. "Oh, I know *you* like it," continued Miss Rappee. "She does the poetic to please *you*, doesn't she?" Philip blushed. "She'd do whatever struck her as Hottentot to please a Hottentot, to the best of her ability; that's what they call being adaptable. All things to all men, women, and children! She tried the determined spinster on me. The conception was bold, but the execution was poor. She has no intention of marrying, Mr. Chevalier; she looks forward to a calm, self-centered, independent life." Miss Rappee laughed heartlessly, and Philip bit his mustache. "I told her that at her age such a view was very unhealthy, and that my individual lot had been determined by circumstances over which I had no control."

"But why isn't the wish to be universally agreeable a perfectly laudable one?" said Philip. "And certainly in this case the wish is fulfilled — with a single exception. See the very children, how they — how they like Miss Starr. I'm sure that's an indication of ——"

"Stateswomanship," said Miss Rappee, examining Philip's face more keenly. "Children have mothers. What an exceptional child that dear little Marjorie Golden is!" Philip recognized the quotation. "Have you seen Miss Starr driving with Mrs. Golden? The admiration is mutual; and through the Goldens Miss Starr has made the acquaintance of Dr. Fastolph. Her dear friend Miss Pushyng would never have presented him. Pleasing man, Dr. Fastolph." Philip winced. "*Why* does she? Why do I keep a big bunch of keys on a ring — crooked ones and all? I don't know what doors or drawers they may not fit. It's all a habit, Mr. Chevalier, the impartial sugar-powdering. It's not a deep design in every individual case, no such thing; it's second nature — an invaluable habit to form in early life!"

Philip, when he had had a chance to think it over, ascribed Miss Rappee's analysis entirely to ill-nature, and resolved to dismiss it from his mind, which was nevertheless perturbed.

A shock which he received soon after did not tend to calm him. He chanced to intercept a fair, speechless message from Fanny's eyes, on its way to the youth with whom she had been talking when he first beheld her. She looked at this rather stupid young man exactly as she had looked at Philip himself after the white-lily episode. There were copies of this look in circulation, then? Alas, poor Philip! it was not even a limited edition.

The storm had been severe, and the dazzling day that next burst upon Billow Beach seemed all the brighter by contrast. Philip, the misgivings that had clouded his thought temporarily exorcised by the sun, dedicated this day at its birth to a pleasure he had long been planning. But it is needless to enter into the details of his plan, as it proved futile, the coöperation of Miss Starr being necessary to its success, and that lady being already engaged for the afternoon. Philip had the felicity, as he was swinging sullenly along Surge Avenue, of beholding her elevated upon a flashing English cart; Dr. Fastolph's beautiful

horses had arrived. The glossy creatures had roses at their ears; the footman was attired in the neatest of liveries; the doctor himself was remarkable in a suit of pearl-gray, well calculated to set off the complexities of his facial coloring, and the collar which supported his chins was buttoned with a diamond which, like the eyes of a Homeric hero, sent forth dreadful lightnings. He beamed upon his companion to the degree of sultriness, and was indeed so occupied in beaming as to cause inconvenience to a stage-driver of extreme democratic opinions, who called upon him by the strange name of Johnny to testify exactly whither he was ultimately going. Philip witnessed this little incident, and turned away with a bitter smile. He was inclined to sympathize with the driver, and to celebrate him in a sonnet or two of the correct Italian form. Fanny had appeared to be demurely enjoying herself; was it possible, after all, that she also wanted what Miss Pushyng wanted?

Philip was asking himself this question while he leaned over a low railing, staring gloomily out to sea. Suddenly a lean, muscular arm was cast fondly over his shoulder, and a well-known voice exclaimed, in tones of burlesque affection, "'Tis he! 'tis he! His poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, is fixed upon the immeasurable mad main. That's what Errant calls it, you know; I call it the swim. Come over and hail your brother in song—there he is across the drive, consuming claret punch; we're down at the beach for the day—glorious day!"

It was Sketchley Slinger, in a very short coat, and with a little soft hat on the back of his head, and a line of fresh sunburn on the bridge of his nose. He took the unwilling Philip in tow, and dragged him across to the road-house where the poet of "Poison Flowers" was imbibing the beverage he had named.

"Good place to prosecute the noblest study of mankind," Sketchley went rattling on, the first greeting over; "I've got some capital bits—upon my word, really capital!" He drew out his tiny note-book, and even Philip was obliged to smile at the clever sketches he had made. "Isn't *he* a gay old boy?" Sketchley indicated with his pencil an outline which Philip instantly recognized as that of Dr. Fastolph. "Who is he, can you tell me? Doctor, eh? I saw him with somebody I know just now; nice little girl she is, too; wise as a little serpent; shouldn't wonder if she slew the fatted calf—golden calf, obviously. What, *you* know Fanny Starr? I came near breaking my heart about her once. I was telling Errant about it just now. What'll you take—bottle of ink? What's the matter with you, man? By Jove, Errant, doesn't he look as though he thirsted to quaff vitriol out of my skull?" And, indeed, Philip was looking at him like a Berserker.

He was still quite apparently savage when he entered the hall of the Surfton. He felt that the shrine was desecrated; he was sick and weary. His foot was on the first step, when a blue-uniformed boy, who had been hurrying after him, overtook him, called his name inquiringly, and held out a yellow envelope. Philip tore it open, read the telegram, and came back to his old, original self with a shock. His brother was ill; he must return to the city at once. He pulled out his watch; it was now too late to take the last boat; he would go by the first in the morning. He ran upstairs, and began at once to pack his belongings. Thought seemed for a little while to have left him; he was not thinking at all as he folded his coats and rolled his collars; but Sketchley's chatter was still ringing in his ears, and curiously enough his memory, like a music-box set in motion, kept mechanically grinding out those lines of Errant's about the immeasurable mad main:

> "The immeasurable mad main's fierce ecstasy,
> When fawns that false Cleopatra, the warm wave,
> On the brawny-breasted land, her Antony."

The passage occurred in "Aphrodite," a long poem especially distasteful to Philip, because it had been compared to his own work by a hasty reviewer. He became conscious that this involuntary process of repetition had been going on, when the last line was jerked out of his lips by the effort of closing the lid of his trunk; and he gave a little contemptuous groan at the frothy stuff that it was—in his opinion.

He went downstairs and ate supper, and wandered about, he did not know exactly where. By eight o'clock he had begun to think again—to think of Fanny Starr, with a great revulsion of feeling. He despised Miss Rappee and Sketchley Slinger, and execrated himself for having allowed these harsh and coarse interpreters to utter her name to him. He ejected Dr. Fastolph from his thoughts. He saw in her again the one white lily in the midst of the wearying glare of this barren place. He reproached himself, and not unjustly, with a feminine faint-heartedness; why had he not thrust himself forward, claimed her attention, pursued her with a bolder, a manly devotion? He remembered that their souls had long ago met in sympathy, before he had ever looked into her eyes; why had he, to whom she was bound by this superfine spiritual chain, permitted any one or anything unworthy to push him aside? And now he was going away! Philip was moved to his depths.

Then suddenly he saw her. She was standing in a small summer-house raised above the sand; her aunt was seated near her, conversing busily with another elderly matron. Miss Starr, with her slight hand on the rail, was turned away from them, looking at the sea. The full moon glorified the high tide; the snowy foam, faintly tinted with gold, came roaring and seething in under the summer-house. It was a moment of moments; and she was alone. As she lifted her look to Philip's at his approach, her face was like marble in the moonlight; the luster of her soft eyes was subdued in shadow.

Certain poems of Browning's occurred to Philip in a flash, wherein rare moods of the woods and waters mysteriously aid the union of congenial spirits. Should he have to say to himself at last,

> "You fool, for all
> Your lore! Who made things plain in vain?
> What was the sea for?"

No; he would seize his chance.

He uttered one passionate word, but in a very low tone; and the ocean, indeed, stood his friend in an unimagined way — by drowning the sound of his voice in the roar of the falling wave.

Miss Starr was unaware that he had spoken. "Oh, Mr. Chevalier," she said, with the slight effort necessary to make him hear, "isn't it perfectly enchanting — perfectly inspiring? It is to you, I know. What is that wonderful passage in 'Aphrodite' about the sea? I haven't told you that 'Aphrodite' is my favorite among your poems."

Philip smiled in a ghastly manner.

"No, you haven't," said he; and this time he was distinctly heard. He commanded himself to repeat the passage, and asked her if that was what she meant.

"Ah, yes," said Fanny, dreamily. "'The immeasurable mad main' — 'that false Cleopatra, the warm wave.' What a perfect ocean picture! I can't think what it must be to possess the power of originating such things!"

"Neither can I," said Philip. She regarded him with some astonishment, but he did not explain. "I have been trying to find you, to say good-bye," he proceeded, turning and including Mrs. Chaperon in his farewell; "I return to town to-morrow, quite unexpectedly."

"You must come to see us in the city," said Mrs. Chaperon agreeably. Philip bowed his gratitude for the invitation, in which the puzzled but never ungraceful Fanny had joined. A desperate gayety took possession of him as he realized that his emotional drama was a farce — that Miss Starr's sympathetic understanding had from the first been given, if genuinely given at all, to his *bête noire*, Alfred Errant; and very lightly indeed he said the last words at their parting. Fanny looked after him, dimly conscious of failure; even in unimportant episodes she did not like to fail.

The acid which, unsuspected, underlay the sweets of her disposition, arose to the surface, and tinged her manner to Mrs. Chaperon during the evening. But she was consoled by the recollection of Philip's pretty verses, which she foresaw that she might occasionally repeat with effect, allowing it to be seen that she had inspired them. Thus every relation of life became "pearls and rubies to her discourse."

It had been, Philip said to himself next day, but "a summer mood"; an ephemeral fancy that had no "winter in its blood"; a thing light as the summer rings the Roman dandies wore. Yet with such a ring how many a poor fellow has bound himself! As he sailed and sailed, and got out of the spell, he indulged in self-gratulation that he had not "fetched his sea-born treasure home." But presently from the lower deck came a premonitory moaning and scraping, and certain marine musicians dashed into a familiar air — the waltz to which he had danced with Fanny Starr on the night when he first saw her. And thereupon Philip heaved a mighty sigh.

The poem about the white water-lily has, up to the present date, never appeared in print. Society journals announce the approaching marriage of Dr. John Portley Fastolph to Fanny, daughter of the late Fanning Starr of this city.

Helen Gray Cone.

A CAREER.

"WHAT does he do?" He prunes his roses,
Near Florence, at a villa there;
'Neath soft Italian skies he closes
The book of life. Without a care,
He smiles and takes his ease, he poses,
Too "cultured" for his native air.

An ardent boy, he dreamed of Honor,
And Fame — his heart was set upon her!
'Twas his to choose; his facile pen
Should charm, convince, or conquer men.
"What has he done?" He prunes his roses
And, quite content, the book he closes.

D. H. R. Goodale.

HAND-CRAFT AND REDE-CRAFT.

A PLEA FOR THE FIRST NAMED.

CALLS for more handicraft have been heard of late in many portions of this land,— sometimes a call for higher skill in the use of fingers and arms,— and sometimes a call for the *wider spread* of such skill among the people at large. Just now we wish to speak of some of the general aspects of a movement which is very complex as well as general, and at the same time is full of promise and hope.

We begin by using the word handicraft, for that is the form to which we are wonted in speech and in print; but we rather like the old form, "hand-craft," which was used by our sires so long ago as Anglo-Saxon days. Neither form is in vogue, as we know very well, for people choose nowadays such Latin words as technical ability, industrial pursuits, manual labor, dexterity, professional artisanship, manufacture, technological occupation, polytechnic education, and decorative art, not one of which is half so good as the plain, old, strong term, handicraft or hand-craft. We shall do what we can to bring back this old friend.

One reason why we like this word is that it includes so much, and yet is so clear that everybody knows what it means,— the power of the hand to hold, shape, match, carve, paint, bake, plow, or weave. Another reason why we like to say hand-craft is because of the easy contrast it suggests with another old word, which is likewise out of vogue, rede-craft, the power to read, to reason, and to think,— or as it is said in the book of common prayer, "to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest." By rede-craft we find out what other men have written down; we get our book-learning; we are made heirs to thoughts that breathe and words that burn; we enter into the acts, the arts, the loves, the lore, the lives of the witty, the cunning, and the worthy of all ages and all places.

Rede-craft is not the foe but the friend of hand-craft. They are brothers, partners, consorts, who should work together as right hand and left hand, as science and art, as theory and practice. Rede-craft may call for books, and hand-craft for tools, but it is by the help of both books and tools that mankind moves on. Their union is as sacred as the marriage tie; no divorce can be allowed. The pleasure and the profit of modern life depend upon the endurance of their joint action.

Indeed, we should not err wide of the mark by saying that a book is a tool, for it is the instrument we make use of in certain cases when we wish to find out what other men have thought and done. There is a sense in which it is also true that a tool is a book, the record of past ages of talent engaged in toil. Take a plow, for example. Compare the form in use to-day on a first-rate farm with that which is pictured on ancient stones long hid in Egypt, ages old. See how the plow idea has grown; and bear in mind that its graceful curves, its fitness for a special soil or for a special crop, its labor-saving shape, came not by chance but by thought. It embodies the experience of many generations of plowmen.

Look upon a Collins ax, lay it by the side of such a tomahawk as was used by Uncas or Miantonomoh, or with a hatchet of the age of bronze, and think how many minds have worked upon the head and the helve; how much skill has been spent in getting the metal, in making it hard, in shaping the edge, in fixing the weight, in forming the handle. Take a cambric needle and compare it with the fish bone or the thorn with which savages sewed their hides. Or from simple turn to complex tools — the steam-engine, the sewing-machine, the dynamo, the telegraph, the ocean steamer; all are full of ideas. All are the offspring of hand-craft and rede-craft, of skill and thought, of practice put on record, of science and art. The welfare of our land, of our race, rests on this union. We can almost take the measure of a man's brain if we can find out what he sees and what he does; we can judge of a country or of a city if we know what it makes.

We need not ask which is the better, hand-craft or rede-craft. Certainly, "the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee"; at times, indeed, when the eye is blind, the hand takes its place, and the fingers learn to read, running over the printed page to find out what is there as quickly as the eye. To what realms of thought was Laura Bridgman, sightless and speechless, led by the culture of her touch!

It is wrong that so many people, some whose minds are full of ideas and some whose purses are full of gold (not to speak of those who have neither), are prone to look down upon hand-craft. They think only of the tasks

of a slave, a drudge, or a char-boy. They have never tasted the pleasure of making, the delight there is in guiding the fingers by the conscious and planning will. They like to hear, see, own, or eat what others have made, but they know nothing of the pleasure of production. Their minds may be bright, but their fingers are lazy. Many such persons work too long and too late with their eyes, poring over the story of what others have done, and keeping their brains alert with the tales of other people's skill; yet they never think of finding another sort of rest or relief in the practice of hand-craft. If you doubt this, put two notices in the paper, one asking for a workman and the other for a clerk, and you will see on the morrow which calling is popular. So it comes to pass that boys become men without being trained to any kind of skill; they wish, therefore, to be buyers and sellers, traders and dealers. The market, which is poorly supplied with those who are trained in the higher walks of hand-craft, is doubtless overstocked with clerks, book-keepers, salesmen, and small shop-keepers. Some young men who are poor in pocket and rich enough in talent go to college, allowing their mothers and their sisters to toil for their support, and many more accept the gifts of unknown helpers, and not because they prefer to do so, but because they have never learned how to produce with their own hands anything which the world is willing to pay for. Ask such a youth, "What can you do for your own support?" alas, how often will "Nothing" be the answer!

To some extent machinery works against hand-craft. In many factories the hand has but little to do, and that little is always the same, so that labor becomes tiresome, and the workman is dull. It is a marvel how machinery, which embodies the inventor's mind, takes the place of mind in the workman; machinery can cut statues, weave tapestry, grind out music, make long calculations in arithmetic, solve simple problems in logic,—alas, the machine has been brought into politics! Of course a land cannot thrive without machinery. How could the ore be brought to the surface and made current as coin without machinery; how could the prairies be tilled as they are without reapers and mowers; how could the corn, the beef, and the sugar be carried from our rich valleys and plains to the hungry of other lands; how could the products of their looms and foundries be brought back to us without the aid of those seven-league-booted giants, the locomotive and the marine engine? Nevertheless, he who lives by the machine alone leads but half a life, while he who uses his hand to contrive and adorn drives dullness from his path. It is hand-craft, the power to shape, to beautify, and to create, which gives pleasure and dignity to labor. A true artist and a true artisan are governed by one spirit; their brains are the masters of their hands.

In other climes and in other times, hand-craft had more honor than it has with us. The touch of Phidias was his own, and so inimitable that not long ago an American, scanning with his practiced eye the galleries of the Louvre, discovered a fragment of the work of Phidias long separated from the other fragments by that sculptor which Lord Elgin had sent to London. The artist's stroke could not be mistaken,—it was his own, as truly as our sign-manuals, our autographs. Ruskin, in a lecture upon the relation of art to morals, speaks of a note which Dürer made on some drawings sent him by Raphael. It was this: "These figures Raphael drew and sent to Albert Dürer in Nürnberg,—to show him his hand." Ruskin well compares this phrase with other stories of the hand-craft of artists,—Apelles and Protogenes showing their skill by drawing a line; Giotto in striking a circle. There is a custom, if not a law, in the royal households of Prussia that every boy shall learn a trade. The emperor is said to be a glazier, and the crown prince a printer; not long ago, as a birthday gift, his Majesty received an engraving by one prince and a book bound by another, both sons of the heir-apparent. In one of the most famous shrines of education in Paris, two paintings adorn the chapel walls, not of saints or martyrs, not of apostles or prophets,—perhaps I should say an apostle and a saint, *Labor* and *Humilitas;* Industry the apostle of happiness, and Modesty the divine grace. Is it not worthy of note that Isaiah, telling of golden days to come, when the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in the land, nor the voice of crying, when the child shall die an hundred years old, and men shall eat of the fruit of the vineyards they have planted, adds this promise as the greatest of all hopes, that the elect of the Lord shall long enjoy the work of their hands?

If now we really value hand-craft, we shall find many ways of giving it honor; we can buy that which shows it, or if we are too poor to buy, we can help on with our looks and words those who bring taste and skill into the works of their hand. If your means are so small that you can only buy what you need for your daily wants, you cannot have much choice; but hardly any who reads these pages is so restricted as that: almost, if not quite, every one buys something every year for his pleasure,—a curtain, a rug, a wall-paper, a chair, or a table, not truly needed, a vase, a clock, a mantle ornament, a piece of jewelry,

a portrait, an etching. Now, in making such a purchase to please the eye, to make the chamber, the parlor, or the office more attractive, choose always that which shows good handiwork. Such a choice will last. You will not tire of it as you will of commonplace forms and patterns, and your children after you will value it as much as you do.

Let us not forget, however, that hand-craft gives us many things which do not appeal to our sense of beauty, but which are nevertheless of priceless value,—a Jacquard loom, a Corliss engine, a Hoe printing-press, a Winchester rifle, an Edison dynamo, a Bell telephone. Ruskin may scout the work of machinery, and up to a certain point in his enthusiasm for hand-craft may carry us with him. Let us say without a question that works of art—the "Gates of Paradise," by Ghiberti, a shield by Cellini, a statue by Michael Angelo, a portrait by Titian—are better than any reproductions or imitations, electrotypes by Barbedienne, plaster casts by Eichler, or chromos by Prang. But even Ruskin cannot suppress the fact that machinery brings to every cottage of our day comforts and adornments which in the days of Queen Bess, or even of Queen Anne, were not known outside of the palace,—and perhaps not there; and let us be mindful that it is modern hand-craft which has made the machines of such wonderful productivity, weaving tissues more delicate than Penelope ever embroidered, and cutting the hardest metals with a precision unknown to Vulcan's forge. Machinery is a triumph of hand-craft as truly as sculpture or architecture. The fingers which have shaped the *Aurania* or the Brooklyn suspension bridge are as full of art as those which have cut an obelisk from granite or molded the uplifted torch of Liberty. Rowland's dividing engine, which with its unerring diamond plow traces forty thousand furrows upon an inch of the concave grating, silently and ceaselessly at work from day to day, that men may see more than they ever have yet seen of the glories of the sun—a machine like this has beauty of its own; not that of the human form nor that of a running brook, but the beauty of perfect adaptation to a purpose, secured by consummate hand-craft. The fingers which can make a mountain stream turn myriads of spindles, or transform rag heaps into perfumed paper, or evoke thousands of handy objects from brass and iron, are fingers which the nineteenth century has evolved. The hand-craft which has made useful things cheap is already making cheap things beautiful. See how rapidly, for example, pottery in this country has become a fine art. Let us hope that Americans will learn from the Japanese how to form and finish, before the Japanese learn from us how to slight and sham.

There is another duty to be enforced, which is this. All who have to deal with the young, whether parents or teachers, should see to it that children acquire hand-craft while they are getting rede-craft. Mothers begin right in the nursery, teaching little fingers to play before the tongue can lisp a sentence. Alas, this natural training has too often been stopped at school. Books have claimed the right of way; rede-craft has taken the place of honor; hand-craft has been kept in the rear. But now the ghost of Pestalozzi has been raised; the spirit of Froebel is walking abroad in the land; changes are coming in schools of every grade. The changes began at the top of our educational system and are fast working down to the bottom. What mean the new buildings which have appeared of late years in all our thriving colleges? They are libraries and laboratories,—the temples of rede-craft, and of hand-craft; they tell us that in universities, the highest of all schools, work-rooms, laborplaces, laboratories, are thought to be as book-rooms, reading-rooms, libraries; they show that a liberal education means skill in getting and in using knowledge; that wisdom comes from searching books and searching nature; that in the finest human natures the brain and the hand are in close league. So too in the lowest schools, as far as possible from the university, the kindergarten methods have won their place, and the blocks, straws, and bands, the chalk, clay, and scissors, are in use to make young fingers deft.

Intermediate schools have not yet done so well. There has even been danger that one of the most needful forms of hand-craft would become a lost art, even good handwriting, and schools have been known to send out boys skilled in algebra and in a knowledge of the aorist who could not write a page of English so that other people could read it without effort. The art of drawing is another kind of hand-craft which has been quite too much neglected in ordinary schools. It ought to be laid down as a rule of the road to knowledge that everybody must learn to draw as well as to write. The pencil is a simpler tool than the pen. The child draws pictures on his slate before he learns the pot-hooks of his copybook; savages begin their language with gestures and pictures; but we wiseacres of the school-boards let our youngsters drop their slate-pencils and their Fabers when we make them practice with their Gillotts and their Esterbrooks. We ought to say, in every school and in every house, the child must learn to draw as well as to read and write. It is the beginning

of hand-craft, the hand-craft which underlies a host of modern callings. A new French book has lately attracted much attention, "The Life of a Wise Man by an Ignoramus." It is the story of the great Pasteur, whose discoveries in respect to germ life have made him world-famous. If you turn to this book to find out the key to such success, you will see the same old story,—the child is father of the man. This great physiologist, whose eye is so keen and whose hand is so artful, is the boy grown up, whose pictures were so good when he was thirteen years old that the villagers thought him an artist of rank.

Sewing, as well as drawing and writing, has been neglected in our ordinary schools. Girls should certainly learn the second lessons of hand-craft with the needle. Boys may well do so; but girls must. The wise governor of a New England State did not hesitate, a short time since, to say upon a commencement platform how much he had often valued the use of the needle, which was taught him in his infant school. How many a traveler can tell a like tale? It is wise that our schools are going back to old-fashioned ways, and saying that girls must learn to sew.

Boys should practice their hands upon the knife. John Bull used to laugh at Brother Jonathan for whittling, and "Punch" always drew the Yankee with a blade in his fingers; but they found out long ago over the waters, that whittling in this land led to something,—a Boston "notion," a wooden clock, a yacht *America*, a labor-saving machine, a cargo of wooden ware, a shop full of knick-knacks, an age of inventions. Boys need not be kept back to the hand-craft of the knife. For indoors there are the type-case and the printing-press, the paint-box, the tool-box, the lathe; and for outdoors, the trowel, the spade, the grafting-knife. It matters not how many of the minor arts the youth acquires; the more the merrier. Let each one gain the most he can in all such ways, for arts like these bring no harm in their train; quite otherwise, they lure good fortune to their company.

Play, as well as work, may bring out hand-craft. The gun, the bat, the rein, the rod, the oar, all manly sports are good training for the hand. Walking insures fresh air, but it does not train the body or mind like games and sports which are played out-of-doors. A man of great fame as an explorer and as a student of nature (he who discovered in the West bones of horses with two, three, and four toes, and found the remains of birds with teeth) has said that his success was largely due to the sports of his youth. His boyish love of fishing gave him his manly skill in exploration.

I speak as if hand-craft was to be learned by sport. So it may. It may also be learned by labor. Day by day, for weeks, the writer has been watching from his study window a stately inn rise from the cellar just across the road. A bricklayer has been there employed whose touch is like the stroke of an artist. He handled each brick as if it were porcelain, balanced it carefully in his hand, measured with his eye just the amount of mortar which it needed, and dropped the block into its bed without straining its edge, without varying from the plumb-line, by a stroke of hand-craft as true as the sculptor's. Toil gave him skill.

The last point which we make is this: Instruction in hand-craft must be more varied and more widespread. This is no new thought. Forty years ago schools of applied science were added to Harvard and Yale colleges; twenty years ago Congress gave land-scrip to aid in founding at least one such school in every State; men of wealth have given large sums for such ends. Now the people at large are waking up. They see their needs; they have the money to supply their wants. Have they the will? Know they the way?

Far and near the cry is heard for a different training from that now given in the public schools. Nobody seems to know just what is best; but almost every large town has its experiment, and many smaller places have theirs. The State of Massachusetts has passed a law favoring the new movement. A society of benevolent women has been formed in New York to collect the experience of many places, and make it generally known. The trustees of the Slater Fund for the training of freedmen have made it a first principle in their work that every school which is aided by that fund shall give manual training. The town of Toledo, in Ohio, opened some time ago a school of practice for boys which has done so much good that another has lately been opened for girls. St. Louis is doing famously. Philadelphia has several experiments in progress. Baltimore has made a start. In New York there are many noteworthy movements —half a dozen of them, at least, full of life and hope. Boston was never behindhand in the work of promoting knowledge, and in the new education is very alert, the liberality and the sagacity of one beneficent lady deserving praise of high degree. These are but signs of the times, examples to which our attention has been called, types of efforts, multiform and numerous, in every part of the United States.

But it must be said that the wise differ very much as to what might, should, and can be done. Even the words which express the

wants are vague. Something may be done by an attempt, even though it be rude, to put in classes the various movements which tend toward the advancement of hand-craft. Let us make an attempt, and present the following schedule:

FOR THE PROMOTION OF HAND-CRAFT.

Four Preliminary Needs.

(a) Kindergarten work should be taught in the nurseries and infant schools of rich and poor;

(b) Every girl should learn to sew, and every boy should learn to use domestic tools, the carpenter's or the gardener's, or both;

(c) Well-planned exercises fitted to strengthen arms, fingers, wrists, lungs, etc., should be devised, and where possible, driving, riding, swimming, rowing, playing ball, and other out-of-door sports should be encouraged;

(d) Drawing should be taught as early as writing, and as long as reading, for all, and everywhere.

SUBSEQUENT POSSIBILITIES.

(a) In elementary schools lessons may be given in the minor decorative arts,— such as those of the Leland methods, for example.

(b) The use of such common tools as belong to the blacksmith's forge and the carpenter's bench may be taught at slight cost, as a regular class exercise, in secondary schools for boys, whatever be the future vocation of the pupils.

(c) In towns, boys who begin to earn a living when they enter their teens may be taught in every school to practice brick-laying, plastering, plumbing, gasfitting, carpentry, etc., as is done and well done in the Auchmuty schools in New York. Trade schools they are called; "schools of practice for workmen" would be a clearer name.

(d) In high schools, technical schools, and colleges, youth may learn to work with extreme precision in wood and metal, as they are taught in the College of the City of New York, in Cornell University, and in many other places.

(e) Youth who will take time to fit themselves to be foremen and leaders in machine shops and factories may be trained in theoretical and practical mechanics, as at Worcester, Hoboken, Boston, and elsewhere; but the youth who would win in these hard paths must have talent at command as well as time to spare. These are schools for foremen, or (if we may use a foreign word like kindergarten) they are Meisterschaft schools, schools for training masters.

(f) Youth who wish to enter the highest department of engineering, must follow long courses in mathematics and physics, and must learn to apply their knowledge; if they wish to enter upon other branches of advanced science, they must work in the scientific laboratories now admirably equipped in every part of the country. These are technical colleges for engineers, for chemists, for explorers, for naturalists, etc.

(g) Art instruction must be provided as well as scientific, elementary, constructive, decorative, and professional education.

At every stage, the language of the pencil and of the pen must be employed; rede-craft must be practiced with hand-craft; and there must be no thought of immediate profit from that which is done in the early and rudimentary stages of the training.

D. C. Gilman.

THE LAST GOOD-BYE.

HOW shall we know it is the last good-bye?
The skies will not be darkened in that hour,
No sudden blight will fall on leaf or flower,
No single bird will hush its careless cry,
And you will hold my hands, and smile or sigh
Just as before. Perchance the sudden tears
In your dear eyes will answer to my fears;
But there will come no voice of prophecy:
No voice to whisper, "Now, and not again,
Space for last words, last kisses, and last prayer,
For all the wild, unmitigated pain
Of those who, parting, clasp hands with despair."
"Who knows?" we say, but doubt and fear remain,
Would any *choose* to part thus unaware?

Louise Chandler Moulton.

A NORWEGIAN POET'S HOME.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago there appeared in the humble pages of the "Illustreret Folkeblad" the beautiful creation of Björnson's early genius, "Synnöve Solbakken," that exquisite tale of Norwegian peasant life, which soon established the author's reputation, and which began, in fact, a new era in the literature of his country.*

Björnson lives at Aulestad, about ten English miles from the town of Lillehammer. At this part of the Gausdal valley its eastern side slopes gently down to the river Gausa. As far as the eye can reach are wide tracts of cultivated fields and meadows, dotted here and there with gayly painted farmsteads, while the western side of the valley is steep and thickly covered with pine forests, which present a rather somber contrast to the bright and smiling landscape of the opposite side. On a gentle eminence in the midst of this truly pastoral scenery Aulestad, with its many buildings and outhouses, is conspicuous.

Here, in the midst of the brave and sturdy folk whom Björnson loves so well, and surrounded by the characteristic scenery of his country which he has so vividly depicted, this true and noble son of the people feels himself at home. Aulestad was to me, indeed, the very "Solbakken" I had dreamt of,— "that high spot in the large valley on which the sun shines from its rising to its setting." I begin to look for "Granliden" on the opposite side of the valley under the shadow of the mountains, "where they had less sun," and whence young Thorbjörn gazed at the bright and sunny home of little Synnöve. I see the church, high up on the hill,— "as the peasant always thinks of it, on a high spot, lonely, peaceful, and sanctified,"— where Thorbjörn first saw the fair-haired, smiling girl. I even begin to look for the two lovers among the groups of haymakers at work in the fields near the road.

When Björnson in 1874 bought Aulestad, the dwelling-house was a large, two-storied building in the ordinary style of Norwegian farm-houses, but he soon transformed it into a comfortable and pleasant modern country-house. By the introduction of balconies in the upper story, and a spacious gallery or veranda around the ground floor of the house, the exterior in its bright white paint resembles somewhat the pleasant Swiss villas so common in the neighborhood of Norwegian towns.

I am introduced, by and by, to the study of the master. It is situated in the second story in the south-western corner of the building, its windows overlooking that part of the valley. The room is necessarily large and spacious, for Björnson often walks up and down when his busy brain is at work, while writing or talking. So when speaking in public, Björnson cannot confine himself behind a lecturer's desk or table. The walls of the study are of a somber green, enlivened by gilt edging and by a few oil-paintings and photographs. One of these is a portrait of the poet's father, in the peculiar dress of a Norwegian clergyman,— a fine face, full of character and vigor. Between the two windows opposite the entrance is a large bust of Goethe on a pedestal, and on the poet's writing-table, to the left, are two antique marble busts. On the massive oak table at the right-hand side of the room were exhibited, at the time of my first visit to the study, the presents to the poet on this occasion of his jubilee, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first book. Among these were a chased silver inkstand, with a figure of Minerva, and the inscription, "With thanks from woman," a drinking-horn of silver, from Swedish friends, and an antique jug with silver lid, once the property of Björnson's great-great-grandmother, and now presented to him by some neighboring farmers. A couple of his friends at the university had sent him two fine polar-bear-skin rugs. The house was filled with flowers sent by his peasant friends, and on the oaken table lay heaps of letters and telegrams of congratulation from friends all over the world. Near the door is a massive and curiously made book-case, full of books and pamphlets. In this room have been written the poet's later works, "The King," "Magnhild," "Giuseppe Mansana," "Leonarda," "The New System," "Dust," etc.

Through a pleasant anteroom, full of book-cases, pictures, and mirrors, I make my way to the hall below and enter the charming sitting-room, situated directly underneath the poet's study, homelike and beautiful with its plants and pictures and portfolios of photographs. On the right-hand side of the door stands the piano, which has not been long silent during the visit of the eldest son, who possesses a

* See an article entitled "Björnstjerne Björnson," by H. H. Boyesen, in this magazine for July, 1880.

fine voice and plays the piano with the practiced hand of an accomplished musician. Beyond the sitting-room is a dainty little white room or cabinet, full of books, busts, and pictures, where one can while away hours of retirement in communion with the master minds of the three northern nations.

On passing through the hall, where I find portraits of literary and political celebrities on the walls, I enter the dining-room, a long room with oak-painted walls and furniture to match. At the end of the room is a handsome buffet, with cupboards full of valuable silver tankards, drinking-horns, cups, etc. The large dinner-table extends nearly the whole length of the room; and here the family and the guests, with the housekeeper and the manager of the farm, take their meals together in good old Norwegian style.

The preparations for the jubilee to-day have been made in a large storehouse in the farm-yard behind. The lower part of this building has been transformed into a picturesque banqueting-room. The walls and the roof are entirely clad with pine branches and gayly decorated with flags and flowers. Round the walls are placed oval red shields bearing in gilt letters the names of all Björnson's works, from "Synnöve Solbakken" to his last story, "Dust." Extensive preparations are still going on for the afternoon's feast.

It is now about noon, and some of the guests are beginning to arrive. Flags are flying from the tall masts around the farm-yard,— the flags of the three Scandinavian countries and that of the United States, the latter a present from a friend in America. Smaller flags are placed at short distances along the veranda round the house, which is hung with festoons of foliage and flowers; and it is plain to see that there is high festival to-day at Aulestad.

It is no doubt fortunate that the poet should be able to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first and beautiful creation, the sweet "Synnöve," in the very heart of the country, and among the people whom he has so truly depicted in his books. Here, far away from the bustle and conventionalities of town, this truly national poet, still in the prime of life, can now receive the congratulations of his countrymen in a manner congenial both to himself and to them. Little could the young, striving author, who in 1857 was penning "Synnöve Solbakken" at Copenhagen under anything but promising circumstances, dream that this, the beloved child of his imagination, would thus celebrate her twenty-fifth birthday! And what has not passed in these years? The unknown author, in his very first attempt, struck a chord in the heart of the people which gave a new impulse to the national life that was dawning on Norway. The poet became a patriot; he thrills the minds of his countrymen as he speaks to them of their duty to themselves and their country, and stirs up the old independent spirit of the Norsemen. The part he has taken in the political struggle between the King and the Norwegian people has been most important; and the future historian will no doubt inscribe the name of the bard in the honorable place which it deserves on the list of champions in his country's rights. The Norwegian people of to-day appreciate his labors. They have not sung his songs in vain; they understand him; and on a day like this it is no wonder that enthusiasm runs high, not only at Aulestad, but all over the country.

It is a sight to be remembered to see the fine, healthy-looking, well-dressed peasantry, from the wealthy farmer to the humble cottager, with their wives and grown-up sons and daughters, arriving at the farm, and to see the hearty reception given to all by Björnson and his wife. The farm-yard is nearly full of guests. Among the last arrivals is the respected pastor of the parish, who, in spite of the difference of opinion on religious matters between himself and Björnson, will not be debarred from paying this homage to the gifted son of his country on his jubilee-day. Kristofer Janson, another popular poet, and Björnson's near friend and neighbor, who is on the point of starting for America, is also here; the two local members of the Storthing and other leading men in the parish have arrived.

There is now a stir at the door at the rear of the house; a procession, headed by Björnson and his mother, moves across the lawn to the banqueting-room. As soon as the principal guests have entered and taken their seats, the crowd follow and make their way to the well-spread tables. The total absence of any distinction between the different classes is indeed pleasant to witness. One might almost imagine oneself a thousand years back in the hall of one of the Jarls of old; the chieftain and his followers feasting in high style together. And have we not before us here as fine a representative of the old Norseman as we could wish? The fine, broad-shouldered figure of the hero of the day, with the noble head and the lion's mane, looks every inch a Jarl; and as we gaze round at the faces of the sturdy peasants, there is no mistaking these, the descendants of the hardy Norsemen.

The speeches are opened by Kristofer Janson, who is glad of the opportunity to offer Björnson his thanks and last farewell, before leaving Gausdal. Janson dwells especially upon the progress, the development of Björnson's genius during the twenty-five years that

have passed, and remarks that the minds of the Norwegian people have grown with him. They all love "Synnöve", but they love and value no less Björnson's later works, "The King," "The New System," and his political speeches. Janson also dwells upon the importance of his political work. "Many understand you now, but the day will come when the whole of the people will understand you, because the Norwegian people are learning to understand a full-grown, a dauntless champion of liberty." Janson concludes with thus addressing Björnson: "We thank you for your songs, we thank you for your life, we thank you because you have lived even better than you have sung." Björnson's health is then drunk with the greatest enthusiasm.

The speeches that follow are principally greetings from the sister countries, the Swedish and Danish guests speaking as warmly of Björnson and his works as the poet's own countrymen. A number of songs, written especially for the occasion, are sung after the different speeches. Many of the telegrams from absent friends and admirers, including the poet Henrik Ibsen, are read amidst great applause. Even from so far as Minneapolis and Madison, in America, have friends telegraphed their congratulations. Janson also reads a poem of his own composition, which accompanies a purse of golden coins from friends in Bergen.

Björnson then rises, and with deep emotion thanks all the company for the many proofs of friendship and affection that he has received this day. He assures them that the same motives, the same love of his country and of the people which prompted him to write "Synnöve Solbakken," have also prompted him in all his later work, referring especially to the stand he has taken in political and religious controversies.

Ample justice having been done to the truly Norwegian dinner, the guests adjourn to the lawn outside or to the veranda and other available seats around the house. Coffee and cigars are served, and the rest of the evening is spent in pleasant converse. The guests begin to take their departure, and as I am leaning over the balustrade of the veranda and follow their retreating figures down to the road in the mystic light of the northern summer night, I feel that I have "lived a day" with men and women who, whatever their station in society may be, help to make history and to elevate the life of a nation.

Next day the town guests and some of Björnson's special friends from the neighboring farms meet again round the festive board of our host. I am sitting opposite the poet Drachmann, and notice that from time to time, in the midst of the hubbub of loud and merry voices, himself taking no little share in it, he is jotting down a line or two on a scrap of paper. Presently he rises, and asking permission to bid farewell to Aulestad, which he regrets he is obliged to leave so soon, he reads a poem, the composition of which I had seen him, across the table, "putting together" under the distracting conditions referred to. I believe he writes poetry as humbler mortals scribble off a friendly note. In the evening some of the guests take their departure to be in time for the steamer from Lillehammer next morning, while some remain a few days longer.

Björnson is an early riser. He and his wife are generally found at the breakfast-table at six o'clock in the morning. The other members of the family do not make their appearance till one or two hours later, while for guests the breakfast-table is laid up to ten o'clock. After breakfast Björnson is generally found in the anteroom upstairs, reading his letters and newspapers. The mails are delivered here early in the morning, and the poet himself is the first to examine them and scan the papers, eager to learn the latest news from the great world beyond his peaceful valley. Often in the morning, when I have descended from my little room for an early stroll, have I found Björnson with a newspaper in his outstretched arms, while a hearty, ringing laugh or a loud outburst of admiration announces the pleasure he feels at hearing of some victory of the Liberal party in his country or of the success of any progressive movement abroad. As soon as Björnson has finished reading, he usually, in fine weather, takes a stroll round his farm or spends some time in conversation with any casual guest. He then goes to his study, and there he remains hard at work the greater part of the forenoon. His wife is, as far as I could understand, the only privileged intruder at this time.

Towards noon Björnson prepares to go to his bath. "Come, and I will show you the finest shower-bath in the world," he says, and slings a towel across his shoulder, and off we start. We pass through a field and enter a copse, where we soon hear the roar of rushing water. We descend by a path through the underwood, and emerge suddenly upon a small river, full of rapids and miniature waterfalls. We walk along the bank a short distance till we come to a most picturesque spot, a mountain glen, in fact, through which the river rushes wildly between the bowlders and monster stones that impede its course. Right in front of me I behold with awe the "shower-bath" of which I had heard. From some distance above a volume of water has been

BJÖRNSON'S HOUSE.

led through a conduit supported on lofty spars, discharging itself at a considerable height just above a wooden platform which has been erected here with strong handrails around it. A part of the water has, of course, in its descent, been transformed into spray, but the main body of it falls with a deafening roar on the platform below. Towards this platform I soon discern the nude herculean figure of the poet making his way along the plank-laid gangway that leads from the rustic dressing-room in a shady nook to the platform. He steps under the waterfall, and, seizing the handrail with both hands, turns his back to the foaming current, which wildly and angrily rebounds from his unflinching figure, sending the spray and splash in all directions. It is a shower-bath with a vengeance, and no doubt "unrivaled in the world," suited only to hardy constitutions and strong nerves. The force of falling waters is enough to wash any

BJÖRNSON'S STUDY.

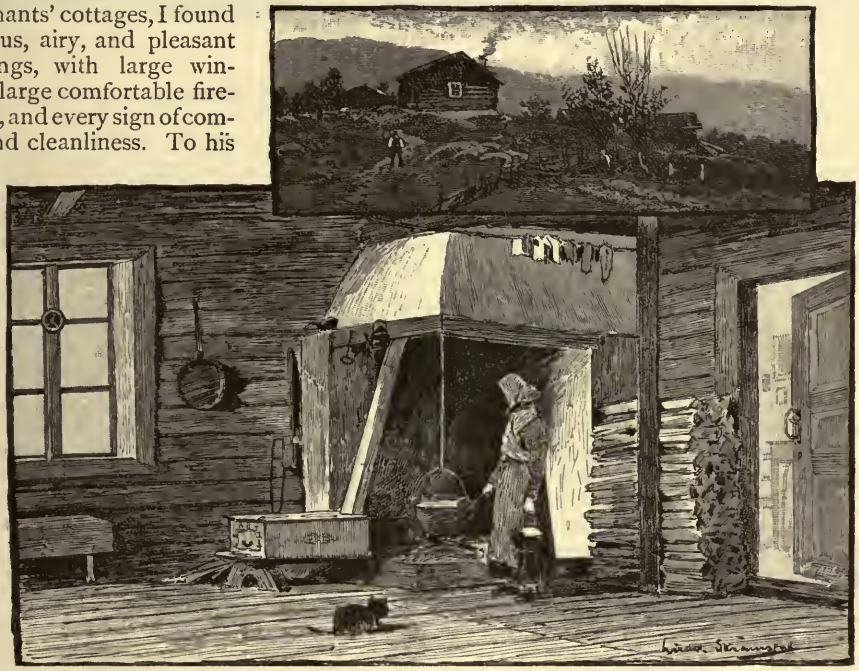
commonplace mortal away into the shallow pool below the platform, where an ordinary bath can be enjoyed undisturbed. To a nature like that of our poet, this daily bath in the cool mountain waters must be highly congenial and invigorating. Björnson's health is remarkably sound and strong, and he does everything to preserve it. He has entirely given up smoking, and is almost a total abstainer. Since his visit to America, where he was struck with the constant absence of wines and spirits from the dinner-tables of the upper classes, he only on very rare occasions partakes of any alcoholic beverage.

After dinner Björnson takes half an hour's nap; and during the warm summer days everybody seems to follow his example. On fine days the members of the family and their guests assemble after the short siesta for the afternoon coffee at a large table in a shady corner at the back of the house, where a lively conversation is kept up for some time, Björnson himself joining heartily in it. Round this table all the burning questions of the day, political, social, and religious, have been debated with that fire and enthusiasm which is a characteristic trait of all the members of the poet's family. Björnson cannot, as a rule, while engaged in any conversation or discussion, sit long quiet; he will rise from the table, and, putting his hands in his pockets, will pace backwards and forwards, keeping up meanwhile a running fire of talk and repartee, and stopping now and then in front of the person with whom he is discussing, when there is anything he is specially anxious to impress upon his hearers. Suddenly breaking off in the midst of his talk, he will take a run across the lawn with his youngest daughter, and after a merry romp with her on the grass will return and resume the conversation. Later on in the afternoon he will frequently take a long walk round his grounds and see to the servants and laborers at work on different parts of the estate. Björnson has a kind, encouraging word for all, showing a sincere interest in his people's domestic affairs. In the haymaking time he often joins the haymakers, and with a light rake of American fashion will do wonderful work among them. I remember especially one day, when his people were busy getting in the last loads of hay, and the sky suddenly became overcast, how Björnson, after having pressed the whole household into field service,— his sons, daughters, cook, servant-maids, and a couple of guests,— started off at the head of the "rescue party" to the hay-field. Load after load was filled by the merry gang and carted up to the farm; the rain, however, overtook them before the last loads were in, and the party returned drenched to the skin, while Björnson was as proud as if he had won some literary or political victory.

One great ambition of Björnson's life has been to improve the conditions of the Norwegian tenantry *(Husmænd)*. No doubt the cottiers, since the passing of the *Husmandslov* of 1851, are, as far as the terms and character of their leases are concerned, as well off as the tenantry in any country of Europe. Still, Björnson thinks the legislature should go a step further to improve their condition, and especially to assist them in becoming the freehold owners of the soil. As the landlords can scarcely be expected to make a gift of the land to their tenants, some scheme would have to be worked out by which the tenant might, in a certain number of years, pay off the sum agreed upon for its price. At the present time the tenantry are, as a rule, unable to save up any money, as they have little opportunity of earning anything beyond the amount necessary for their daily wants, and very little ready money passes through their hands. The rent and any corn and fodder the tenant may buy of his landlord are generally paid for in manual labor by the tenant or his family. The tenant himself is by his contract bound to work four or five days in the week for the landlord, at a very low wage; but it is generally only in the busy seasons of the year, especially in the spring and autumn, that the landlord avails himself of so much of the tenant's time. The tenant has, however, his own ground to cultivate, and there is consequently little time

IN THE CHURCH.

or opportunity left for him to earn anything by extra employment, unless, indeed, he be an expert in some handicraft. The lease is always for the natural life of the tenant and his wife, and at their death it is, as a rule, renewed by one of the children. For any improvements made by the tenant compensation is secured by law in case of the tenant's leaving. As soon as Björnson became a landlord he set to making what improvements he could. The houses of his tenants were his first care. He has now rebuilt some of these, and I was pleasantly surprised at their appearance. Instead of the small, dark, and badly ventilated rooms which one is accustomed to see in the tenants' cottages, I found spacious, airy, and pleasant dwellings, with large windows, large comfortable fireplaces, and every sign of comfort and cleanliness. To his



A TENANT'S COTTAGE.

tenantry Björnson is not so much the landlord as the friend. As I have already observed, he takes a great interest in all their affairs, and has a kind, attentive ear for their sorrows and joys.

Björnson generally resumes work in the afternoon, and keeps close at it in his study till the evening meal is announced, after which he gives himself up entirely to his family and friends. If the weather is unfavorable out-of-doors, they gather in a pleasant circle in the cozy sitting-room, listening to the songs of Schumann and Schubert, or to some delightful ballads from southern climes, which the eldest son has brought home with him; or the room resounds with the mighty tones of Wagner's masterpieces. Wagner is, by the by, a great favorite at Aulestad. Sometimes Björnson reads aloud passages of any work on which he may be engaged, or he reads some of the national folk and fairy tales, or some new popular book. As a reader or orator Björnson has scarcely an equal. Gifted with a wonderfully melodious voice, which he knows how to modulate with the skill of an experienced actor, he fairly enthralls his audience, and when at any point his subject rouses him to a passion of fervor, it is like a burst of thunder in the room, his powerful voice filling the whole apartment and electrifying his hearers, as that of no other speaker I have heard.

On other evenings we settle down in one or more groups on the veranda, enjoying the soft, balmy air and a quiet chat, while some light refreshments are handed round. It is pleasant to look back upon some of those delightful evenings on the veranda. Before us lies the immense valley, bathed in the beautiful mystic twilight of the North, while borne to us on the wings of the evening breeze comes the murmur of the distant Gausa, mingled with the lowing of the cows and the tinkling of their bells from the fields below the farmstead. An air of peace and comfort rests over the whole landscape; nature is going to sleep; the conversation on the veranda dies away; all seem impressed by the grandeur of the scene and give themselves up to quiet meditation and enjoyment. Happy valley, happy people! worthy of a poet's home!

H. L. Brækstad.

TEMPLE RELIEF DISCOVERED BY THE EXPEDITION.

AMERICAN EXPLORERS IN ASSOS.

IN the autumn of 1879 two young American architects, Mr. J. T. Clarke and Mr. F. H. Bacon, after a month's work in the British Museum, set out from London in a twenty-foot sail-boat, crossed the Channel, and ascended the Rhine, on their way to study among the Greek islands the inedited remains of the Doric order. After a winter in Munich they descended the Danube, their boat having been brought overland from Mayence to Ratisbon, and in due time emerged from the Euxine upon Constantinople, to the surprise of the Turks, flying the American flag from their masthead. The first fruit of this little expedition was a paper by Mr. Clarke entitled "Archæological Notes on Greek Shores," printed by the Archæological Institute of America in the spring of 1880. In this paper attention was called to the site of the ancient city of Assos, on the southern shore of the Troad, as a fruitful field for study, a thorough examination of the city walls and other monuments still above ground promising valuable results, quite independently of anything that might be brought to light by excavation. Stimulated by these representations, the Institute, in the spring of 1881, sent out to the Ægean a small but well-equipped expedition, consisting of six or eight carefully selected young men, of whom Mr. Clarke and Mr. Bacon were the chief, and were, indeed, the only ones who remained on the spot through the three summers consumed in the work. The results attained far exceeded in magnitude and importance the modest expectations with which this enterprise was undertaken. Besides throwing much light upon disputed questions of chronology and upon methods of construction in both sacred and military architecture, the excavations undertaken revealed the most complete collection of secular Greek buildings as yet discovered. The full report of their work, now in preparation, promises to be one of the most important contributions yet made to our knowledge of the municipal life as well as of the civic architecture of the Greeks. Meanwhile here is presented, from Mr. Bacon's pen and pencil, an outline of these achievements.

W. R. Ware.

You say, "Tell me something about Assos, and the life and work there." It is difficult to put on paper the sea, sky, and sunshine, the rugged acropolis rising steep from the water, its top formerly crowned with the temple of Athena, "our patron and virgin goddess," as the citizens called her. From the temple there was a fine view of sea and land. Across the strait, seven miles distant, lies Mytilene, truly a "noble and a pleasant isl-

TEMPLE RELIEF DISCOVERED, ASSOS.

and," and Mount Lepethymnos is immediately opposite, its shadowed ravines looking invitingly cool from our sun-beaten hill. At the extreme west of Mytilene is seen the acropolis of ancient Methymna, the present town of Molivo, with a Turkish fortress above it, whence soon will issue the puff of white smoke from the sunset gun, so eagerly watched for by the Turks upon our acropolis; for it is Ramazan, and not a drop of water or morsel of food enters the mouth of the faithful from sunrise till sunset.

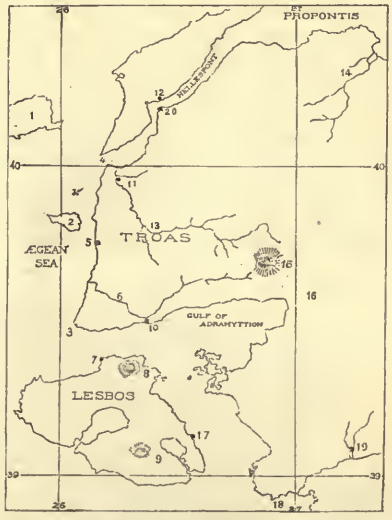
Behind Lepethymnos, a little to the east, is the bare sugar-loaf of the Lesbian Olympus, the highest mountain in Mytilene, showing the fitness of things in appearing where it does, for the meridian from the temple stylobate runs through the center of the peak.

Turn about and look over the valley of the river and the plain, spread out like a map. The river is the ancient Satnioeis, which here reaches to within half a mile of the sea; but it is unable to get through this rocky barrier, and is compelled to flow on for twenty miles more before it can empty its waters into the Ægean.

The plain is cut up into little cultivated fields, which change as the months go by from green and the cuckoo's cry in spring to the yellow grain and the grating of the locust.

Immediately beneath, on the north side of the acropolis, are the rickety stone houses of the present Turkish village Béhram. At midday everything is asleep, but toward sunset begin to rise curls of smoke from the chimneys, the women come out of their houses and chatter as they prepare the evening meal, and the voices of the children are wafted up as they squabble and play. A little girl comes through a breach in the ancient city wall and belabors her donkey up the old stone-paved road. She has been to the river for water, which is slung in large earthen jars across the donkey's back. Off to the east rises Mount Ida, its top colored with purple sunset.

There is a commotion far below us, and a tinkling of goat-bells and barking of dogs show that some one is shutting up his flocks for the night, for hyenas and vagabond jackals are about. The orchestra of the ancient theater is the fold. A sedate white-turbaned Turk comes out on a housetop slowly rolling a cigarette, then shades his eyes and looks toward Molivo. The last edge of the sun sinks into the sea, a few anxious moments and puff goes the white smoke, down drops the Turk on his mat toward Mecca, while a few more lax individuals skip their prayers and squat



SKETCH-MAP OF THE TROAD.

1. Imbros. 2. Tenedos. 3. Cape Lekton. 4. Cape Sigeion. 5. Alexandria Troas. 6. Satnioeis. 7. Methymna. 8. Mt. Lepethymnos. 9. Mt. Olympus. 10. Assos. 11. Troy. 12. Sestos. 13 Scamander. 14. Granicus. 15. Mt. Ida. 16. Adramyttion. 17. Mytilene. 18. Gulf of Elaia. 19. Pergamon. 20. Abydos.

with their hungry families around the savory *pilaf*. Mashallah! what a change the centuries have brought! Assos was one of the many cities with which the coast of Asia Minor was lined, but never having been of much political importance, it sunk with the decline of Greek and Roman civilization, and its site and existence were almost forgotten. Our work restores a perfect picture of life in a provincial Greek town.

Along the narrow paved streets that ran around the sides of the acropolis were the dwellings and public buildings, placed in picturesque relation to each other, the whole inclosed by massive fortification walls. Outside was the street of tombs, a line of sarcophagi and monuments reaching to the river, over which was a stone bridge leading to the cultivated fields beyond where still grows the wheat once so celebrated.

The acropolis itself is the crater of an extinct volcano, and consists of a gray rock with here and there a mass of conglomerate showing the effect of the ancient fires. The sides of the hill are cut and worn into terraces on which stood the buildings of the city, tier rising above tier.

High above all was the temple of Athena, which formed here, like the Parthenon in Athens, a quiet sanctuary far removed from the bustle in the city below. Its pavement is nearly eight hundred feet above the sea-level, and so steep is the ascent that from the edge of the cliff one can look into the holds of the small vessels clustered in the port below.

Of the temple not one column or stone of the superstructure remains in position, and before the excavations nothing on the surface indicated its whereabouts, excepting the many capitals, triglyphs, cornice-blocks, etc., strewn about. But the first pit we sunk struck the stylobate, and soon the entire pavement was laid bare. It was carefully swept and washed, and then traces of the columns and walls became plainly visible, the places where they had stood being less weathered than the exposed surfaces. At many points on the floor are cuts and scratches made by the ancient builders to guide the setting of walls and columns. In the center are remains of a marble mosaic, a part of the original pavement.

PRESENT CONDITION OF EAST END OF THE STOA.

TEMPLE CAPITAL.

The acropolis must have been inhabited long after the destruction of the temple, as is seen by the Byzantine and mediæval fortification wall, and the large accumulation of débris upon the top, which on this wind-swept site could be due only to human occupation. The earth we turned up was full of bones, ashes, boars' teeth, and other refuse, and mediæval walls were found built on the very floor of the temple.

Probably in the middle ages, when the seas were infested with pirates, the few remaining inhabitants withdrew to the citadel and there lived secure from attack, occasionally venturing down to the port or cultivating their fields. While the ancient city crumbled and grass grew in the streets, the winter rains, year by year, washed down masses of earth, effacing gradually the lines of the terraces and filling up the hollows.

South of the temple was a mediæval wall faced outside with a row of capitals placed on edge. This we tore down, and found in it many fragments of temple-blocks and several pieces of the famous sculptured architrave. On one is represented a bowman pursuing centaurs. These have human fore-legs, a peculiarity of which this is the most considerable example known. These bass-reliefs had often been noticed by early travelers, and in 1838 the French government, having obtained them as

SMALL GATEWAY AND PART OF THE WESTERN TRANSVERSE WALL.

HEROÖN (RESTORED).

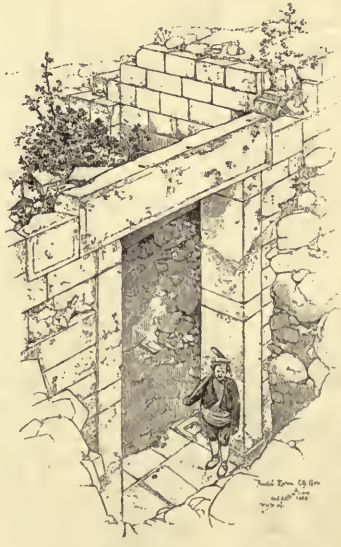
a gift from the Sultan, removed to Paris eleven of the sculptured blocks which were found lying on the surface. Our excavations have brought to light eight additional pieces.

The architrave-blocks were easily recognized on account of their peculiar shape. Some were sculptured and some plain, and the thought of finding a new relief caused our hearts to beat faster as we dug around the buried stone. When at last it was pried over and the dirt brushed off, the workmen gathered around, pleased as children to have found something. It is a gala day when these stones are brought down to the port. We have a drag, shod with iron, upon which the blocks are bound, a long rope is attached, the entire gang catch hold, and with much yelling, scrambling, and shouting of orders, the block is soon down below, and the panting workmen sit around in the shade and drink coffee at the expedition's expense.

From the cliff south of the temple you can look down into the Agora or ancient market-place, and there is a shady shelf of rock where one may sit and trace out the lines of the ancient streets. Now that the pavement at the east end of the stoa is laid bare, one gets a better idea of the old market-place, formerly all paved, and on such hot days as these no doubt now and then sprinkled with water from the reservoir. The day is cloudless. The pavement glistens in the sunlight. Your eyes blink.

A murmur comes up from the market-place, and you look over the red-tiled roof of the stoa into the little square.

A herald orders the old market women to clear away their cabbage-leaves and melon-rinds, and then darts after two small boys who have been racing up and down the long corridor of the Stoa, to the great disturbance of a knot of politicians gathered about the columns of the eastern entrance. Some coun-



PRINCIPAL EASTERN CITY GATE.

trymen are loitering through the cool portico, gazing at the battle-scenes painted on the wall.

In the alcoves of the second story are the scribes and money-lenders at their little tables. A water-vender with his donkey comes through the archway near the heralds' office with water from the river carried in two large, dripping jars, their mouths stopped with green leaves from the bushes that grow by the Satnioeis.

Yonder dusty artisan is a master mason, coming with tablets and rule to take the measure for the new roof-tiles of the baths. There is a stone standard for such tiles set up in the Agora by the city fathers.

There, out of the Bouleuterion, comes the Roman governor; the politicians stop talking, and one or two of the demagogues slink back into the shadow of the columns, as he mounts his horse and rattles out through the square.

In the Heroön at the west end of the baths sleep the three heroes Kallisthenes, Aristias, and Kallisthenes, with their names and the thanks of the city cut on the marble lintel of their tiny temple.

A sleek citizen comes out of the baths, clad in fresh robes, and, stopping a moment to read the theater placard posted up at the entrance, mounts his mule and trots off to his country-house down on the point.

Then a swell from Pergamon, visiting his Assos relatives, comes sauntering along with a couple of his provincial cousins, gazes about with a *blasé* air, and when they point out the lions of the city, he tells them that if they wish to see something really fine they must come to Pergamon and see the altar. "In

MARBLE HEAD FROM THE AGORA.

Pergamon, you know, we use Ionic or Corinthian; your plain Doric, such as you have here, isn't fit for this civilized age."

A locust whirs in your face, and you start up to see the sun nearing the hills, the red-tiled roofs vanish, and you have been asleep. But it isn't quite all a dream; for there are the columns and the outline of the Stoa; there is the rear wall laid bare and showing the rough surface to which the painted stucco was attached; there, about the Bouleuterion, are the overturned pedestals on which stood the marble slabs inscribed with decrees; and there is the ancient rostrum from which the orators and demagogues harangued the people assembled in the square.

In the Heroön are still the sarcophagi of the three heroes, their bones long since scattered, but their names still legible on the broken epistyle lying in front. What they did we know not, but, whatever it was, it secured them this distinction of burial within the city walls. At the entrance of their tomb are traces of the iron gratings that stood between the marble columns, and in the vestibule against the wall there is the foundation of a tablet upon which, no doubt, were inscribed the deeds of the three occupants.

On a slope south of the plateau lies a stone block, broken in two, with the legal shapes of different tiles cut on it for standards.

The stoa, or public portico, is three hundred and twenty-seven feet long, and was two stories high. In the rear wall can still be seen the holes for the heavy wooden beams of the second floor. We have found enough fragments to make its restoration certain, and probably no Greek building of the kind was ever so completely and satisfactorily recovered. It formed a shelter from the rain and sun, and, being in the public square, was the general place of resort for the merchants and business men of the city as well as for others.

An interesting passage in Strabo illustrates this use of the stoa in the life of the Greeks, and also the fact that all jokes are old. In speaking of Cyme, a city fifty miles south of Assos, he says:

> "And another story is that they borrowed the money to build their stoa, and, not paying up on the appointed day, were shut out from the promenade. But when it rained, the money-lenders, for very shame, sent out the crier to bid them come under, and as the crier made proclamation, '*Come under the stoa*,' the story got abroad that the Cymæans didn't know enough to go in when it rained, unless they were notified by the herald!"

East of the Stoa is the Bouleuterion, or council-hall. In front of this building is the rostrum for public speakers, and near by are a number of pedestals and bases which formerly supported statues. In excavating below the Bouleuterion we have found many fragments of marble inscriptions, and one most interesting bronze tablet, in a perfect state of preservation. On it was inscribed in Greek a decree of the people of Assos swearing allegiance to the Roman Emperor Caligula, upon his accession to the throne in 37 A. D.

Close at hand was found a fine marble head, probably from one of these statues. It was at the bottom of a cistern, along with broken water-jugs and different objects that had fallen in.

In front of the Bouleuterion is a paved street leading out of the Agora to the principal eastern gate of the city. We excavated this gateway, and in the threshold found, still in place, the iron sockets in which turned the pivots of the heavy gates.

Some weeks were spent in excavating just above the theater, in the hope of finding here also fragments of statues or inscriptions which might have been thrown over from the Agora and covered by the débris. But nothing of any value came to light. The place proved to have been occupied by dwellings during the middle ages, and an interesting group of these buildings was laid bare, planned on the ancient model, with a court or atrium and rooms opening upon it.

Farther in, next to the ledge, which here rose perpendicularly to the plateau above, we discovered a very ancient mosaic pavement, with a pattern of two griffins facing each other. This may have been in some official building, for these griffins are identical in character with those represented on the coins of

PRINCIPAL WESTERN GATEWAY AND SMALL POSTERN IN WESTERN TRANSVERSE WALL.

the city and with the sphinxes on the temple. These creatures were evidently the Assos coat of arms. A little farther westward was unearthed another mosaic, of later date but still of Greek workmanship. On each side are two winged Victories with offerings, while the center, somewhat broken, seems to represent a sale of Cupids, a subject often found in Greek and Roman frescoes and mosaics.

The bath, just below the Agora, is one of the most interesting buildings of all. It is the only example of a Greek bath known, those in Pompeii and elsewhere being distinctively Roman. The final drawings of this building have not been made, but we have the material for a complete restoration. The plan of the lower story is evident with its thirteen bath-chambers, each with its basin, cemented floor, and reservoir of water, and there are still in place remains of the marble casing. There was probably a row of similar chambers in the second story, while the third story seems to have been an open portico, rising above the level of the plateau, into which the people walked from the level of the market-place above.

In front of the baths is a paved street leading down to the theater. As late as twenty or thirty years ago this theater was in an almost perfect state of preservation, but at the beginning of our excavations in 1881 nothing was visible but the outline of the *scena* and the hollow in the hill formed by the auditorium.

The plan has, however, been now almost completely recovered. We ran trenches in every direction, laying bare the seats and galleries, and uncovering traces of a small marble colonnade that formerly supported the stage. The seats were of the ordinary acropolis stone, and but little marble was found, the chief part having long since been burned in mediæval lime-kilns.

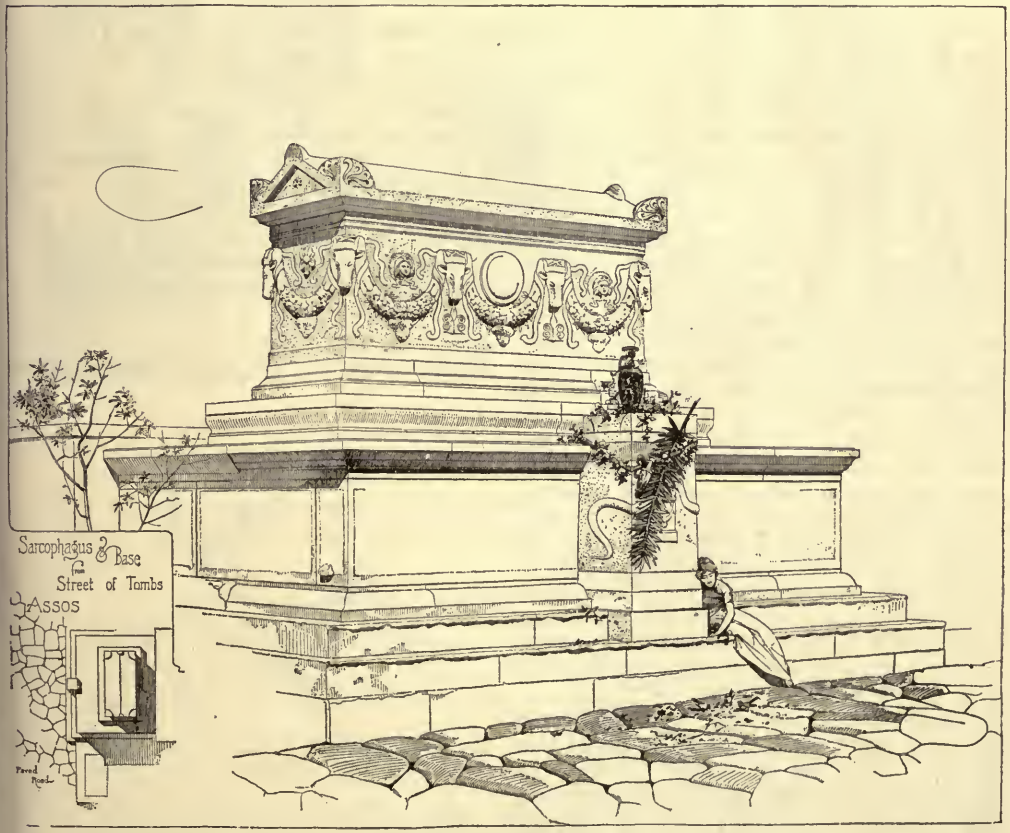
The gymnasium, between the market-place and the great gates, has been thoroughly investigated, but, owing to some Byzantine squatters who built a large church and cloisters in the court, little more than a part of the ancient plan has been recovered. The Christians utilized one side of the colonnade for one aisle of their church, and built a polygonal apse toward the east. The ancient entrance to the gymnasium was retained, and when laid bare and swept showed steps and thresholds deeply worn by the feet of many centuries. In the nave of the church was an interesting mosaic pavement, made up of small bits of colored marble and terra cotta. The church must have been of early date, and built before the ancient Greek traditions had quite died out.

From the gymnasium leads a path to the large western gate of the city. This gateway and the adjoining fortification walls are splendid specimens of Greek military engineering. Twenty years ago it was almost entire, but it was demolished by the Turks, and the stones were carried to Constantinople to help build docks.

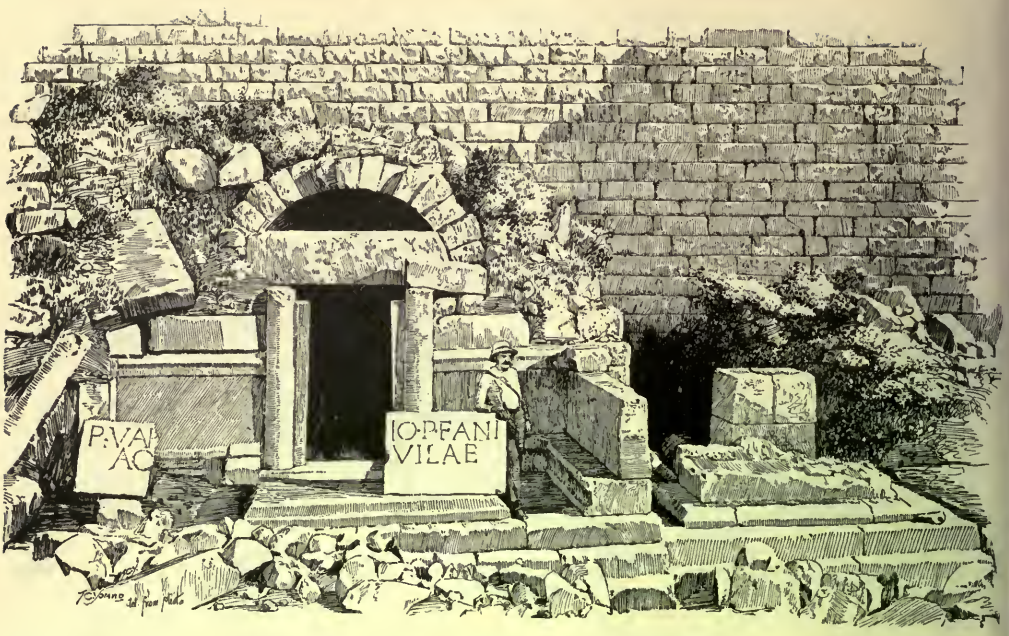
The two flanking towers still remain, one of them at nearly its original height. On the outside, near the top, are two projecting stones which once supported wooden masts, running up above the tower from which banners floated on gala days. Sitting on the top of this tower one has a fine view of the street of tombs stretching away outside the walls

ANCIENT BURIAL-JAR CUT IN TWO BY A LATER WALL.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE LARGE ORNAMENTED SARCOPHAGUS.



RESTORATION OF ABOVE.



PRESENT CONDITION OF THE TOMB OF PUBLIUS VARIUS.

toward the river in the valley. It now looks like desolation itself, sarcophagi turned over from their pedestals, their sides smashed in, their covers broken and scattered about. The cover of the largest and most ornamented sarcophagus was found lying on the pavement just below it, together with the large stone altar which stood in front of it, on which are sculptured two serpents feeding from a sacrifice. This altar is undoubtedly a later addition. On feast days these altars and the tombs were decorated with offerings and garlands of flowers. Many sarcophagi had inscriptions cut on their sides. Nearly all were ornamented with carved wreaths or festoons, and had the conventional *caput bovis* on the corners. The tombs are such a collection of small, isolated ruins that until we had excavated them somewhat and located them in a general survey, it was quite impossible to get any idea of their original disposition. It now appears that the general scheme embraced a long avenue or terrace, with monuments on either side, while below, on a lower level, was the main road leading off over the hills to Alexandria Troas.

The more ambitious monuments had exedras or seats in front, and on account of their fine situation and close proximity to the gate and main road, there is no doubt that the place was one of general resort. The Greeks did not make their death the cold, repellent thing of to-day; their burial-places were not our formal tracts inclosed by chilly iron gratings and visited only of a Sunday. But death was made a part of their every-day life; lovers wandered beneath the trees, philosophers sat in the exedra and discussed immortality, the little children took first steps in spelling from the inscribed marbles, and the tired wayfarer went aside to the cool stone seats to rest, while the hurrying, busy feet tramped by over the paved road just below.

At sunset the people must instinctively have gone out of the city toward these tombs, to catch the last glimpses of the sea and of Mytilene. Nature must have been the same then as it is to-day. The peak of Lepethymnos

HAGI CHRISTO.

opposite is still purple, though the stars are beginning to glow. The wind, which has blown steadily all day, ceases, the laborers come in from the grain-fields, the goat-bells tingle, and the shepherds are heard in the valley calling to their flocks.

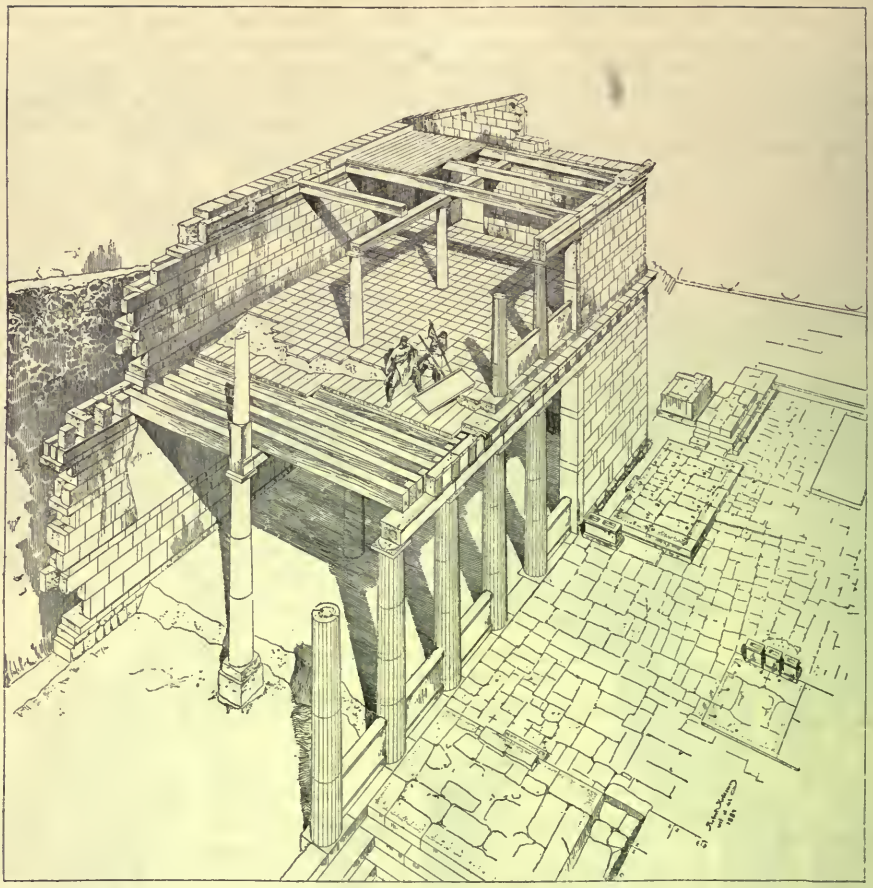
At this calm, still time of evening one cannot help thinking of Homer's lines, written of this very land, of Troy, only thirty miles away:

> "As when in heaven the stars about the moon
> Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
> And every height comes out and jutting peak
> And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
> Break open to their highest, and all the stars
> Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart,
> . . . . . .
> And eating hoary grain and pulse the steeds,
> Fixt by their cars, waited the golden dawn."

One day in a prospecting trench we came across a great many little earthen jars imbedded in the ground, each full of charred human bones. Some had covers of bronze; several were quite large, and contained with the ashes small earthen toy vessels. In another early form of sepulture the body was placed entire in a large earthen jar, which was then buried beneath the soil.

THE TOMB OF PUBLIUS VARIUS RESTORED.

The ground thus used through successive ages became full of graves, and later comers had difficulty in finding places not already occupied. Every available space was filled, late sarcophagi were set in the exedras, and many tombs were actually reappropriated. It seemed to be against their scruples to remove any buried jar or sarcophagus, and in several instances during our excavations we found buried sarcophagi around which a wall had been built for the foundations of a later tomb. But in one rather amusing instance the ancient builders, while digging for the foundations of the large ornamented sarcophagus already



PERSPECTIVE SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF THE STOA.

mentioned, had evidently come across an ancient burial-jar directly in their way. Their scruples forbade them to remove it entirely, but they didn't hesitate to slice it in two, body inside and all; and in excavating about this tomb the other day we found half of the *pithos*, with its half skeleton in it; and here is a sketch of the way it looked.

The largest tomb of all, that of Publius Varius, stood just outside the gate and faced down the principal avenue. We were fortunate to recover this tomb completely. The exedra and vault still remained intact, while scattered all about lay the blocks of the pyramid which surmounted it, having doubtless been pulled to pieces by barbarians in search of the iron clamps and dowels with which the blocks were fastened together. There was an accumulation of earth twelve feet in depth about this tomb. On top of this earth were found the carved marble pedestal and cap-stone of the pyramid, showing that the monument had been overthrown at a comparatively late period. At the rear was found the fragment of a beautiful head belonging to the statue that formerly crowned the whole. Enough pieces of this statue were found to show that it was a personification of Demeter or perhaps Persephone. The head is evidently the idealized portrait of some patrician lady, and is almost modern in its character.

Some people in later times had reappropriated the Varius tomb—and had placed a sarcophagus in the exedra and another one inside the vault. This latter occupant, knowing the depravity of man, had set up a large slab of marble with an inscription cut in rough letters, calling down the wrath of the gods on any one who should dare to appropriate *his* tomb or disturb *his* bones!

Down next the paved road is the burial inclosure of the Larichos family, a large rectangle in plan, open toward the street, and with seats around the three other sides. In it were found many buried sarcophagi containing human bones, with small vases, corroded strigils,

PLAN SHOWING THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE TOMB OF PUBLIUS VARIUS, AND ADJOINING EXEDRAS.

and coins. In the inclosure were many overturned pedestals or altars, inscribed with the names of different members of the family, most of them with the surname ΛΑΡΙΧΟΣ.

Altogether, in different parts of the street of tombs, we found over a hundred buried sarcophagi with the lids still on. Many had been reopened in later times and other bodies placed in them. In some were remains of five or six skeletons, one over the other, in as many layers! Most of the glass vessels and objects contained in them were in a bad state of preservation, but in one of the sarcophagi we were lucky enough to find nearly a dozen small terra-cotta figures in almost perfect condition. In another was found a beautiful little statuette of a horse and rider, which still showed the color with which it had been painted, the horse's eyes, mane, bridle, etc., being indicated by black stripes.

In our methods of work, both in excavating the buildings in different parts of the city and in drawing out their plans, we have profited greatly by the experience gained by the Germans at Olympia and Pergamon, and have measured and drawn every block of each of the buildings investigated. If any one quarrels with our restorations, we can now point to our portfolios and say, "Restore it yourself!" We have carried on active operations during the summer only, thus reversing the plan of the Germans at Olympia, who were able to work only during the winter. The winter in the Troad is cold and wet, and out-of-door work is well-nigh impossible. In December and January our trenches caved in and filled up as fast as we dug them. Of the material collected, much has not yet been worked up, and this letter can contain only a synopsis of what has been accomplished, many interesting points not being even mentioned.

Our life in this out-of-the-way place is one of rather hard fare, and every now and then

THE TEMPLE STYLOBATE.

we have to take a run to Mytilene or Smyrna to freshen up and get something to eat. The expedition is housed at the port, in the upper part of a large grain magazine. Provisions are difficult to obtain, and there have been days of famine sometimes, and sometimes days of plenty, dull hours and bright ones. Among these last are the hours when our good Greek friend Hagi Christo comes up on our balcony of an evening to smoke and chat, or when we lie under the fig-trees in his little garden, with the corn rustling round about, and arrange our plans for the morrow.

Our work is nearly over. The temple-blocks lie all boxed on the shore ready for shipment, our portfolios are strapped, and we two, the last of the party, wait only to send off the cases of antiquities and then, as a farewell to the country, make our long-promised pilgrimage to Mount Ida, and see the sun rise from its top.

F. H. Bacon.

GOD'S JUDGMENT.

TWO theologians of differing creeds,
Whose lives had been one noble, earnest strife
To save each other's soul from that dread wrath
Reserved for sowers of all noxious seeds,
Their ends ungained, passed from this mortal life,
And entered heaven each by a different path.

They met before the throne of God the Just.
Cried each: "And art *thou* here? Then I am lost.
Forgive, O Lord, the error of my ways!"
Then said the Just One: "Still hold fast thy trust;
Ye both are saved with all your following host,
Since each hath taught to all Love, Faith, and Praise."

Ernest Whitney.

NOCTURNE.

O BIRD beneath the midnight sky!
As on my lonely couch I lie,
I hear thee singing in the dark,—
Why sing not I?

No star-gleams meet thy wakeful eye;
No fond mate answers to thy cry;
No other voice, through all the dark,
Makes sweet reply.

Yet never sky-lark soaring high
Where sun-lit clouds rejoicing lie,
Sang as thou singest in the dark,
Not mute as I!

O lone, sweet spirit! tell me why
So far thy ringing love-notes fly,
While other birds, hushed by the dark,
Are mute as I?

No prophecy of morn is nigh;
Yet as the somber hours glide by,
Bravely thou singest in the dark—
Why sing not I?

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE BIOGRAPHERS OF LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the first American to reach the lonely height of immortal fame.

Before him within the narrow compass of our history loom but two preëminent names: Columbus the discoverer, and Washington the founder,— the one an Italian seer, the other an English country gentleman.

In a narrow sense, of course, Washington was American: he was born, lived, and died here; it was here he drew his sword and cut the petty, vexatious net which a stupid king had flung over us, and by his even, well-balanced, cool intelligence helped to guide us through national infancy. For all that he was English, and in his nature, habits, moral standards, and social theories, in short, in all points which, aside from mere geographical position, make up a man, was as thoroughgoing a British colonial gentleman as one could find anywhere beneath the Union Jack.

The genuine American of the Lincoln type came later, was the product of a new life, and departed very far from the Englishmen of colonial America.

The United States cast off its European habits about the end of the last century, and began in earnest its own proper career. From that day to this its whole history may be summed up as the subjugation of the continent, the elaboration of democracy, and the rebellion. In all of these Abraham Lincoln bore a part. He was pioneer, legislator, and the supreme figure of the war.

Not long before his birth there had sprung up over all inhabited parts of the United States a determination to grapple with the continental *terra incognita*, to wrest it from barbarism, to dare its solitudes, to search in the great vacant spaces between the eastern fringe of civilization and the far Pacific for whatever of goodly land or other lure lay therein. The tortuous thread of every river was traced through primeval forests and across virgin plains. A general roaming search was instituted and urged on by passionate geographical curiosity, by honest cupidity, but above all by a dominating resolve to found new homes where the conditions of nature were favorable to instant comfort and not too distant wealth. This great sweeping campaign against nature, this prodigious advance of a horde of home-makers, has been pushed since the dawn of the century, till now in its declining years the occupation of the continent is complete. Within the lifetime of Lincoln and since his death, forests and prairies, cañons and rivers, mountains and plains have all been explored. Siberian Montana has been ransacked, Sahâran Arizona has yielded up its last secrets, and even the blizzard has been tracked to its lair. Into every gorge the pioneer has gone to hunt anything worth having, and at last even the ice-armored crags have been stormed and scaled by those hammer-bearing sons of Thor the geologists.

We know our country, we have got it conquered, we have bound it with railroad iron, and seized upon every coigne of vantage.

This vast ACT OF POSSESSION is far the most impressive feature of our history, and when its political and military and commercial achievements sink back with the perspective of time and take their true places in the general picture of human life, there will be nothing about them so wonderful as the great Westward march of home-makers.

Such another migration has not been seen since the dark beginnings of Old World tradition, when that primitive Aryan snail took thousands of years to crawl into Europe and make of himself even a German.

It is true that the implements of modern civilization are tools of swiftness, that railways and telegraphs dragged at the heels of the pioneers vastly hastened the filling up of the West, as needle-guns and rifled cannon have urged war to its present awful brevity. Yet with all due allowance for the acceleration of the nineteenth century, the conquering and peopling of a broad continent within the short span of a single century remains the most extraordinary feat in the annals of the peaceful deeds of mankind.

It is out of this great migration that the true, hardy American people have sprung; it was out of it that Lincoln came.

The rabble millions that have had themselves ferried over here to clutch for a share of American abundance, and who taint the pure air with odor of European degradation, are not numerous enough, thank God, to fatally dilute the strong new race. The sons of the pioneers are the true Americans; in the century's struggle with nature they have gathered an Antæan strength, and, flushed with their victory over a savage continent, believe themselves the coming leaders of the world. Are there not signs that deep down in her secret consciousness Europe thinks so too?

The very war of the Rebellion was but a quarrel in this business of Western home-making. In the midst of our career of land settlement we stopped short, flung down the axe and plow, and fought out the question whether these myriad new homes should be free or slave homes. The war was only a furious, dreadful interruption, and when it was done, on rolled the Westward tide again, as if nothing had happened.

From the days of the Revolution, when Washington an English commoner vanquished George an English king, until the Rebellion, there was no display of heroic greatness, no passion hot enough to melt the refractory soul of the nation and pour it forth like lava from an angry crater. The war of '12 was a mere episode. In that span of peaceful days there was no lack of noblest devotion to purpose; indeed, the whole story of Western settlement is one long tale of struggle and privation, of courage and death. The fallen in this quasi-peaceful campaign vastly outnumber the victims of war and count among them regiments of gentle women and defenseless children. Still the drama of life was never more than narrow and local; it was a period full of the sounds of pioneering, whose echoes scarcely ever carried beyond the lines of township and county.

Thus it is that the contemplation of Washington and Lincoln is like gazing upon two far-separated mountains, with a broad fertile valley stretching between them. Yonder in the misty lowlands are a million undistinguishable homes, the faintly seen spires of God's houses, smoke of toil and far reverberation of industries; with nothing anywhere to pierce the earth mist and reach toward the blue.

But up there in the clearer, finer air, the two star-neighboring giants wear upon their brows the white reflection of that universal and perpetual light which is true fame. Washington stands upon the border line of English and American history. Lincoln looms up from the very heart of American life, a true and characteristic son of the men of the West.

In claiming his preëminence as a great central figure of the war, there is no word or thought to disparage the goodly company of civil and military champions whose labor and valor were so closely linked together in the victory. For all of them we have our estimate of value; and each has received his fair division of the laurels. But for Lincoln there is a feeling of mystery and distance which is not to be explained by his short career and his early martyrdom; rather it has its origin in the consciousness that he was nearest to the hand of Divine Providence, and that the lips which uttered the Emancipation Proclamation and Gettysburg Consecration spoke with the deep vibration of a nature bowed and overcome by the great moral power which guides the destiny of the nation.

It is of this man that we are to have a biography, not a jostling forward of uncontrollable conceit in so-called personal reminiscences, but a serious and full account of an unexampled life.

Ah! how many things a biography may mean! Velasquez could paint a complete one of Philip IV. on a single square of canvas in an idle hour. With the icy courage of a vivisecting naturalist, he gave you all there was of his weak, sensual patron, and cartloads of books do not throw another solitary ray on his character. A Boswell may crawl along at the heel of mediocrity and amuse whole generations with his twaddle and tattle. Carlyle could scream his hero-worship in forced, fantastic phrase, and still leave you an utter stranger to his demi-god.

As to Lincoln, what the world thirsts for is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. From the hands of John George Nicolay and John Hay we shall have *all* that.

They were his devoted friends, his faithful secretaries, the custodians and students of his papers. Moreover, as will presently be seen, they have by life and acquirement types of mind which give us the promise of a thoroughly good performance of their task.

John George Nicolay was born in the village of Essingen, in Rhenish Bavaria. His parents emigrated to this country when he was a child; they lived for a while in Cincinnati and then pushed on to Illinois. The elder Nicolay bought a farm in Pike County, and his son grew up there, acquiring in that beautiful country of forest and stream a strong love of rural life and field sports.

John Hay was born in Indiana, October 8, 1838; his father, a physician of standing and a type of the old-fashioned, high-minded professional gentleman; his mother, of a good Rhode Island family. His boyhood was passed in the West in the midst of all the political interest of the second stage of the business of community-making; namely, that period when the thin picket line of pioneer villages was followed by the organization of great towns, and when all the initial steps of local self-government were of foremost interest.

In the mean time slowly ripened the free-soil question, and thus these boys were forced into a far clearer knowledge of the structure of the civil and political institutions of their country and of impending issues than if they had grown up in an older State.

In communities like the Indiana and Illinois of forty years ago, boys led no separate life, there was no specialized hot-house treatment

as if a boy were an orchid or other frail exotic to be glassed away from the rough air of manhood; but they mingled with men, saw men's work, to a certain degree shared it, and fed upon men's books instead of the debilitating milk and water literature which is now given them. If in consequence manhood came a little prematurely, it did no harm, but much good in preparing young fellows for the early assumption of responsibility. Moreover it gave rise to those frank intimacies between men like Lincoln and youths like Nicolay and Hay.

Like most educated Western boys, therefore, they knew in detail the political life of which Lincoln was the outgrowth and the expression; and, what is of as much value in the interest of Lincoln's biography, they were equally familiar with the new type of manhood which was springing up about them.

Nicolay had begun his English education at Cincinnati, and continued to attend such schools as were within his reach until he was about eighteen years of age, when he resolved to become a printer and entered the office of the "Free Press" in Pittsfield. He soon became extremely expert in the business, and, not satisfied with knowing all there was to be learned in a country printing-office, he began to investigate the principle of the machinery employed, and at last invented a new form of press, for which he obtained a patent before he was nineteen years old. He next became associate editor, and it grew rapidly evident that there was not room enough for him in the office as a subordinate. With a little assistance from friends whose confidence he had gained by his energy and capacity, he bought the paper, assuming with the light heart of youth the care of its direction and the burden of debt which its purchase entailed. He made a good newspaper of it, and paid his debts with punctuality; but he felt no call to pass his life in Pittsfield, and when his friend O. M. Hatch was elected Secretary of State, he accepted his invitation to go to Springfield and take a position in his office.

Hay, growing up on the western verge of the State, early appreciated the untrammeled, un-Grundied man of the Mississippi Basin. He was arrested by the sharp contrast of manner and thought and speech between these children of the soil and the gentlemen who were a survival of colonial and early republican times; he perceived with relish the rich indigenous humor which blossomed out from the new human conditions, but never made the stupid, dull mistake of suspecting that because a man lacked the leather and prunella (for which there was little room in the wagon of the pioneer) he must lack also the generosity and honor of the gentleman.

It requires a certain amount of independence to be sure of moral qualities when found dissociated from their traditional accompaniments. "Is that man over there a gentleman?" said a pretty countess in a London drawing-room. "It is hard to fancy it with such a degenerate-looking cravat-knot."

No one has learned the new American better than did Hay in his youth, and ever since he has managed to keep the touch of comprehending sympathy equally with the free and equal, spontaneous Westerner and the prisoner who contentedly paces the iron-barred cages of caste in London or Madrid.

Hence there was no barrier of ignorance to prevent these men from understanding Lincoln. To them there was nothing baffling that this outgrowth of log-cabins and flat-boats should be full of tenderness and honor, nothing strange that the man of a quiet country law practice should rise and crush Douglas with lofty argument, and then lift the policy of the American Government from the mire of cowardly compromise to the firm, high ground of moral duty.

Coming to Springfield in the early years of the life of the Republican party, Nicolay not only faithfully fulfilled his duties in the office of the Secretary of State, but he also made himself felt in the politics of Illinois. He wrote constantly for the Illinois and St. Louis papers; he did much of the work of the State and local Republican committees; he frequently spoke at public meetings in Sangamon and the adjoining counties; he formed the acquaintance and gained the intimate friendship of the prominent Republican leaders of Illinois, and when, in the spring of 1860, Mr. Lincoln was nominated at Chicago, Mr. Nicolay was at once selected by him as the most discreet and competent person in his reach to assume the charge of his extensive correspondence. He acted in that capacity throughout that intensely excited and eventful campaign, and it is worthy of remark that not a line written from Mr. Lincoln's office from the nomination to the election gave the slightest embarrassment to the Republicans in any part of the country. Neither the President nor his secretary had had any special training in those fields where tact and discretion are supposed to be acquired; but there was an amount of good sense and sound judgment in the office which then, as thereafter, always proved equal to any demand. So perfect an understanding grew up during the campaign between Mr. Lincoln and his secretary, that after his election he determined to make the relation a permanent one, and the first nomination the President signed after his inauguration was,

that of John G. Nicolay to be his official private secretary.

His confidence was not misplaced; for four years Mr. Nicolay served him with the greatest devotion, ability, and judgment. He made no mistakes; he never put himself forward; he did not magnify his office; he met the throng of place-seekers, of congressmen, of national and State officers, of cranks and inventors, who crowded the corridors of the White House,—all eager to impress their views or their claims upon the attention of the President,—with unfailing courtesy and patience, but with a reserve which promised nothing, and therefore gave no excuse for resentment when nothing was gained. Not only in Washington was he useful to Mr. Lincoln. He was frequently sent on delicate and confidential errands to different parts of the country, and acted constantly as a medium of communication between the President and prominent men of his party who lived away from the capital.

By the time Hay was sixteen, besides these precious lessons of Western life, he had been grounded so well in the preliminary studies of a university course that he was able to go to Rhode Island, the early home of his mother, and enter the Sophomore class of Brown University. There he remained three years, being graduated in the summer of 1858.

After that he continued his studies (among them the law) in Springfield, Illinois, and was admitted to the bar in February, 1861.

It was during this period that Lincoln formed for the young student that friendship which led him, when he entered the White House, to call Hay to his aid as assistant secretary, associating him in duty with Mr. Nicolay.

At twenty-one years of age, after a quiet boyhood, and a few calm years of university and professional study, Hay was flung suddenly into the dark vortex of the greatest modern struggle. The friend, the intimate of the President, living with him in the White House, sustaining, day after day, relations of the closest confidence, he saw the whole complex progress of events, and from the very force of position gained an accurate knowledge of the truth of that swiftly made history, free from the mixture of falsehood and distortion, which the public has too often and too credulously accepted. He knew from the lips of his chief the motives, estimates, and intentions of the man, and bore a share of that Atlas-load of desperate perplexity and incalculable care which rested with crushing weight on the shoulders of Lincoln. Not only in Washington, by the side of the President, did he do service, but for a time was called to active military duty in the field, where, as assistant adjutant-general on the staffs of Generals Hunter and Gilmore, he rendered that "faithful and meritorious service" for which the brevets of lieutenant-colonel and colonel were bestowed. Early in 1864 he was recalled to the White House as aid-de-camp to the President, and remained on duty to the end. He watched by the martyr's death-bed, heard the last respiration, and saw the lamp of life dim and die.

The war was over. Lincoln's wise and generous character had disappeared from the stage. The nation and its people went out as from some black tragedy into the sunlight of every day, and resumed a suspended life.

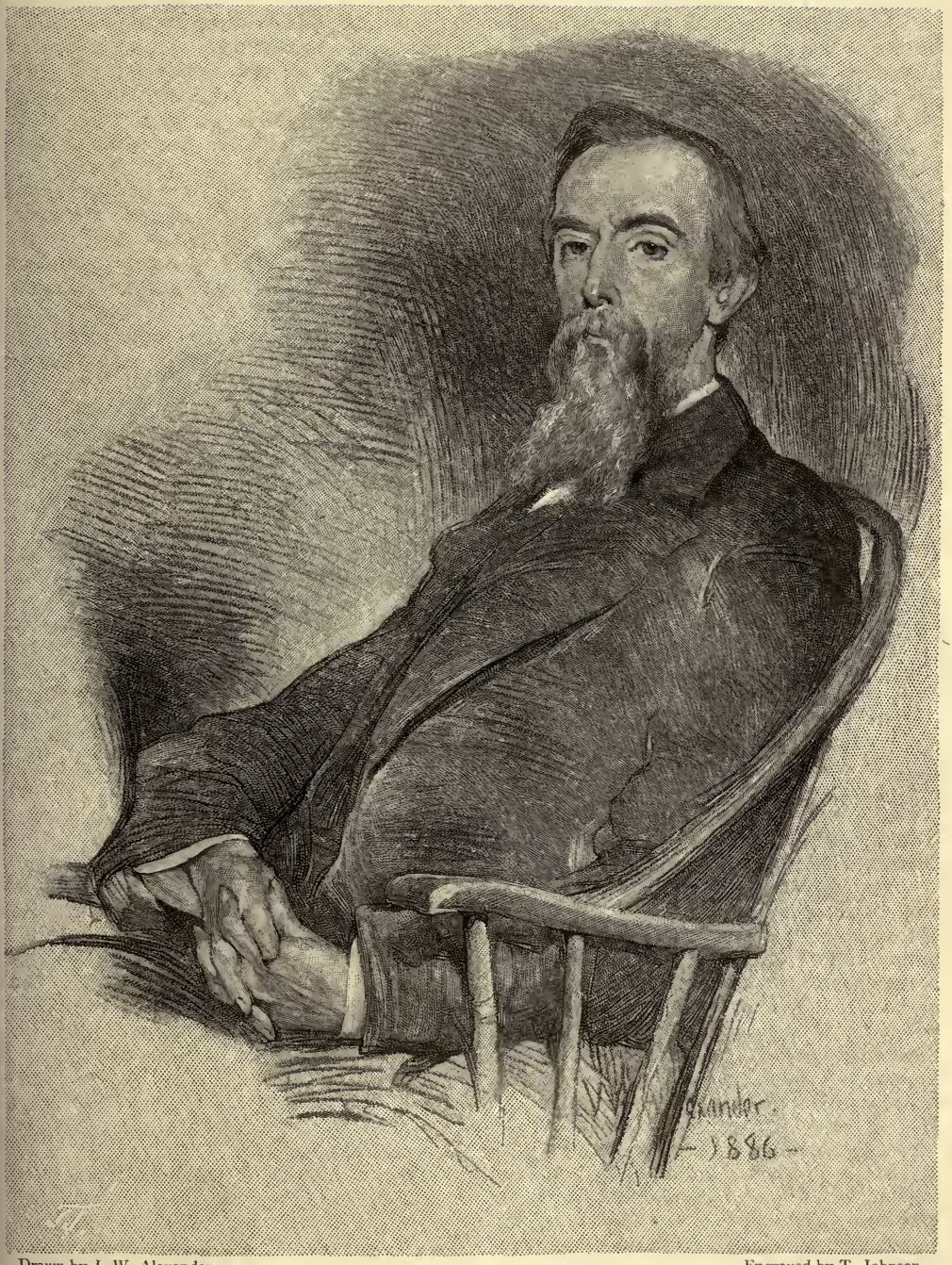
The two secretaries, with their clear, well-balanced observation, had watched the whole vast drama from behind the scenes, and more than all else they had beheld the great man, by the might and majesty of sincere conviction, and by faith in Divine Providence, rise and grow with the hour into giant stature.

The country lived and laughed again. Every one went his way. Nicolay and Hay went to Paris. Nicolay was appointed to succeed the Hon. John Bigelow as consul-general. Before sailing for his post he joined the party which went from New York to celebrate at Charleston the raising of the national flag upon the ruins of Fort Sumter. Four years before, the banner had been lowered on that fortress, the first victory of treason; the 14th of April, 1865, had been set aside as a festival day to commemorate its restoration; but even a darker significance was to be given to the second date than that which attached to the first. Mr. Nicolay shared in the rejoicings at Charleston and returned to the North to hear of the President's assassination. His appointment to Paris was confirmed by Mr. Johnson, and he managed the Paris consulate for more than four years with the ability and faithfulness with which he has always discharged every trust confided to him. The business of the office was admirably conducted during his incumbency and paid large sums annually into the Treasury.

For two years Hay occupied the post of secretary of legation.

The White House had been the scene of strain and perplexity, at length of tragedy and martyrdom, the very sun had seemed eclipsed by the smoke of war, and now the two young men found themselves in Paris the laughing, with the great city flinging her sparkling life gayly into the light, as the waters of the *grandes eaux* are tossed to the sapphire sky.

In the intervals of his regular official duties Hay refreshed himself with deep draughts from the streams of literature and art which water



Drawn by J. W. Alexander. Engraved by T. Johnson.

JOHN G. NICOLAY.

and fertilize the flowery capital and flow on into the great mother river of the intellectual world of Europe. There, too, as we gather from his writings, he made, as we all do, his mocking bow to the modern god, Conventionality, that child of artifice and vanity, whom they over there have deified without waiting like good Latins till his death.

After two years in this city of wit and rapiers, of art and epigram, of polished intelligence and graceful extravagance, Hay went as *chargé d'affaires* to Vienna, where again his official position gave him rare facilities for learning what they do with their lives in that part of the world, and what if anything is behind the smiling *Gemüthlichkeit* on which the Viennese so frankly founds his civic pride.

Nicolay meantime remained in Paris till 1869, when he returned to America and assumed for a while the editorial control of the Chicago "Republican," a position which a change of proprietors caused him to relinquish.

Not long afterwards the position of marshal of the Supreme Court at Washington became vacant by the election to Congress of the Hon. Richard C. Parsons, and Mr. Nicolay was elected to fill it by the vote of the bench. He has occupied this post ever since. It leaves him a good deal of leisure, all of which he has devoted, for fifteen years, to the important work which is now approaching completion — "The Life of Abraham Lincoln."

Though he began without especial advantages, and though he has never been favored with robust health, there are few men who have made more of life than Mr. Nicolay. With little assistance from teachers he has acquired a knowledge of several languages; he has made himself thoroughly acquainted with all that is best worth knowing in English, French and German literature; he is an intelligent connoisseur of music, a lover of art, and something of an artist himself. He has an unusual comprehension of mechanical principles; has devised and patented numerous inventions, which he has never had the time or perhaps the inclination to turn to pecuniary advantage. He was, like Mr. Hay,— until the attention of both was monopolized by the exacting claims of their historical work,— a frequent and welcome contributor to the magazines in prose and verse, and is the author of the admirable volume with which Charles Scribner's Sons began their "Campaigns of the Civil War," and which at once took rank, by the unanimous verdict of intelligent critics, as one of the best of the series. It is called "The Outbreak of Rebellion," and contains the most accurate and valuable account yet printed of the events immediately preceding the war, and its opening scenes down to the battle of Bull Run. The hand of a master may be recognized in a hurried sketch as well as in a finished picture, and this little book showed Mr. Nicolay to possess the indispensable qualifications of an historian,— calmness of temper, unfailing candor of statement, untiring industry in the collection and arrangement of facts, and unusual clearness and decision of judgment, entirely free from dogmatism or prejudice. His style is clear and graphic, with the ease and force which naturally flow from a definite purpose and a perfect comprehension of the subject in hand. He lives in a pleasant house of his own on Capitol Hill, with an only daughter, a student of art of the highest promise. Mrs. Nicolay recently died, deplored by the many who appreciated her winning and beautiful character, her strong trained intellect, and her active kindness and sympathy.

Hay's next diplomatic appointment after Vienna was secretary of legation at Madrid, where, to judge from the charming memorial of his stay, "Castilian Days," he found the Spanish character, and the all but unknown artistic and historic wealth under which Spain fairly groans, a fresher and more captivating field for his observation than northern Europe.

Hay's stay in Europe, from 1865 to 1870, was (as is plain to all who know him) a period of constant and devoted study. The intervals of duty were crammed full of observation and reading, not merely of art and letters, but of diplomacy and statesmanship. In our great cyclone he had stood by the side of the Captain with his hand on the shuddering wheel; what more natural than that he should watch with eager and critical eye the quaint old methods of navigation with which the dynastic admirals were manœuvring the cumbrous fleet of European nationalities. That he came back even a firmer Republican than he went is known to all his intimates.

That he had in common with the rest of his countrymen reduced his life from the strained pitch of war to the livable tones of every day was discernible from the spirit of the able leaders he wrote from 1871 to 1875 in the New York "Tribune," a series which reflected in scholarly finish and wide-world knowledge the ripe results of his years of European study.

It was at this period that, besides numerous contributions to the magazines, he published "Castilian Days" and "Pike County Ballads,"— the one a group of masterly pictures of a land and people with glory and greatness behind them; a land in the afternoon of life with the fading light of a declining history pouring back over heroes and armies, over castle wall and cathedral spire, glinting a single ray on the helmet of Don Quixote,

Drawn by J. W. Alexander. Engraved by J. H. E. Whitney.

JOHN HAY.

touching the crumbling towers of the Visigoths, and falling mellow and full upon the inspired canvases of Velasquez and Murillo; the other a singing of the deeds of those rough, coarse demi-gods of Pike, a race as crude as if fashioned out of Mississippi River mud with a bowie knife, as archaic as Homer's Greeks, as shaggy and dangerous as their early ancestors of the Rhine on whom Cæsar put his iron heel.

Both pictures were true. Together they serve to show the range of perception of the writer.

The charm of "Castilian Days," beyond its diamondlike brilliancy, is the strength of Hay's critical attitude and the realist's habit of looking at things as they are, of justly distinguishing the truth. He says, in the delightful chapter on the "Cradle and Grave of Cervantes," "Having examined the evidence, we considered ourselves justly entitled to all the usual emotions in visiting the church of the parish, Santa Maria la Major." Jestingly said of himself, this is nevertheless characteristic of his insistence in getting at the realities of men and events.

This little book on Spain, so flowingly written, so full of wit and epigram, has passages of classic eloquence, like the burst of praise uttered before Murillo's Virgin in Madrid.

He should be ranked as a realist in the art of literature; and by that is not meant one who is contented with the visible actualities of men and nature, but who has imagination and poetic vision enough to truthfully discern those equally actual motives and tendencies which constitute the whole hidden frame-work of society. To be a realist in that sense is simply not to be driven from a normal, sound conception of the material and external facts of life, by the powerful current which surges through the channels of thought and feeling of all poetic natures. The greatest realist is he who can keep his feet always on the solid bottom while wading deepest into the foaming river of life, and such is Hay.

In 1879 Hay accepted the first assistant-secretaryship of state and discharged its duties to the end of the Hayes administration, in the mean time representing the United States at the International Sanitary Congress, of which he was elected President. Then, fulfilling a long-cherished intention, he declined the urgent invitation of Garfield and Blaine to remain in public life, and retired to devote himself to the life of Lincoln. It will hereafter appear that he did wisely, despite the regret of Garfield, and of Hay's fellow-citizens of Cleveland, who already looked upon him as a political leader. They naturally did not want to lose the man who had opened the Garfield campaign with such solid argumentative shot. That they circulated hundreds of thousands of copies of his speech had no effect in modifying his determination, and so to the library table he turned.

In all this long course of public labors, Hay has always rendered distinguished service, and has steadily gained in public estimation as a sound, evenly balanced, judicially minded man. This is a triumph for any one, most of all for a very bright man.

Few great men have been fortunate in their contemporary biographers. Even when they chose them themselves, as some of the Cæsars did, there is something in the attitude of court favorite and leader of a literary *claque* that begets triviality and servility, something in the passive pose of a mere observer that incapacitates from a living knowledge of the struggles and purposes of a high career.

To know the life of a contemporary, one must share it.

With the lapse of centuries, even of decades after death, difficulties in the way of writing a life increase almost as the square of the distance. Not merely a million details of the personal habits of the hero are forgotten, but so swift is the wheel of human change that men lose the power of realizing and appreciating the manners and spirit of a past epoch to such a degree that neither erudition nor patience can ever make up the loss.

Consider, for example, the difficulty of knowing a man like Hadrian, and how neither the dull biographies of his day nor the brilliant pages of Gregorovius can solve the enigmatical nature of the great artist emperor. It is clearly impossible to root out the *Zeitgeist* of the nineteenth century from one's brain and live one's self into the social and national current of another age. The very attitude of study is fatal; the very need of archæology means the death of that free, spontaneous sympathy which is a vital basis of knowledge.

Only to poets is it given to plunge their souls into the sensitizing solution of the imagination, to hold them up to the invisible actinic light of other days, and to develop a true picture of a forgotten age.

On the other hand, some time must elapse after the close of a great career before deeds and policies, characters and events, gain their true and permanent perspective. Even the greatest acts require time to justify themselves, the sycophants and maligners must hide their heads, the turbid waters of a great popular flood must subside to the mean level of national life and clarify themselves.

There comes a time when the life and epoch of a great man pass from the level of the present to a higher plane; when from the theater

of change and uncertainty they enter and stand within the solemn irretrievableness of the past.

This is the hour for the biographer. This is the precious moment of maximum truth, when, freed from the confusion and the very motion of life, a man's character reveals itself in the statuesque repose of history; when yet he is near enough for us to trace with the accuracy of personal knowledge the details of every phase of experience and thought, and not far enough to be shrouded, mantled, and disguised by generations of fools who hate and fools who worship, of blind men who can see no virtue, and deaf men who can hear no blame.

With Lincoln that moment of clearest visibility is *now*.

His great acts are justified, his policies proven, his splendid usefulness is acknowledged; and still it is not too late to hear the full story of his life from the lips of his two friends who in their boyhood knew him, who stood by him through every moment of his greatness, and bade him farewell as he passed across the threshold and vanished into the shadow of death.

Clarence King.

TO JOHN BURROUGHS.

SURE he, to whom, of mind or hand, belongs
Some craft that doth uplift the thought of men
Above the mold, and bring to human ken
The joys of radiance, air and clear bird-songs;
So that the brow, o'er moist with sullen toil,
May catch a breeze from far-off paradise;
So that the soul may, for a moment, rise
Up from the stoop and cramp of daily moil,—
May own his gift Divine! as sure may trace
Its Source, as that of waters kind hands hold
To thirsty lips; nor need he mourn (since grace
Of his hath such refreshment wrought) if gold
Be scant; to him hath richer boon been given
An earth-bowed head to raise the nearer heaven.

Maria Lefferts Elmendorf.

ONCE WITH DAPHNE.

I WITH Daphne used to meet
Where the rushes belled our feet
On still mornings. Straightway, then,
We forsook the haunts of men
For the cool and secret glooms
Where the unsunned laurel blooms.
Round her waist she deftly drew
Her bright fawn-skin, and laughed through
That black tangle of her hair,
That unwinding but left bare
Half her shoulder's gleaming grace.
Back she turned her perfect face,
And with murmured laughter shook
Down cool dew-baths. Straight we took
Flight again and hastened on
To a valley dusk and wan,
And so strange we heard anew
Our old footsteps running through,
And so dim that each one's face
Seemed a shadow in the place,
And so still the wind was heard
Blowing on the beak of bird,
And the woodland noises seemed
Something soundless that we dreamed.
There her voice was like a flame
When, betimes, she spoke my name,
And that whispered speech of hers
Drowned the woodland choristers:
Drowned th' elusive murmuring
Of the bubbling, hidden spring;
Drowned the ghosts of winds a-search
For the vibrant leaf of birch.
Ah, how little wise men know
Where we happy dreamers go!

L. Frank Tooker.

THE CASTING AWAY OF MRS. LECKS AND MRS. ALESHINE.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or The Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," etc.

PART III.

WHEN the boat which we saw approaching the island had come near enough for us to distinguish its occupants, we found that it contained five persons. Three sat in the stern, and two were rowing. Of those in the stern, we soon made out one to be a woman; and, after putting our eyesight to its very best efforts, we were obliged to admit that there was only one female on board.

"Now, that's disapp'intin'," said Mrs. Aleshine, "for I've wondered and wondered which I should like best, Emily or Lucille; and now that only one of them has come, of course I can't tell."

The boat came on, almost directly towards the passageway in the reef, and it was not long before the two women had been able to decide that Mr. Dusante was an elderly man, and that the lady was moderately young, and in all probability his daughter.

"It may be," said Mrs. Aleshine, "that the mother, whether she was Emily, or whether she was Lucille, has died, and for that reason they are comin' back sooner than they expected."

"Well, I hope you're wrong there, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "for they'll see lots of things here that will freshen up their affliction, and that won't make them any too lively people to be with."

"On the other hand," said Mrs. Aleshine, "it may be that Emily, or else Lucille, has got married, and has gone away with her husband to travel, and by the time she's got a little baby she'll come here to live on account of the sea air for the child; and that'll make the house pleasant, Mrs. Lecks."

"I'd like to know how long you expect to live here," said Mrs. Lecks, regarding her friend with some severity.

"That's not for me to say," replied Mrs. Aleshine, "knowin' nothin' about it. But this I will say, that I hope they have brought along with them some indigo-blue, for I nearly used up all there was the last time I washed."

During this dialogue I had been thinking that it was a very strange thing for the owners of this place to visit their island in such a fashion. Why should they be in an open boat? And where did they come from? Wherever they might live, it was not at all probable that they would choose to be rowed from that point to this. From the general character and appointments of the house in which we had found a refuge, it was quite plain that its owners were people in good circumstances, who were in the habit of attending to their domestic affairs in a very orderly and proper way. It was to be presumed that it was their custom to come here in a suitable vessel, and to bring with them the stores needed during their intended stay. Now, there was little or nothing in that boat; and, on the whole, I did not believe it contained the owners of this island.

It would not do, however, to assume anything of the kind. There might have been a disaster; in fact, I knew nothing about it; and it was my immediate duty to go and meet these people at the passage; for, if they were unable to unlock the bars, their boat could not enter, and I must ferry them across the lagoon. Without communicating my doubts to my companions, I hurried into the skiff, and pulled as far as possible into the passage through the reef. The bars, of which there were more than I at first supposed, were so arranged that it was impossible for a boat to go in or out at any stage of the tide.

I had been there but a few minutes when the boat from without came slowly in between the rocks; and almost as soon as I saw it, its progress was suddenly stopped by a sunken bar.

"Hello!" cried several men at once.

"Hello!" cried I, in return. "Have you the key to these bars?"

A stout man with a red beard stood up in the stern. "Key?" said he; "what key?"

"Then you do not belong here?" said I. "Who are you?"

At this, the gentleman who was sitting by the lady arose to his feet. He was a man past middle age, rather tall and slim, and when he stood up the slight rolling of the boat made him stagger, and he came near falling.

"You'd better sit down, sir," said the man

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with the red beard, who I saw was a sailor. "You can talk better that way."

The gentleman now seated himself, and thus addressed me:

"I am, sir, the Reverend Mr. Enderton, lately missionary to Nanfouchong, China; and this is my daughter, Miss Enderton. We are returning to the United States by way of the Sandwich Islands, and took passage in a sailing vessel for Honolulu. About two weeks ago this vessel, in some way which I do not understand, became disabled ——"

"Rotten forem'st," interrupted the man with the red beard, "which give way in a gale; and strained and leaky besides."

"I did not know the mast was rotten," said the gentleman, "but, since the occasion of our first really serviceable wind, she has been making very unsatisfactory progress. And more than that, the whole force of seamen was employed night and day in endeavoring to keep the water out of the tea, thereby causing such a thumping and pounding that sleep was out of the question. Add to this the fact that our meals became very irregular, and were sometimes entirely overlooked ——"

"Prog was gettin' mighty short," interpolated the red-bearded man.

"You can easily discern, sir," continued the gentleman, "that it was impossible for myself and my daughter to remain longer on that vessel, on which we were the only passengers. I therefore requested the captain to put us ashore at the nearest land, and, after more than a week of delay and demur, he consented to do so."

"Couldn't do it," said the man, "till there was land nigh enough."

"The captain informed me," continued the gentleman, "that this island was inhabited, and that I could here find shelter and repose until a vessel could be sent from Honolulu to take me off. He furnished me with this boat and three seamen, one of whom," pointing to the red-bearded man, "is a coxswain. We have been rowing ever since early this morning, with but a very moderate quantity of food and much discomfort. Now, sir, you have heard my story; and I ask you, as one man to another, if you still intend to bar your water-gates against us?"

"I did not bar the gates," I said, "and I would gladly unlock them if I could. I belong to a shipwrecked party who took refuge here some two weeks ago."

"And how did you get in?" hastily inquired the red-bearded coxswain.

"Our boat sunk when we were within sight of the island, and we came here on life-preservers, and so got under the bars."

The two men who had been rowing now turned suddenly and looked at me. They both had black beards, and they both exclaimed at the same moment, "By George!"

"I won't stop here to tell any more of our story," said I. "The great point now is to get you all ashore, and have you cared for."

"That's so!" said the coxswain. And the two sailors murmured, "Ay, ay, sir."

The bar which stopped the progress of the larger boat was just under the surface of the water, while another a foot above the water kept my skiff about six feet distant from the other boat. There was some loose flooring in the bottom of the coxswain's boat, and he ordered two of the boards taken out, and with them a bridge was made, one end resting on the bow of the larger boat, and the other on the iron bar by my skiff.

"Now," said the coxswain, "let the lady go first."

The elderly gentleman arose, as if he would prefer to take the lead; but his daughter, who had not yet spoken a word, was passed forward by the coxswain, steadied over the bridge by one of the sailors, and assisted by me into the skiff. Then her father came aboard, and I rowed with them to the wharf.

Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine came forward most cordially to meet them.

"Mr. Dusante, I suppose?" said Mrs. Lecks. And Mrs. Aleshine hurriedly whispered in my ear, "Is it Lucille or Emily?"

As quickly as possible I explained the situation. For a few moments Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine stood speechless. Nothing which had happened to them, the wreck of the steamer, the sinking of the boat, or our experience with life-preservers, affected them so much as this disappointment in regard to the problem of the Dusante family. Travel by sea was all novel and strange to them, and they had expected all sorts of things to which they were not accustomed; but they had never imagined that Fate would be so hard upon them as to snatch away the solution of this mystery, just as they were about to put their hands upon it. But, in spite of this sudden blow, the two good women quickly recovered themselves, and with hearty and kindly words hurried the missionary and his daughter to the house, while I went to bring over the men.

I found the three sailors busy in securing their boat so that it would not be injured by the rocks during the rising and falling of the tide. When they had finished this job, they had to do a good deal of scrambling before they reached my skiff.

"We thought at first, sir," said the coxswain, as I rowed them across the lagoon,

"that it was all gammon about your not livin' here and havin' no keys to them bars; but we've come to the 'pinion that if you'd been able to unlock 'em you'd have done it, sooner than take all this trouble."

I now related my story more fully, and the men were greatly astonished when they heard that my companions in this adventure were two women. Upon my asking the coxswain why he had come to this island, he replied that his captain had heard that people lived on it, although he knew nothing about them; and that, as it would be almost impossible to get his brig here with the wind that was then prevailing, and as he did not wish to go out of his course anyway, he made up his mind that he would rather lose the services of three men than keep that missionary on board a day longer.

"You see, sir," said the coxswain, as we went ashore, "the parson wouldn't never take it into account that we were short of prog, and leakin' like Sam Hill; and because things were uncomfortable he growled up and he growled down, till he was wuss for the spirits of the men than the salt water comin' in, or the hard-tack givin' out, and there was danger if he wasn't got rid of that he'd be pitched overboard and left to take his chances for a whale. And then, by sendin' us along, that give the crew three half rations a day extry, and that'll count for a good deal in the fix they're in."

When I reached the house, I took the men into the kitchen, where Mrs. Aleshine already had the table spread. There were bread and cold meat, while the teakettle steamed by the fire. In a very short time three happy mariners sat round that table, while Mrs. Aleshine, with beaming face, attended to their wants, and plied them with innumerable questions. They had not finished eating when Mrs. Lecks entered the kitchen.

"I put that minister and his daughter in the two front bedrooms," said she to me, after hospitably greeting the three men, "which me and Mrs. Aleshine had run and got ready for the Dusantes, as soon as you went in your boat to meet 'em. The young lady was mighty nigh worn out, and glad enough of the tea and things, and to get into bed. But the gentleman, he wanted a soft-boiled egg, and when I told him I hadn't come across no hen-house yet on this island, he looked at me as if he didn't half believe me, and thought I was keepin' the eggs to sell."

"Which it would be ridiculous to do," said Mrs. Aleshine, "in the middle of an ocean like this."

"If he lets you off with soft-b'iled eggs, ma'am," said the coxswain very respectfully, "I think you may bless your stars."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the two sailors with black beards.

Miss Ruth Enderton and her father did not make their appearance until the next morning at breakfast time. I found the young lady a very pleasant person. She was rather slight in figure, inclined to be pretty, and was what might be called a warm-colored blonde. Her disposition was quite sociable, and she almost immediately stepped into the favor of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.

Mr. Enderton, however, was a person of another sort. He was a prim and somewhat formal man, and appeared to be entirely self-engrossed, with very vague notions in regard to his surroundings. He was not by any means an ill-tempered man, being rather inclined to be placid than otherwise; but he gave so little attention to circumstances and events that he did not appear to understand why he should be incommoded by the happenings of life. I have no doubt that he made existence on board the disabled brig a hundred times more unsatisfactory than it would otherwise have been. With his present condition he seemed very well satisfied, and it was quite plain that he looked upon Mrs. Lecks, Mrs. Aleshine, and myself as the proprietors of the establishment, having forgotten, or paid no attention to, my statement in regard to our coming here.

As soon as she thought it fit and proper, and this moment arrived in the course of the first forenoon, Mrs. Lecks spoke to Mr. Enderton on the subject of the board which should be paid to the Dusantes. She stated the arrangements we had made in the matter, and then told him that as he and his daughter had the best accommodations in the house, each occupying a large, handsome room, she thought that he should pay fifteen dollars a week for the two.

"Now, if your daughter," she continued, "can do anythin' about the house which will be of real help, though for the life of me I don't see what she can find to do, with me and Mrs. Aleshine here, somethin' might be took off on account of her services; but of course you, sir, can't do nothin', unless you was to preach on Sundays; and not knowin' what denomination the Dusantes belong to, it wouldn't be fair to take their money to pay for the preachin' of doctrines which, perhaps, they don't believe in."

This financial proposal aroused Mr. Enderton's opposition. "When I came here, madam," he said, "I did not expect to pay any board whatever; and I think, moreover, that your rates are exorbitant. In Nanfou-

chong, if I remember rightly, the best of board did not cost more than two or three dollars a week."

"I don't want to say anythin', sir," said Mrs. Lecks, "which might look disrespectful, but as long as I've got a conscience inside of me I'm not goin' to stay here and see the Dusantes lose money by Chinese cheapness."

"I don't know anything about the Dusantes," said Mr. Enderton, "but I am not going to pay fifteen dollars a week for board for myself and daughter."

The discussion lasted for some time with considerable warmth on each side, and was at last ended by Mr. Enderton agreeing to pay board at the same rate as the two women and myself, and each week to deposit in the ginger-jar eight dollars for himself and daughter.

"You may not care to remember, sir," said Mrs. Lecks, with cold severity, "that Mr. Craig, and me, and Mrs. Aleshine puts in services besides, although, to be sure, they don't go into the jar."

"I only remember," said Mr. Enderton, "that I am paying an unjustifiable price as it is."

Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, however, were not at all of this opinion, and they agreed that, if it should be in their power, they would see to it that the Dusantes lost nothing by this close-fisted missionary.

After dinner — and I may remark that the new-comers were not consulted in regard to the hours for meals — Mrs. Lecks had an interview with the coxswain on the subject of board for himself and his two companions. This affair, however, was very quickly settled, for the three mariners had among them only one dollar and forty-three cents, and this, the coxswain explained, they would like to keep for tobacco. It was therefore settled that, as the three sailors could pay no money, as much work as possible should be got out of them; and to this plan they agreed heartily and cheerfully.

"There's only one thing we'll ask, ma'am," said the coxswain to Mrs. Lecks, "and that is that we be put in a different mess from the parson. We've now eat two meals with the passengers, and me and my mates is agreed that that's about as much as we can go."

After this, therefore, the three men had their meals in the kitchen, where they were generally joined by Mrs. Aleshine, who much delighted in their company. But she made it a point sometimes to sit down with us in the dining-room, merely to show that she had as much right there as anybody.

"As to the work for them sailor men," said Mrs. Aleshine, "I don't see what they're goin' to do. Of course they don't know nothin' about gardenin', and it seems to me that the best thing to be done is to put 'em to fishin'."

Mrs. Lecks considered this a good suggestion, and accordingly the coxswain and his companions were told that thereafter they would be expected to fish for eight hours a day, Sundays excepted. This plan, however, did not work very well. During the first two days the sailors caught so many fish, that although the fishermen themselves had excellent appetites for such food, it was found utterly impossible to consume what they brought in. Consequently, it was ordered that thereafter they should catch only as many fish as should be needed, and then make themselves useful by assisting Mrs. Aleshine and Mrs. Lecks in any manner they might direct.

I found it quite easy to become acquainted with Miss Ruth Enderton, as she was very much inclined to conversation. "It's ever so long," she said, "since I've had anybody to talk to."

She had left the United States when she was quite a little girl, and had since seen nothing of her native land. She was, consequently, full of questions about America, although quite willing to talk of her life in China. Society, at least such kind as she had ever cared for, had been extremely scarce in the little missionary station at which she had lived so long; and now, coming from a wearisome sojourn on a disabled sailing vessel, with no company but the crew and a preoccupied father, she naturally was delighted to get among people she could talk to. With Mrs. Lecks, Mrs. Aleshine, and myself she soon became very friendly, and showed herself to be a most lively and interesting young person.

I did all that I could to make Miss Ruth's time pass agreeably. I rowed with her on the lagoon, taught her to fish, and showed her all the pleasant points on the island which could be easily reached by walking. Mr. Enderton gave us very little of his company, for, having discovered that there was a library in the house, he passed most of his time in that room.

"You have made a very fair selection of books, sir," he remarked to me, "but it may readily be conceived, from the character of the works, that your tastes are neither ecclesiastic nor scientific."

Several times I explained to him the ownership of the library and the house, but he immediately forgot what I had said, or paid no attention to it. When he paid his board at the end of the week, he handed the money to Mrs. Lecks; and although before his eyes, she put it into the ginger-jar, beneath the paper of fish-hooks, I know very well that he considered he was paying it to her for her use

and behoof. He was comfortably lodged, he had all that he needed—and very nearly all that he wanted—to eat; and I do not know that I ever saw a man more contented with his lot.

As for the coxswain and the two sailors, they had a very pleasant time of it, but Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine would not think of such a thing as allowing them to eat in idleness the bread of the Dusantes. After they had been with us a few days, Mrs. Lecks told me that she thought she could show the coxswain and his mates how to dig and gather the garden stuff which was daily needed.

"To be sure," said she, "that work goes agin part of your board, but fishin' and bringin' in fire-wood don't take up quarter of the time of them sailors; and so that the garden work is done, I don't suppose it matters to the Dusantes who does it. And that'll give you more time to make things pleasant for Miss Ruth; for, as far as I can see, there isn't a thing for her to do even if she knows how to do it."

The three mariners were more than willing to do anything desired by Mrs. Lecks or Mrs. Aleshine, to whom they looked up with great admiration and respect. The latter was their favorite, not only because she was with them a great deal during their meals and at other times, but because of her genial nature and easy sociability. The men were always trying to lighten her labors, and to do something that would please her.

One of them climbed to the top of what she called a "palm-leaf-fan tree," and brought therefrom some broad leaves which he cut and trimmed, and sewed in true nautical fashion, until he made some fans which were heavy and clumsy, but, as he said, they would stand half a gale of wind if she chose to raise it. The coxswain caught or trapped two seabirds, and having clipped their wings, he spent days in endeavoring to tame them, hoping to induce them, as far as the power in them lay, to take the place of the barn-yard fowls whose absence Mrs. Aleshine continually deplored. Every evening, the two black-bearded sailors would dance hornpipes for her, much to her diversion and delight.

"I've often heard," she remarked, "that in these hot cocoanut countries the tricks of the monkeys was enough to keep everybody on a steady laugh, but I'm sure sailor men is a great deal better. When you get tired of their pranks and their tomfooleries you can tell 'em to stop, which with monkeys you can't."

It was about ten days after the arrival of the missionary's party that, as I was going to get ready the boat in which Miss Ruth and myself generally rowed in the cool of the evening, I saw Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine sitting on the beach in the shade of some low-growing trees. They were evidently waiting for me, and as soon as I appeared, Mrs. Lecks beckoned to me; whereupon I joined them.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Lecks, "there's somethin' I want to talk to you about. Mrs. Aleshine and me have made up our minds that you ought to be hurried up a little about poppin' the question to Miss Ruth."

This remark astounded me. "Popping the question!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Lecks, "and me and Mrs. Aleshine know very well that you haven't done it yet; for both of us havin' been through that sort of thing ourselves, we know the signs of it after it has happened."

"And we wouldn't say nothin' to hurry you," added Mrs. Aleshine, "if it wasn't that the groceries, especially the flour, is a-gettin' low. We've been talkin' to them sailor men, and they're pretty well agreed that there's no use now in expectin' their captain to send for 'em; for, if he was a-goin' to do it at all, he'd 'a' done it before this. And perhaps he never got nowhere himself, in which case he couldn't. And they say the best thing we can all do when the victuals has nearly give out, provided the Dusantes don't come back in time, is to take what's left, and all get into their big boat, and row away to that island, which I don't know just how far it is, that the captain of our ship was going to. There we can stay pretty comfortable till a ship comes along and takes us off."

"But what has all that to do," I asked, "with Miss Ruth and me?"

"Do?" cried Mrs. Lecks; "it has everythin' to do. When it's all settled and fixed between you and Miss Ruth, there'll be nothin' to hinder us from gettin' ready to start when we please."

"But, my dear friends," I said with much earnestness, "I have not the slightest idea of proposing to Miss Enderton."

"That's just what I said to Mrs. Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "and that's the reason we let our irons cool, and come out here to talk to you. It's just like a young man to keep puttin' off that sort of thing; but this can't be put off."

"That's so!" cried Mrs. Aleshine; "and I'll just let you see how the matter stands. There is housekeepers who allows a pint of flour a day to each person, but this is for farm hands and people who works hard and eats hearty; and I've found that three-quarters of a pint will do very well if the dough is kneaded conscientious and made up light, so that it'll rise well when it's put into the oven. Now I've measured all the flour that's left, and me and Mrs. Lecks,

we've calculated that, allowin' three-quarters of a pint of flour a day to each one of us, there's just eight days more that we can stay here — that is, if the Dusantes don't come back before that time, which, of course, can't be counted on. So you can see for yourself, Mr. Craig, there's no time to be lost, even considerin' that she hasn't to make up anythin' to be married in."

"No," said Mrs. Lecks; "just for us and three sailors, that wouldn't be needed."

I looked from one to the other in dumb astonishment. Mrs. Lecks gave me no time to say anything.

"In common cases," said she, "this might all be put off till we got somewhere; but it won't do now. Here you are, with everythin' in your own hands; but just get away from here, and there's an end of that. She's as pretty a girl as you'll see in a month of Sundays; and if she leaves here without your gettin' her, there's no knowin' who'll snap her up. When we've got to that island, you may see her once a week, but maybe you won't. She may go away in one ship and you in another, and there may be somebody right there, a missionary, for all I know, who'll have her before you have a chance to put in a word."

"And that's not the worst of it," said Mrs. Aleshine. "Supposin' them Dusantes come back before we go. There's no knowin' what that Mr. Dusante is. He may be a brother of Emily and Lucille. And what sort of chance would you have then, I'd like to know, with Miss Ruth right here in his own house, and he ownin' the row-boat, and everythin'? Or it may be he's a widower, and that'll be a mighty sight worse, I can tell you."

"No matter whether they're widowers or never been married," said Mrs. Lecks, "there'll be plenty that'll want her as soon as they see her; and if it isn't for the girl's own pretty face, it'll be for her father's money."

"Her father's money!" I exclaimed. "What are you talking of?"

"There's no need tellin' me anythin' about that," said Mrs. Lecks, very decidedly. "There never was a man as close-fisted as Mr. Enderton who hadn't money."

"And you know as well as we do," said Mrs. Aleshine, "that in them countries where he's been, the heathens worship idols of silver and idols of gold; and when them heathens is converted, don't you suppose the missionaries get any of that? I expect that Mr. Enderton has converted thousands of heathens."

At this suggestion I laughed outright. But Mrs. Lecks reproved me.

"Now, Mr. Craig," said she, "this is no laughin' matter. What me and Mrs. Aleshine is sayin' is for your good, and for the good of Miss Ruth along with you. I haven't much opinion of her father, but his money is as good as anybody else's, and, though they had to leave their trunks on board their ship, what little they brought with them shows that they've been used to havin' the best there is. Mrs. Aleshine and me has set up till late into the night talkin' over this thing; and we are both of one mind that you two need never expect to have the same chance again that you've got now. The very fact that the old gentleman is a preacher, and can marry you on the spot, ought to make you tremble when you think of the risks you are runnin' by puttin' it off."

"I've got to go into the house now to see about supper," said Mrs. Aleshine, rising; "and I hope you'll remember, Mr. Craig, when your bread is on your plate, and Miss Ruth is sittin' opposite to you, that three-quarters of a pint of flour a day is about as little as anybody can live on, and that time is flyin'."

Mrs. Lecks now also rose. But I detained the two for a moment.

"I hope you have not said anything to Miss Enderton on this subject," I said.

"No," replied Mrs. Aleshine, "we haven't. We are both agreed that as you're the one that's to do what's to be done, you are the one that's to be spoke to. And, havin' been through it ourselves, we understand well enough that the more a woman don't know nothin' about it, the more likely she is to be ketched if she wants to be."

The two women left me in an amused but also somewhat annoyed state of mind. I had no intention whatever of proposing to Miss Ruth Enderton. She was a charming girl, very bright and lively, and, withal, I had reason to believe, very sensible. But it was not yet a fortnight since I first saw her, and no thought of marrying her had entered into my head. Had Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, or, more important than all, had Miss Enderton, any reason to believe that I was acting the part of a lover?

The latter portion of this question was almost immediately answered to my satisfaction by the appearance of Miss Ruth, who came skipping down to me and calling out to me in that free and hearty manner with which a woman addresses a friend or near acquaintance, but never a suspected lover. She betrayed no more notion of the Lecks and Aleshine scheme than on the day I first met her.

But, as I was rowing her over the lagoon, I felt a certain constraint, which I had not known before. There was no ground whatever for the wild imaginings of the two women, but

the fact that they had imagined it interfered very much with the careless freedom with which I had previously talked to Miss Ruth. I do not think, however, that she noticed any change in me, for she chattered and laughed, and showed, as she had done from the first, the rare delight which she took in this novel island life.

When we returned to the house, we were met by Mrs. Aleshine. "I am goin' to give you two your supper," she said, "on that table there under the tree. We all had ours a little earlier than common, as the sailor men seemed hungry; and I took your father's to him in the library, where I expect he's a-sittin' yet, holdin' a book in one hand and stirrin' his tea with the other, till he's stirred out nearly every drop on the floor, which, however, it won't matter at all, for in the mornin' I'll rub up that floor till it's as bright as new."

This plan delighted Miss Ruth, but I saw in it the beginning of the workings of a deep-laid scheme. I was just about to sit down, when Mrs. Aleshine said to me in a low voice as she left us:

"Remember that the first three-quarters of a pint apiece begins now!"

"Don't you think that Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine are perfectly charming?" said Miss Ruth, as she poured out the tea. "They always seem to be trying to think of some kind thing to do for other people."

I agreed entirely with Miss Enderton's remark, but I could not help thinking of the surprise she would feel if she knew of the kind thing that these two women were trying to do for her.

"Have you taken any steps yet?" asked Mrs. Lecks of me the next day. And on my replying that I had taken no steps of the kind to which I supposed she alluded, she walked away with a very grave and serious face.

A few hours later Mrs. Aleshine came to me. "There's another reason for hurryin' up," said she. "Them sailor men seems able to do without most anythin' in this world except tobacco, and Mrs. Lecks has been sellin' it to 'em out of a big box she found in a closet upstairs, at five cents a teacup full, which I think is awful cheap, but she says prices in islands is always low, and wrapping the money up in a paper, with 'Cash paid by sailor men for tobacco' written on it, and puttin' it into the ginger-jar with the board money. But their dollar and forty-three cents is nearly gone, and Mrs. Lecks she says that not a whiff of Mr. Dusante's tobacco shall they have if they can't pay for it. And when they have nothin' to smoke, they'll be wantin' to leave this island just as quick as they can, without waitin' for the flour to give out."

Here was another pressure brought to bear upon me. Not only the waning flour, but the rapidly disappearing tobacco money was used as a weapon to urge me forward to the love-making which Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine had set their hearts upon.

I was in no hurry to leave the island, and hoped very much that when we did go we should depart in some craft more comfortable than a ship's boat. In order, therefore, to prevent any undue desire to leave on the part of the sailors, I gave them money enough to buy a good many teacups full of tobacco. By this act I think I wounded the feelings of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, although I had no idea that such would be the effect of my little gift. They said nothing to me on the subject, but their looks and manner indicated that they thought I had not been acting honorably. For two days they had very little to say to me; and then Mrs. Aleshine came to me to make what, I suppose, was their supreme effort.

"Mrs. Lecks and me is a-goin' to try," she said, and as she spoke she looked at me with a very sad expression and a watery appearance about the eyes, "to stretch out the time for you a little longer. We are goin' to make them sailor men eat more fish, and as for me and her, we'll go pretty much without bread, and make it up, as well as we can, on other things. You and Miss Ruth and the parson can each have your three-quarters of a pint of flour a day, just the same as ever, but what we save ought to give you three or four days longer."

This speech moved me deeply. I could not allow these two kind-hearted women to half starve themselves in order that I might have more time to woo, and I spoke very earnestly on the subject to Mrs. Aleshine, urging her to give up the fanciful plans which she and Mrs. Lecks had concocted.

"Let us drop this idea of love-making," I said, "which is the wildest kind of vagary, and all live happily together, as we did before. If the provisions give out before the Dusantes come back, I suppose we shall have to leave in the boat; but, until that time comes, let us enjoy life here as much as we can, and be the good friends that we used to be."

I might as well have talked to one of the palm-trees which waved over us.

"As I said before," remarked Mrs. Aleshine, "what is saved from Mrs. Lecks's and mine and the three sailor men's three-quarters of a pint apiece ought to give you four days more." And she went into the house.

All this time the Reverend Mr. Enderton had sat and read in the library, or meditatively had walked the beach with a book in his hand;

while the three mariners had caught fish, performed their other work, and lain in the shade, smoking their pipes in peace. Miss Ruth and I had taken our daily rows and walks, and had enjoyed our usual hours of pleasant converse, and all the members of the little colony seemed happy and contented except Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. These two went gravely and sadly about their work, and the latter asked no more for the hornpipes and the sea songs of her sailor men.

But, for some unaccountable reason, Mr. Enderton's condition of tranquil abstraction did not continue. He began to be fretful and discontented. He found fault with his food and his accommodations, and instead of spending the greater part of the day in the library as had been his wont, he took to wandering about the island, generally with two or three books under his arm, sometimes sitting down in one place and sometimes in another, and then rising suddenly, to go grumbling into the house.

One afternoon, as Miss Ruth and I were in the skiff in the lagoon, we saw Mr. Enderton approaching us, walking on the beach. As soon as he was near enough for us to hear him, he shouted to his daughter:

"Ruth, come out of that boat! If you want to take the air I should think you might as well walk with me as to go rowing round with — with anybody."

This rude and heartless speech made my blood boil, while my companion turned pale with mortification. The man had never made the slightest objection to our friendly intercourse, and this unexpected attack was entirely indefensible.

"Please put me ashore," said Miss Ruth. And without a word, for I could not trust myself to speak, I landed her. And petulantly complaining that she never gave him one moment of her society, her father led her away.

An hour later, my soul still in a state of turmoil, but with the violence of its tossings somewhat abated, I entered one of the paths which led through the woods. After a few turns, I reached a point where I could see for quite a long distance to the other end of the path, which opened out upon the beach. There I perceived Mr. Enderton, sitting upon the little bench on which I had found Emily's book. His back was towards me, and he seemed to be busily reading. About midway between him and myself I saw Miss Ruth, slowly walking towards me. Her eyes were fixed upon the ground, and she had not seen me.

Stepping to one side I awaited her approach. When she came near I accosted her.

"Miss Ruth," said I, "has your father been talking to you of me?"

She looked up quickly, evidently surprised at my being there. "Yes," she said, "he has told me that it is not — suitable that I should be with you as much as I have been since we came here."

There was something in this remark that roused again the turmoil which had begun to subside within me. There was so much that was unjust and tyrannical, and — what perhaps touched me still deeper — there was such a want of consideration and respect in this behavior of Mr. Enderton that it brought to the front some very incongruous emotions. I had been superciliously pushed aside, and I found I was angry. Something was about to be torn from me, and I found I loved it.

"Ruth," said I, stepping up close to her, "do you like to be with me as you have been?"

If Miss Ruth had not spent such a large portion of her life in the out-of-the-world village of Nanfouchong; if she had not lived among those simple-hearted missionaries, where it was never necessary to conceal her emotions or her sentiments; if it had not been that she never had had emotions or sentiments that it was necessary to conceal, I do not believe that when she answered me she would have raised her eyes to me with a look in them of a deep-blue sky seen through a sort of Indian summer mist, and that gazing thus she would have said:

"Of course I like it."

"Then let us make it suitable," I said, taking both her hands in mine.

There was another look, in which the skies shone clear and bright, and then, in a moment, it was all done.

About five minutes after this I said to her, "Ruth, shall we go to your father?"

"Certainly," she answered. And together we walked along the thickly shaded path.

The missionary still sat with his back towards us, and being so intent upon his book I found that by keeping my eyes upon him it was perfectly safe to walk with my arm around Ruth until we had nearly reached him. Then I took her hand in mine, and we stepped in front of him.

"Father," said Ruth, "Mr. Craig and I are going to be married."

There was something very plump about this remark, and Mr. Enderton immediately raised his eyes from his book and fixed them, first upon his daughter and then upon me; then he let them drop, and through the narrow space between us he gazed out over the sea.

"Well, father," said Ruth, a little impatiently, "what do you think of it?"

Mr. Enderton leaned forward and picked

up a leaf from the ground. This he placed between the open pages of his book and closed it.

"It seems to me," he said, "that on many accounts the arrangement you propose may be an excellent one. Yes," he added more decidedly, "I think it will do very well indeed. I shall not be at all surprised if we are obliged to remain on this island for a considerable time, and, for my part, I have no desire to leave it at present. And when you shall place yourself, Ruth, in a position in which you will direct the domestic economies of the establishment, I hope that you will see to it that things generally are made more compatible with comfort and gentility, and, as regards the table, I may add with palatability."

Ruth and I looked at each other, and then together we promised that as far as in us lay we would try to make the life of Mr. Enderton a happy one, not only while we were on the island, but ever afterward.

We were promising a great deal, but at that moment we felt very grateful.

Then he stood up, shook us both by the hands, and we left him to his book.

When Ruth and I came walking out of the woods and approached the house, Mrs. Aleshine was standing outside, not far from the kitchen. When she saw us she gazed steadily at us for a few moments, a strange expression coming over her face. Then she threw up both her hands, and, without a word, she turned and rushed indoors.

We had not reached the house before Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine came hurrying out together. Running up to us with a haste and an excitement I had never seen in either of them, first one and then the other took Ruth into her arms and kissed her with much earnestness. Then they turned upon me and shook my hands with hearty vigor, expressing, more by their looks and actions than their words, a triumphant approbation of what I had done.

"The minute I laid eyes on you," said Mrs. Aleshine, "I knowed it was all right. There wasn't no need of askin' questions."

I now became fearful lest, in the exuberance of their satisfaction, these good women might reveal to Ruth the plans they had laid for our matrimonial future, and the reluctance I had shown in entering into them. My countenance must have expressed my apprehensions, for Mrs. Aleshine, her ruddy face glowing with warmth, both mental and physical, gave me a little wink, and drew me to one side.

"You needn't suppose that we've ever said anythin' to Miss Ruth, or that we're goin' to. It's a great deal better to let her think you did it all yourself."

I felt like resenting this imputation upon the independence of my love-making, but at this happy moment I did not want to enter into a discussion, and therefore merely smiled.

"I'm so glad, I don't know how to tell it," continued Mrs. Aleshine, as Mrs. Lecks and Ruth walked towards the house.

I was about to follow, but my companion detained me.

"Have you spoke to the parson?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," said I, "and he seems perfectly satisfied. I am rather surprised at this, because of late he has been in such a remarkably bad humor."

"That's so," said Mrs. Aleshine; "there's no gettin' round the fact that he's been a good deal crosser than two sticks. You see, Mr. Craig, that Mrs. Lecks and me, we made up our minds that it wasn't fair to the Dusantes to let that rich missionary go on payin' nothin' but four dollars a week apiece for him and his daughter, and if we couldn't get no more out of him one way, we'd do it in another. It was fair enough that if he didn't pay more he ought to get less; and so we gave him more fish and not so much bread, the same as we did the sailor men, and we weakened his tea, and sent him just so much sugar, and no more; and, as for openin' boxes of sardines for him, which there was no reason why they shouldn't be left here for the Dusantes, I just wouldn't do it, though he said he'd got all the fresh fish he wanted when he was in China. And then we agreed that it was high time that that libr'ry should be cleaned up, and we went to work at it, not mindin' what he said; for it's no use tellin' me that four dollars a week will pay for a front room and good board, and the use of a library all day. And, as there wasn't no need of both of us cleanin' one room, Mrs. Lecks, she went into the parlor, where he'd took his books, and begun there. And then, again, we shut down on Mr. Dusante's dressing-gown. There was no sense includin' the use of that in his four dollars a week, so we brushed it up, and camphored it, and put it away. We just wanted to let him know that if he undertook to be skinflinty, he'd better try it on somebody else besides us. We could see that he was a good deal upset, for, if ever a man liked to have things quiet and comfortable around him, and everything his own way, that man is that missionary. But we didn't care if we did prod him up a little. Mrs. Lecks and me, we both agreed that it would do him good. Why, he'd got into such a way of shettin' himself up

in himself, that he didn't even see that his daughter was goin' about with a young man, and fixin' her affections on him more and more every day, when he never had no idea, as could be proved by witnesses, of marryin' her."

"Mrs. Aleshine," said I, looking at her very steadfastly, "I believe, after all, that you and Mrs. Lecks had your own way in regard to hurrying up this matter."

"Yes," said she, with happy complacency, "I shouldn't wonder if we had. Stirrin' up the parson was our last chance, and it wasn't much trouble to do it."

Mrs. Lecks, whose manner towards me for the last few days had been characterized by cold severity, now resumed her former friendly demeanor, although she was not willing to let the affair pass over without some words of reproach.

"I must say, Mr. Craig," she remarked the next morning, "that I was gettin' pretty well outdone with you. I was beginnin' to think that a young man that couldn't see and wouldn't see what was good for him, didn't deserve to have it; and if Miss Ruth's father had just come down with a heavy foot and put an end to the whole business, I'm not sure I'd been sorry for you. But it's all right at last, and bygones is bygones. And now, what we've got to do is to get ready for the weddin'."

"The wedding!" I exclaimed.

Mrs. Lecks regarded me with an expression in which there was something of virtuous indignation and something of pity. "Mr. Craig," said she, "if there ever was anybody that wanted a guardeen, it's you. Now, just let me tell you this. That Mr. Enderton ain't to be trusted no further than you can see him, and not so fur, neither, if it can be helped. He's willin' enough for you to have Miss Ruth now, because he's pretty much made up his mind that we're goin' to stay here; and as he considers you the master of this island, of course he thinks it'll be for his good for his daughter to be mistress of it. For one thing, he wouldn't expect to pay no board then. But just let him get away from this island, and just let him set his eyes on some smooth-faced young fellow that'll agree to take him into the concern and keep him for nuthin' on books and tea, he'll just throw you over without winkin'. And Miss Ruth is not the girl to marry you against his will, if he opens the Bible and piles texts on her, which he is capable of doin'. If in any way you two should get separated when you leave here, there's no knowin' when you'd ever see each other again, for where he'll take her nobody can tell. He's more willin' to set down and stay where he finds himself comfortable than anybody I've met yet."

"Of course," I said, "I'm ready to be married at any moment, but I don't believe Miss Ruth and her father will consent to anything so speedy."

"Don't you get into the way," said Mrs. Lecks, "of beforehand believin' this or that. It don't pay. Just you go to her father, and talk to him about it; and if you and him agree, it'll be easy enough to make her see the sense of it. You attend to them, and I'll see that everythin' is got ready. And you'd better fix the day for to-morrow, for we can't stay here much longer, and there's a lot of house-cleanin' and bakin' and cookin' to be done before we go."

I took this advice, and broached the subject to Mr. Enderton.

"Well, sir," said he, laying down his book, "your proposition is decidedly odd; I may say, very odd indeed. But it is, perhaps, after all, no odder than many things I have seen. Among the various denominational sects I have noticed occurrences quite as odd; quite as odd, sir. For my part I have no desire to object to an early celebration of the matrimonial rites. I may say, indeed, that I am of the opinion that a certain amount of celerity in this matter will conduce to the comfort of all concerned. It has been a very unsatisfactory thing to me to see my daughter occupying a subordinate position in our little family, where she has not even the power to turn household affairs into the channels of my comfort. To-morrow, I think, will do very well indeed. Even if it should rain, I see no reason why the ceremony should be postponed."

The proposition of a wedding on the morrow was not received by Ruth with favor. She was unprepared for such precipitancy. But she finally yielded to arguments; not so much to mine, I fear, as to those offered by Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.

For the rest of that day the three mariners were kept very busy, bringing in green things to deck the parlor, and doing every imaginable kind of work necessary to a wedding which Mrs. Aleshine was willing to give into their hands. As for herself and her good friend, they put themselves upon their mettle as providers of festivals. They made cakes, pies, and I never knew, half so well as the three sailors, how many other kinds of good things. Besides all this, they assisted Ruth to fit herself out in some degree in a manner becoming to a bride. Some light and pretty adornments of dress were borrowed from Emily or Lucille, they knew not which, and, after having been "done up" and fluted and

crimped by Mrs. Lecks, were incorporated by Ruth into her costume with so much taste, that on the wedding morning she appeared to me to be dressed more charmingly than any bride I ever saw.

The three sailors had done their own washing and ironing, and appeared in cleanly garb, and with hair and beards well wet and brushed. Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine put on their best bibs and tuckers, and Mr. Enderton assumed his most clerical air, as he stood behind a table in the parlor and married Ruth and me.

"This," said Mr. Enderton, as we were seated at the wedding feast, "is a most creditable display of attractive viands; but I may say, my dear Ruth, that I think I perceived the influence of the happy event of to-day even before it took place. I have lately had a better appetite for my food, and have experienced a greater enjoyment of my surroundings."

"I should think so," murmured Mrs. Aleshine in my ear, "for we'd no sooner knowed that you two were to make a match of it, than we put an extry spoonful of tea into his pot, and stopped scrubbin' the libr'ry."

For the next two days all was bustle and work at the island. Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine would not consent to depart without leaving everything in the best possible order, so that the Dusantes might not be dissatisfied with the condition of their house when they returned. It was, in fact, the evident desire of the two women to gratify their pride in their housewifely abilities by leaving everything better than they found it.

Mr. Enderton was much surprised at these preparations for immediate departure. He was very well satisfied with his life on the island, and had prepared his mind for an indefinite continuance of it, with the position of that annoying and obdurate Mrs. Lecks filled by a compliant and affectionate daughter. He had no reasonable cause for complaint, for the whole subject of the exhaustion of our supply of provisions, and the necessity of an open-boat trip to an inhabited island, had been fully discussed before him. But he was so entirely engrossed in the consideration of his own well-being, that this discussion of our plans had made no impression upon him. He now became convinced that a conspiracy had been entered into against him, and fell into an unpleasant humor. This, however, produced very little effect upon any of us, for we were all too busy to notice his whims. But his sudden change of disposition made me understand how correct were the opinions of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine concerning him. If I had left that island with my marriage with Ruth depending upon Mr. Enderton's coöperation, my prospects of future happiness would have been at the mercy of his caprices.

Very early on a beautiful morning Ruth and I started out on our wedding journey in the long-boat. Mr. Enderton was made as comfortable as possible in the stern, with Ruth near him. Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine sat facing each other, each with a brown paper package by her side, containing the life-preserver on which she had arrived. These were to be ever cherished as memorials of a wonderful experience. The three sailors and I took turns at the oars. The sea was smooth, and there was every reason to believe that we should arrive at our destination before the end of the day. Mrs. Aleshine had supplied us with an abundance of provisions, and, with the exception of Mr. Enderton, who had not been permitted to take away any of the Dusante books, we were a contented party.

"As long as the flour held out," remarked Mrs. Aleshine, "I'd never been willin' to leave that island till the Dusantes came back, and we could have took Emily or Lucille, whichever it was that kept house, and showed her everythin', and told her just what we had done. But when they do come back," she added, "and read that letter which Mr. Craig wrote and left for them, and find out all that happened in their country-place while they was away; and how two of us was made happy for life; and how two more of us, meanin' Mrs. Lecks and me, have give up goin' to Japan, intendin', instid of that, writin' to my son to come home to America, and settle down in the country he ought to live in,—why, then, if them Dusantes ain't satisfied it's no use for anybody to ever try to satisfy 'em."

"I should think not," said Mrs. Lecks, "with the weddin' cards on the parlor table, not a speck of dust in any corner, and the board money in the ginger-jar."

Frank R. Stockton.

THE END.

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

XXIV.

THE evening after the fire Mrs. Sewell sat talking it over with her husband, in the light of the newspaper reports, which made very much more of Lemuel's part in it than she liked. The reporters had flattered the popular love of the heroic in using Mrs. Harmon's version of his exploits, and represented him as having been most efficient and daring throughout, and especially so in regard to the Evanses.

"Well, that doesn't differ materially from what they told us themselves," said Sewell.

"You know very well, David," retorted his wife, "that there couldn't have been the least danger at any time; and when he helped her to get Mr. Evans downstairs, the fire was nearly all out."

"Very well, then; he would have saved their lives if it had been necessary. It was a case of potential heroism, that contained all the elements of self-sacrifice."

Mrs. Sewell could not deny this, but she was not satisfied. She was silent a moment before she asked, "What do you suppose that wretched creature will do now?"

"I think very likely he will come to me," answered Sewell.

"I dare say." The bell rang. "And I suppose that's he now!"

They listened and heard Miss Vane's voice at the door, asking for them.

Mrs. Sewell ran down the stairs and kissed her. "Oh, I'm *so* glad you came. Isn't it wonderful? I've just come from them, and she's taking the whole care of him, as if he had always been the sick one, and she strong and well."

"What do you mean, Lucy? He isn't ill!"

"Who isn't?"

"What are you talking about?"

"About Mr. Evans ——"

"Oh!" said Miss Vane, with cold toleration. She arrived at the study door and gave Sewell her hand. "I scarcely knew him, you know; I only met him casually here. I've come to see," she added nervously, "if you know where Lemuel is, Mr. Sewell. Have you seen anything of him since the fire? How nobly he behaved! But I never saw anything he wasn't equal to!"

"Mrs. Sewell objects to his saving human life," said Sewell, not able to deny himself.

"I don't see how you can take the slightest interest in him," began Mrs. Sewell, saying a little more than she meant.

"You would, my dear," returned Miss Vane, "if you had wronged him as I have."

"Or as I," said Sewell.

"I'm thankful I haven't, then," said his wife. "It seems to me that there's nothing else of him. As to his noble behavior, it isn't possible you believe these newspaper accounts? He didn't save any one's life; there was no danger!"

Miss Vane, preoccupied with her own ideal of the facts, stared at her without replying, and then turned to Sewell.

"I want to find him and ask him to stay with me till he can get something else to do." Sewell's eyebrows arched themselves involuntarily. "Sibyl has gone to New York for a fortnight; I shall be quite alone in the house, and I shall be very glad of his company," she explained to the eyebrows, while ignoring them. Her chin quivered a little, as she added, "I shall be *proud* of his company. I wish him to understand that he is my *guest*."

"I suppose I shall see him soon," said Sewell, "and I will give him your message."

"Will you tell him," persisted Miss Vane, a little hysterically, "that if he is in any way embarrassed I insist upon his coming to me immediately — at *once?*"

Sewell smiled, "Yes."

"I know that I'm rather ridiculous," said Miss Vane, smiling in sympathy, "and I don't blame Mrs. Sewell for not entering into my feelings. Nobody could, who hadn't felt the peculiar Lemuel-glamour."

"I don't imagine he's embarrassed in any way," said Sewell. "He seems to have the gift of lighting on his feet. But I'll tell him how peremptory you are, Miss Vane."

"Well, upon my word," cried Mrs. Sewell, when Miss Vane had taken leave of them in an exaltation precluding every recurrent

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attempt to enlighten her as to the true proportions of Lemuel's part in the fire, "I really believe people like to be made fools of. Why didn't *you* tell her, David, that he had done nothing?"

"What would have been the use? She has her own theory of the affair. Besides, he did do something; he did his duty, and my experience is that it's no small thing to do. It wasn't his fault that he didn't do more."

He waited some days for Lemuel to come to him, and he inquired each time he went to see the Evanses if they knew where he was. But they had not heard of him since the night of the fire.

"It's his shyness," said Evans; "I can understand how if he thought he had put me under an obligation he wouldn't come near me — and couldn't."

Evans was to go out of town for a little while; the proprietors of the "Saturday Afternoon" insisted upon his taking a rest, and they behaved handsomely about his salary. He did not want to go, but his wife got him away finally, after he had failed in two or three attempts at writing.

Lemuel did not appear to Sewell till the evening of the day when the Evanses left town. It seemed as if he had waited till they were gone, so that he could not be urged to visit them. At first the minister scolded him a little for his neglect; but Lemuel said he had heard about them, and knew they were getting along all right. He looked as if he had not been getting along very well himself; his face was thin, and had an air at once dogged and apprehensive. He abruptly left talking of Evans, and said, "I don't know as you heard what happened that night before the fire just after I got back from your house?"

"No, I hadn't."

Lemuel stopped. Then he related briefly and clearly the whole affair, Sewell interrupting him from time to time with murmurs of sympathy, and "Tchk, tchk, tchk!" and "Shocking, shocking!" At the end he said, "I had hoped somehow that the general calamity had swallowed up your particular trouble in it. Though I don't know that general calamities ever do that with particular troubles," he added, more to himself than to Lemuel; and he put the idea away for some future sermon.

"Mr. Evans stopped and said something to me that night. He said we had to live things down, and not die them down; he wanted I should wait till Saturday before I was sure that I couldn't get through Tuesday. He said, How did we know that death was the end of trouble?"

"Yes," said the minister with a smile of fondness for his friend; "that was like Evans all over."

"I sha'n't forget those things," said Lemuel. "They've been in my head ever since. If it hadn't been for them, I don't know what I should have done."

He stopped, and after a moment's inattention Sewell perceived that he wished to be asked something more. "I hope," he said, "that nothing more has been going wrong with you?" and as he asked this he laid his hand affectionately on the young man's shoulder, just as Evans had done. Lemuel's eyes dimmed and his breath thickened. "What has become of the person — the discharged convict?"

"I guess I had better tell you," he said; and he told him of the adventure with Berry and Williams.

Sewell listened in silence, and then seemed quite at a loss what to say; but Lemuel saw that he was deeply afflicted. At last he asked, lifting his eyes anxiously to Sewell's, "Do you think I did wrong to say the thief was a friend of mine, and get him off that way?"

"That's a very difficult question," sighed Sewell. "You had a duty to society."

"Yes, I've thought of that since!"

"If I had been in your place, I'm afraid I should be glad not to have thought of it in time; and I'm afraid I'm glad that, as it is, it's too late. But doesn't it involve you with him in the eyes of the other young man?"

"Yes, I presume it does," said Lemuel. "I shall have to go away."

"Back to Willoughby Pastures?" asked Sewell, with not so much faith in that panacea for Lemuel's troubles as he had once had.

"No, to some other town. Do you know of anything I could get to do in New York?"

"Oh, no, no!" said the minister. "You needn't let this banish you. We must seek this young Mr. —"

"Berry."

"— Mr. Berry out and explain the matter to him."

"Then you'll have to tell him all about me?"

"Yes. Why not?"

Lemuel was silent, and looked down.

"In the mean time," pursued the minister, "I have a message for you from Miss Vane. She has heard, as we all have, of your behavior during the fire ——"

"It wasn't anything," Lemuel interrupted. "There wasn't the least danger; and Mrs. Evans did it all herself, anyway. It made me sick to see how the papers had it. It's a shame!"

Sewell smiled. "I'm afraid you couldn't make Miss Vane think so; but I can under-

stand what you mean. She has never felt quite easy about the way — the terms — on which she parted with you. She has spoken to me several times of it, and — ah — expressed her regret; and now, knowing that you have been — interrupted in your life, she is anxious to have you come to her ——"

An angry flash lighted up Lemuel's face. "I couldn't go back there! I wouldn't do any such work again."

"I don't mean that," Sewell hastened to say. "Miss Vane wished me to ask you to come as her guest until you could find something — Miss Sibyl Vane has gone to New York ——"

"I'm very much obliged to her," said Lemuel, "but I shouldn't want to give her so much trouble, or any one. I — I liked her very much, and I shouldn't want she should think I didn't appreciate her invitation."

"I will tell her," said the minister. "I had no great hope you would see your way to accepting it. But she will be glad to know that you received it." He added, rather interrogatively than affirmatively, "In the right spirit."

"Oh, yes," said Lemuel. "Please to tell her I did."

"Thank you," said Sewell with bland vagueness. "I don't know that I've asked yet where you are staying at present?"

"I'm at Mrs. Nash's, 13 Canary Place. Mrs. Harmon went there first."

"Oh! And are you looking forward to rejoining her in a new place?"

"I don't know as I am. I don't know as I should want to go into a hotel again."

Sewell manifested a little embarrassment. "Well, you won't forget your promise to let me be of use to you — pecuniarily, if you should be in need of a small advance at any time."

"Oh, no! But I've got enough money for a while yet — till I can get something to do." He rose, and after a moment's hesitation he said, "I don't know as I want you should say anything to that fellow about me. To Mr. Berry, I mean."

"Oh! certainly not," said Sewell, "if you don't wish it."

Whatever it was in that reticent and elusive soul which prompted this request, the minister now felt that he could not know; but perhaps the pang that Lemuel inflicted on himself had as much transport as anguish in it. He believed that he had forever cut himself off from the companionship that seemed highest and holiest on earth to him; he should never see that girl again; Berry must have told Miss Swan, and long before this Miss Carver had shuddered at the thought of him as the accomplice of a thief. But he proudly said to himself that he must let it all go; for if he had not been a thief, he had been a beggar and a menial, he had come out of a hovel at home, and his mother went about like a scarecrow, and it mattered little what kind of shame she remembered him in.

He thought of her perpetually now, and, in those dialogues which we hold in revery with the people we think much about, he talked with her all day long. At first, when he began to do this, it seemed a wrong to Statira; but now, since the other was lost to him beyond other approach, he gave himself freely up to the mystical colloquies he held with her, as the devotee abandons himself to imagined converse with a saint. Besides, if he was in love with Statira, he was not in love with Jessie; that he had made clear to himself; for his feeling toward her was wholly different.

Most of the time, in these communings, he was with her in her own home, down at Corbitant, where he fancied she had gone, after the catastrophe at the St. Albans, and he sat there with her on a porch at the front door, which she had once described to him, and looked out under the silver poplars at the vessels in the bay. He formed himself some image of it all from pictures of the seaside which he had seen; and there were times when he tried to go back with her into the life she had led there as a child. Perhaps his ardent guesses at this were as near reality as anything that could be made to appear, for, after her mother and brothers and sisters had died out of the wide old house, her existence there was as lonely as if she had been a little ghost haunting it. She had inherited her mother's temperament with her father's constitution; she was the child born to his last long absence at sea and her mother's last solitude at home. When he returned, he found his wife dead and his maiden sister caring for the child in the desolate house.

This sister of Captain Carver's had been disappointed, as the phrase is, when a young girl; another girl had won her lover from her. Her disappointment had hardened her to the perception of the neighbors; and, by a strange perversion of the sympathies and faculties, she had turned from gossip and censure, from religion, and from all the sources of comfort that the bruised heart of Corbitant naturally turned to, and found such consolation as came to her in books, that is to say romances, and especially the romances that celebrated and deified such sorrow as her own. She had been a pretty little thing when young, and Jessie remembered her as pretty in her early old age. At heart she must still have been young when her hair was gray, for she made a friend and companion of the child, and they

fed upon her romances together. When the aunt died, the child, who had known no mother but her, was stricken with a grief so deep and wild that at first her life and then her mind was feared for. To get her away from the associations and influences of the place, her father sent her to school in the western part of the State, where she met Madeline Swan, and formed one of those friendships which are like passions between young girls. During her long absence, her father married again; and she was called home to his death-bed. He was dead when she arrived; he had left a will that made her dependent on her stepmother. When Madeline Swan wrote to announce that she was coming to Boston to study art, Jessie Carver had no trouble in arranging with her stepmother, by the sacrifice of her final claim on her father's estate, to join her friend there, with a little sum of money on which she was to live till she should begin to earn something.

Her life had been a series of romantic episodes; Madeline said that if it could be written out it would be fascinating; but she went to work very practically, and worked hard. She had not much feeling for color; but she drew better than her friend, and what she hoped to do was to learn to illustrate books.

One evening, after a day of bitter-sweet reveries of Jessie, Lemuel went to see Statira. She and 'Manda Grier were both very gay, and made him very welcome. They had tea for him; Statira tried all her little arts, and 'Manda Grier told some things that had happened in the box-factory. He could not help laughing at them; they were really very funny; but he felt somehow that it was all a preparation for something else. At last the two girls made a set at him, as 'Manda Grier called it, and tried to talk him into their old scheme of going to wait on table at some of the country hotels, or the seaside. They urged that now, while he was out of a place, it was just the time to look up a chance.

He refused, at first kindly, and at last angrily; and he would have gone away in this mood if Statira had not said that she would never say another word to him about it, and hung upon his neck, while 'Manda Grier looked on in sullen resentment. He came away sick and heavy at heart. He said to himself that they would be willing to drag him into the mire; they had no pride; they had no sense; they did not know anything and they could not learn. He tried to get away from them to Miss Carver in his thoughts; but the place where he had left her was vacant and he could not conjure her back. Out of the void, he was haunted by a look of grieving reproach and wonder from her eyes.

XXV.

That evening Sewell went to see an old parishioner of his who lived on the Hill, and who among his eccentricities had the habit of occupying his city house all summer long, while his family flitted with other people of fashion to the seashore. That year they talked of taking a cottage for the first time since they had sold their own cottage at Nahant, in a day of narrow things now past. The ladies urged that he ought to come with them, and not think of staying in Boston now that he had a trouble of the eyes which had befallen him, and Boston would be so dull if he could not get about freely and read as usual.

He answered that he would rather be blind in Boston than telescopic at Beverly, or any other summer resort; and that as for the want of proper care, which they urged, he did not think he should lack in his own house, if they left him where he could reach a bell. His youngest daughter, a lively little blonde, laughed with a cousin of his wife's who was present, and his wife decorously despaired. The discussion of the topic was rather premature, for they were not thinking of going to Beverly before the middle of May, if they took the cottage; but an accident had precipitated it, and they were having it out, as people do, each party in the hope that the other would yield if kept at long enough before the time of final decision came.

"Do you think," said the husband and father, who looked a whimsical tyrant at the worst, but was probably no easier to manage for his whimsicality, "that I am going to fly in the face of prosperity, and begin to do as other people wish because I'm pecuniarily able to do as I please?"

The little blonde rose decisively from the low chair where she had been sitting. "If papa has begun to *reason* about it, we may as well yield the point for the present, mamma. Come, Lily! Let us leave him to Cousin Charles."

"Oh, but I say!" cried Cousin Charles, "if I'm to stay and fight it out with him, I've got to know which side I'm on."

"You're on the right side," said the young lady over her shoulder; "you always are, Cousin Charles."

Cousin Charles in the attempt to kiss his hand toward his flatterer, pulled his glasses off his nose by their cord. "Bromfield," he said, "I don't see but this commits me against you." And then, the ladies having withdrawn, the two men put on that business air with which our sex tries to atone to itself for having unbent to the lighter minds of the other; heaven knows what women do when the men with whom they have been talking go away.

"If you should happen to stay in town," continued the cousin treacherously, "I shall be very glad, for I don't know but I shall be here the greater part of the summer myself."

"I shall stay," said the other, "but there won't be anything casual about it."

"What do you hear from Tom?" asked the cousin, feeling about on the mantel for a match. He was a full-bodied, handsome, amiable-looking old fellow, whose breath came in quick sighs with this light exertion. He had a blond complexion, and what was left of his hair, a sort of ethereal down on the top of his head, and some cherished fringes at the temples, was turning the yellowish gray that blond hair becomes.

The other gentleman, stretched at ease in a deep chair, with one leg propped on a cricket, had the distinction of long forms, which the years had left in their youthful gracility; his snow-white mustache had been allowed to droop over the handsome mouth, whose teeth were beginning to go. "They're on the other side of the clock," he said, referring to the matches. He added, with another glance at his relative, "Charles, you ought to bant. It's beginning to affect your wind."

"*Beginning!* Your memory's going, Bromfield. But they say there's a new system that allows you to eat everything. I'm waiting for that. In the mean time, I've gone back to my baccy."

"They've cut mine off," sighed the other. "Doesn't it affect your heart?"

"Not a bit. But what do you do, now you can't smoke and your eyes have given out?"

"I bore myself. I had a letter from Tom yesterday," said the sufferer, returning to the question that his cousin's obesity had diverted him from. "He's coming on in the summer."

"Tom's a lucky fellow," said the cousin. "I wish you had insisted on my taking some of that stock of his when you bought in."

"Yes, you made a great mistake," said the other with whimsical superiority. "You should have taken my advice. You would now be rolling in riches, as I am, with a much better figure for it."

The cousin smoked awhile. "Do you know, I think Tom's about the best fellow I ever knew."

"He's a good boy," said the other, with the accent of a father's pride and tenderness.

"Going to bring his pretty chickens and their dam?" asked the cousin, parting his coat-skirts to the genial influence of the fire.

"No; it's a short visit. They're going into the Virginia mountains for the summer." A man-servant came in and said something in a low voice. "Heigh? What? Why, of course! Certainly! By all means! Show him in! Come in, parson; come in!" called the host to his yet unseen visitor, and he held out his hand for Sewell to take when he appeared at the door. "Glad to see you! I can't get up,—a little gouty to-day,—but Bellingham's on foot. *His* difficulty is sitting down."

Bellingham gave the minister a near-sighted man's glare through his glasses, and then came eagerly forward and shook hands. "Oh, Mr. Sewell! I hope you've come to put up some job on Corey. Don't spare him! With Kanawha Paint Co. at the present figures he merits any demand that Christian charity can make upon him. The man's prosperity is disgraceful."

"I'm glad to find you here, Mr. Bellingham," said Sewell, sitting down.

"Oh, is it double-barreled?" pleaded Bellingham.

"I don't know that it's a deadly weapon of any kind," returned the minister. "But if one of you can't help me, perhaps the other can."

"Well, let us know what the job is," said Corey. "We refuse to commit ourselves beforehand."

"I shall have to begin at the beginning," said Sewell warningly, "and the beginning is a long way off."

"No matter," said Bellingham, adventurously. "The farther off, the better. I've been dining with Corey — he gives you a very good dinner now, Corey does — and I'm just in the mood for a deserving case."

"The trouble with Sewell is," said Corey, "that he doesn't always take the trouble to have them deserving. I hope this is interesting, at least."

"I suspect you'll find it more interesting than I shall," said the minister, inwardly preparing himself for the amusement which Lemuel's history always created in his hearers. It seemed to him, as he began, that he was always telling this story, and that his part in the affair was always becoming less and less respectable. No point was lost upon his hearers; they laughed till the ladies in the drawing-room above wondered what the joke could be.

"At any rate," said Bellingham, "the fellow behaved magnificently at the fire. I read the accounts of it."

"I think his exploits owe something to the imagination of the reporters," said Sewell. "He tells a different story, himself."

"Oh, of course!" said Bellingham.

"Well; and what else?" asked Corey.

"There isn't any more. Simply he's out of work, and wants something to do — anything to do — anything that isn't menial."

"Ah, that's a queer start of his," said Bel-

lingham, thoughtfully. "I don't know but I like that."

"And do you come to such effete posterity as we are for help in a case like that?" demanded Corey. "Why, the boy's an Ancestor!"

"So he is! Why, so he is — so he is!" said Bellingham, with delight in the discovery. "Of course he is!"

"All you have to do," pursued Corey, "is to give him time, and he'll found a fortune and a family, and his children's children will be cutting ours in society. Half of our great people have come up in that way. Look at the Blue-book, where our nobility is enrolled; it's the apotheosis of farm-boys, mechanics, inside-men, and I don't know what!"

"But in the mean time this ancestor is now so remote that he has nothing to do," suggested Sewell. "If you give him time you kill him."

"Well, what do you want me to do? Mrs. Corey is thinking of setting up a Buttons. But you say this boy has a soul above buttons. And besides, he's too old."

"Yes."

"Look here, Bromfield," said Bellingham, "why don't you get *him* to read to you?"

Corey glanced from his cousin to the minister, whose face betrayed that this was precisely what he had had in his own mind.

"Is that the job?" asked Corey.

Sewell nodded boldly.

"He would read through his nose, wouldn't he? I couldn't stand that. I've stopped talking through mine, you know."

"Why, look here, Bromfield!" said Bellingham for the second time. "Why don't you let me manage this affair for you? I'm not of much use in the world, but from time to time I like to do my poor best; and this is just one of the kind of things I think I'm fitted for. I should like to see this young man. When I read in the newspapers of some fellow who has done a fine thing, I always want to see what manner of man he is; and I'm glad of any chance that throws him in my way."

"Your foible's notorious, Charles. But I don't see why you keep my cigars all to yourself," said Corey.

"My dear fellow," said Bellingham, making a hospitable offer of the cigar-box from the mantel, "you said they'd cut you off."

"Ah, so they have. I forgot. Well, what's your plan?"

"My plan," said Bellingham, "is to have him to breakfast with me, and interview him generally, and get him to read me a few passages, without rousing his suspicions. Heigh?"

"I don't know that I believe much in your plan," said Corey. "I should like to hear what my spiritual adviser has to say."

"I shouldn't know what to advise, exactly," said Sewell. "But I won't reject any plan that gives my client a chance."

"Isn't client rather euphuistic?" asked Corey.

"It is, rather. But I've got into the habit of handling Barker very delicately, even in thought. I'm not sure he'll come," added Sewell, turning to Bellingham.

"Oh, yes, he will," said Bellingham. "Tell him it's business. There won't be anybody there. Will nine be too late for him?"

"I imagine he's more accustomed to half-past five at home, and seven here."

"Well, we'll say nine, anyway. I can't imagine the cause that would get me up earlier. Here!" He turned to the mantel and wrote an invitation upon his card, and handed it to Sewell. "Please give him that from me, and beg him to come. I really want to see him, and if he can't read well enough for this fastidious old gentleman, we'll see what else he can do. Corey tells me he expects Tom on this summer," he concluded, in dismissal of Lemuel as a topic.

"Ah," said Sewell, putting the card in his pocket, "I'm very glad to hear that."

He had something, but not so much, of the difficulty in overcoming Lemuel's reluctance that he had feared, and on the morning named Lemuel presented himself at the address on Bellingham's card exactly at nine. He had the card in his hand, and he gave it to the man who opened the street door of the bachelors' apartment house where Bellingham lived. The man read it carefully over, and then said, "Oh, yes; second floor," and, handing it back, left Lemuel to wander upstairs alone. He was going to offer the card again at Bellingham's door, but he had a dawning misgiving. Bellingham had opened the door himself, and, feigning to regard the card as offered by way of introduction, he gave his hand cordially, and led him into the cozy room where the table was already laid for breakfast.

"Glad to see you — glad to see you, Mr. Barker. Give me your coat. Ah, I see you scorn the effeminacy of half-season things. Put your hat anywhere. The advantage of bachelors' quarters is that you *can* put anything anywhere. We haven't a woman on the premises, and you can fancy how unmolested we are."

Lemuel had caught sight of one over the mantel, who had nothing but her water-colors on, and was called an "Étude"; but he no longer trembled, for evil or for good, in such presences. "That's one of those Romano-Spanish things," said Bellingham, catching the direction of his eye. "I forget the fellow's

name; but it isn't bad. We're pretty snug here," he added, throwing open two doors in succession, to show the extent of his apartment. "Here you have the dining-room and drawing-room and library in one; and here's my bedroom, and here's my bath."

He pulled an easy-chair up toward the low fire for Lemuel. "But perhaps you're hot from walking? Sit wherever you like."

Lemuel chose to sit by the window. "It's very mild out," he said, and Bellingham did not exact anything more of him. He talked at him, and left Lemuel to make his mental inventory of the dense Turkey rugs on the slippery hard-wood floor, the pictures on the walls, the deep, leather-lined seats, the bric-à-brac on the mantel, the tall, colored chests of drawers in two corners, the delicate china and quaint silver on the table.

Presently steps were heard outside, and Bellingham threw open the door as he had to Lemuel, and gave a hand to each of the two guests whom he met on his threshold.

"Ah, Meredith! Good-morning, venerable father!" He drew them in. "Let me introduce you to Mr. Barker, Mr. Meredith. Mr. Barker, the Rev. Mr. Seyton. You fellows are pretty prompt."

"We're pretty hungry," said Mr. Meredith. "I don't know that we should have got here if we hadn't leaned up against each other as we came along. Several policemen regarded us suspiciously, but Seyton's cloth protected us."

"It was terrible, coming up Beacon street with an old offender like Meredith, at what he considered the dead hour of the night," said Mr. Seyton. "I don't know what I should have done if any one had been awake to see us."

"You shall have breakfast instantly," said Bellingham, touching an annunciator, and awakening a distant electric titter somewhere.

Mr. Seyton came toward Lemuel, who took the young ritualist for a Catholic priest, but was not proof against the sweet friendliness which charmed every one with him, and was soon talking at more ease than he had felt from all Bellingham's cordial intention. He was put at his host's right hand when they sat down, and Mr. Seyton was given the foot, so that they continued their talk.

"Mr. Bellingham tells me you know my friend Sewell," said the clergyman.

Lemuel's face kindled. "Oh, yes! Do you know him too?"

"Yes, I've known him a long time. He's a capital fellow, Sewell is."

"I think he's a great preacher," ventured Lemuel.

"Ah — well — yes? Is he? I've never heard him lecture," said Mr. Seyton, looking down at his bread.

"I swear, Seyton," said Meredith, across the table, "when you put on that ecclesiastical superciliousness of yours, I want to cuff you."

"I've no doubt he'd receive it in a proper spirit," said Bellingham, who was eating himself hot and red from the planked shad before him. "But you mustn't do it here."

"Of course," said Mr. Seyton, "Sewell is a very able man, and no end of a good fellow, but you can't expect me to admit he's a priest."

He smiled in sweet enjoyment of his friend's wrath. Lemuel observed that he spoke with an accent different from the others, which he thought very pleasant, but he did not know it for that neat utterance which the Anglican church bestows upon its servants.

"He's no Jesuit," growled Meredith.

"I'm bound to say he's not a pagan, either," laughed the clergyman.

"These gentlemen exchange these little knocks," Bellingham explained to Lemuel's somewhat puzzled look, "because they were boys together at school and college, and can't realize that they've grown up to be lights of the bar and the pulpit." He looked round at the different plates. "Have some more shad?" No one wanted more, it seemed, and Bellingham sent it away by the man, who replaced it with broiled chicken before Bellingham, and lamb chops in front of Mr. Seyton. "This is all there is," the host said.

"It's enough for me," said Meredith, "if no one else takes anything."

But in fact there was also an omelet, and bread and butter delicious beyond anything that Lemuel had tasted; and there was a bouquet of pink radishes with fragments of ice dropped among olives, and other facts of a polite breakfast. At the close came a dish of what Bellingham called premature strawberries.

"Why! they're actually *sweet!*" said Meredith, "and they're as natural as emery-bags."

"Yes, they're all you say," said Bellingham. "You can have strawberries any time nowadays after New Year's, if you send far enough for them; but to get them ripe and sound, or distinguishable from small turnips in taste, is another thing."

Lemuel had never imagined a breakfast like that; he wondered at himself for having respected the cuisine of the St. Albans. It seemed to him that he and the person he had been — the farm boy, the captive of the police, the guest of the Wayfarer's Lodge, the servant of Miss Vane, and the head-waiter at the hotel — could not be the same person. He fell into a strange revery, while the talk,

in which he had shared so little, took a range far beyond him. Then he looked up, and found all the others' eyes upon him, and heard Bellingham saying, "I fancy Mr. Barker can tell us something about that," and at Lemuel's mystified stare he added, "About the amount of smoke at a fire that a man could fight through. Mr. Seyton was speaking of the train that was caught in the forest fires, down in Maine, the other day. How was it with you at the St. Albans?"

Lemuel blushed. It was clear that Mr. Bellingham had been reading that ridiculous newspaper version of his exploit. "There was hardly any smoke at all, where I was. It didn't seem to have got into the upper entries much."

"That's just what I was saying!" triumphed Bellingham. "If a man has anything to do, he can get on. That's the way with the firemen. It's the rat-in-a-trap *idea* that paralyzes. Do you remember your sensations at all, when you were coming through the fire? Those things are very curious, sometimes," Bellingham suggested.

"There was no fire where I was," said Lemuel, stoutly, but helpless to make a more comprehensive disclaimer.

"I imagine you wouldn't notice that, any more than the smoke," said Bellingham, with a look of satisfaction in his hero for his other guests. "It's a sort of ecstasy. Do you remember that fellow of Bret Harte's, in 'How Christmas came to Simpson's Bar,' who gets a shot in his leg, or something, when he's riding to get the sick boy a Christmas present, and doesn't know it till he drops off his horse in a faint when he gets back?" He jumped actively up from the table, and found the book on his shelf. "There!" He fumbled for his glasses without finding them. "Will you be kind enough to read the passage, Mr. Barker? I think I've found the page. It's marked." He sat down again, and the others waited.

Lemuel read, as he needs must, and he did his best.

"Ah, that's very nice. Glad you didn't dramatize it; the drama ought to be in the words, not the reader. I like your quiet way."

"Harte seems to have been about the last of the story-tellers to give us the great, simple heroes," said Seyton.

When the others were gone, and Lemuel, who had been afraid to go first, rose to take himself away, Bellingham shook his hand cordially and said, "I hope you weren't bored? The fact is, I rather promised myself a *tête-à-tete* with you, and I told Mr. Sewell so; but I fell in with Seyton and Meredith yesterday — you can't help falling in with one when you fall in with the other; they're inseparable when Seyton's in town — and I couldn't resist the temptation to ask them."

"Oh, no, I wasn't bored at all," said Lemuel.

"I'm very glad. But—sit down a moment. I want to speak to you about a little matter of business. Mr. Sewell was telling us something of you the other night, at my cousin Bromfield Corey's, and it occurred to me that you might be willing to come and read to him. His eyes seem to be on the wane, some way, and he's rather sleepless. He'd give you a bed, and sometimes you'd have to read to him in the night; you'd take your meals where you like. How does it strike you, supposing the 'harnsome pittance' can be arranged?"

"Why, if you think I can do it," began Lemuel.

"Of course I do. You don't happen to read French?"

Lemuel shook his head hopelessly. "I studied Latin some at school ——"

"Ah! Well! I don't think he'd care for Latin. I think we'd better stick to English for the present."

Bellingham arranged for Lemuel to go with him that afternoon to his cousin's and make, as he phrased it, a stagger at the job.

XXVI.

THE stagger seemed to be sufficiently satisfactory. Corey could not repress some twinges at certain characteristics of Lemuel's accent, but he seemed, in a critical way, to take a fancy to him, and he was conditionally installed for a week.

Corey was pleased from the beginning with Lemuel's good looks, and justified himself to his wife with an Italian proverb: "*Novanta su cento, chi è bello di fuori è buono di dentro.*" She had heard that proverb before, and she had always considered it shocking; but he insisted that most people married upon no better grounds, and that what sufficed in the choice of a husband or wife was enough for the choice of an intellectual nurse. He corrected Lemuel's pronunciation where he found it faulty, and amused himself with Lemuel's struggles to conceal his hurt vanity, and his final good sense in profiting by the correction. But Lemuel's reading was really very good; it was what, even more than his writing, had given him a literary reputation in Willoughby Pastures; and the old man made him exercise it in widely different directions. Chiefly, however, it was novels that he read, which, indeed, are the chief reading of most people in our time; and as they were necessarily the

novels of our language, his elder was not obliged to use that care in choosing them which he must have exacted of himself in the fiction of other tongues. He liked to hear Lemuel talk, and he used the art of getting at the boy's life by being frank with his own experience. But this was not always successful, and he was interested to find Lemuel keeping doors that Sewell's narrative had opened carefully closed against him. He betrayed no consciousness that they existed, and Lemuel maintained intact the dignity and pride which come from the sense of ignominy well hidden.

The week of probation had passed without interrupting their relation, and Lemuel was regularly installed, and began to lead a life which was so cut off from his past in most things that it seemed to belie it. He found himself dropped in the midst of luxury stranger to him than the things they read of in those innumerable novels. The dull, rich colors in the walls and the heavily rugged floors and dark-wooded leathern seats of the library where he read to the old man; the beautiful forms of the famous bronzes, and the Italian saints and martyrs in their baroque or gothic frames of dim gold; the low shelves with their ranks of luxurious bindings, and all the seriously elegant keeping of the place, flattered him out of his strangeness; and the footing on which he was received in this house, the low-voiced respect with which the man-servant treated him, the master's light, cordial frankness, the distant graciousness of the mistress, and the unembarrassed, unembarrassing kindliness of the young ladies, both so much older than himself, contributed to an effect that afterwards deepened more and more, and became a vital part of the struggle which he was finally to hold with himself.

The first two or three days he saw no one but Mr. Corey, and but for the women's voices in the other parts of the house, he might have supposed himself in another bachelor's apartments, finer and grander than Bellingham's. He was presented to Mrs. Corey when she came into the library, but he did not see the daughters of the house till he was installed in it. After that, his acquaintance with them seemed to go no further. They were all polite and kind when they met him, in the library or on the stairs, but they showed no curiosity about him; and his never meeting them at table helped to keep him a stranger to them under the same roof. He ate at a boarding-house in a neighboring street, but he slept at the Coreys' after he had read their father asleep, and then, going out to his late breakfast, he did not return till Mr. Corey had eaten his own, much later.

He wondered at first that neither of those young ladies read to their father, not knowing the disability for mutual help that riches bring. Later, he saw how much Miss Lily Corey was engrossed with charity and art, and how constantly Miss Nannie Corey was occupied with social cares, and was perpetually going and coming in their performance. Then he saw that they could not have rendered nor their father have received from his family the duty which he was paid to do, as they must have done if they had been poorer. But they were all fond of one another, and the father had a way of joking with his daughters, especially the youngest; and they talked with a freedom of themselves which puzzled Lemuel. It appeared from what they said, at different times, that they had not always been so rich, or that they had once had money, and then less, and now much more. It appeared, also, that their prosperity was due to a piece of luck, and that the young Mr. Corey, whom they expected in the summer, had brought it about. His father was very proud of him, and, getting more and more used to Lemuel's companionship, he talked a great deal about his Tom, as he called him, and about Tom's wife, and his wife's family, who were somehow, Lemuel inferred, not all that his own family could wish them, but very good people. Once when Mr. Corey was talking of them, Mrs. Corey came in upon them, and seemed to be uneasy, as if she thought he was saying too much. But the daughters did not seem to care, especially the youngest.

He found out that Mr. Corey used to be a painter, and had lived a long time in Italy when he was young, and he recalled with a voluptuous thrill of secrecy that Williams had once been in Italy. Mr. Corey seemed to think better of it than Williams; he liked to talk of Rome and Florence, and of Venice, which Williams had said was a kind of hole. The old man said this or that picture was of this or that school, and vague lights of knowledge and senses of difference that flattered Lemuel's intellectual vanity stole in upon him. He began to feel that the things Mr. Corey had lived for were the great and high objects of life.

He now perceived how far from really fine or fashionable anything at the St. Albans had been, and that the simplicity of Miss Vane's little house, which the splendor of the hotel had eclipsed in his crude fancy, was much more in harmony with the richness of Mr. Corey's. He oriented himself anew, and got another view of the world which he had dropped into. Occasionally he had glimpses of people who came to see the Coreys, and it puzzled him that this family, which he knew so kind and good, took with others the tone

hard and even cynical which seemed the prevailing tone of society; when their acquaintances went away they dropped back, as if with relief, into their sincere and amiable fashions of speech. Lemuel asked himself if every one in the world was playing a part; it did not seem to him that Miss Carver had been; she was always the same, and always herself. To be one's self appeared to him the best thing in the world, and he longed for it the more as he felt that he too was insensibly beginning to play a part. Being so much in this beautiful and luxurious house, where every one was so well dressed and well mannered, and well kept in body and mind, and passing from his amazement at all its appointments into the habit of its comfortable beauty, he forgot more and more the humility and the humiliations of his past. He did not forget its claims upon him; he sent home every week the greater part of his earnings, and he wrote often to his mother; but now, when he could have got the time to go home and see her, he did not go. In the exquisite taste of his present environment, he could scarcely believe in that figure, grizzled, leathern and gaunt, and costumed in a grotesque unlikeness to either sex. Sometimes he played with the fantastic supposition of some other origin for himself, romantic and involved like that of some of the heroes he was always reading of, which excluded her.

Another effect of this multifarious literature through which his duties led him was the awakening of the ambition to write, stunned by his first disastrous adventures in Boston, and dormant almost ever since, except as it had stirred under the promptings of Evans's kindly interest. But now it did not take the form of verse; he began to write moralistic essays, never finished, but full of severe comment on the folly of the world as he saw it. Sometimes they were examinations of himself, and his ideas and principles, his doctrines and practice, penetrating quests such as the theologians of an earlier day used to address to their consciences.

Meantime, the deeply underlying mass of his rustic crudity and raw youth took on a far higher polish than it had yet worn. Words dropped at random in the talk he now heard supplied him with motives and shaped his actions. Once Mr. Bellingham came in laughing about a sign which he saw in a back street, of Misfit Parlors, and Lemuel spent the next week's salary for a suit at a large clothing store, to replace the dress Sewell had thought him so well in. He began insensibly to ape the manners of those about him.

It drew near the time when the ladies of the Corey family were to leave town, where they had lingered much longer than they meant, in the hope that Mr. Corey might be so much better, or so much worse, that he would consent to go to the shore with them. But his disabilities remained much the same, and his inveterate habits indomitable. By this time that trust in Lemuel which never failed to grow up in those near him, reconciled the ladies to the obstinate resolution of the master of the house to stay in it as usual. They gave up the notion of a cottage, and they were not going far away, nor for long at any one time; in fact, one or other of them was always in the house. Mrs. Corey had grown into the habit of confidence with Lemuel concerning her husband's whims and foibles; and this motherly frankness from a lady so stately and distant at first was a flattery more poisonous to his soul than any other circumstance of his changed life.

It came July, and even Sewell went away then. He went with a mind at rest concerning Lemuel's material prospects, and his unquestionable usefulness and acceptability; but something, at the bottom of his satisfaction, teased him still; a dumb fear that the boy was extravagant, a sense that he was somehow different, and not wholly for the better, from what he had been. He had seen, perhaps, nothing worse in him than that growth of manner which amused Corey.

"He is putting us on," he said to Bellingham, one day, "and making us fit as well as he can. I don't think we're altogether becoming, but that's our fault, probably. I can't help thinking that if we were of better cut and material we should show to better effect upon that granite soul. I wish Tom were here. I've an idea that Tom would fit him like a glove. Charles, why don't *you* pose as a model for Barker?"

"I don't see why I'm not a very good model without posing," said Bellingham. "What do you want me to do for him? Take him to the club? Barker's *not* very conversational."

"You don't take him on the right topics," said Corey, not minding that he had left the point. "I assure you that Barker, on any serious question that comes up in our reading, has a clear head and an apt tongue of his own. It isn't our manners alone that he emulates. I can't find that any of us ever dropped an idea or suggestion of value that Barker didn't pick it up, and turn it to much more account than the owner. He's as true as a Tuscan peasant, as proud as an Indian, and as quick as a Yankee."

"Ah! I *hoped* you wouldn't go abroad for that last," said Bellingham.

"No; and it's delightful, seeing the great variety of human nature there is in every human being here. Our life isn't stratified; perhaps it never will be. At any rate, for the

present, we're all in vertical sections. But I always go back to my first notion of Barker: he's ancestral, and he makes me feel like degenerate posterity. I've had the same sensation with Tom; but Barker seems to go a little farther back. I suppose there's such a thing as getting too far back in these Origin of Species days; but he isn't excessive in that or in anything. He's confoundedly temperate, in fact; and he's reticent; he doesn't allow any unseemly intimacy. He's always turning me out-of-doors."

"Of course! But what can we old fellows hope to know of what's going on in any young one? Talk of strangeness! I'd undertake to find more in common with a florid old fellow of fifty from the red planet Mars than with any young Bostonian of twenty."

"Yes; but it's the youth of my sires that I find so strange in Barker. Only, theoretically, there's no Puritanism. He's a thorough believer in Sewell. I suspect he could formulate Sewell's theology a great deal better than Sewell could."

XXVII.

STATIRA and 'Manda Grier had given up their plan of getting places in a summer hotel when Lemuel absolutely refused to take part in it, and were working through the summer in the box-factory. Lemuel came less regularly to see them now, for his Sunday nights had to be at Mr. Corey's disposition; but Statira was always happy in his coming, and made him more excuses than he had thought of, if he had let a longer interval than usual pass. He could not help feeling the loveliness of her patience, the sweetness of her constancy; but he disliked 'Manda Grier more and more, and she grew stiffer and sharper with him. Sometimes the aimlessness of his relation to Statira hung round him like a cloud, which he could not see beyond. When he was with her he contented himself with the pleasure he felt in her devotion, and the tenderness this awakened in his own heart; but when he was away from her there was a strange disgust and bitterness in these.

Sometimes, when Statira and 'Manda Grier took a Saturday afternoon off, he went with them into the country on one of the horse-car lines, or else to some matinée at a garden-theater in the suburbs. Statira liked the theater better than anything else; and she used to meet other girls whom she knew there, and had a gay time. She introduced Lemuel to them, and after a few moments of high civility and distance they treated him familiarly, as Statira's beau. Their talk, after that he was now used to, was flat and foolish, and their pert ease incensed him. He came away bruised and burning, and feeling himself unfit to breathe the refined and gentle air to which he returned in Mr. Corey's presence. Then he would vow in his heart never to expose himself to such things again; but he could not tell Statira that he despised the friends she was happy with; he could only go with a reluctance it was not easy to hide, and atone by greater tenderness for a manner that wounded her. One day toward the end of August, when they were together at a suburban theater, Statira wandered off to a pond there was in the grounds with some other girls who had asked him to go and row them, and had called him a bear for refusing, and told him to look out for Barnum. They left him sitting alone with 'Manda Grier, at a table where they had all been having ice-cream at his expense; and though it was no longer any pleasure to be with her, it was better than to be with them, for she was not a fool, at any rate. Statira turned round at a little distance to mock them with a gesture and a laugh, and the laugh ended in a cough, long and shattering, so that one of her companions had to stop with her, and put her arm round her till she could recover herself and go on.

It sent a cold thrill through Lemuel, and then he turned angry. "What is it Statira does to keep taking more cold?"

"Oh, I guess 'tain't 'ny *more* cold," said 'Manda Grier.

"What do you mean?"

"I guess 'f you cared a great deal you'd noticed that cough 'f hers before now. 'Tain't done it any too much good workin' in that arsenic paper all summer long."

'Manda Grier talked with her face turned away from him.

It provoked him more and more. "I *do* care," he retorted, eager to quarrel, "and you know it. Who got her into the box-factory, I should like to know?"

"*I* did!" said 'Manda Grier, turning sharply on him, "and you *kept* her there; and between us we've killed her."

"How have I kept her there, I should like to know?"

"'F you'd done's she wanted you should, she might 'a' been at some pleasant place in the country — the mount'ns, or somewhere 't she'd been ov'r her cough by this time. But no! You was too nasty proud for that, Lemuel Barker!"

A heavy load of guilt dropped upon Lemuel's heart, but he flung it off, and he retorted furiously, "You ought to have been ashamed of yourself to ever want her to take a servant's place."

"Oh, a servant's place! If she'd been

ashamed of a servant when you came meechin' round her, where'd you been, I sh'd like to know? And now I wish she had; 'n' if she wa'n't such a little fool, 'n' all wrapped in you, the way't she is, I could wish't she'd never set eyes on you again, servant or no servant. But I presume it's too late now, and I presume she's got to go on suff'rin' for you and wonderin' what she's done to offend you when you don't come, and what she's done when you do, with your stuck-up, masterful airs, and your double-faced ways. But don't you try to pretend to me, Lemuel Barker, 't you care the least mite for her any more, 'f you ever did, because it won't go down! 'N' if S'tira wa'n't such a perfect little blind fool, she could see 't you didn't care for her any more than the ground 't you walk on, 'n' 't you'd be glad enough if she was under it, if you couldn't be rid of her any other way!" 'Manda Grier pulled her handkerchief out and began to cry into it.

Lemuel was powerfully shaken by this attack; he did feel responsible for Statira's staying in town all summer; but the spectacle of 'Manda Grier publicly crying at his side in a place like that helped to counteract the effect of her words. "'Sh! Don't cry!" he began, looking fearfully round him. "Everybody'll see you!"

"I don't care! Let them!" sobbed the girl. "If they knowed what I know, and could see you *not* cryin', I guess they'd think you looked worse than I do!"

"You don't understand — I can explain —"

"No, you can't explain, Mr. Barker!" said 'Manda Grier, whipping down her handkerchief and fiercely confronting him across the table. "You can't explain anything so's to blind *me* any longer! I was a big fool to ever suppose you had any heart *in* you; but when you came round at first, and was so meek you couldn't say your soul was your own, and was so glad if S'tira spoke to you, or looked at you, that you was ready to go crazy, I *did* suppose there was some *little* something to you! And yes, I helped you on, all I could, and helped you to fool that poor thing that you ain't worthy to kiss the ground she walks on, Lord forgive me *for* it! But it's all changed now! You seem to think it's the greatest favor if you come round once a fortnight, and set and let her talk to you, and show you how she dotes upon you, the poor little silly coot! And if you ever speak a word, it's like the Lord unto Moses, it's so grand! But I understand! You've got other friends now! *You after that art-student?* Oh, you can blush and try to turn it off! I've seen you blush before, and I know you! And I know you're in love with that girl, and you're just waitin' to break off with S'tira; but you hain't got the spirit to up and do it like a man! You want to let it lag along, and *lag* along, and see 'f something won't happen to get you out of it! *You waitin' for her to die?* Well, you won't have to wait long! But if I was a man, I'd spoil your beauty for you first!"

The torrent of her words rolled him on, bruising and tearing his soul, which their truth pierced like jagged points. From time to time he opened his lips to protest or deny, but no words came, and in his silence a fury of scorn for the poor, faithful, scolding thing, so just, so wildly unjust, gathered head in him.

"Be still!" he ground between his teeth. "Be still, you——" He stopped for the word, and that saved him from the outrage he had meant to pay her back with. He rose from the table. "You can tell Statira what you've said to me. I'm going home."

He rushed away; the anger was like strong drink in his brain; he was like one drunk all the way back to the city in the car.

He could not go to Mr. Corey's at once; he felt as if physically besmeared with shame; he could not go to his boarding-house; it would have been as if he had shown himself there in a coat of tar and feathers. Those insolent, true, degrading words hissed in his ears, and stung him incessantly. They accused, they condemned with pitiless iteration; and yet there were instants when he knew himself guiltless of all the wrong of which in another sense he knew himself guilty. In his room, he renewed the battle within himself that he had fought so long in his wanderings up and down the street, and he conquered himself at last into the theory that Statira had authorized or permitted 'Manda Grier to talk to him in that way. This simplified the whole affair: it offered him the release which he now knew he had longed for. As he stretched himself in the sheets at daybreak, he told himself that he need never see either of them again. He was free.

(To be continued.)

W. D.. Howells.

COMMON SCHOOLS ABROAD.*

I THINK I have mentioned somewhere or other how much I was struck with a remark made to me more than twenty years ago at Rome by Cardinal Antonelli. I was visiting popular schools on the continent. "So you have come to see our schools," he said, "our popular schools; and many people would tell you that our popular education is nothing at all, or next to nothing, and that you will not be able to find anything worth reporting to your government about it. But you may tell your government this," continued the Cardinal: "that illiterate as the Italian population is said to be, and I suppose is, yet, if you mix with the people at any festival and listen to their criticism of what they see,—*è brutto, è bello* (that's ugly, that's fine!),—you will find their criticism to be almost invariably right. And a people," he concluded, "of whom that can be said must surely be allowed to have a certain sort of education."

I thought of the stolid insensibility to ugliness, the inability to discern between good and evil where the beautiful is concerned, which so easily besets our Anglo-Saxon race, and I acquiesced in what the Cardinal said. And at the same moment there rose to my memory the admirable sentence of a Moravian school-master in the seventeenth century, John Comenius, fixing the universal scope and aim for education. "The aim is," says Comenius, "to train generally all who are born men to all which is human." Surely, to be offended by ugliness, to be delighted and refreshed by beauty, is eminently human; just as, on the other hand, it is a proof that our humanity is raw and undeveloped if we confound the two together or are indifferent to them. For we are then "in bondage," as Goethe says, "to the common and inferior"; out of that bondage we have to rise, and to know that, however general it may be around us, it is not less a bondage and an evil.

Almost immediately after my arrival the other day in this country, I happened to come across a speech by one of your politicians, whom I hope I may venture to call a friend of mine, Senator Hawley of Connecticut. He was praising the system of government of the United States, and he praised it as being "a government of, by, and for the average man." I will not dispute whether or no in politics this is a benefit; but remember that in our education and culture it is precisely the slough of "the common and average and inferior thing," *das Gemeine*, as Goethe calls it, which we have to cast off and rise out from. The common and average thing is our danger; it is comparatively easy of attainment, but no true friend of education will be satisfied so long as this is attained and nothing more.

In popular education, at present, "the common and average thing" is the ability to read, write, and calculate, and the possession of a certain amount of what is called useful knowledge. This is what, in progressive nations, we nowadays expect the whole population to attain, and what they do attain. If we ask for the educative result of this, we shall find it to be, in the main, that the whole population learns to read the newspapers, is formed by the newspapers. This is what modern popular education really leads up to, and many of us are apt to congratulate ourselves when this result has been achieved, and to think that here we have indeed a triumph of progress and civilization.

But then, Cardinal Antonelli points to an illiterate people able to discern much more justly than the English, and probably than the Americans either, between beauty and ugliness, and suggests how far distant, therefore, the popular education of our progressive nations still is from Comenius's ideal of a training of all to all which is human. And when our attention has once been called to the matter we may go further, and consider how entirely the popular education actually now given, in England at any rate, often fails to awaken and train not only the sense of beauty, but the soul and feelings generally. Therefore, what interests me in popular training abroad, which I have formerly had opportunities of studying, and have again been studying very recently, is especially to ascertain how far it succeeds in doing more than impart a certain amount of useful knowledge, how far it reaches the soul and feelings, and trains its pupils to that which is really human.

I am not sure to what extent your common schools in America resemble ours in their deficiencies; but I hope you will listen to me while I mention some points in which the common schools of Germany and France seem to me to succeed better than common schools in England in training their pupils to what is really human. You will then be

* Address delivered before the University of Pennsylvania.

able to judge for yourselves whether your common schools in America are more in the case of our English schools, or in that of the schools of France and Germany.

I will take first what is certainly a main agent in touching man's soul and feelings — religion. In England, religion is excluded from the official programme of the popular schools. If it is taught, it is taught outside of the official school-hours, and subject to private and local regulation. Religious liberty, it is said, requires this. If religion is taught at the public expense, what religion is it to be? If it is the religion of the majority, the minority are aggrieved. Religion, therefore, must not be a prescribed school matter at all.

Well, in Germany they no more hesitate to make the religion approved by the majority a school matter for fear the minority should object, in the name of religious liberty, to its being taught, than they hesitate to make the literature approved by the majority a school matter, for fear the minority should object, in the name of intellectual liberty, to its being taught. In German countries — for German Switzerland is much the same as Germany in this respect — religion stands as one of the foremost subjects of instruction in the popular school. Instead of being, as in England, a subject not laid out or noticed in official programmes, a subject which inspectors and official people are told to avoid, it is a subject laid out with the greatest care, and in which inspectors examine with special diligence and interest.

In general, one may say that three religious denominations, and no more, are recognized in German schools,— the Evangelical or Protestant, the Catholic, and the Jewish. Between Catholics and Protestants the public authority deals, both in theory and in practice, with absolute fairness. There is no persecution and no proselytism. So fair is the action of the administration, so complete is the confidence of the people in its fairness, that in the lower classes of Evangelical or Catholic schools you not unfrequently find the Evangelical or the Catholic minority taking the religious instruction, by the parents' consent, along with the majority. In the upper classes, the law requires the minority in these mixed schools to be separated, and to receive religious instruction from teachers of their own communion.

With us the difficulty of including religion in the school programme is caused by the sects of Protestantism. Everybody knows how our Protestantism breaks into sects. There is an instructive list of them in "Whitaker's Almanack." One might say that amongst our Anglo-Saxon race a new sect often arose from the mere pleasure of making one. And these sects in England would cry out against a religious instruction based on the formularies of the established church, or in America, where you have no established church, of any one great body of Protestants; but throughout Protestant Germany the religious instruction in Protestant schools is based on the Lutheran catechism, the Evangelical hymn-book, and the Bible, and all denominations are expected to follow it. With us, the individual judges what degree of diversity among religionists renders separate religious instruction necessary; in Germany, the law.

I do not think that in Germany, where the spirit of sect has been less carefully cultivated than amongst ourselves, Protestants in general feel the obligatory religious instruction of the public school to be any hardship. I could not hear of any complaints on the subject. But I was very curious to learn how the working classes in the German cities, who are said to be greatly estranged from the Christian religion, took the obligatory religious instruction of their children. In the capital of Saxony, the country which is reported to be the stronghold of socialism, I asked an inspector what proportion of the working classes he thought were socialist and opposed to the established religion. "At least two-thirds," he answered. "Well, then," said I, "how do they like all this Lutheran religion for their children?" "They do not like it at all," he replied, "but they have to submit to it." He added that the religious instruction did the children good; that the mothers in general could perceive this, and some even of the secularist fathers.

I spoke on the same subject, when I was at Berlin, with a man whose name will be received with respect in any university,— Professor Mommsen, the celebrated historian. I told him how surprised I had been to find, after all I had heard of the decay of religion in Protestant Germany, how important a place it still held in the programme of the public schools. He agreed that it did so, and he, too, thought that this was a good thing. He said that the actual religious instruction given was too dogmatic, and that it was a fault of the persons in power that they made it more and more strictly so. But in general, he thought the school instruction in religion a good thing. He quoted to me words of Goethe which I remembered: "He who has art and science, has religion." But he quoted them with an addition which I had forgotten: "He who has not art and science, let him have religion." The popular school is for those, he said, who have not art or science; to leave religion out of its programme would therefore be a great mistake.

Imagine, in a country where government is, as Senator Hawley declares, of, by, and for the

average man, imagine recommending that a religious instruction should be imposed upon the common school because the classes frequenting it, not having art or science, require religion! Every term in the proposition is to the average man either unmeaning or else offensive. But I doubt whether the religious feeling of England would not be as much shocked as the democratic feeling of America by the notion of teaching religion in the popular schools as a thing which uncultivated people require, though cultivated people do not. And therefore, while the spirit of sect makes it in one way impracticable to introduce religion into the programme of our popular schools in England, the spirit of religion makes it impracticable in another.

Nevertheless, I wish to report things as I have actually found them, and as they are. The religious instruction in the popular schools of German countries seems to me one of the best and most effective parts of the school work. I have had a long experience of school-teachers and school-children, but seldom have I seen teachers and children to more advantage than once when in a Saxon school I heard them dealing with a theological problem raised in the Lutheran catechism,— the question in what sense men can be said to be tempted of God. In spite of the necessary ambiguity of terms which attends all such questions, in spite of their perhaps necessary insolubleness, they are eternally interesting when handled with thought and earnestness; and so they were handled in this instance.

But if one might have doubts as to the profitable effect, in the common school, of these theological questions, one could have none as to the good effect of what is, after all, the chief and the best part of the religious instruction in German schools: the learning by heart of Bible sayings and parables, and of the Evangelical hymns. I lay stress on the hymns in particular, because such hymns are a form of literature of which I keenly feel the defects, and of which I have more than once spoken disparagingly. The German hymns, however, are better than ours; and no one who watched the serious and touched expression which often came over a child's face at a moving verse, could doubt that here the soul and feelings were reached in a way of which we get no experience with the secular programme and with the useful knowledge of our own common schools.

It is said that the alienation of the working classes in Germany from the Christian religion proves that all the religious instruction of the popular schools is of very little use. I believe that the alienation is exaggerated. But even admitting it to be as great as any one chooses to suppose, I feel sure that on the religious German nature sentiments and impulses raised by the religious instruction of school often and often continue to work, even though from positive Christianity a man may have become quite estranged.

Well, then, in the religious instruction of the German schools I find an educative force of much value, which in our English common schools is wanting and perhaps impossible. You will know whether it is wanting in your schools also.

But curiously enough I unexpectedly found in France likewise, in a public school, a type of religious instruction which seemed to me of high interest and value, and which also would be in the public schools of England quite impossible.

Not that religion holds the place in the programmes of the French public schools which it holds in those of Germany. Twenty years ago, when I had last seen the French schools, it did, but it does so no longer. The chaplains are gone from the public schools, and religion is gone from their programmes; it may no longer be taught in the public school-rooms out of school hours even. True, moral and civic instruction has a place in the school programmes, and regulations and high functionaries say that the schools are to teach the existence of a God, "in accordance with that spiritualist philosophy which is the glory of Descartes and of France." But in Paris, the center of that great development of popular education which undoubtedly is now going forward in France, in Paris the municipality, which provides and maintains the popular schools, will not have the name of God introduced in their teaching, and has even sanctioned a school manual altogether hostile to religion and contemptuous of it. It has not been possible, indeed, to bring the book into use; but the action of the Paris municipality, in regard to religion, is undoubtedly violent and blameworthy. That municipality has a sincere zeal for instructing the people, and from jobbery and corruption it is, I am told, perfectly free. But it has pushed forward school establishment so fast, and on such a scale as to expense, that the complaints of its extravagance are loud; and so intemperately as to religion, that it outruns the wishes of even that not very religious population, the population of Paris. The religious teaching orders, banished from the public schools, have been enabled, wonderful to relate, to give to their own schools — which are now maintained by private contributions only, and that in a country where voluntary effort is supposed not to flourish — an immense development, so that these orders now actually

educate, in private schools, one-third of the school-children of Paris.

As to the moral and civic instruction of the French schools, it seemed to me to be poor stuff, and I saw no signs of its touching the soul or mind of anybody receiving it. Moral teaching for young people, except when it is indirectly conveyed in stories, as in Miss Edgeworth's immortal "Parents' Assistant," is in general dull; and when it is conveyed in stories, the story may interest, but the moral is apt to be lost sight of. As to civic teaching, the most remarkable specimen of it which I met with I will mention, for it is worth mentioning. "Who gives you," said the questioner to the children, "all the benefits you are enjoying: these fine school-buildings with all their appliances, your instructors, this beautiful city where you live, everything in which the comfort and security of your life consists?" I was attentive, for I said to myself: Surely the child must be going to answer what children have from time immemorial been taught to answer to the like question, "God gives me all this"; and yet the name of God must not be used in a school of the Paris municipality. But the civic instruction proved equal to the occasion, and a legitimate answer came from the child: "It is our country gives us all this." *Eh bien, c'est le pays!* The force of civic instruction, I think, could hardly go further.

All this seems futile enough; but I am bound to record, too, that in a French training college I found, in connection with the teaching of pedagogy, what was really a religious instruction of the most serious and effective kind. I am disposed to say that I should call it, in view of our modern situation and needs, the best religious instruction which I have ever yet heard. The college is at Fontenay-aux-Roses, a few miles out of Paris. It was instituted a year or two ago by the French government in order to train directresses and teachers for the normal colleges for lay school-mistresses, which are now to be established throughout France. At the head of it was placed a man between sixty and seventy years old, who was originally a Protestant pastor and afterwards an inspector-general of primary schools, M. Pécaut. The choice was indeed an admirable one. M. Pécaut has the very gifts requisite for the delicate and difficult post to which he has been called. Whoever wishes to find a success achieved in the teaching of that much-talked-of but in general most unsatisfactory thing, undogmatic religion, should go to Fontenay and hear M. Pécaut in his morning hour with his students. He is fortunate in their quality; the Frenchwoman, under good teaching, makes one of the best students and school-mistresses in the world: so quick is she, so clear, with such perfect presence of mind, such a keen and true sense for excellence. Most of the girls at Fontenay are Catholics, and attend Catholic service on Sundays. But I heard them taking with their director, paragraph by paragraph, Bishop Dupanloup's book on school, "L'École," a book in which all sorts of questions of religion in connection with education are raised; and really these girls were led to treat them in the same large and free, but at the same time tolerant, sympathetic, and pious, spirit, in which M. Pécaut treated them himself. A German expert in schools, who has lately been reporting to his government on female education in France, is as much struck with admiration at Fontenay and its inmates as I am.

Now here again we have a success which in England would hardly be possible. A government setting up a training college like Fontenay, with a man like M. Pécaut at the head of it, and with a religious instruction like that given by M. Pécaut, would run the risk of being accused of wishing to start a new religion of its own; and no English government in our day would ever, I suppose, run such a risk as that!

I pass on now to other matters of teaching. Here too I had, of course, our English popular schools constantly in my mind while I was observing the foreign schools, and the comparison thus established was highly instructive. In general I thought the methods of teaching better in the foreign schools than with us, and the results of the teaching better. And they are better because the teachers are better trained.

To take the scientific branches of instruction first. Anybody can construct a pretentious and showy school programme. Such a programme is the habitual instrument of unsound schools and superficial teachers. The limitations of a programme are often a proof of wisdom. In arithmetic and mathematics a hasty observer might at first, perhaps, be disposed to wonder that the common schools abroad, and particularly in Germany, do not go further and faster than they do. But in my opinion they prove the goodness of their methods just by not going too far and too fast, by directing their efforts above all to making sure that the average learner shall master every step of the process which he is following. I take myself to have been barely an average learner in arithmetic and mathematics, and I have the most distinct recollection that in these matters I was taken too far and too fast. Either the rule was propounded to us as a kind of trick, and then we had to bring sums right by following it, whereby we got no real insight into arithmetical principles at all; or else the principle of the rule was explained,

but not sufficiently developed and dwelt upon for the average learner, who was too rapidly hurried forward before he had fully grasped it.

Again, the use of the blackboard and of oral teaching for arithmetic will often in German schools strike an English observer as excessive. It seems as if a German child in his school-time was never to be left to work sums quietly on his slate by himself; but the sum is put on the blackboard and one child after another is called up to bear part in working it, with continual questioning as to his reasons for what he does. This certainly takes time; but the teacher's aim and endeavor is, not to make his pupil bring sums right (as the phrase is) in as many rules as possible, but to train him to understand the principles of arithmetic.

In teaching natural science and physics, the Germans show a like care not to outrun their scholar, to insure his comprehending all that is said and shown to him. I heard a lesson on electricity given to a class of girls in a Berlin school. I should call it an ambitious lesson in one sense; namely, that it went much beyond anything that I have known attempted in a popular school for girls in England. But what I felt, as I listened to it, was how thoroughly the lesson was within the girls' comprehension, and how I myself, if I had been taught in this fashion, could have been interested in electricity, though I have no bent for studies of this kind. The answering of the class proved how the girls were interested by their teacher's treatment of his subject, and how intelligently they followed it.

But the literary branches of the instruction were what interested me most. These are eminently the humanities, these are what train us to all which is human; and I find occurring frequently in my notes on the foreign schools this entry: *the children human.* I can best explain what I meant by saying frankly what is the impression generally made upon me by the literary performances — reading, reciting, foreign languages, literary history and criticism — in popular or common schools. Often I have to praise the performance as good; but I feel almost always bound in conscience to add secretly to myself: good, considering the class from which the children come, considering that they come from the uncultivated class.

In fact, for the production of good reading and reciting, really good reading and reciting, reading and reciting with proper intonation, pronunciation, and expression, it seems requisite generally to have been brought up in a certain atmosphere of refinement, in the company of people whose speech has these characters. Of course, raw people may call their own speech proper if they choose, but the good judges will not go with them, and this is a case which turns on what "the judicious," as Aristotle says, would decide.

For foreign languages, again, some advantage of travel, of mixing with foreigners, is in general necessary, if proficiency is to be attained; and this advantage can seldom fall to the lot of those from whom the common schools are mostly recruited.

For conversance, once more, of any genuine sort with literary history or criticism, to have lived with cultivated people and to have heard their talk and their judgments seems in general necessary. There may be individuals of genius who have such astonishing natural aptitudes for declamation, or languages, or literature, that they seem to be self-made; but in general, good reading and reciting, and proficiency in foreign languages, and conversance with literary history and criticism, are produced as I have said, or, if they are produced in a class of learners otherwise, then we conclude that there must have been very superior teaching.

I repeat, therefore, that when I call the reading, or the declaiming, or the French, or the literature in a common school *good*, I usually mean good when all due allowances have been made, good considering that the children come from an uncultivated class. And I can hardly remember a case where I have not had to make such a secret reservation in praising these matters in English common schools, except now and then when I have found myself in presence of an eminent and charming natural gift for declamation.

But in popular schools on the continent of Europe, I have found whole classes whose reading and reciting might be called good without any such allowance or reservation whatever, called good just as absolutely as we can call reading and reciting of children of the cultivated classes good; reading and reciting with proper intonation, pronunciation, and expression, and which it was a pleasure to listen to. I recall particularly the reading and reciting of Lamartine's poetry by a class of girls in a primary school in Paris, and the reading of Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" by a class of boys in a primary school at Lucerne.

Foreign languages are not in general obligatory matters in popular schools abroad, and it is not judicious, I think, in schools of that kind to make them obligatory. But in the popular schools in Hamburg English is obligatory, owing probably to the commercial intercourse of Hamburg with England; and in the popular schools of German Switzerland French is obligatory, because Switzerland is a bilingual nation. In Hamburg one could praise the performance of an English class, in

Zurich that of a French class, without any mental reservation, just as one might praise the performance of a French class in a good and expensive school for young ladies in England. The performance was not limited to a few pages of vocabulary and exercises, as in an elementary school in England; the class turned English or French fluently into German, and German fluently into English or French; they knew the grammar of their foreign language, and the way to pronounce it.

Finally, in literary history and criticism, I found in the common schools abroad entire classes familiar with the biography of the great authors their countrymen; capable of comparing and discussing their productions, and of indicating the sources whence these productions draw their power to move and delight us. I found classes trained to that which is human — to follow still the formula of Comenius — to this remarkable extent, a thing unexampled, so far as my experience goes, in popular schools at home.

I cannot enable you to hear the reading, or reciting, or the French and English, of these foreign classes, and thus to make a comparison of it with what you have in America. But I can give you two instances to show you, first, what degree of grammatical proficiency in a foreign language I have found in a common school abroad, and next what degree of proficiency in literary history and criticism.

Visiting one day the French class in a school at Zürich, I asked the master what his pupils were doing. He handed to me the book he was using, and went on with his lesson. His subject was the place of the pronominal objects in a French sentence. Many people who think they know French well are not sound on this point, though it is one where no French person will ever make a mistake. In a popular school in England, to deal with such a point at all would be ridiculous. The point is that in an indicative sentence the pronoun of the first or second person, used datively, always precedes the pronoun of the third person used accusatively: *on me le donne.* But if both pronouns are in the third person, the accusative comes first: *on le lui donne.* There are further rules as to the order of the pronouns in imperative sentences, both affirmative and negative. The point is rather a nice one for a foreigner who has not the instinct of custom to guide him; but again and again the Zurich pupils, to my surprise, displayed their firm hold upon the rules in question, and applied them unerringly. This is a matter of detail, but to any one who knows what common schools are, and what modern languages in them are, it will have great significance.

My second instance has a wider range. At Trachenberg, near Dresden, I entered the common school with the inspector, and found the upper class at their reading lesson. The inspector took the book; the children were reading a well-known ballad by Goethe, "Der Sänger," and he began to question them about Goethe's life. They answered as no children in a similar school in England would answer about the life of Milton or of Walter Scott. Then the ballad was read, and the children were asked to compare it with a ballad by Schiller which they had been reading lately, "Der Graf von Habsburg." They were asked what gave to each of these ballads its charm; what the Middle Age was, and whence is the attraction it has for us; what chivalry was, what the career of a minstrel, and so on. They answered in a way in which only children of the cultivated class, children who had had all manner of advantageous influences to mold them, would answer in England; and which led me to write in my note-book the remark which I have already mentioned: the children *human.*

You will judge whether you have in your common schools a like soundness of performance in these matters; whether you really have it, I mean, and are not merely said by patriots and newspapers to have it. I do not think it has much to do with the form of government. One learns, as one grows older, to assign causes with more and more caution. I do not see any necessary connection between government of, by, and for the average man, and an educational superiority such as I have been describing.

No, that superiority is due to a more direct and simple cause. That cause has powerfully affected and benefited popular education in Germany for a long time past, and is now showing its power for good in France also. It has expression well given to it by an article in the constitution of Canton Zurich, which declares that "there shall be an *organische Verbindung*, an organic connection, between all the schools of the Canton, from the lowest to the highest." It is this connection, this vital connection of popular with higher instruction, which produces its superiority.

America has been severely blamed by foreigners,— by foreigners I do not mean Englishmen; I never speak of Englishmen as foreigners to America, nor of Americans as foreigners to England,— but by foreigners America has been severely blamed for contenting herself generally with instituting a good public system of common schools, and leaving intermediate and higher instruction to chance. When one sees colleges such as Harvard, and Yale, and Columbia, one may

be inclined to say that in America higher instruction seems able to take good care of itself. But the question will still remain : What connection does it hold with popular education, what influence does it exercise upon *that?* In England we inherit from the past splendid seats of higher instruction, where some great branches of knowledge are undeniably taught with high success; but our higher instruction has no relations whatever with our popular instruction. In Germany, France, and Switzerland the case is otherwise.

There the Ministry of Public Instruction represents the community, in its collective and corporate character, dealing with education as one whole. Higher schools and universities are for the most part state institutions. With them the minister is most directly concerned. Often he is himself a personage distinguished in the higher instruction; thus Guizot and Cousin have been education ministers in France, Wilhelm von Humboldt in Prussia. At any rate, he is always surrounded by representatives of the higher instruction, and in close communication with them.

The popular school is naturally and properly a municipal thing. The minister's dealings with it will be less direct than with the higher schools. But he has the supervision of it, he has the responsibility for its being kept efficient and complying with the school-law of the country. Above all, he has under his direct care the training colleges, where the teachers of the popular schools are formed.

Now observe what effect this naturally has upon popular education. The minister is, I say, often a man who himself has borne a leading part in the highest and best instruction of the country,—in that which is most opposed to charlatanism, vulgarity, and unsoundness in learning, least apt to be satisfied with the common and average and inferior thing. At all events, he is surrounded by representatives of that higher instruction, he is constantly feeling their influence, he has them at his disposition to be consulted and used at any moment. In all those questions so important to the popular school, questions as to studies, methods, school-books, examinations, he takes their advice. They are his delegates and commissaries in his dealings with the popular schools. In the training colleges a certain proportion only of the teachers may be taken from the popular school; the rest must be representatives of the higher instruction. The minister can also depute special professors to give important parts of the training-college teaching; in France especially this is done. At Fontenay, which I have already mentioned, and at Auteuil, the training college of Paris for school-masters, I found the young men and women thus coming under some of the very best and most stimulative instruction to be had now in all France.

You can understand how this action of superior instruction upon the teachers of the common schools must affect them; how it must tend to raise their work above that "common and average thing" which the school work of institutions fed from the least cultivated classes, and taught by instructors drawn from those classes, would of itself tend to become. You will understand how it produces results upon the training of the scholars of the common school which again and again moved me, as I have told you, to write in my notes : "The children *human*."

In England things are very different. There no branch of education is publicly administered except popular education. The education minister is charged with one branch of national education only, and that the lowest and simplest, as it is thought. When, moreover, the English Government found itself at last compelled to assume the responsibility for popular education, it approached it from the point of view of the politician rather than that of the knower and lover of education. Popular instruction had to be recognized as a public charge; it must necessarily be costly, and the great thing, therefore, was to satisfy the House of Commons and the public mind that the public had value for its money. Hence our system of *payment by results*, as it is called,—a vicious system educationally. But then our education minister does not see education as a whole; he is not surrounded by representatives of the higher instruction, men who look to the effect on education of plans adopted in schools, not to the effect on the House of Commons. A friend of education, who can merely urge interests of education against a plan for schools which is likely to please the House of Commons and the public mind, must feel that he is listened to with polite inattention. "It is all very fine," the minister is saying in his heart, "but my business is not to satisfy educationists; it is to satisfy the newspapers and the House of Commons."

If we could have for education minister in England a man like Sir James Mackintosh or Mr. Hallam, and surround him with the representatives of all the higher instruction of the country, then we should have a minister living in an atmosphere of what one may call *educational opinion*, and induced to give effect to it when the common schools and their studies are concerned. Such a minister we have never had in England, but in Germany and France they have; and the common

schools of those countries have felt the benefit of it in their methods and studies, in the training of their teachers and the humanization of their school-children.

Therefore I say that what is most to be desired for the common school is an *organic connection*, to borrow the phrase of the Zurich Constitution, with higher instruction,—a vivifying relation and contact with it. But for this purpose public instruction must be organized as one whole. We have not yet so organized it in England, and I do not think that in America you have yet done so either, although in your State governments you have the very machinery best suited for the purpose, a machinery which is lacking at present to us in Great Britain no less than in Ireland, where its absence attracts just now universal attention. Intermediate and higher instruction would themselves, in my opinion, be great gainers by such an organization. But the great gainer of all would be popular education. I can conceive no worthier ambition than that of training all who are born in a country like this of yours to all which is human. But it will not be done unless we can impart to popular instruction the contempt for charlatanism and vulgarity, the sound standard of excellence, by which all serious higher instruction is characterized. Bring, therefore, popular instruction in America into organic connection with higher instruction. Universities and higher schools would do a gracious, a patriotic, and a wise thing by advocating this; and let me say that such advocacy could come from no university with more grace and more force than from the university of Franklin.

Matthew Arnold.

A MADRIGAL.

SWEETHEART, the year is young,
And 'neath the heavens blue
The fresh wild-flowers have hung
Their cups to catch the dew.
And love like a bird carols one soft word,
Sweetheart, to the sapphire skies;
And floating aloft comes an echo soft
"Sweetheart"— your eyes!

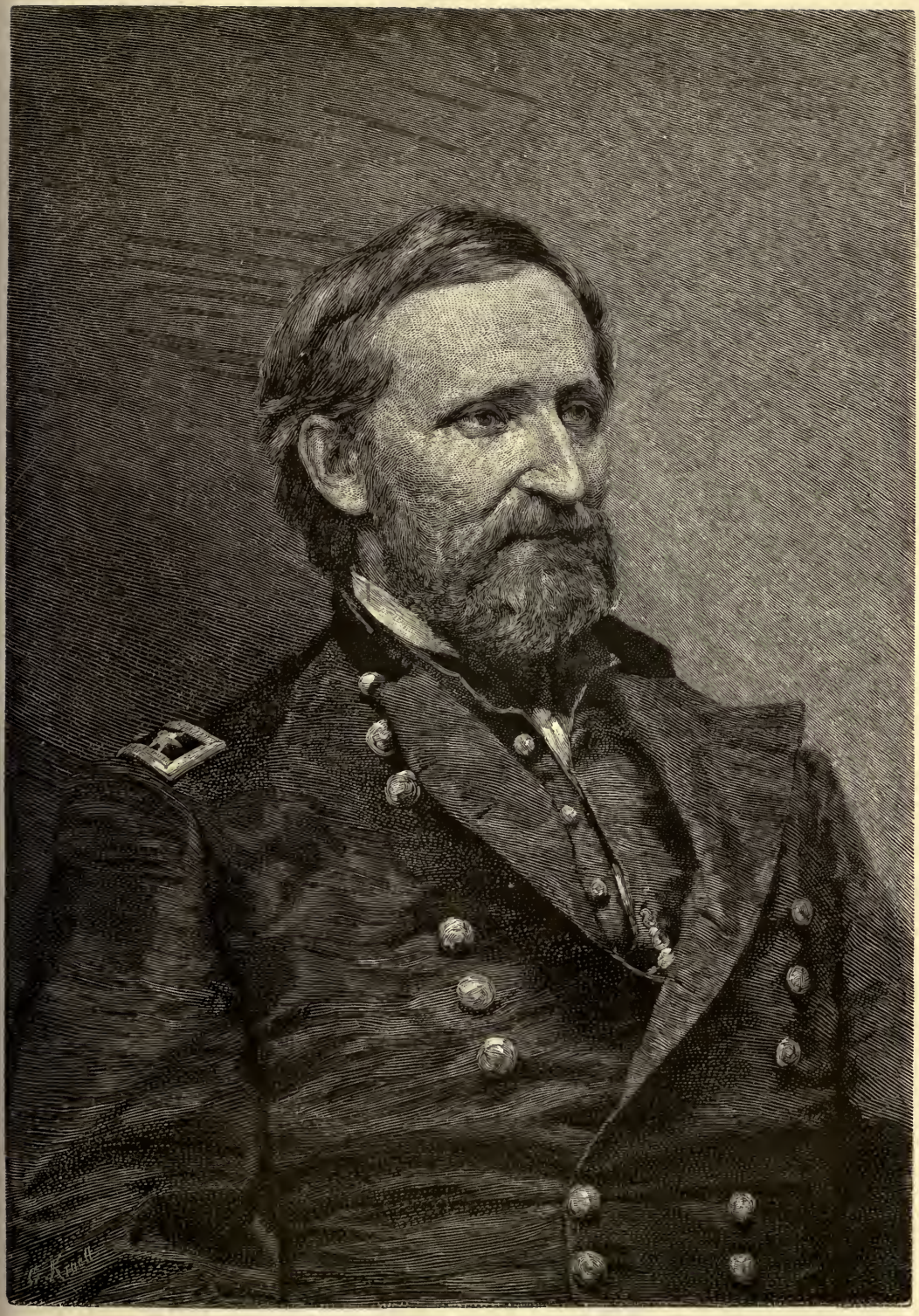
Sweetheart, the year is sweet
With fragrance of the rose
That bends before your feet
As to the gale that blows.
And love like a bird quavers one low word,
Sweetheart, to the garden place;
And across the glow comes an echo low
"Sweetheart"—your face!

Sweetheart, the year grows old;
Upon the meadows brown
And forests, waving gold,
The stars look, trembling, down.
And love like a bird whispers one pure word,
Sweetheart, to the cooling air;
And the breezes sure waft an echo pure
"Sweetheart"—your hair!

Sweetheart, the year wanes fast;
The summer birds have flown
From winter's spiteful blast
Unto a sun-bound zone.
And love like a bird warbles one clear word,
Sweetheart, to the balmy south;
And back to my ear comes an echo clear
"Sweetheart"—your mouth!

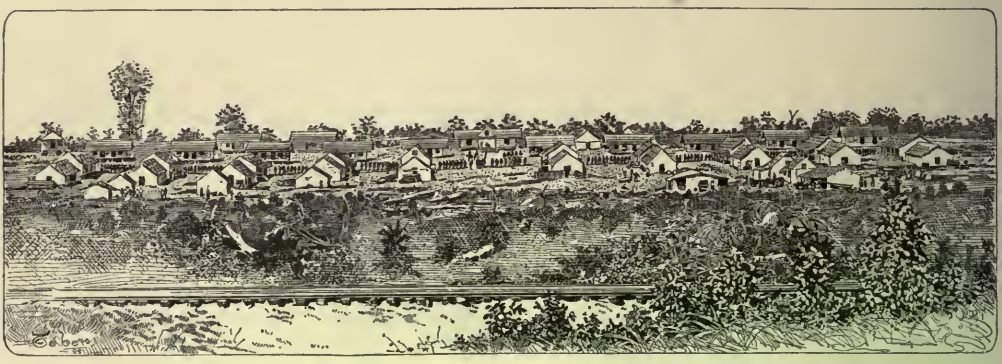
Sweetheart, the year is gone;
Lean closer to my heart!
Time only weighs upon
The loves that dwell apart.
And love like a bird with his whole soul stirred,
Sweetheart, shall carol his glee;
And to you I'll cling while the echoes ring
"Sweetheart"— for me!

Frank Dempster Sherman.



MAJOR-GENERAL W. S. ROSECRANS. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH BY BOGARDUS.)

CORINTH.



CAMP OF THE FIFTY-SEVENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY AT CORINTH.

THE battle of Corinth, Miss., which is often confounded in public memory with our advance under Halleck, from Pittsburg Landing in April and May, 1862, was fought on the 3d and 4th of October, of that year, between the combined forces of Major-Generals Earl Van Dorn and Sterling Price of the Confederacy, and the Union divisions of Brigadier-Generals David S. Stanley, Charles S. Hamilton, Thomas A. Davies, and Thomas J. McKean, under myself as commander of the Third Division of the District of West Tennessee.

In the early days of the summer, McClellan's campaign on the peninsula of the James ended in failure, and was followed by the aggressive movements of Lee, his victory of the Second Bull Run, the invasion of Maryland, and his defeat at Antietam.

While McClellan was advancing on Richmond, General Halleck, moving by steady steps upon Bragg and Beauregard, intrenched at Corinth, Mississippi, saw the latter place evacuated the last of May. Soon after, learning that Bragg with a large portion of his forces, had gone north-easterly through Alabama, intending from Chattanooga to pass northward, through the mountainous regions of Tennessee and Kentucky, and plant the Confederate flag on the banks of the Ohio, General Halleck ordered General D. C. Buell with the "Army of the Ohio" (a part of which was afterwards designated "of the Cumberland") to Middle Tennessee to counteract this movement. Halleck shortly after was called to Washington to discharge the duties of General-in-chief. He left the District of West Tennessee and the territory held in Northern Mississippi under the command of General Grant. In August, by Halleck's orders, General Grant sent Palmer's and Jeff. C. Davis's divisions across the Tennessee to join Buell, who was moving northerly through Middle Tennessee, to meet Bragg, then rapidly entering Kentucky. These divisions arrived in time to garrison Nashville while Buell followed Bragg into Kentucky.

Many readers of this will remember the almost breathless anxiety with which, in the early days of September, the friends of the Union, after the disaster of the "Second Bull Run," watched the advance of Lee into Maryland, of Bragg into Kentucky, and the hurrying of the Army of the Potomac northward from Washington, to get between Lee and Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia. Who remembers not the fearful suspense lest McClellan should not be in time to head off Lee; lest Buell should not arrive in time to prevent Bragg from taking Louisville or assaulting Cincinnati? To swell the mighty flood of anxieties which filled the popular heart, the Union forces in West Tennessee and Northern Mississippi were suddenly startled by the movements of General Sterling Price, who, with fifteen thousand to twenty thousand men, during July and August, had been on the Mobile and Ohio railway near Guntown and Baldwyn, Miss.

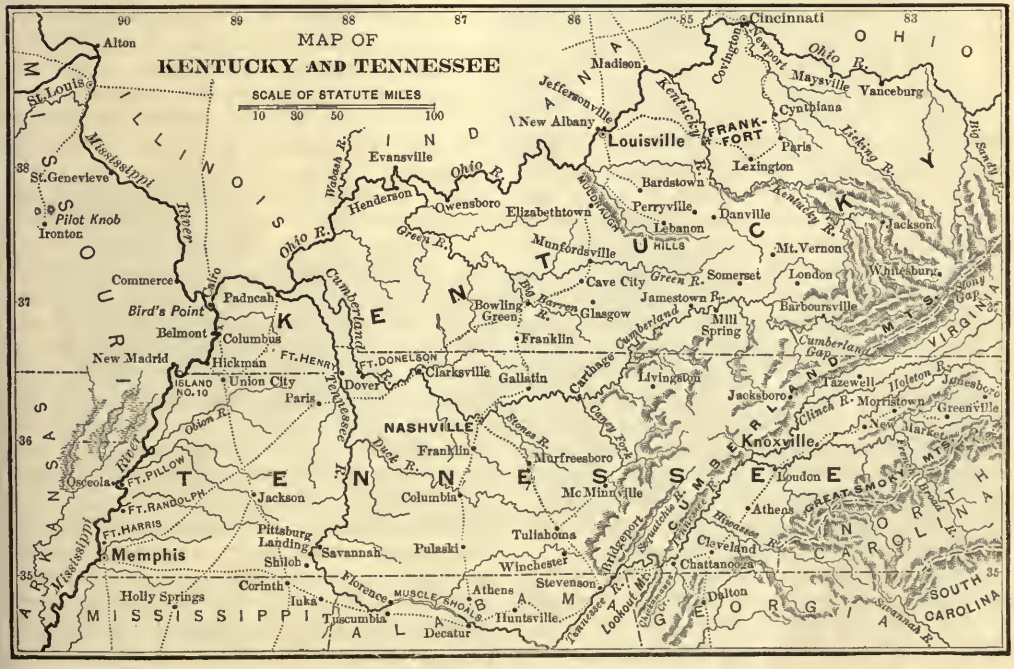
Under the idea that I was to reënforce Buell, General Price moved up to Iuka about the 12th of September, intending to follow me; and as he reported, "Finding that General Rosecrans had not crossed the Tennessee River, concluded to withdraw from Iuka toward my old encampment." His "withdrawal" was after the hot battle of Iuka on the 19th of September, two days after the battle of Antietam which caused Lee's "withdrawal" from Maryland.

During the month of August General Price

had been conferring with General Van Dorn, commanding all the Confederate troops in Mississippi except Price's, to form a combined movement to expel the Union forces from Northern Mississippi and Western Tennessee, and to plant their flags on the banks of the Lower Ohio, while Bragg was to do the like on that river in Kentucky. General Earl Van Dorn, an able and enterprising commander, after disposing his forces to hold the Mississippi from Grand Gulf up toward Memphis, late in September, with Lovell's division, a little over 8,000 men, came up to Ripley, Mississippi, where, on the 28th of September, he was joined by General Price, with Hébert's and Maury's divisions, numbering 13,863 effective infantry, artillery, and cavalry.

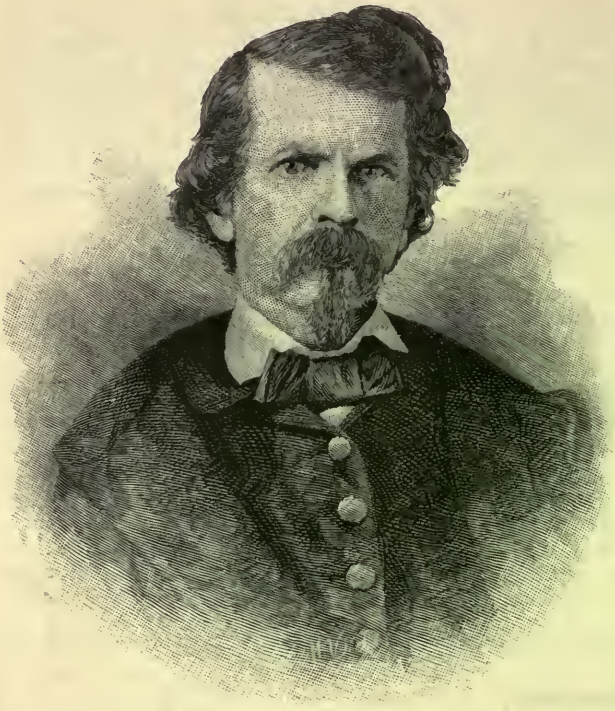
This concentration, following the precipitate "withdrawal" of Price from Iuka, portended mischief to the Union forces in West Tennessee, numbering some forty to fifty thousand effectives, scattered over the district, occupying the vicinity of the Memphis and Charleston railway from Iuka to Memphis, a stretch of about a hundred and fifteen miles, and interior positions on the Ohio and Mississippi from Paducah to Columbus, and at Jackson, Bethel, and other places on the Mississippi Central, and Mobile and Ohio railways.

The military features of West Tennessee and Northern Mississippi will be readily comprehended by the reader who will examine a map of that region and notice: (1) That the Memphis and Charleston railway runs not far from the dividing line between the States, with a southerly bend from Memphis eastward toward Corinth, whence it extends eastwardly through Iuka, crosses Bear River and follows the Tuscumbia Valley on the south side of that east and west reach of the Tennessee, to Decatur. Thence the road crosses to the north side of this river and unites with the Nashville and Chattanooga road at Stevenson *en route* for Chattanooga. (2) That the Mobile and Ohio railway, from Columbus on the Mississippi, runs considerably east of south, passes through Jackson, Bethel, Corinth, Tupelo, Baldwyn, and thence to Mobile. (3) That the Mississippi Central, leaving the Mobile and Ohio at Jackson, runs nearly south, passing by Bolivar, Grand Junction, Holly Springs, Grenada, etc., to Jackson, Mississippi. Now all this region of West Tennessee and the adjoining counties of Mississippi, although here and there dotted with clearings, farms, settlements, and little villages, is heavily wooded. Its surface consists of low, rolling oak ridges of diluvial clays with intervening crooked drainages traversing narrow bushy and sometimes swampy bottoms. The streams are sluggish and not easily fordable, on account of their miry beds and steep, muddy clay banks. Water in dry seasons is never abundant, and in many places only reached by bore-wells of one hundred to three hundred feet in depth, whence it is hoisted by rope and pulley carrying water-buckets of



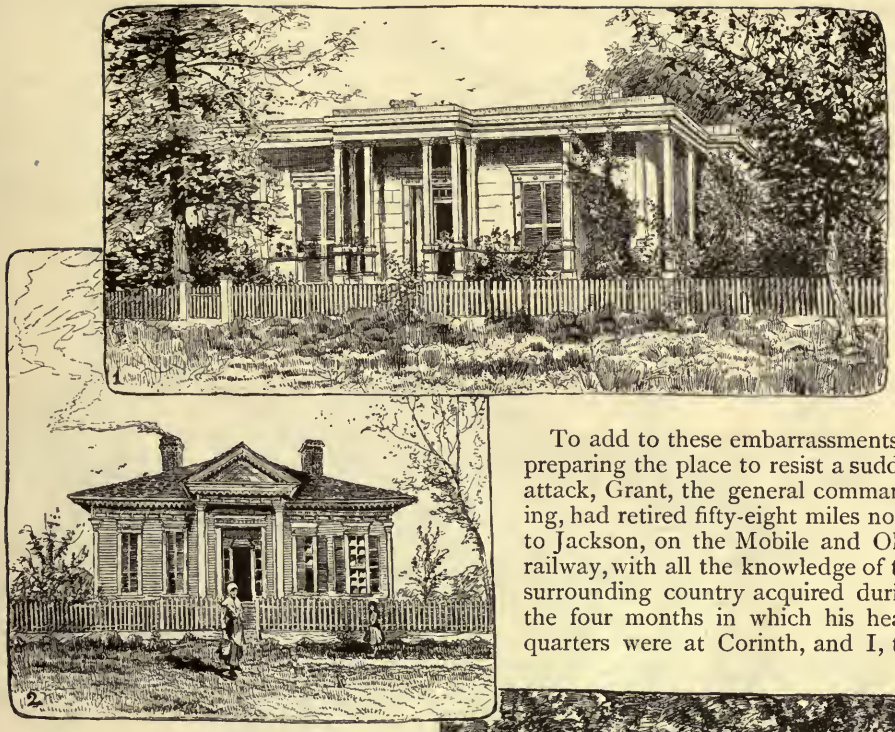
galvanized iron pipes from four to six inches in diameter, and four to five feet long, with valves at the lower end. These matters are of controlling importance in moving and handling troops in that region. Men and animals need hard ground to move on, and must have drinking-water.

The strategic importance of Corinth, ninety-three miles east of Memphis, where the Mobile and Ohio crosses the Memphis and Charleston, results from its control of movements either way over these railways, and the fact that it is not far from Hamburg, Eastport, and Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee River, to which good freight steamers can ascend at the lowest stages of water. Corinth is mainly on low, flat ground, along the Mobile and Ohio railway, and flanked by low, rolling ridges, covered, except the cleared patches, with oaks and undergrowth for miles in all directions. With few and rare clearings, outside of those made by the Confederate troops in obtaining fuel during their wintering in 1861–2, the country around Corinth, in all directions, was densely wooded.



MAJOR-GENERAL EARL VAN DORN, C. S. A. (PHOTOGRAPH BY EARLE & SON.)

While General Halleck was advancing on Corinth, the Confederates had extended a line of defensive light works from the Memphis and Charleston road on the west, about two and a half miles from the town, all the way round by the north and east to the same railway east. When the Union forces took possession General Halleck ordered a defensive line to be constructed about a mile and a half from the town, extending from the Memphis and Charleston railway on the west around southerly to cover the Union front in that direction. After the departure of General Buell's command toward Chattanooga this work was continued, although we had no forces adequately to man it, and it was too far away to afford protection to our stores at Corinth. During August I used to go over from Camp Clear Creek to General Grant's headquarters, and after the usual greetings would ask: "How are you getting along with the line?" He would say: "Well, pretty slowly, but they are doing good work." I said to him: "General, the line isn't worth much to us, because it is too long. We cannot occupy it." He answered, "What would you do?" I said, "I would have made the depots outside of the town north of the Memphis and Charleston road between the town and the brick church, and inclosed them by field works, running tracks in. Now, as the depot houses are at the cross-roads, the best thing we can do is to run a line of light works round in the neighborhood of the college up on the knoll." So, one day, after dining with General Grant, he proposed that we go up together and take Colonel Prime with us, and he gave orders to commence a line of breastworks that would include the college grounds. This was before the battle of Iuka. After Iuka I was ordered to command the district, and General Grant moved his headquarters to Jackson. Pursuant to this order, on the 26th of September, I repaired to Corinth, where I found the only defensive works available, consisted of the open batteries Robinett, Williams, Phillips, Tannrath, and Lothrop, established by Colonel Prime on the college hill line. I immediately ordered them to be connected by breastworks, and the front to the west and north to be covered by such an *abattis* as the remaining timber on the ground could furnish. I employed colored engineer troops organized into squads of twenty-five each, headed by a man detailed from the line or quartermaster's department, and commanded by Captain Gaw, a competent engineer. I also ordered

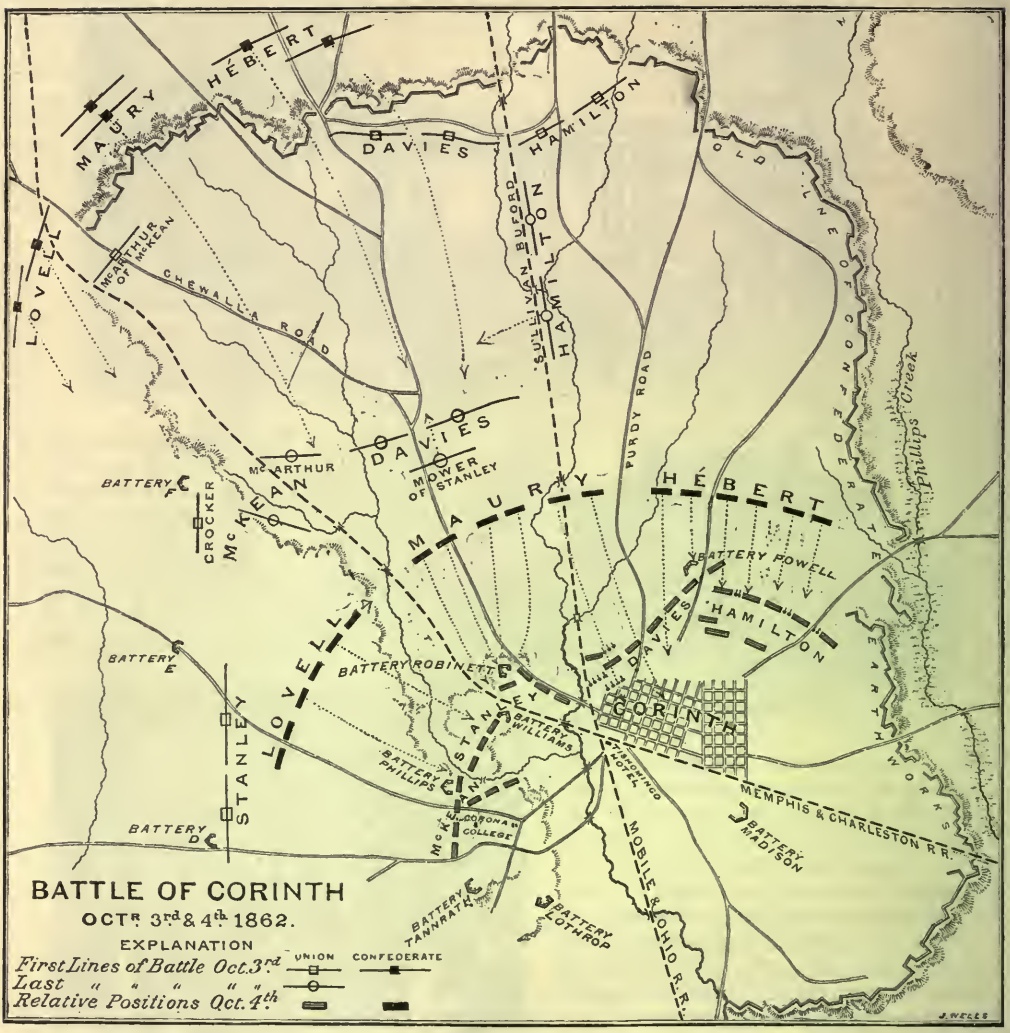


To add to these embarrassments in preparing the place to resist a sudden attack, Grant, the general commanding, had retired fifty-eight miles north to Jackson, on the Mobile and Ohio railway, with all the knowledge of the surrounding country acquired during the four months in which his headquarters were at Corinth, and I, the

an extension of the line of redoubts to cover the north front of the town, one of which, Battery Powell, was nearly completed before the stirring events of the attack. No rifle-pits were constructed between Powell and the central part covering the north-west front of the town which was perfectly open north-east and south-east, with nothing but the distant old Confederate works between it and the country.

CORINTH DWELLINGS.

1. Bragg's Headquarters, afterwards Halleck's, later Hood's.— 2. Beauregard's Headquarters — 3. Grant's Headquarters.— 4. Rosecrans's Headquarters.— 5. Where Albert Sidney Johnston's body lay in state after the battle of Shiloh.



new commander, could not find even the vestige of a map of the surrounding country to guide me in these defensive preparations.

During the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of September, the breastworks were completed joining the lunettes from College Hill on the left. A thin *abattis* made from the scattering trees, which had been left standing along the west and north fronts, covered the line between Robinett and the Mobile and Ohio; thence to Battery Powell the line was mostly open and without rifle-pits.

To meet emergencies Hamilton's and Stanley's divisions, which had been watching to the south and south-west from near Jacinto to Rienzi, were closed in toward Corinth to within short call.

On the 28th I telegraphed General Grant at Columbus, Kentucky, confirmation of my report of Price's movement to Ripley, and that I should move Stanley's division to Rienzi, and thence to Kossuth, unless he had other views. Two days later I again telegraphed General Grant that there were no signs of the enemy at Hatchie Crossing, and that my reason for proposing to put Stanley at or near Kossuth was that he would cover nearly all the Hatchie crossing, as far as Pocahontas, except against heavy forces, and that Hamilton would then move at least one brigade from Rienzi. I asked that a sharp lookout be kept in the direction of Bolivar. October 1st, I telegraphed General Grant we were satisfied there was no enemy for three miles beyond Hatchie; also that prisoners reported Breckinridge had gone to Kentucky with three Kentucky regiments, leaving his division under the command

of General Rust. The combined forces under Van Dorn and Price were reported to be encamped on the Pocahontas road, and to number forty thousand. [In fact about 22,000.]

Amid the numberless rumors and uncertainties besetting me at Corinth during the five days between the 26th, when I assumed command, and the 1st of October, how gratifying would have been knowledge of the following facts, taken from General Van Dorn's report, dated Holly Springs, October 20, 1862:

"Surveying the whole field of operations before me, . . . the conclusion forced itself irresistibly upon my mind that the taking of Corinth was a condition precedent to the accomplishment of anything of importance in West Tennessee. To take Memphis would be to destroy an immense amount of property without any adequate military advantage, even admitting that it could be held without heavy guns against the enemy's gun and mortar boats. The line of fortifications around Bolivar is intersected by the Hatchie River, rendering it impossible to take the place by quick assault. . . . It was clear to my mind that if a successful attack could be made upon Corinth from the west and north-west, the forces there driven back on the Tennessee and cut off, Bolivar and Jackson would easily fall, and then, upon the arrival of the exchanged prisoners of war, West Tennessee would soon be in our possession, and communications with General Bragg effected through Middle Tennessee. . . .

"I determined to attempt Corinth. I had a reasonable hope of success. Field returns at Ripley showed my strength to be about twenty-two thousand men. Rosecrans at Corinth had about fifteen thousand, with about eight thousand additional men at outposts, from twelve to fifteen miles distant. I might surprise him and carry the place before these troops could be brought in. . . . It was necessary that this blow should be sudden and decisive. . . .

"The troops were in fine spirits, and the whole army of West Tennessee seemed eager to emulate the armies of the Potomac and of Kentucky. No army ever marched to battle with prouder steps, more hopeful countenances, or with more courage than marched the Army of West Tennessee out of Ripley, on the morning of September 29, on its way to Corinth."

But of all this I knew nothing. With only McKean's and Davies's divisions, not ten thousand men, at Corinth on the 26th of September, by the 1st of October I had gradually drawn in pretty closely Stanley's and Hamilton's divisions. They had been kept watching to the south and south-west of Corinth.

DEPOT AND TISHOMINGO HOTEL. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

Our forces when concentrated would make about sixteen thousand effective infantry and artillery for defense, with twenty-five hundred cavalry for outposts and reconnoitering.

On October 2d, while Van Dorn was at Pocahontas, General Hurlbut telegraphed the information, from an intelligent Union man of Grand Junction, that "Price, Van Dorn, and Villepigue were at Pocahontas, and the talk was that they would attack Bolivar." Evidence thick and fast arriving, showed that the enemy was moving, but whether on Corinth, Bolivar, or passing between they would strike and capture Jackson, was not yet clear to any of us. I knew that the enemy intended a strong movement, and I thought they must have the impression that our defensive works at Corinth would be pretty formidable. I doubted if they would venture to bring their force against our command behind defensive

MAJOR-GENERAL STERLING PRICE, C. S. A. (FR M A PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)

works. I therefore said, The enemy may threaten us, and strike across our line entirely, get on the road between us and Jackson and advance upon that place, the capture of which would compel us to get out of our lines; or he may come in by the road from Tupelo so as to interpose his force between us and Danville. But all the time I inclined to the belief that it would not be for his interest to do that. I thought that perhaps he would cross the Memphis and Charleston road and, going over to the Mobile and Ohio road, force us to move out and fight him in the open country.

October 2d, I sent out a cavalry detachment to reconnoiter in the direction of Pocahontas. They found the enemy's infantry coming close in, and that night some of our detachment were surprised. Some of their horses were captured, and a few of the men. The escaped reported to me that the enemy was there in force. This was still consistent with the theory that the enemy wished to cross the Memphis and Charleston road, go north of us, strike the Mobile and Ohio road and manœuvre us out of our position.

To be prepared for whatever they might do I sent Oliver's brigade of McKean's division out to Chewalla, ten miles north-west. On the morning of the 3d the enemy's advance came to Chewalla and Oliver's brigade fell back fighting. I sent out orders to the brigade commander to make a stiff resistance, and, to see what effect it would have, still thinking that the attack was likely to be a mask for

their movement for the north, I ordered Stanley to move in close toward town near the center line of works called the "Halleck line" and to wait for further developments.

An order dated 1:30 A. M. October 3d, had set all the troops in motion. The impression that the enemy *might* find it better to strike a weaker point on our line and compel us to get out of our works to fight him, or if he should attempt Corinth that he would do it if possible by the north and east, where the immediate vicinage was open and the place without defenses of any kind, governed these preliminary dispositions of my troops. The controlling idea was to prevent surprise, to test by adequate resistance any attacking force, and finding it formidable, to receive it behind that inner line which had been preparing from College Hill round by Robinett.

To meet all probable contingencies, nine o'clock on the morning of the 3d found my troops disposed as follows: Hamilton's division, about three thousand seven hundred strong, on the Purdy Road north of the town, to meet any attempt from the north; Davies's division, three thousand two hundred and four strong, between the Memphis and Charleston and Mobile and Ohio railways, north-west of the town; McKean's division, five thousand three hundred and fifteen strong, to the left of Davies's and in rear of the old Halleck line of batteries; and Stanley's division, three thousand five hundred strong, mainly in reserve on the extreme left, looking toward the Kossuth road.

Thus in front of those wooded western approaches, the Union troops on the morning of October 3d waited for what might happen, wholly ignorant of what Van Dorn was doing at Chewalla, ten miles away through thick forests. Of this General Van Dorn says:

> "At daybreak on the 3d, the march was resumed . . . Lovell's division, in front, kept the road on the south side of the Memphis and Charleston railroad. Price, after marching on the same road about five miles, turned to the left, crossing the railroad, and formed line of battle in front of the outer line of intrenchments and about three miles from Corinth."

These were the old Confederate works, which I had no idea of using except as a cover for a heavy skirmish line, to compel the enemy to develop his force, and to show whether he was making a demonstration to cover a movement of his force round to the north of Corinth. This work was well and gallantly accomplished by Davies's division during the morning, aided by McArthur with his brigade, and by Crocker, who moved up toward what the Confederate commander. deemed the main stand of the Union forces for the defense of Corinth, and upon which they moved, with three brigades of Lovell's division,—Villepigue's, Bowen's, and Rust's,—in line with reserves in rear of each; Jackson's cavalry on the right *en échelon*, the left flank on the Charleston railroad. Price's corps of two divisions was on the left of Lovell.

Thus the Confederate general proceeded, until "at ten o'clock the Union skirmishers were driven into these old intrenchments," and a part of the opposing forces were in line of battle confronting each other. There was a belt of fallen timber about four hundred yards wide between them, which must be crossed by the Confederate forces before they could drive this stubborn testing force of Davies's, sent by me to compel the enemy to show his hand. Van Dorn describes the movement: "The attack was commenced on the right by Lovell's division and gradually extended to the left, and by 1:30 P. M. the whole line of outer works was carried, several pieces [two] of artillery being taken."

CORONA COLLEGE, CORINTH.

Finding the resistance made by Oliver's little command on the Chewalla road early in the morning, was not stiff enough to demonstrate the enemy's object, I had ordered McArthur's brigade from McKean's division to go to Oliver's assistance. It was done with a will. McArthur's Scotch blood got up, and the enemy being in fighting force, he fought him with the stubborn ferocity of an action on the main line of battle, instead of the resistance of a developing force.

The same remark applies to the fighting of Davies's division, and as they were pushed and called for reënforcements, orders were sent to fall back slowly and stubbornly. The

PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE, CORINTH. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

Confederates, elated at securing these old outworks, pushed in toward our main line, in front of which the fighting in the afternoon was so hot that McKean was ordered to send further help over to the fighting troops, and Stanley to send "a brigade through the woods by the shortest cut" to help Davies, whose division covered itself with glory, having Brigadier-General Hackleman killed, Brigadier-General Oglesby desperately wounded, with nearly twenty-five per cent. of its strength put out of the fight. Watching with intense interest every event of the movement which would throw light on the enemy's intentions, soon after mid-day I decided that it was a main attack of the enemy. Hamilton's division had been sent up the railroad as far as the old Confederate works in the morning, and formed the right of our line. At one o'clock his division was still there, watching against attack from the north. When the enemy prepared to make the attack on our first real line of battle, word was sent up to Hamilton to advise us if any Confederate force had gotten through, on the Mobile and Ohio road. At three o'clock when the fighting began and became very heavy, Stanley was ordered to move up from his position and succor McKean's and Davies's divisions, that had been doing heavy fighting. When the enemy had displaced those two divisions, Colonel Ducat, acting chief of staff, was sent with an order to General Hamilton to file by fours to the left, and march down until the head of his column was opposite the right of Davies's. He was ordered then to face his brigades to the west-south-west, and to move down in a south-westerly direction. The enemy's left did not much overpass our right, and but few of his troops were on the line of the old Confederate works. Hamilton's movement, the brigades advancing in échelon, would enable the right of Buford's brigade, which far out-lapped the enemy's left, to pass toward the enemy's rear with little or no opposition, while the other brigade could press back the enemy's left, and by its simple advance would drive them in, and attack their rear.

Hamilton told Colonel Ducat that he wanted a more positive and definite order before he made the attack. Ducat explained the condition of the battle and urged an immediate movement, but was obliged to return to me for an order fitted to the situation. While Ducat was returning he was fired on by the enemy's skirmishers who had reached open ground over the railway between Hamilton and Corinth. Two orderlies sent on the same errand afterwards were killed on the way. I sent Colonel Ducat back with further explanations of the most explicit kind, and a little sketch to show what was to be done. Upon the receipt of these Hamilton put his division in motion, and by sunset had reached a point opposite the enemy's left, and after moving down a short distance Sullivan's brigade facing to the west, crossed the narrow flats flanking the railway, and went over into the thickets, where they had a fierce fight with the enemy's left and created great commotion. Buford's brigade had started in too far to the west and

had to rectify its position; so that the only effect produced by Hamilton's division was to bring a terrific scare on the enemy and a sharp fight with one brigade. Had the movement been executed promptly after three o'clock, we should have crushed the enemy's right and rear. Hamilton's excuse that he could not understand the order shows that even in the rush of battle it may be necessary to put orders in writing, or to have subordinate commanders who instinctively know or are anxious to seek the key of the battle and hasten to its roar.

At nightfall of the 3d it was evident that, unless the enemy should withdraw, he was where I wished him to be—between the two railroad lines and to the south of them—for the inevitable contest of the morrow. Van Dorn says:

"I had been in hopes that one day's operations would end the contest and decide who should be the victors on this bloody field. But a ten miles' march over a parched country on dusty roads without water, getting into line of battle in forests with undergrowth, and the more than equal activity and determined courage displayed by the enemy, commanded by one of the ablest generals of the United States army, who threw all possible obstacles in our way that an active mind could suggest, prolonged the battle until I saw with regret the sun sink behind the horizon as the last shot of our sharp-shooters followed the retreating foe into their innermost lines. One hour more of daylight and victory would have soothed our grief for the loss of the gallant dead who sleep on that lost but not dishonored field. The army slept on its arms within six hundred yards of Corinth, victorious so far."

Alas, how uncertain are our best conclusions! General Van Dorn, in his subsequent report as above, bewails the lack of one hour of daylight at the close of October 3, 1862. I bewailed that lack of daylight, which would have brought Hamilton's fresh and gallant division on the Confederate left and rear. That hour of daylight was not to be had; and while the regretful Confederate general lay down in his bivouac, I assembled my four division commanders, McKean, Davies, Stanley, and Hamilton, at my headquarters and arranged the dispositions for the fight of the next day. McKean's division was to hold the left, the chief point being College Hill, keeping his troops well under cover. Stanley was to support the line near the middle of which was Battery Robinett, a little three-gun redan with a ditch five feet deep. Davies was to extend from Stanley's right north-easterly across the flat to Battery Powell, a similar redan on the ridge east of the Purdy road. Hamilton was to be on Davies's right with a brigade, and the rest in reserve on the common east of the low ridge and out of sight from the west. As the troops had been on the move since the night of October 2d, and fighting all day the third, which was so excessively hot that we were obliged to send water around in wagons, it became my duty to visit their lines and see that the weary troops were surely in position. This I did and returned to my tent at three o'clock in the

FILLMORE STREET, CORINTH.

CONFEDERATE ASSAULT ON BATTERY ROBINETT.

Captain George A. Williams, who commanded the siege artillery, says in his report:

"About 9.30 or 10 A. M. the enemy were observed in the woods north of the town forming in line, and they soon made their appearance, charging toward the town. As soon as our troops were out of the line of fire of my battery, we opened upon them with two 30-pounder Parrott guns and one 8-inch howitzer, which enfiladed their line (aided by Maurice's battery and one gun on the right of Battery Robinett, which bore on that part of the town), and continued our fire until the enemy were repulsed and had regained the woods.

"During the time the enemy were being repulsed from the town, my attention was drawn to the left side of the battery by the firing from Battery Robinett, where I saw a column advancing to storm it. After advancing a short distance they were repulsed, but immediately re-formed, and, storming the work, gained the ditch, but were repulsed. During this charge, eight of the enemy, having placed a handkerchief on a bayonet and calling to the men in the battery not to shoot them, surrendered and were allowed to come into the fort.

"They then re-formed, and, re-storming, carried the ditch and the outside of the work, the supports having fallen a short distance to the rear in slight disorder. The men of the First U. S. Infantry, after having been driven from their guns (they manned the siege guns), resorted to their muskets, and were firing from the inside of the embrasures at the enemy on the outside, a distance of about ten feet intervening; but the rebels having gained the top of the work, our men fell back into the angle of the fort, as they had been directed to do, in such an emergency. Two shells were thrown from Battery Williams into Battery Robinett, one bursting on the top of it and the other near the right edge. In the mean while the Eleventh Missouri Volunteers (in reserve) changed front, and, aided by the Forty-third and Sixty-third Ohio Volunteers, with the Twenty-seventh Ohio Volunteers on their right, gallantly stormed up to the right and left of the battery, driving the enemy before them."

morning after having seen everything accomplished and the new line in order. It was about a mile in extent and close to the edge of the north side of the town. By the time I laid down it was four o'clock. At half-past four the enemy opened with a six-gun battery. I had no time for breakfast. The troops got very little. They had not been allowed to build fires during the night, and were too tired to intrench.

The morning opened clear and grew to be hot; it must have been 94 degrees in the shade. Our people soon replied to the enemy's battery, which then quit firing. I visited the lines and gave orders to our skirmishers to fall back the moment it was seen that the enemy was developing a line of battle. About eight o'clock his left crossed the Mobile and Ohio railroad and got into position behind a spur of table land to reach which they had moved by the flank for about half a mile. When they began to advance in line of battle they were not over three hundred yards distant.

I told McKean on the left to be very watchful of his front lest the enemy should get in on his left, and directed General Stanley to hold the reserve of his command ready to help either north of the town or aid McKean if required. I visited Battery Robinett and directed the chief of artillery, Colonel Lothrop, to see to the reserve artillery, some batteries of which were parked in the

public square of the town. I then visited the line of Davies's division in nearly open ground, with a few logs, here and there, for breast-works, while on his extreme right Sweeny's brigade had no cover save a slight ridge, on the south-west slope of which, near the crest, the men were lying down. Riding along this line, I observed the Confederate forces emerging from the woods west of the railroad and crossing the open ground toward the Purdy road. Our troops lying on the ground could see the flags of the enemy and the glint of the sunlight on their bayonets. It was about nine o'clock in the morning. The air was still and hot. The sun shone fiercely down. General Van Dorn says in substance:

The Confederate preparations for the morning were that Hébert on the left should mask part of his division, Cabell's brigade *en échelon* on the left, it having been detached from Maury's division for that purpose; Armstrong's cavalry brigade to be across the Mobile and Ohio road, and if possible to get some of his artillery in position across the road, swing his left flank, and follow down the Purdy Ridge. On the right Lovell, with two brigades in line of battle and one in reserve, with Jackson's cavalry to the right, was ordered to await the attack on his left, feeling his way with sharp-shooters until Hébert was heavily engaged with the enemy. Maury was to move at the same time quickly to the front directly at Corinth; Jackson to burn the railroad bridge over the Tuscumbia during the night.

General Van Dorn's attack on the left was to have been earlier, but for the accident of Hébert's sickness, which prevented. The Confederates, from behind a spur of the Purdy Ridge, advanced splendidly to the attack. The unfavorable line occupied by Davies's division made the resistance on that front inadequate. The troops gave way; the enemy pursued; but the firing from the batteries on the Union side crossing from our right soon thinned their ranks. Their front line was broken, and the heads of their columns melted away. Some of the enemy's scattered line made their way into the edge of the town; a few got into the reserve artillery, which led to the impression that they had captured forty pieces of artillery; but they were soon driven out by Stanley's reserve, and fled, taking nothing away. By one o'clock the enemy had returned across the railway into the edge of woods whence they had come.

While going to order Hamilton's division into action on the enemy's left, I saw the L-shaped porch of a large cottage packed full of Confederates. I ordered Lieutenant Immell, whom Loomis had sent with two field-pieces, to give them grape and canister. After one round, only the dead and dying were left on the porch. On reaching Hamilton's division I ordered him to send Sullivan's brigade forward. It moved in line of battle in open ground a little to the left of Battery Powell. Before its splendid advance the scattered enemy, which had withdrawn, was endeavoring to form a line of battle, but on the appearance of these new troops gave way and went back into the woods, from which they never again advanced.

MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON RAILROAD, LOOKING TOWARDS CORINTH.— REMAINS OF FORT WILLIAMS ON THE RIGHT. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

GRAVE OF COLONEL WILLIAM P. ROGERS, LOOKING TOWARDS CORINTH FROM THE EMBANKMENT OF FORT ROBINETT.

Meanwhile there had been terrific fighting at Battery Robinett. The roar of artillery and musketry for two or three hours was incessant. Clouds of smoke filled the air and obscured the sun. I witnessed the first charge of the enemy there before I went over to Hamilton. The first repulse I did not see because the contestants were clouded in smoke. It was an assault in column. There were three or four assaulting columns of regiments, probably a hundred yards apart. The enemy's left hand column had tried to make its way down into the low ground to the right of Robinett, but did not make much progress. The other two assaulting columns fared better because they were on the ridge where the fallen timber was scarcer. I ordered the Twenty-seventh Ohio and Eleventh Missouri to kneel in rear of the right of Robinett, so as to get out of range of the enemy's fire, and the moment he had exhausted himself to charge with the bayonet. The third assault was made just as I was seeing Sullivan into the fight. I saw them come upon the ridge and Battery Robinett belching its fire at them. After the charge had failed I saw the Twenty-seventh Ohio

FORT WILLIAMS.— (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH; LOOKING NORTH-WEST FROM THE DEPOT.) — FORT ROBINETT.

and the Eleventh Missouri chasing them with bayonets.

The head of the enemy's main column reached within a few feet of Battery Robinett, and Colonel Rogers, who was leading it, colors in hand, dismounted, planted a flagstaff on the bank of the ditch, and fell there, shot by one of our drummer-boys, who, with a pistol, was helping to defend Robinett. I was told he was the fifth standard-bearer who had fallen in that last desperate charge. It was about as good fighting on the part of the Confederates as I ever saw. The columns were plowed through and through by our shot, but steadily closed up and moved solidly till forced back.

Just after this last assault, for the first time I heard the word "ranch." Passing over the field on our left, among the dead and dying, I saw leaning against the root of a tree a wounded lieutenant of an Arkansas regiment who had been shot through the foot. I offered him some water. He said, "I thank you, General; one of your men just gave me some water." I said, "Whose troops are you?" He replied, "Cabell's." I said, "It was pretty hot fighting here." He answered, "Yes, General, you licked us good, *but we gave you the best we had in the ranch.*"

Before the enemy's first assault on Robinett, I inspected the woods toward our left where I knew Lovell's division to be. I said to Colonel Mower, afterwards commander of the Seventeenth Army Corps, and familiarly known as "Fighting Joe Mower": "Colonel, take the men now on the skirmish line, and find out what Lovell is doing." He replied, "Very well, General." As he was turning away I added, "Feel them but don't get into their fingers." He answered significantly: "*I'll feel them!*" Before I left my position Mower had entered the woods, and soon I heard a tremendous blast of musketry in that direction. His skirmishers fell back into the fallen timber and the adjutant reported to me. "General, I think the enemy have got Colonel Mower; I think he is killed." Five hours later when we captured the enemy's field hospitals, we found that Colonel Mower had been shot in the back of the neck and taken prisoner. Expressing my joy at his safety, he showed that he knew he had been unjustly reported to me the day before to be intoxicated, by saying: "Yes, General, but if they had reported me for being 'shot in the neck,' to-day instead of yesterday, it would have been correct."

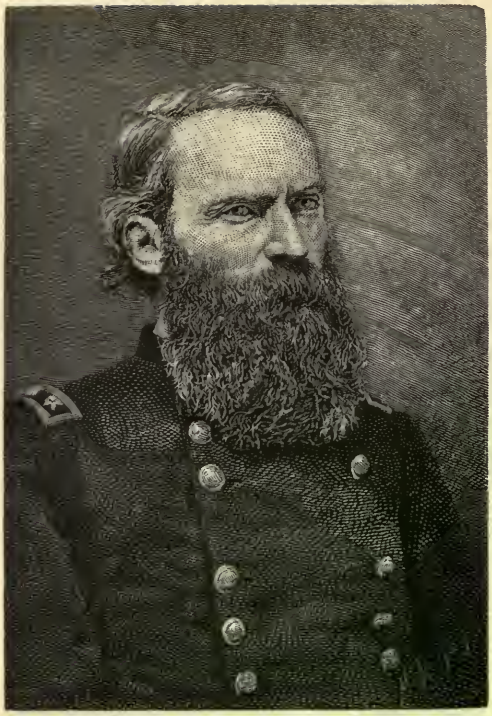
About two o'clock we found that the enemy did not intend to make another attack. Falling sick from exhaustion I sought the shade of a tree, from which point I saw three bursts of smoke and said to my staff, "They have blown up some ammunition wagons, and are going to retreat. We must push them." I was all the more certain of this, because, having failed, a good commander like Van Dorn would use the utmost dispatch in putting the woods and forests between him and his

COLONEL WILLIAM P. ROGERS, C. S. A.,
KILLED IN LEADING THE ASSAULT UPON FORT ROBINETT.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

pursuing foe, as well as to escape the dangers to him which might arise from troops coming from Bolivar.

Even at this distant time memory lingers on the numerous incidents of distinguished bravery displayed by officers and men who fought splendidly on the first day, when we did not know what the enemy was going to do. Staff as well as line officers distinguished themselves while in action. The first day my presence was required on the main line, and the fighting in front of that did not so much come under my eye, but the second day I was everywhere on the line of battle. Temple Clark of my staff was shot through the breast. My sabretache strap was cut by a bullet, and my gloves were stained with the blood of a staff officer wounded at my side. An alarm spread that I was killed, but was soon stopped by my appearance on the field.

Satisfied that the enemy was retreating, I ordered Sullivan's command to push the enemy with a heavy skirmish line, and to keep



MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID S. STANLEY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

constantly feeling them. I rode along the lines of the commands, told them that, having been moving and fighting for three days and two nights, I knew they required rest, but that they could not rest longer than was absolutely necessary. I directed them to proceed to their camps, provide five days' rations, take some needed rest, and be ready early next morning for the pursuit.

So ended the battle of Corinth.

General McPherson, sent from Jackson with five good regiments to help us, arrived and bivouacked in the public square a little before sunset. I intended to make the pursuit immediate and vigorous, but the darkness of the night and the roughness of the country, covered with woods and thickets, made any movement by night impracticable and by day slow and difficult. General McPherson's brigade of fresh troops with a battery was ordered to start at daylight and follow the enemy over the Chewalla road; Stanley's and Davies's divisions to support him.

McArthur, with all of McKean's division except Crocker's brigade, and with a good battery and a battalion of cavalry, took the route south of the railroad toward Pocahontas; McKean followed on this route with the rest of his division and Ingersoll's cavalry; Hamilton followed McKean with his entire force.

The enemy took the road to Davis's Bridge on the Hatchie, by way of Pocahontas. Fortunately General Hurlbut, finding that he was not going to be attacked at Bolivar, had been looking in our direction with a view of succoring us and met the enemy at that point. General Ord arriving there from Jackson, assumed command and drove back the head of the enemy's column. This was a critical time for the Confederate forces; but the reader will note that a retreating force, knowing where it has to go and having to look for nothing except an attack on its rear, always moves with more freedom than a pursuing force. This is especially so where the country is covered with woods and thickets, and the roads narrow. Advancing forces always have to feel their way for fear of being ambushed.

The speed made by our forces, from Corinth, during the 5th, was not to my liking, but with such a commander as McPherson in the advance, I could not doubt that it was all that was possible. On the 6th better progress was made. From Jonesborough, on October 7th, I telegraphed General Grant:

"Do not, I entreat you, call Hurlbut back; let him send away his wounded. It surely is easier to move the sick and wounded than to remove both. I propose to push the enemy, so that we need but the most trifling guards behind us. Our advance is beyond Ruckersville. Hamilton will seize the Hatchie crossing on the Ripley road to-night. A very intelligent, honest young Irishman, an ambulance driver, deserted from the rebels, says that they wished to go together to railroad near Tupelo, where they will meet the nine thousand exchanged prisoners, but he says they are much scattered and demoralized. They have much artillery."

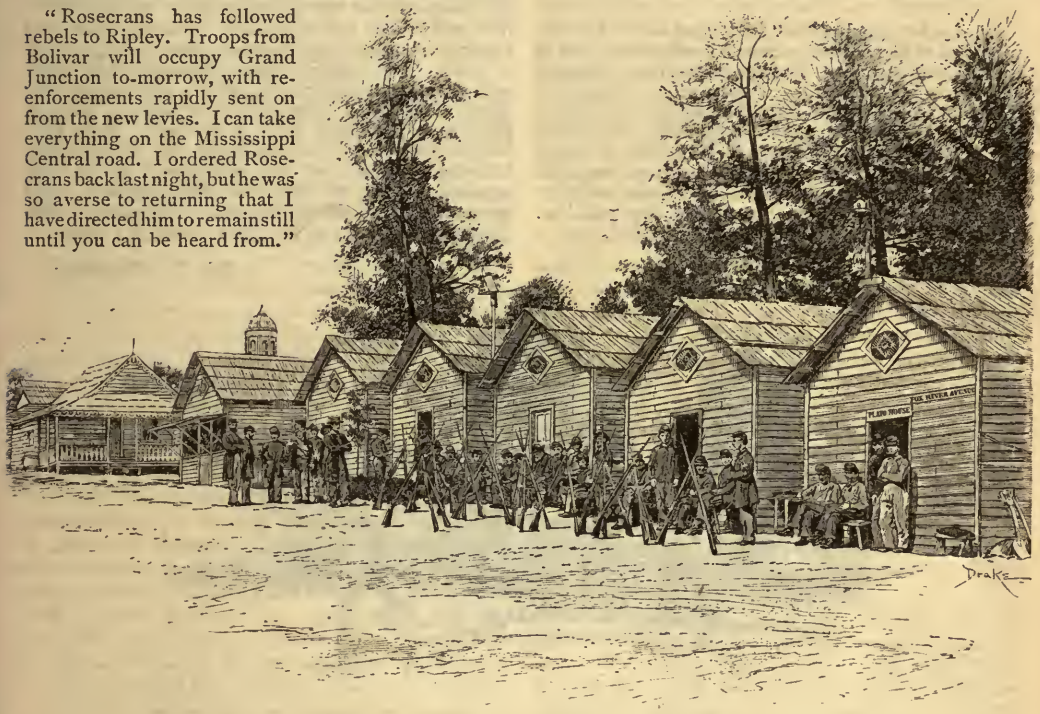
From the same place, at midnight, after learning from the front that McPherson was in Ripley, I telegraphed General Grant as follows:

"GENERAL: Yours 8:30 P. M. received. Our troops occupy Ripley. I most deeply dissent from your views as to the manner of pursuing. We have defeated, routed, and demoralized the army which holds the Lower Mississippi Valley. We have the two railroads leading down toward the Gulf through the most productive parts of the State, into which we can now pursue them with safety. The effect of our return to old position will be to pen them up in the only corn country they have west of Alabama, including the Tuscumbia Valley, and to permit them to recruit their forces, advance and occupy their old ground, reducing us to the occupation of a defensive position, barren and worthless, with a long front, over which they can harass us until bad weather prevents an effectual advance except on the railroads, when time, fortifications, and rolling stock will again render them superior to us. Our force, including what you have with Hurlbut, will garrison Corinth and Jackson, and enable us to push them. Our advance will cover even Holly Springs, which would be ours when we want it. All that is needful is to continue pursuing and whip them. We have whipped, and should now push them to the wall and capture all the rolling stock of their railroads. Bragg's army alone, west of the Alabama

River, and occupying Mobile, could repair the damage we have it in our power to do them. If, after considering these matters, you still consider the order for my return to Corinth expedient, I will obey it and abandon the chief fruits of a victory, but I beseech you, bend everything to push them while they are broken and hungry, weary and ill-supplied. Draw everything possible from Memphis to help move on Holly Springs, and let us concentrate. Appeal to the governors of the States to rush down some twenty or thirty new regiments to hold our rear, and we can make a triumph of our start."

As it was, General Grant telegraphed to General Halleck at 9 A. M. the next day, October 8th:

"Rosecrans has followed rebels to Ripley. Troops from Bolivar will occupy Grand Junction to-morrow, with reenforcements rapidly sent on from the new levies. I can take everything on the Mississippi Central road. I ordered Rosecrans back last night, but he was so averse to returning that I have directed him to remain still until you can be heard from."



UNION SOLDIERS IN THE OLD CONFEDERATE QUARTERS AT CORINTH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Again on the same day, October 8th, General Grant telegraphed to General Halleck:

"Before telegraphing you this morning for reënforcements to follow up our victories I ordered General Rosecrans to return. He showed such reluctance that I consented to allow him to remain until you could be heard from if further reënforcements could be had. On reflection I deem it idle to pursue further without more preparation, and have for the third time ordered his return."

This was early in October. The weather was cool, and the roads in prime order. The country along the Mississippi Central to Grenada, and especially below that place, was a corn country — a rich farming country and the corn ripe. If Grant had not stopped us, we could have gone to Vicksburg. My judgment was to go on, and with the help suggested we could have done so. The enemy were retreating under the pressure of a victorious force and experiencing all the weakening effects of such an army whose means of supplies and munitions are always difficult to keep in order. We had Sherman at Memphis with two divisions, and we had Hurlbut at Bolivar with one division, and John A. Logan at Jackson with six regiments. With these there was nothing to save Mississippi from our grasp. We were about six days' march from Vicksburg, and Grant could have put his force through to it with my column as the center one of pursuit. Confederate officers told me afterwards that they never were so scared in their lives as they were after the defeat before Corinth.

We have thus given the facts of the fight at Corinth, the immediate pursuit, the causes of the return, and as well the differing views of the Federal commanders in regard to the situation. Let the judgments of the future be formed upon the words of impartial history.

In a general order announcing the results of the battle to my command I stated that we killed and buried 1423 officers and men of the enemy, including some of their most distinguished officers. Their wounded at the usual rate would exceed 5000. We took 2268 pris-

oners, among whom were 137 field-officers, captains, and subalterns. [The official Confederate reports make their loss 505 killed, 2150 wounded, 2183 missing — EDITOR.] We captured 3300 stand of small arms, fourteen stand of colors, two pieces of artillery, and a large quantity of equipments. We pursued his retreating column forty miles with all arms, and with cavalry sixty miles, and were ready to follow him to Vicksburg, had we received the orders.

Our loss was 355 killed, 1841 wounded, 324 captured or missing.

In closing his report Van Dorn said:

"A hand-to-hand contest was being enacted in the very yard of General Rosecrans's headquarters and in the streets of the town. The heavy guns were silenced, and all seemed to be about ended when a heavy fire from fresh troops from Iuka, Burnsville, and Rienzi, who had succeeded in reaching Corinth, poured into our thinned ranks. Exhausted from loss of sleep, wearied from hard marching and fighting, companies and regiments without officers, our troops — let no one censure them — gave way. The day was lost. . . . The attempt at Corinth has failed, and in consequence I am condemned and have been superseded in my command. In my zeal for my country I may have ventured too far without adequate means, and I bow to the opinion of the people whom I serve. Yet I feel that if the spirits of the gallant dead, who now lie beneath the batteries of Corinth, see and judge the motives of men, they do not rebuke me, for there is no sting in my conscience, nor does retrospection admonish me of error or of a reckless disregard of their valued lives."

And General Price says in his report:

"The history of this war contains no bloodier page, perhaps, than that which will record this fiercely contested battle. The strongest expressions fall short of my admiration of the gallant conduct of the officers and men under my command. Words cannot add luster to the fame they have acquired through deeds of noble daring which, living through future time, will shed about every man, officer, and soldier who stood to his arms through this struggle, a halo of glory as imperishable as it is brilliant. They have won to their sisters and daughters the distinguished honor, set before them by a general of their love and admiration upon the event of an impending battle upon the same field, of the proud exclamation, 'My brother, father, was at the great battle of Corinth.'"

W. S. Rosecrans.

MONUMENT IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY, CORINTH.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

A Rumor from Shiloh.

"ENDURIN' of the war" it was not safe in Kentucky for Southern sympathizers to rejoice over Southern successes. A certain old "secesh" from the hills of Tate's Creek in Madison County had been frequently admonished by Judge Turner of Richmond, Kentucky, that if he was not more cautious he would land in Camp Chase or some other Northern prison. One day the Judge observed his old friend glancing anxiously into his office as he passed and repassed the door. Calling him in, the Judge asked him what was the matter. "Well," said the old man, "Jedge, if you'll lock yer door I'll tell you." After assuring himself that there were no listeners he proceeded:

"Jedge,— I hearn as the Rebils an' the Yankees has had a master fight. As I hearn it, the Rebils and the Yankees they met away down on the Mass-is-sippi River, an' they fit three days in and three days out, an' the een uv the third day cum John C. Brackenridge, Kentucky's noble son, an' axed fur the priverlige uv the fiel' fur fifteen minits, an' — Jedge — they *do* say he slew er hunderd thousand uv'm."

X.

When Stonewall Jackson Turned our Right.

ON the afternoon of May 2d there was an ominous calm at Chancellorsville. The cavalry with Pleasonton had been five days in the saddle, scouting or skirmishing all the time. We were now therefore enjoying a welcome rest in an open field near General Hooker's headquarters. We had dismounted, and had slacked our saddle-girths. Some of the men were sleeping

while holding their horses; some were discussing the battle in progress, while others were even playing their usual game of "poker." Occasional shells merely reminded us that the armies were watching each other. Then there was a sudden commotion at headquarters, due to news from the front that Lee was retreating upon Gordonsville. The bugle sounded us to horse. In a few moments we were off at a brisk trot out through the abatis which the infantry had made at the edge of the field. Making our way as best we could through a dense wood we came up with a reconnoitering party that had captured the Twenty-third Georgia. We supposed the unfortunate regiment had been sacrificed to give the main body a chance to escape, as our own men had sometimes been; but while we were commiserating the poor fellows one of them defiantly said, "You may think you have done a big thing just now, but wait till Jackson gets round on your right."

We laughed at his harmless bravado, for we did not think he would betray Jackson's move had he known anything about it; but while we were yet trying to get through the thick wood the roar of musketry and artillery on our right confirmed his speech. Leaving one regiment there, Pleasonton took the other two and the artillery back at a gallop, in a direction between the place we were resting at, and the point where the battle was raging. As we rode into an elevated clearing, called Hazel Grove, our regiment, the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, was brought into line. We nervously braced ourselves for the ordeal, not knowing whether we were to make an attack or wait there to receive one.*

The roar of musketry was now heavier and nearer; the vast woods between us and Dowdall's Tavern seemed to shake with it. There was no time to ask or to wonder what had happened, for General Pleasonton rode up to the regiment and started it off at a gallop, following it a short distance that no time might be lost in giving the necessary orders. After riding about three hundred yards we turned into a narrow road that promised to take us into the midst of the enemy. Half a dozen horsemen in cadet gray, a general's staff, most likely, as they did not ride in ranks, were in the road ahead of us, and turned and fled back to their lines with all the speed that was in their horses.

The word charge was now passed from the leading squadron, and sabers flew into the air along our line; but none too soon, for we were already in the midst of the foe, and they were ready for us. The unfortunate squadron that led caught all the fire as we dashed along the narrow lane, and we who rode next it got only the smoke from the muzzle of their guns. We could reach nothing as yet, and see nothing but fire and smoke, for their line of battle was safely posted behind a thicket that lined the left of the road, while their rifles were aimed through it.

As for myself, my saddle-girth had either broken or was cut by a bullet, and it required all my skill to balance myself, leaving no surplus energy to expend on the enemy, had they been within reach of my saber.

It was a long lane, and a hot lane to go through, but the lane had a turn, and we got to it at last when we reached the Plank road, and struck Rodes's division right in the front. We struck it as a wave strikes a stately ship: the ship is staggered, maybe thrown on her beam ends, but the wave is dashed into spray, and the ship sails on as before.

Major Keenan, who led the charge, went down with thirteen bullets in his body, the adjutant nine, and men of lower grade perhaps with fewer in proportion. My horse fell dead as we closed with them, and I was pitched across the road, falling on my face.

I was not long getting on my feet, and at once comprehended my situation, as I was only ten paces from the line of battle, which was bent, and doubled, and broken, as the result of the charge.

The officers were trying to recover their alignment; so I had no time to look at the men and horses that were lying dead at the junction of the roads. I could just get a glimpse of the survivors of my regiment galloping back over the skirmish line that was about fifty yards from where I was standing. To follow them on foot through the skirmishers was the thought that flashed upon my mind, and in an instant I made the attempt by running after, my saber in one hand and carbine in the other.

The Confederates had just recovered from their surprise that a cavalry regiment should have ridden over them from their rear, and were firing after the regiment, when I ran out between them. I jostled against one, who shouted: "There goes a Yank!" They were now loading, and when they began to fire I dropped down behind the trees that had been cut to make an abatis, or had been shot down by the cannon, and when the volley was over I jumped up and ran as fast as before.

The Plank road, and the woods which bordered it, presented a scene of terror and confusion such as I had never seen before. Men and animals were dashing against each other in wild dismay before the line of fire that came crackling and crashing after them. The constantly approaching rattle of musketry, the crash of the shells through the trees, seemed to come from three sides upon the broken fragments of the Eleventh Corps that crowded each other on the road.

The horses of the men of my regiment who had been shot, and the pack mules that carried the ammunition of the Eleventh Corps, tore like wild horses through the woods, and I tried in vain to catch and mount one. When I saw the ammunition pack-saddles of a couple of mules exploded by the shells, and the poor creatures blown to pieces, I desisted. Then the Confederate line again got uncomfortably near and I continued my flight.

Once, when throwing myself down to escape the fury of the fire, I saw a member of my own regiment, whose horse also had been shot, hiding in a pine top that had been cut down by a shell. He had thrown his arms away that he might run the faster, and he begged me to do the same. This I refused to do, and I had a moral to point to from it ever afterward. I got in safely with my arms, while he was never seen again. I now joined the crowd of fugitives on the Plank road. What made their confusion greater was that while they were fleeing from an enemy that was at their heels with bullet and shell, they were going in the direction whence they had expected the foe, and this foe was following them from the direction they believed to be their line of retreat. To this day my geography of Chancellorsville is reversed in consequence of our getting turned round in the charge. We charged an enemy who was

*See the September CENTURY for map and pictures relating to the battle of Chancellorsville.— EDITOR.

apparently behind our own breastworks, and returned from the charge by jumping over from the side where our line of battle had been standing.

In jumping the abatis, one of our men was lifted from his saddle by a grape-vine, and remained suspended till made a prisoner, because, seeing Confederate lines on both sides, he did not know in which direction to escape.

Finally I met on the Plank road General Howard, who had commanded the Eleventh Corps, but who had no command of it now.

He was in the middle of the road, mounted, his maimed arm embracing the colors that some regiment had deserted, and with his sound arm he was gesticulating to the men to make a stand by their flag. He was bare-headed, pleading, praying, and beseeching his men, literally weeping and entreating the unheeding horde to rally. Under different circumstances I should have considered it my duty to follow and find my command, for a cavalry-man, when dismounted, is no more expected to form with infantry on the field, than a foot-soldier, separated from his regiment, would feel it his duty to follow the cavalry in a charge. But I could not go past that general. Maimed in his person and sublime in his patriotism, he seemed worthy to stand by, and out of pure compliment to his appearance I hooked up my saber and fell into the little line that gathered about him. As the front became clear, we fired a few shots at the advance line of the Confederates, but a fresh mass of fugitives in blue soon filled the road, and we had to stop firing. The general now ordered us to cover the whole line of retreat so as to let none pass, and the officers, seeing their general before them, ran in front of their men, drew their swords, and attempted to stop them.

As the number constantly increased, the pressure became greater upon the line that blocked the way; but this line was constantly reënforced by officers, and offered a firm resistance to the pressure upon it. At last the seething, surging sea of humanity broke over the feeble bank that held it back, and General Howard and his officers were carried away by main force with the tide.

Pharaoh and his chariots could have held back the walls of the Red Sea as easily as those officers could resist this retreat. I had never seen General Howard before then, neither have I seen him since that hour so trying to men's souls; but I have always carried that picture in my mind, and, whatever blame he may deserve for the breaking of his corps, I only remember him as a hero, for such he surely was in his tenderness and courage.

I started again on my race for life, this time towards the slopes of the Chancellorsville plateau, where battery after battery was galloping into position, and fresh regiment after regiment wheeling into line behind them. A line of battle showed itself at last; the Third Corps had come up to stop the successful charge, and Jackson's men would find a difference between attacking the Third Corps in front and the Eleventh in the rear.

Seeing them unlimber the guns and load, I made my greatest effort at speed. Not caring for a few fugitives, the guns belched forth their fire before I could get in. Yet I passed safely in, and at last paused for a long breath. While congratulating myself upon my escape, I looked behind the line of battle, and there saw my own regiment drawn up for a charge, the line not so long as half an hour before by one-third, but still as shapely and resolute as ever. The horses were blown and nervous, and the men were no doubt depressed by the rough usage they had met with. A horse that followed the company riderless from the charge was given to me, and my confidence and self-respect came back as I mounted him, for I was no longer a fugitive.

The fighting now began on a more terrific and magnificent scale than before, but the men who had for two hours carried everything before them must now advance over the divisions of Birney, Berry, and Whipple, if Jackson's object were to be gained. Berry and Whipple laid down their lives on that field on the following day and the day after, and Birney gave his life for the cause in October, 1864.

The gathering darkness was now favorable to the Confederates, for they could get near the guns before they were seen; but it also added to the terror of the batteries, which were discharged double-shotted at the assailants, and lit up the heavens with fire that seemed supernatural. The dusky lines fell back into the woods in disorganized masses as oft as they advanced, and the cheers of our troops rang out at each retreat.

From the boldness and the frequency of the Confederate charges it was found necessary to move the infantry in front of the guns lest the enemy should seize them before being discovered. The slope was so steep that a line of battle could be formed in front of the guns and a double skirmish line in front of that.

Our regiment now moved up to the guns, enabling us to see better the slopes and the woods when lit up by the flashes. Sometimes darkness and stillness would reign for a few minutes, and we would think the long day's fighting was over, but it would soon be renewed. The stealthy rush from the woods could be heard first, then the sharp crack of the skirmisher's rifle, then a yell and a louder rushing of their lines met by the loud roll of the line of battle's fire. As the cheer of our men announced that the enemy's line was again in retreat, the flash of forty or fifty cannon from the right to the left would light up the scene and carry death over the heads of our men into the woods beyond.

When Jackson's men paused, for they had been marching and fighting since morning, and human nature could endure no more, our men were ordered to advance into the woods to find and drive them back. Though it was now midnight the woods were lit up with the flame of the musketry as they came face to face among the trees, and the battle began anew.

The artillerists pushed on their guns by hand a hundred yards behind the infantry line, and shook the woods in their depths, as they had the hills to their foundations. It seemed as if there was no limit to human courage or to the ammunition.

At two in the morning only, the fighting for the day was done. We were told to sleep on our arms; but who could sleep while counting the dead of our commands? Only the dead themselves could sleep after the rage of that battle. Comrades were gone; file-leaders and file-closers were gone; officers of every grade had perished. And Jackson himself had gone down in his greatest charge; his men never again came down on our flank with such fury.

John L. Collins.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S LAST BATTLE.

CONFEDERATE VIDETTE.

AT daybreak on the morning of the 29th of April, 1863, sleeping in our tents at corps headquarters, near Hamilton's Crossing, we were aroused by Major Samuel Hale, of Early's staff, with the stirring news that Federal troops were crossing the Rappahannock on pontoons under cover of a heavy fog. General Jackson had spent the night at Mr. Yerby's hospitable mansion near by, where Mrs. Jackson [his second wife] had brought her infant child for the father to see. He was at once informed, and promptly issued to his division commanders orders of preparation for action. At his direction I rode a mile across the fields to army headquarters, and finding General Robert E. Lee still slumbering quietly, at the suggestion of Colonel Venable, whom I found stirring, I entered his tent and awoke the general. Turning his feet out of his cot he sat upon its side as I gave him the tidings from the front. Expressing no surprise, he playfully said: "Well, I thought I heard firing, and was beginning to think it was time some of you young fellows were coming to tell me what it was all about. Tell your good general that I am sure he knows what to do. I will meet him at the front very soon."

It was Sedgwick who had crossed, and, marching along the river front to impress us with his numbers, was now intrenching his line on the river road, under cover of Federal batteries on the north bank.

All day long we lay in the old lines of the action of December preceding, watching the operation of the enemy. Nor did we move through the next day, the 30th of April. General Lee had been informed promptly by General J. E. B. Stuart, of the Confederate cavalry, of the movement in force by General Hooker across the Rappahannock upon Chancellorsville; and during the night of Thursday, April 30th, General Jackson withdrew his corps, leaving Early and his division with Barksdale's brigade to hold the old lines from Hamilton's Crossing along the rear of Fredericksburg.

By the light of a brilliant moon, at midnight, that passed into an early dawn of dense mist, the troops were moved, by the Old Mine road, out of sight of the enemy, until, about eleven A. M. of Friday, May 1st, they reached Anderson's position, confronting Hooker's advance from Chancellorsville, near the Tabernacle Church on the plank road. To meet the whole Army of the Potomac, under Hooker, General Lee had of all arms about sixty thousand men. General Longstreet, with part of his corps, was absent below Petersburg. General Lee had two divisions of Longstreet's corps, Anderson's and McLaws's, and Jackson's corps, consisting of four divisions, A. P. Hill's, D. H. Hill's commanded by Rodes, Trimble's commanded by Colston, and Early's; and about a hundred and seventy pieces of field artillery. The divisions of Anderson and McLaws had been sent from Fredericksburg to meet Hooker's advance from Chancellorsville; Anderson on Wednesday, and McLaws (except Barksdale's brigade left with Early) on Thursday. At the Tabernacle Church, about four miles east of Chancellorsville, the opposing forces met and brisk skirmishing began. On Friday Jackson, reaching Anderson's position, took command of the Confederate advance, and urged on his skirmish line under Brigadier-General Ramseur with great vigor. How the muskets rattled along a front of a mile or two, across the unfenced fields, and through the woodlands! What spirit was imparted to the line, and cheers rolled along its length, when Jackson, and then Lee himself, appeared riding abreast of the line along the plank road! Slowly but steadily the line advanced, until at nightfall all Federal pickets and skirmishers were driven back upon the body of Hooker's force at Chancellorsville.

Here we reached a point, a mile and a half from Hooker's lines, where a road turns down to the left toward the old Catherine Furnace [see maps in the September CENTURY]; and here at the fork of the roads General Lee and General Jackson spent the night, resting on the pine straw, curtained only by the close shadow of the pine forest. A little after night-fall I was sent by General Lee upon an errand to General A. P. Hill, on the old stone turnpike a mile or two north; and returning some time later with information of matters

on our right, I found General Jackson retired to rest, and General Lee sleeping at the foot of a tree, covered with his army cloak. As I aroused the sleeper, he slowly sat up on the ground and said, "Ah, Captain, you have returned, have you? Come here and tell me what you have learned on the right." Laying his hand on me he drew me down by his side, and, passing his arm around my shoulder, drew me near to him in a fatherly way that told of his warm and kindly heart. When I had related such information as I had secured for him, he thanked me for accomplishing his commission, and then said he regretted that the young men about General Jackson had not relieved him of annoyance, by finding a battery of the enemy which had harassed our advance, adding that the young men of that day were not equal to what they were when he was a young man. Seeing immediately that he was jesting and disposed to rally me, as he often did young officers, I broke away from the hold on me which he tried to retain, and, as he laughed heartily through the stillness of the night, I went off to make a bed of my saddle-blanket, and, with my head in my saddle, near my horse's feet, was soon wrapped in the heavy slumber of a wearied soldier.

Some time after midnight I was awakened by the chill of the early morning hours, and, turning over, caught a glimpse of a little flame on the slope above me, and sitting up to see what it meant I saw, bending over a scant fire of twigs, two men seated on old cracker boxes and warming their hands over the little fire. I had but to rub my eyes and collect my wits to recognize the figures of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Who can tell the story of that quiet council of war between two sleeping armies? Nothing remains on record to tell of plans discussed, and dangers weighed, and a great purpose formed, but the story of the great day so soon to follow.

It was broad daylight, and the thick beams of yellow sunlight came through the pine branches, when some one touched me rudely with his foot, saying, "Get up, Smith, the general wants you!" As I leaped to my feet the rhythmic click of the canteens of marching infantry caught my ear. Already in motion! What could it mean? In a moment I was mounted and at the side of the general, who sat on his horse by the roadside, as the long line of our troops cheerily, but in silence as directed, poured down the Furnace road. His cap was pulled low over his eyes, and, looking up from under the visor, with lips compressed, indicating the firm purpose within, he nodded to me, and in brief and rapid utterance, without a superfluous word, as though all were distinctly formed in his mind and beyond question, he gave me orders for our wagon and ambulance trains. From the open fields in our rear, at the head of the Catharpin road, all trains were to be moved upon that road to Todd's tavern, and thence west by interior roads, so that our troops would be between them and the enemy at Chancellorsville.

My orders delivered and the trains set in motion, I returned to the site of our night's bivouac, to find that General Jackson and staff had followed the marching column.

Who was the young ordnance officer who so kindly fed my horse at the tail of his wagon and then added the few camp biscuits which were breakfast, dinner, and supper to me that day? Many thanks to my unknown friend.

Slow and tedious is the advance of a mounted officer who has to pass in narrow wood roads through dense thickets, the packed column of marching infantry, to be recognized all along the line and good-naturedly chaffed by many a gay-spirited fellow: "Say, here's one of Old Jack's little boys, let him by, boys!" in a most patronizing tone. "Have a good breakfast this morning, sonny?" "Better hurry up, or you'll catch it for getting behind." "Tell Old Jack we're all a-comin'." "Don't let him begin the fuss till we get thar!" And so on, until about three P. M., after a ride of ten miles of tortuous road, I found the general, seated on a stump by the Brock road, writing this dispatch:

Near 3 P. M., May 2nd, 1863.

GENERAL: The enemy has made a stand at Chancellor's, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope so soon as practicable to attack.

I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with success. Respectfully,

T. J. JACKSON,
Lieutenant-General.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

P. S. The leading division is up, and the next two appear to be well closed. T. J. J.

The place here mentioned as Chancellor's was also known as Dowdall's Tavern. It was the farm of the Rev. Melzi Chancellor, two miles west of Chancellorsville, and the Federal force found here and at Talley's, a mile farther west, was the Eleventh Corps, under General Howard. General Fitz Lee, with cavalry scouts, had advanced until he had view of the position of Howard's corps, and found them unprotected by pickets, and unsuspicious of a possible attack.

Reaching the Orange plank road, General Jackson himself rode with Fitz Lee to reconnoiter the position of Howard, and then sent

the Stonewall brigade of Virginia troops, under Brigadier-General Paxton, to hold the point where the Germanna plank road obliquely enters the Orange road. Leading the main column of his force farther on the Brock road to the old turnpike, the head of the column turned sharply eastward toward Chancellorsville. About a mile had been passed, when he halted and began the disposition of his forces to attack Howard.

Rodes's division, at the head of the column, was thrown into line of battle, with Colston forming the second line and A. P. Hill's the third, while the artillery under Colonel Stapleton Crutchfield moved in column on the road, or was parked in a field on the right. The well-trained skirmishers of Rodes's division, under Major Eugene Blackford, were thrown to the front. It must have been between five and six o'clock in the evening, Saturday, May 2d, when these dispositions were completed. Upon his stout-built, long-paced little sorrel, General Jackson sat, with visor low over his eyes, and lips compressed, and with his watch in his hand. Upon his right sat General Robert E. Rodes, the very picture of a soldier, and every inch all that he appeared. Upon his right sat Major Blackford.

"Are you ready, General Rodes?" said Jackson.

"Yes, sir!" said Rodes, impatient for the advance.

"You can go forward then," said Jackson.

A nod from Rodes was order enough for Blackford, and then suddenly the woods rang with the bugle call, and back came the responses from bugles on the right and left, and the long line of skirmishers, through the wild thicket of undergrowth, sprang eagerly to their work, followed promptly by the quick steps of the line of battle. For a moment all the troops seemed buried in the depths of the gloomy forest, and then suddenly the echoes waked and swept the country for miles, never failing until heard at the headquarters of Hooker at Chancellorsville—the wild "rebel yell" of the long Confederate lines.

Never was assault delivered with grander enthusiasm. Fresh from the long winter's waiting, and confident from the preparation of the spring, the troops were in fine condition and in high spirits. The boys were all back from home or sick leave. "Old Jack" was there upon the road in their midst; there could be no mistake and no failure. And there were Rodes and A. P. Hill. Had they not seen and cheered as long and as loud as they were permitted the gay-hearted Stuart and the splendid Fitz Lee, with long beard and fiery charger? Was not Crutchfield's array of brass and iron "dogs of war" at hand, with Poague and Palmer, and all the rest, ready to bark loud and deep with half a chance?

Alas! for Howard and his unformed lines, and his brigades with guns stacked, and officers at dinner or asleep under the trees, and butchers deep in the blood of beeves! Scattered through field and forest, his men were preparing their evening meal. A little show of earthwork facing the south was quickly taken by us in reverse from the west. Flying battalions are not flying buttresses for an army's stability. Across Talley's fields the rout begins. Over at Hawkins's hill, on the north of the road, Carl Schurz makes a stand, soon to be driven into the same hopeless panic. By the quiet Wilderness Church in the vale, leaving wounded and dead everywhere, by Melzi Chancellor's, on into the deep thicket again, the Confederate lines press forward,—now broken and all disaligned by the density of bush that tears the clothes away; now halting to load and deliver a volley upon some regiment or fragment of the enemy that will not move as fast as others. Thus the attack upon Hooker's flank was a grand success, beyond the most sanguine expectation.

The writer of this narrative, an aide-de-camp of Jackson's, was ordered to remain at the point where the advance began, to be a center of communication between the general and the cavalry on the flanks, and to deliver orders to detachments of artillery still moving up from the rear.

Whose fine black charger, with such elegant trappings, was that, deserted by his owner and found tied to a tree, which became mine only for that short and eventful nightfall?

It was about eight P. M., in the twilight, that, so comfortably mounted, I gathered my couriers about me and went forward to find General Jackson. The storm of battle had swept far on to the east, and become more and more faint to the ear, until silence came with night over the fields and woods. As I rode along that old turnpike, passing scattered fragments of Confederates looking for their regiments, parties of prisoners concentrating under guards, wounded men by the roadside and under the trees at Talley's and Chancellor's, I had reached an open field on the right, a mile west of Chancellorsville, when, in the dusky twilight, I saw horsemen near an old cabin in the field. Turning toward them, I found Rodes and his staff engaged in gathering the broken and scattered troops that had swept the two miles of battle-field. "General Jackson is just ahead on the road, Captain," said Rodes; "tell him I will be here at this cabin if I am wanted." I had not gone a hundred yards before I heard firing, a shot or two, and then a company volley upon the right of the road,

and another upon the left. A few moments farther on I met Captain Murray Taylor, an aide of A. P. Hill's, with tidings that Jackson and Hill were wounded, and some around them killed, by the fire of their own men. Spurring my horse into a sweeping gallop, I soon passed the Confederate line of battle, and, some three or four rods on its front, found the general's horse beside a pine sapling on the left, and a rod beyond a little party of men caring for a wounded officer. The story of the sad event is briefly told, and very much in essentials as it came to me from the lips of the wounded general himself, and in everything confirmed and completed by those who were eye-witnesses and near companions.

When Jackson had reached the point where his line now crossed the turnpike, scarcely a mile west of Chancellorsville, and not half a mile from a line of Federal troops, he had found his front line unfit for the farther and vigorous advance he desired, by reason of the irregular character of the fighting, now right, now left, and because of the dense thickets, through which it was impossible to preserve alignment. Division commanders found it more and more difficult as the twilight deepened to hold their broken brigades in hand. Regretting the necessity of relieving the troops in front, General Jackson had ordered A. P. Hill's division, his third and reserve line, to be placed in front. While this change was being effected, impatient and anxious, the general rode forward on the turnpike, followed by two or three of his staff and a number of couriers and signal-sergeants. He passed the swampy depression and began the ascent of the hill toward Chancellorsville, when he came upon a line of the Federal infantry lying on their arms. Fired at by one or two muskets (two musket balls from the enemy whistled over my head as I came to the front), he turned and came back toward his line, upon the side of the road to his left. As he rode near to the Confederate troops just placed in position, and ignorant that he was in the front, the left company began firing to the front, and two of his party fell from their saddles dead — Capt. Boswell of the Engineers, and Sergeant Cunliffe of the Signal Corps. Spurring his horse across the road to his right, he was met by a second volley from the right company of Pender's North Carolina Brigade. Under this volley, when not two rods from the troops, the general received three balls at the same instant. One penetrated the palm of his right hand and was cut out that night from the back of his hand. A second passed around the wrist of the left arm and out through the left hand. But a third ball passed through the left arm halfway from shoulder to elbow. The large bone of the upper arm was splintered to the elbow-joint, and the wound bled freely. His horse turned quickly from the fire, through the thick bushes, which swept the cap from the general's head, and scratched his forehead, leaving drops of blood to stain his face. As he lost his hold upon the bridle-rein, he reeled from the saddle, and was caught by the arms of Captain Milbourne of the Signal Corps. Laid upon the ground, there came at once to his succor, General A. P. Hill and members of his staff. The writer reached his side a minute after, to find General Hill holding the head and shoulders of the wounded chief. Cutting open the coat sleeve from wrist to shoulder, I found the wound in the upper arm, and with my handkerchief I bound the arm above the wound to stem the flow of blood. Couriers were sent for Dr. Hunter McGuire, the surgeon of the corps and the general's trusted friend, and for an ambulance. Being outside of our lines, it was urgent that he should be moved at once. With difficulty litter-bearers were brought from the line near by, the general placed upon the litter, and carefully raised to the shoulder, I myself bearing one corner. A moment after, artillery from the Federal side was opened upon us; great broadsides thundered over the woods; hissing shells searched the dark thickets through, and shrapnels swept the road along which we moved. Two or three steps farther, and the litter-bearer at my side was struck and fell, but, as the litter turned, Major Watkins Leigh, of Hill's staff, happily caught it. But the fright of the men was so great that we were obliged to lay the litter and its burden down upon the road. As the litter-bearers ran to the cover of the trees, I threw myself by the general's side, and held him firmly to the ground as he attempted to rise. Over us swept the rapid fire of shot and shell — grape-shot striking fire upon the flinty rock of the road all around us, and sweeping from their feet horses and men of the artillery just moved to the front. Soon the firing veered to the other side of the road, and I sprang to my feet, assisted the general to rise, passed my arm around him, and with the wounded man's weight thrown heavily upon me, we forsook the road. Entering the woods, he sank to the ground from exhaustion, but the litter was soon brought, and again rallying a few men, we essayed to carry him farther, when a second bearer fell at my side. This time, with none to assist, the litter careened, and the general fell to the ground, with a groan of deep pain. Greatly alarmed, I sprang to his head, and, lifting his head as a stray beam of moonlight came through clouds and leaves, he opened his eyes and wearily said, " Never mind me, Captain,

STONEWALL JACKSON GOING FORWARD ON THE PLANK ROAD IN ADVANCE OF HIS LINE OF BATTLE.

never mind me." Raising him again to his feet, he was accosted by Brigadier-general Pender: "Oh, General, I hope you are not seriously wounded. I will have to retire my troops to re-form them, they are so much broken by this fire." But Jackson, rallying his strength, with firm voice said, "You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold your ground, sir!" and so uttered his last command on the field.

Again we resorted to the litter, and with difficulty bore it through the bush, and then under hot and angry fire along the road. Soon an ambulance was reached, and stopping to seek some stimulant at Chancellor's (Dowdall's Tavern), we were found by Dr.

McGuire, who at once took charge of the wounded man. Through the night, back over the battle-field of the afternoon, we reached the Wilderness store, and in a field on the north the field-hospital of our corps under Dr. Harvey Black. Here we found a tent prepared, and after midnight the left arm was amputated near the shoulder, and a ball taken from the right hand.

All night long it was mine to watch by the sufferer, and keep him warmly wrapped and undisturbed in his sleep. At nine A. M., on the next day, when he aroused, cannon firing again filled the air, and all the Sunday through the fierce battle raged, General J. E. B. Stuart commanding the Confederates in Jackson's place. A dispatch was sent to the commanding general to announce formally his disability,— tidings General Lee had received during the night with profound grief. There came back the following note:

"GENERAL: I have just received your note, informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead.

"I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy.

"Most truly yours,

"R. E. LEE, GENERAL."

When this dispatch was handed to me at the tent, and I read it aloud, General Jackson turned his face away and said, "General Lee is very kind, but he should give the praise to God."

The long day was passed with bright hopes for the wounded general, with tidings of success on the battle-field, with sad news of losses, and messages to and from other wounded officers brought to the same infirmary.

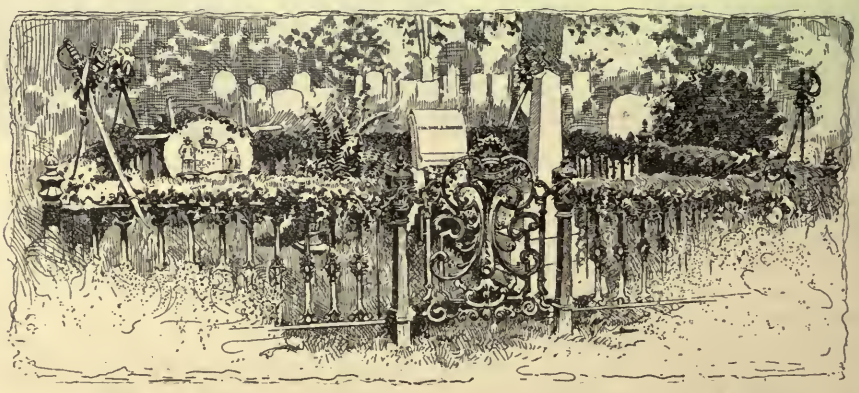
On Monday, the general was carried in an ambulance, by way of Spotsylvania Court House to most comfortable lodging at Chandler's, near Guinea's Station, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac railroad. And here, against our hopes, notwithstanding the skill and care of wise and watchful surgeons, watched day and night by wife and friends, amid the prayers and tears of all the Southern land, thinking not of himself, but of the cause he loved, and for the troops who had followed him so well and given him so great a name, our chief sank, day by day, with symptoms of pneumonia and some pains of pleurisy, until at 3:15 P. M., on the quiet of the Sabbath afternoon, May 10th, 1863, he raised himself from his bed, saying, "No, no, let us pass over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees"; and, falling again to his pillow, he passed away, "over the river," where, in a land where warfare is not known or feared, he rests forever "under the trees."

His shattered arm was buried in the family burying-ground of the Ellwood place — Major J. H. Lacy's — near his last battle-field.

His body rests, as he himself asked, "in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia." The spot where he was so fatally wounded in the shades of the Wilderness is marked by a large quartz rock, placed there by the care of his chaplain and friend, the Rev. Dr. B. T. Lacy, and the latter's brother, Major J. H. Lacy, of Ellwood.

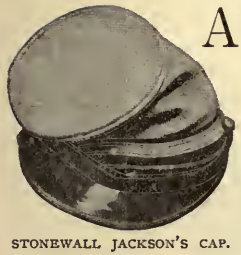
Others must tell the story of Confederate victory at Chancellorsville. It has been mine only, as in the movement of that time, so with my pen now, to follow my general himself. Great, the world believes him to have been in many elements of generalship; he was greatest and noblest in that he was good, and, without a selfish thought, gave his talent and his life to a cause that, as before the God he so devoutly served, he deemed right and just.

James Power Smith.



STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRAVE, LEXINGTON, VA. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. MILEY.)

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF STONEWALL JACKSON.



STONEWALL JACKSON'S CAP.

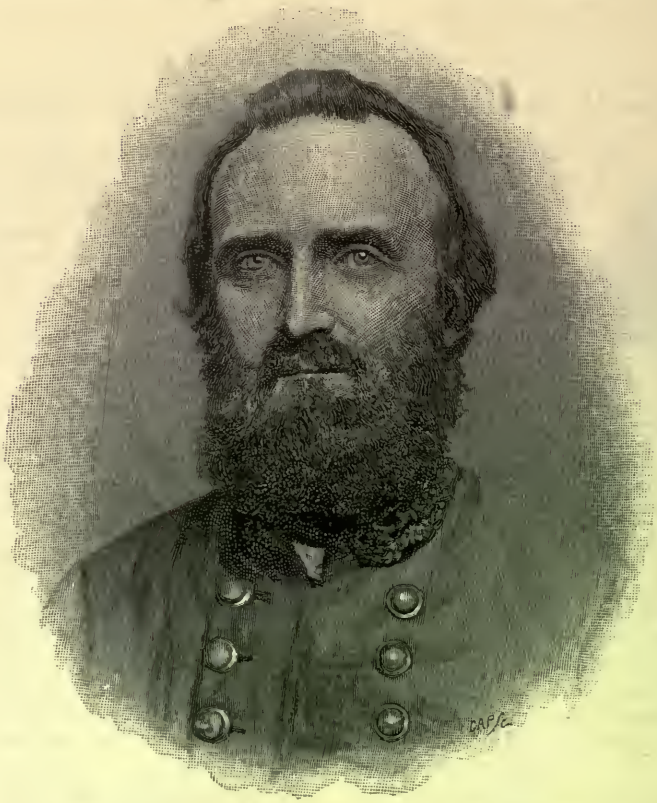
Major Jed. Hotchkiss, who owns the "old gray cap," writes that Jackson wore it through the Valley, Seven Days, and Second Manassas campaigns. At Frederick City, in the Antietam campaign, he bought a soft hat for his general, who, at Fredericksburg, gave him the cap as a souvenir.— EDITOR.

AMONG Southern leaders, not one name stands forth with such unique individuality as that of Stonewall Jackson. Under any circumstances, he was a man *sui generis;* and none who came into close enough contact with him to see into his inner nature were willing to own that they had ever known just such another man. As he was a member of the same family as myself for several years, dwelling under the same roof, and as there existed between us as close an intimacy as brother and sister know, it may not be thought out of the way to present the following record of Jackson's idiosyncrasies, written the first year after the war, before any life or sketch of him whatsoever had appeared. Knowing him as I did, and having the opportunity of witnessing his daily life in my father's home, I held a key to his character, possessed, I verily believe, by none about him; because I was close enough to be allowed unguarded insight into "the very pulse of the machine"; and I recall the incredulity with which my declaration that Jackson was the very stuff out of which to make a stirring hero, was received, before any sword was lifted in the contest.

The young soldier was first introduced to our acquaintance as a professor in the Military Institute, at Lexington, Virginia, which Southern people are well pleased to call the West Point of the South. He was of a tall, very erect figure, with a military precision about him which made us girls all account him stiff; but he was one of the most polite and courteous of men. He had a handsome, animated face, flashing blue eyes, and the most mobile of mouths. He was voted eccentric in our little professional society, because he did not walk in the same conventional grooves as other men; it was only when we came to know him with the intimacy of hourly converse that we found that much that passed under the name of eccentricity was the result of the deepest underlying principle, and compelled a respect which we dared not withhold. He was an extremely modest man, and not until he asked the hand of my sister Elinor in marriage, and the records of his army life were placed before my father (the Rev. Dr. Junkin, President of Washington College, afterwards Washington and Lee University), did we know that he had so distinguished himself in the Mexican war.

Much has been said about the early life of Jackson which has no foundation in truth. He came of English parentage. His father was an engineer, and died before his son's recollection. His uncle, Judge Jackson, of West Virginia, was a man of prominence, and a most kind protector to his nephew. His mother died when he was ten years old; and her saintly death seemed to have made a profound impression upon him. His mother's sister (if my memory serves me aright) married a brother of the wife of President Madison. He was a very delicate child, and at fifteen his physician announced it as his opinion that he would never grow up. But the resolution that afterwards characterized the man came to the boy's aid; and, as he has told me himself, he determined at the age of sixteen that he would not die; and so as a sanitary measure, without asking advice of any one, he sought the position of sheriff of his county, solely with the belief that horseback riding and life in the open air might save him. As a further sanitary measure he determined to seek an appointment as a West Point cadet; not because he had any military ambition, but for the sake of the exercise and drill, which he thought would tend to strengthen him, as they greatly did. In speaking of his West Point life, I asked him once if he was ever guilty of a deliberate infringement of rules. "Yes," he said, "I remember one overt act; but it was the only one in which I consciously did what I knew to be wrong: I stepped behind a tree to conceal myself from an officer, because I was beyond bounds without permit."

After he became an inmate of our household we were not long in discovering that the more rigidly and narrowly his springs of action were scrutinized, the higher arose our respect and reverence. What may have provoked a smile, when the motive or principle that lay behind the act was entirely misapprehended, came to be regarded with a certain admiring wonder when the motive of the act was made clear. We sometimes used to charge him with losing sight of the perspective of things. Not drawing the distinctions that men gen-



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN WINCHESTER, VA., IN 1862; LENT BY MAJOR JED. HOTCHKISS.)

erally do between small and great, he laid as much stress upon truth in the abstract, as involved in the most insignificant words or actions of his daily life, as in the most solemn and important. He weighed his lightest utterances in "the balances of the sanctuary." When it would be playfully represented to him that this needless precision interfered with the minuter graces of conversation, and tended to give angularity or stiffness to his style, his reply would be to the effect that he was perfectly aware of the inelegance it involved, but that he chose to sacrifice all minor charms to the paramount one of absolute truth. For example, talking in my hearing one evening with a friend, some point in the conversation was illustrated by an appeal to a very patent fact in history.

"You remember, Major," said our friend, "that at this period Lord Burleigh was Queen Elizabeth's great counselor——"

"No," was Jackson's interrupting reply, "I don't remember, for I did not know it."

After the friend had gone, we sportively attacked him for having said what he did, remarking that it was no appeal to his knowledge of history, and had no more force than the "you know," with which Englishmen are accustomed to interlard their conversation.

"That may be," was his reply; "I am quite aware that he did not intend to gauge my knowledge of history; but nothing would have induced me to make the impression upon him that I knew what I did not."

Take another instance. One drizzly March evening we found him about to start, at dusk, for the residence of a friend a mile distant.

"Is it imperative that you go to-night?" he was asked.

"Not specially so," he replied.

"Then why walk a mile in the rain, if to-morrow will do as well?"

As he persisted in going, we pressed to know the wherefore. He was always amiable, and at length confessed his business.

"I was talking with Colonel M—— this morning, and told him that my conversation with Cadet D—— was held in barracks, on Monday. I have since recollected that it was held on the parade-ground, and that it was on Tuesday."

"Does anything depend upon this statement?" he was asked.

"Nothing whatever."

"Don't you suppose Colonel M—— has forgotten all about Cadet D—— before this?"

"I think it very likely, as it was a matter of no moment."

"Why, in the name of reason, then, do you walk a mile in the rain for a perfectly unimportant thing?"

"Simply because I have discovered it was a misstatement, and I could not sleep comfortably to-night, unless I corrected it." And go he did.

Of course it is easy to say that all this was morbid; and so characteristic was it of the man, that I could give scores of similar examples; but this will suffice to show his mettle.

Jackson so "ruled his life," to use one of Havelock's last expressions, that he never, even inadvertently, fell into the use of the common expressions always upon our lips involving the wish that any event or circumstance were different from what it was. To do so would, in his opinion, have been to arraign Providence.

"Don't you wish it might stop raining?" might be the careless remark put to him, after a week of wet weather. His smiling reply would be invariably: "Yes, if the Maker of the weather thinks it best." And yet he never chided others for the use of such expressions, and never found fault with the words or actions of those who wholly differed from him. Never was there a man who imposed upon himself greater abstinence in his expression of judgment of others.

"Hasn't your old army friend Captain C—— some right objectionable habits?"

"C——? Oh, C—— has some fine points of character."

"But it seems to me that he is wanting in fixed principles."

"Indeed? It would give me pain to think so."

"Come, now, Major, I know that you understand Captain C—— thoroughly, and I am sure you must disapprove of him." But nothing could extract a positive expression of disapproval. We used to argue with him that this reticence of judgment did harm; inasmuch as it might be supposed he gave countenance to derelictions about which he would express no opinion. But we never succeeded in winning him to the avowal of adverse judgment, unless there were overt acts which were patent to everybody. Then his denunciations went beyond those of other persons. If a man once deceived him, he never afterwards gave him credit for any truthfulness.

He graduated at West Point just at the beginning of the Mexican war, and he has told me how he burned with enthusiasm to be one of those selected from his class for active service; and that if he had not been so selected, he should have gone into the war as a volunteer.

There was no portion of his life that he reverted to with more manifest delight than the two years he spent in Mexico. Of the distinction he won in the Mexican war, it is not necessary here to speak; how he was promoted and brevetted on the field for gallant conduct, and how enthusiastic he was as a soldier and a patriot. It is the characteristics of the man we are considering, not the actions of his life.

When he went to Mexico, Jackson did not seem to be governed by any positive religious principle. He had his own ideas of right and wrong, and he followed his clear, true conscience as if its dictates were unerring. His sense of duty was the paramount feeling of his nature; and even at this time he would have died rather than violate it.

Speaking once of the storming of Chapultepec, his battery, if I remember aright, occupied a height which commanded the principal street of the city. Intimation had been given to the inhabitants that the town would be shelled unless surrendered within a given period, in order that the women and children might be removed to a place of safety. The besieged, however, were careless or heedless of this lull in the attack, and the main thoroughfare continued to be filled with the panic-stricken populace. As Jackson stood gazing down upon the swaying multitude, the command was given him to sweep the street with his battery. He opened upon them; and after the clouds of smoke which followed the volley had lifted, he could visibly trace the line of death which his guns had made.

"And had you no compunctions," I asked, with a woman's feeling of horror at the devastation, "as you thought of this multitude being hurried into eternity through your agency?"

"None whatever," was his instantaneous rejoinder. "What business had I with results? *my* duty was to obey orders."

Talking with him once about some subject of casuistry or prevarication, I put the question direct to him, "Did you never tell a lie?" Pausing, as was his invariable manner before giving a categorical answer, as if for an introspective review of his consciousness, he said:

"Yes; but only once, so far as I can remember. I was leading my men through a rank chapparal, infested by Mexican guerrillas. The balls were flying incessantly, and the broad leaves of the tropical plants were being riddled through and through. They became panic-stricken, and, notwithstanding my repeated order for advance, they hung back. Stepping some distance in front of them, into a narrow pass, where the bullets

were whizzing round my head, and the foliage was being cut to ribbons, I called out:

"'Follow me, men! Don't you see, *there is no danger?*'"

He was accustomed to revert with words of reverence and gratitude to his superior officer, Colonel T——, who used to invite him to his tent for long conversations. He was the first person who mentioned, in an individual way, the subject of religion to Jackson, and he asked him frankly if he did not think that he ought to give it some consideration. He was finally convinced that it was a reasonable thing for him to do; and he made up his mind to it, just as he would have made up his mind to undertake some new branch of study.

A singular deliberateness characterized all Jackson's mental movements; most cautiously did he feel his way to his conclusions, but these conclusions once reached, instantaneous action followed. Consequently, feeling that Colonel T—— was right, and that it was his duty to become a Christian man, he addressed himself to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, as God's one revelation to man, just as he would have taken up a mathematical problem to work it out. He had less regard for mere authority than any man I ever knew; and though never troubled by speculative doubts, we used to tell him that he had too daring a confidence in the infallibility of his own convictions. So, in the matter of religion, he determined to test the authority and the agreement of the various existent forms of it with the Scriptures, *de novo*. He would see what the oldest church taught. He went to the archbishop of Mexico, and held long interviews with him as to the dogmas of his church. But the venerable prelate failed to convince this sincere and transparent mind that the tenets of his faith were such as he could accept. But he made it a point to read the Bible and pray, confessing that he did so without one emotional feeling beyond the sense of duty. On his return to the United States, he subjected Episcopacy to the same rigid scrutiny, and, although his severely simple tastes objected to a liturgical form of worship, he connected himself with this church, asking the chaplain, at the post where he was then stationed, to admit him without the ceremony of confirmation, as he was not quite sure that he might not find a church whose simpler forms would suit him better. After coming to Lexington he became a Presbyterian.

It is but just to say here that the rare and finely poised character of his wife had very much to do with the maturing of Jackson's character at the most formative period of his life. Her crystalline truthfulness, her exalted sense of duty, her oneness of aim, were such as filled him with reverence for her. She used playfully to tell him that Duty was the goddess of his worship. She did not know what truth lay wrapped up in her words. The molding influence which she had over him, in intensifying and giving bent to his character, was a fitting crown to her short and beautiful life.

A long journey taken with him and a family party, after his marriage, brought to the surface many of the idiosyncrasies of this unique type of manhood. We were one day crossing the boiling torrent, just between the American and Canadian Falls, at Niagara, in a slight boat manned by two stout oarsmen. The little steamer, the *Maid of the Mist*, was there, but for some reason or other we chose to cross in the open boat. Mid-stream, the current so swirled around us that I became terrified and believed we were going to the bottom. Jackson pinioned me down with his strong arms, and, turning to one of the men, said, "How often have you crossed here?"

"I have been rowing people across, sir, for twelve years."

"Did you ever meet with an accident?"

"Never, sir."

"Never were capsized? Never lost a life?"

"Nothing of the kind, sir!"

Then, turning with a somewhat peremptory voice to me, he said:

"You hear what the boatman says; and unless you think you can take the oars and row better than he does, sit still and trust him as I do."

It was curious to see, at this time, to what odd conclusions such a conscientious man as he could come when arguing from insufficient data. Every one who knew anything about him during the war knows what a purist he was in regard to Sunday observance; it came to be almost a matter of amusement in the army that "Old Jack" tried to keep Sunday as if he were in his peaceful, church-going home. But this period of which I speak was before the opening of the war. Being in Montreal one Sunday, it was a matter of surprise to the rest of us, knowing how strait-laced he was in many particulars, to find him going out on Sunday evening, to witness the drill of a Highland regiment. When the matter was reverted to by some of our party, he defended himself stoutly for having done so, giving as a reason the principle on which he always acted, namely: that if anything was right and good in itself, and circumstances were such that he could not avail himself of it any time but Sunday, it was not wrong for him to do so, inasmuch as it thus became a matter of necessity. It was argued that this was a very sophistical way of secularizing

sacred time, and many instances were given, showing to what such a line of argument might lead. As there was no stubbornness in his nature, which was one surprisingly open to conviction, he said, on this occasion, "It is possible that my premises are wrong; when I get home I will carefully go over all this ground, and reach my own conclusions." Yet, as he had not reached his conclusions then, he had no hesitation in spending all Sunday afternoon in hilarious conversation with some old army friends, whom he accidentally encountered, and justifying himself by avowing that it was all right, because they were to leave on the morrow, and this was his only chance of renewing the old barracks reminiscences. When he returned home he took up this Sunday question, gave it a most thorough investigation, and laid down a law for himself of the utmost severity, from which he never afterwards swerved.

He never posted a letter without calculating whether it would have to travel on Sunday to reach its place of destination, and if so, he would not mail it till Monday morning. Still further did he carry his Puritanical observance. Unnumbered times have I known him to receive important letters so late on Saturday night that he would not break his fixed resolution never to use his eyes, which were very delicate, by artificial light; he would carry the letters in his pocket till Monday morning, then rise with the sun to read them.

We were not in the habit of sparing his peculiarities in the least, and perhaps rather mercilessly twitted him at times, but he was never offended, nor was his equanimity disturbed by it in the least. Frequently in walking to church with him, with the knowledge that he had these letters on his person, I would teasingly affirm that he was practicing a piece of asceticism, which was flattering to self-pride, ending by telling him that they served in reality as a mild sort of hair shirt. But I never succeeded in getting him to break the seals on Sunday. He owned, at one time, a considerable amount of stock in a Northern railroad, which did as much business on the first day of the week as any. As soon as he discovered this he sold out all his shares, and took stock from another company whose dividends were far inferior, because they did not indulge in this amount of Sunday traffic.

As he was about starting for Europe, we amused ourselves over his scruples, by asking him if he had found a captain who would stop his steamer on Sunday; but he very easily parried our questions with the "necessity" answer. But let it here be clearly understood that Jackson never forced his convictions upon others, and never offered his rule of life as a guide for others. He *acted* his religion; he never spoke of it to others; for on this point he was one of the most reticent of human beings, save to the very few who shared the privacy of his inmost life.

So many illustrations that bear upon this much-commented-on characteristic of Jackson's, about Sunday observance, occur to my mind, that I cannot forbear going a little aside from my own personal recollections, and giving an incident or two.

Before any hostilities had commenced, Jackson was ordered to Harper's Ferry, where military bands were gathering from all quarters, that he might drill this crude material, and get ready for action. The daily drill was constant and severe; and when Sunday came, these men of peace, who had never carried muskets before, would fain have had it intermitted. An officer of high standing came to a brother of mine, and begged him to use his influence with Jackson to shorten the drill on Sunday. The wish was backed by many officers, and accordingly on Saturday night it was made known to Jackson; he received the intimation quietly, but made no promise. The next morning, at an hour even earlier than usual, Jackson himself, bedight in full regimentals, and with more military precision than he had before thought it necessary to assume, appeared on the ground, and superintended the drill himself, making it longer, sterner, and much more rigid than it hitherto had been.

In the winter of '61–'62, while Jackson's forces were at Winchester, he sent a brigade to destroy the canal leading to Washington. The expedition proved a failure; and he attributed it, in some measure, to the fact that Sunday had been needlessly trespassed upon. So when a second expedition was planned he determined there should be no Sabbath-breaking connected with it, that he could prevent. The advance was to be made early on Monday morning. On Saturday he ordered my husband (Colonel Preston, at that time on his staff) to see that the necessary powder was in readiness. The quarter-master could not find a sufficient quantity in Winchester on Saturday, but during Sunday it was procured. On Sunday evening the fact in some way got to Jackson's ears. At a very early hour on Monday, he dispatched an officer to Shepherdstown for other powder, which was brought. Then summoning Colonel Preston, he said very decisively:

"Colonel, I desire that you will see that the powder which is used for this expedition is *not the powder that was procured on Sunday*."

It was on the long journey to Canada of which I have spoken, that the military enthusiasm of

Jackson's character first revealed itself to me. My sister and myself stood with him, one magnificent August evening, on the Plains of Abraham, at the foot of the monument erected to General Wolfe. As he approached the monument he took off his cap, as if he were in the presence of some sacred shrine. I never shall forget the dilating enthusiasm that seemed to take possession of the whole man; he stood a-tiptoe, his tall figure appearing much taller than usual, under the overpowering feeling of the moment; his clear blue eye flashing with such a fiery light as it used to wear on many an after battle-field; his thin, sensitive nostrils quivering with emotion, and his lips parting with a rush of excited utterance, as he turned his face towards the setting sun, swept his arm with a passionate movement around the plain, and exclaimed, quoting Wolfe's dying words—"'*I die content!*' To die as *he* died, who would not die content!"

What a revelation it would have been, could he have known, then and there, that in a very few more years, moved by as pure a patriotism, on a broader field of fame, and with a world-wide glory, before which Wolfe's pales into insignificance, he *should* "die content!"

His habits of study were very peculiar; but then, what was there that was not peculiar about this exceptional type of humanity? Nothing but absolute illness ever caused him to relax his rigid system of rules; he would rise in the midst of the most animated conversation, like the very slave of the clock, as soon as his hour had struck, and go to his study. He would run superficially over large portions of French mathematical works during the day, and then at night, with his green silk shade over his eyes which never had been strong, and standing at his upright desk, on which always a light burned, with neither book nor paper before him, he would spend hours in digesting mentally what he had taken during the afternoon in a mere mechanical way. His power of concentration was very great, and he was able to abstract himself wholly from whatsoever was extraneous to the subject in hand.

When he accepted the appointment of professor at the Military Institute at Lexington, his health was in a most enfeebled condition; he was a martyr to aggravated dyspepsia, and he could scarcely use his eyes at all. I once asked him, chaffingly, if it was not a little bit of presumption to accept the appointment when he was so incapacitated physically for filling it.

"Not in the least," was his answer; "the appointment came unsought, and was therefore providential; and I knew that if Providence set me a task, he would give me the power to perform it. So I resolved to get well, and you see I have. As to the rest, I knew that what I *willed* to do, I *could* do."

This confidence was very characteristic of him. He once said, "I expect fully one day to be able to speak Latin." When doubt was expressed, on account of his ignorance of the language (Latin not being taught at the Military Academy), he added, "I have absolute faith in the omnipotence of the will to accomplish whatever is within the range of possibility; and if I resolve to do it, you'll see if I don't outstrip you all!"

There was significancy in the remark of one of his West Point friends, who in meeting another, and inquiring after old classmates, mentioned Jackson, and asked what he was doing.

"The last time I heard of him he was trying to learn to play on the violin," was the reply.

"What! Jackson? Why, he had not an iota of music in his composition. Nevertheless, one thing is certain—if he *resolves* to play, he may be a Paganini yet!"

After the death of my sister it became the established custom that at nine o'clock, unless otherwise occupied, I should go to his study for an hour or two of relaxation and chat; but if the knock came before the clock had struck, I would find him standing before his shaded light, with his eyes shut, as silent and as dumb as the sphinx; not one moment before the ninth stroke had died away would he fling aside his shade, wheel round his easy-chair, and give himself up to the most delightful nonchalance, that made one question whether this could be the same man that a moment before seemed to have neither motion, sight, nor hearing. In such intercourse I came to know the man as never before. His early life, his lonely orphanage, his struggle with disease, his West Point life, his campaigning in Mexico, his two years' residence in the city of Mexico, which was to him so full of delight, his service among the Everglades in Florida, his life at various posts up to the time of his coming to reside among us,—all these furnished material for endless reminiscence. The blow of his wife's death was a terrible one to him; and when I would hear him say, as he sometimes did, on the occasion of slight illnesses, "Ah, if it only might please God to let me go now!" I marveled at the depth of his grief; and yet his resignation was very perfect, and to wear the aspect of cheerfulness became a fixed principle.

It would not be easy to convince those who knew Jackson only as a stern military man, and the genius of fiery battle-fields, that his nature had a sportive, rollicking side. He

would tell amusing stories, and be so carried away by them himself, as almost to roll from his chair in laughter. More contagious and hearty laughter I have never heard. He used to tell of hungry raids upon Mexican gardens, where he and his brother officers would make their supper on raw quinces; of his ascent of Orizaba—going so high that the rarefied atmosphere forced the blood from his ears and nostrils; of his gay, delightful life in the city of Mexico, where, after all hostilities were over, the American officers were received into the homes of the old *noblesse*, who boasted of their pure Castilian blood, with entire oblivion of them as their conquerors. He was very fond of dancing at this time, and he had no hesitation in being constantly present at Sunday-night balls. When surprise would be expressed at this, he would say, "Remember, I lived, then, up to all the light I had, and therefore I did not then, nor do I now, reproach myself."

He was quartered in the old palace of the Montezumas; and it was very evident that the charms of society never had so strong a hold upon him as when he was mingling freely with those beautiful Mexican women. To make intercourse at all easy, it was necessary to speak Spanish. He resolved to do so; but not a grammar of the language could be found in the city, save Latin ones. But this in no way deterred him; in an incredibly short time he mastered Spanish so thoroughly that he spoke it as long as he lived more volubly and gracefully than he did his vernacular. Indeed, between himself and his wife this language became the main vehicle of communication. With some families of note there, he formed warm friendships which he maintained to the close of his life; and the silver stilettos and knives and memorials of various kinds, with which they loaded him on his departure, were always regarded as among his treasures.

He did not intuitively, as it were, take in knowledge, but his mind never lost a fact or idea once committed to its keeping. His acquaintance with general literature was not extensive, as his studies had been principally of a scientific and military character. If, as Carlyle says, "Genius is the capacity for infinite painstaking" (which is anything but a good definition of genius), then Jackson possessed it; for there was no limit to the pains he would take to verify everything that came before him. Whilst he was very docile, and ready to be instructed by those whom he considered wiser than himself, it was yet curious to see how little he regarded the authority of great names. He would still persist in working out his own conclusions, and establishing facts for himself.

Toleration was one of his most marked characteristics, and he would even allow a latitude of opinion in others, that seemed at times inconsistent on the part of one who was so sternly fixed in his own.

Jackson's personal habits were systematic in the extreme. His delicacy of constitution required great care in order to maintain equable health. He studied his physical nature with a physician's scrutiny; and having once adopted a regimen which he believed perfectly suited to himself, nothing would ever tempt him to swerve in the slightest degree from it. If in traveling he could not command at all times the exact kind of food that suited him, he would fast rather than satisfy appetite on what did not suit him. He ate, as he did everything else, from a sense of duty; and when sometimes at parties and receptions we would entreat him, for courtesy's sake and the gratification of his hostess, to seem to accept some delicacy, or at least venture upon a grape or orange, he would always reply, "No, no, I have no genius for *seeming*." He was very fond of quoting the experience of Louis Cornaro, the old Italian apostle of hygiene, whose sanitary regulations he highly approved, and would say often that he would not be surprised if, like Cornaro, he lived to be very old.

His nervous organism was of a singularly sensitive character, and he had an incredible natural impatience of, and shrinking from pain. His revulsion at scenes of horror, or even descriptions of them, was almost inconsistent in one who had lived the life of a soldier. He has told me that his first sight of a mangled and swollen corpse on a Mexican battle-field, as he rode over the morning after the conflict, filled him with as much sickening dismay as if he had been a woman. He was once suffering with an attack of neuralgia in the face, of no remarkable severity as it seemed to a looker-on, but he turned with a look of agonizing impatience, and said vehemently, "M——, I could easier die than bear this for three days!"

Only in the innermost circle of home did any one come to know what Jackson really was. With people who fully understood him he would be sportive and rollicking, and full of quips and pranks. His natural temperament was extremely buoyant, and his cheerfulness and *abandon* were beautiful to see, provided there were only one or two people to see it. He was exceedingly fond of little children, and he would roll with them over the carpet, play them all manner of tricks, and amuse them endlessly with his Spanish baby talk.

As may be supposed, punctuality was one of Jackson's most marked characteristics;

no one could ever charge him with loss of time through dilatoriness on his part. He never failed to fill an engagement; or if it was impossible to do so, he would take any amount of trouble to give notice beforehand of his inability to keep it. He was rigid as to the hours of his meals, and when I would remind him, if dinner was five minutes late, that cooks were human, he was accustomed to say, "I don't mind the five minutes delay beyond time; but I do beg that you will not let me know of it." I was once with him in Washington City, when the friends with whom we were staying joined their entreaties to ours for another day, on which to carry out their plans for an excursion, but that would have entailed his reporting for duty at the barracks in the evening instead of the morning, as was the order. He could not be induced to remain, although urgent that we ladies should. When we reached Lexington, and he hastened next morning to report, there was not a superior officer on the ground, and the corps of cadets was absent for a week's encampment, at the White Sulphur Springs. Thinking that he would regret not having yielded to our wishes, and remained in Washington, we chaffed him a little on his needless haste, and asked if he did not regret it.

"Regret it? Not I! If a letter had reached me informing me of this absence before I left Washington, I would have come on, all the same, unless the letter had been from the colonel, lengthening my furlough; my duty is to be here; with changes of plans for the corps I have nothing to do."

On the occasion of his visit to Europe, greatly to our surprise, he overstaid his furlough a fortnight. On his arrival we looked for some expression of regret or manifestation of chagrin, but there was not the slightest.

"I did all that lay in the compass of human power and foresight to be here at the appointed time," he said, "but when those over whom I had no control occasioned the delay, my responsibility was at an end."

His summer in Europe was full of enjoyment and profit. And, strange to say, he did not turn aside to visit battle-fields or to witness any military movements, but found more pleasure in the famed galleries of art and in the grand remains of ancient architecture than perhaps in anything else. Although he had no knowledge of art whatever, he had an undeveloped love for it. When he was stationed at Fort Hamilton, he used to say that he never came to New York city without finding time to step into one of the best galleries accessible. I saw him once take a lowly attitude in a Roman Catholic church before a fine painting of the Crucifixion. Any one who could have seen his reverent and riveted gaze and his earnest enthusiasm, might well have believed him a true son of the church or a devotee of sacred art.

Another phase of this original character, which differed in so many essential points from that of ordinary types, was his somewhat morbid fear that he should fail in giving due credit to others for all that was good in them. It has been the habit, even among his own people, to represent him as grim and severe. As it is only the characteristics of the man we are considering, not his peculiarities as a soldier or a great military leader, we deny the assertion. Pitilessly stern he was towards himself, as we have seen; but too forbearing did we often find him towards others. He came one day with an anxious look upon his face to one of my brothers, and asked him to turn to those passages of St. Paul, "Let each esteem other better than themselves"—"in honor preferring one another." He asked that it should be critically read to him in the Greek. After a full explanation was given he looked up with a bright air, and with a humility always touching in him, and said, "I am so thankful to have a better understanding of these texts; I have been feeling that I may have been very wrong in elevating myself in my own mind above certain friends of mine."

The name of fanatic will probably stick to Jackson; and he will continue to be classed with such men as Peter the Hermit, and Loyola, and Cromwell, to the end of the chapter. But a fanatic, a visionary, an enthusiast, he was not, in any such sense as were those men. His fanaticism consisted in the intensity of his own religious convictions, which, contrary to the wont of all fanatics, he never thrust upon others; the fact is, he maintained a degree of reticence in alluding to the matter of personal religious faith and practice that many Christian men might find fault with; and, as has been said more than once in the course of these disjointed reminiscences, it was only by dint of urgency that the inmost springs of action were often discovered. In all the intimacy of our close home-life, I do not recall that he ever volunteered any expression of what is called "religious experience." The habit so often noticed by his soldiers on the battle-field, of momentarily raising his hand, as if in prayer, seems perfectly natural to one who knew how he construed Scripture commands. St. Paul's term, "instant in prayer," being used by him one day, his sense of its meaning was required.

"I can give you," he said, "my idea of it by illustration, if you will allow it, and will not think that I am setting myself up as a model for

others." On assurance being given that there would be no misjudgment, he went on to say, "I have so fixed the habit in my own mind, that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without a moment's asking of God's blessing. I never seal a letter without putting a word of prayer under the seal. I never take a letter from the post without a brief sending of my thoughts heavenward. I never change my classes in the Section room without a minute's petition on the cadets who go out and those who come in."

"And don't you sometimes forget to do this?"

"I think I scarcely can say that I do; the habit has become as fixed almost as breathing."

He used to express surprise sometimes at the want of equanimity on the part of Christians, under the pressure of untoward circumstances; and he remarked, in connection, that he did not think that any combination of earthly ills could make him positively unhappy, if he believed he was suffering the will of God. As this seemed a bold assertion, and I knew from observation that his nervous organization made him shrink rather strangely from pain, a test was proposed: "Suppose that these unprofitable eyes of yours, that give you so much trouble, should become suddenly blind, do you believe your serenity would remain unclouded?"

He paused a moment, as if to weigh fully the exact measure of every word he uttered, and then said, "I am sure of it; even such a misfortune could not make me doubt the love of God."

Still further to test him it was urged: "Conceive, then, that besides your hopeless blindness, you were condemned to be bedridden and racked with pain for life: you would hardly call yourself happy then."

There was again the same deliberateness before he replied: "Yes, I think I could; my faith in the Almighty wisdom is absolute, and why should this accident change it?"

Touching him upon a tender point,—his impatience of anything bordering on every species of dependence,—the test was pushed further: "But if, in addition to blindness and incurable infirmity and pain, you had to receive grudging charity from those on whom you had no claim,—what then?"

There was a strange reverence in his lifted eye, and an exalted expression over his whole face, as he replied with slow deliberateness, "If it was God's will, *I think I could lie there content a hundred years!*"

As an instance of the alacrity with which if once convinced that a thing was right to do, he did it, take the following: Speaking of self-abnegation on one occasion, and his making rather light of it, it was suggested that he had not been called to endure it.

"Imagine, now, that the providence of God seemed to direct you to drop every scheme of life, and of personal advancement, and go on a mission to the heart of Africa, for the rest of your days, could you go without demur?"

I remember how his eye flashed, as he instantly replied: "I could go *without my hat!*"

It is often urged that Jackson was possessed with boundless military ambition. This is not the impression he made upon those who knew him in the privacy of domestic life. He had some odd ambitions; military glory was not one of them. At the period of life of which I write, not long before the opening of the war, he used to express aversion to some of the aspects of a soldier's career: its nomadic character; its want of domesticity; its stagnation in times of peace, and its interference with the ordered routine of religious life. He dissuaded a brother-in-law from entering upon it, for these given reasons. One of the curious ambitions alluded to was his desire to prepare some college text-books of a mathematical kind, that should be better than those he could command. He certainly had no special fitness for this kind of work, and many were the arguments used to dissuade him from the attempt.

As I look over the letters received from him on the battle-field, I find in none of them any allusion to or any thirst for military fame. To serve his country, to do God's will, to make as short work as possible of the fearful struggle, to be ready for death if at any moment it should come to him,—these were the uppermost ideas in his mind; and he would put aside, with an impatient expression, the words of confidence and praise that would be lavished upon him. "Give God the glory" would be his curt reply. Receiving on one occasion a letter from him, just when the struggle was at its hottest and his brilliant movements were the astonishment and admiration of the whole country, what was my surprise to find not an allusion to what he had done, not a word about the great victory, not a hint of the forced marches and of the tragic scenes about him. An old servant who belonged to him, and for whom he had a most tender regard, had just died, and it was of this "dear old Amy," as he called her, that the victor, whose name was on every lip, sat down in his tent and wrote. Perhaps this may be said to be one of the instances in which Jackson lost sight of the true perspective of life.

Jackson's interest in the negro race was very great, not because they were slaves, but be-

cause they were human beings with souls to be saved. He accepted slavery as it existed in the Southern States, not as a thing desirable in itself, but as allowed by Providence for ends which it was not his business to determine. Commiserating the ignorance of the race, he established, by much personal effort and under some obloquy, a Sunday school for them in Lexington, which he kept up with assiduous diligence till the breaking out of the war. This school has been maintained in successful operation to the present day.

Jackson was not a Secessionist, but a very firm State's Rights man. My personal knowledge leads me to assert that he entered the war not to uphold slavery, but to defend his native state, to which he was enthusiastically loyal. He was from principle, by education, and by previous military service in the United States army, a true lover of his whole country; but he felt that his paramount allegiance was due to his own state; and when she declared war, he did not hesitate to obey her call. In this connection I feel warranted in saying that no feeling of hatred toward his opponents had place in his bosom. He did justice to their motives, as became the feeling and instincts of a soldier; and he never allowed himself any virulence of speech toward them, — never even using the expression "Yankees," but always speaking of them as "Federals."

There were some amusing sides to Jackson's character, arising from his utter indifference to ridicule, if what provoked it involved the faintest principle by which he guided his life.

Being a grievous dyspeptic, as has been said, he had the dyspeptic's failing of nodding sometimes when he ought to be wide awake. This used to beset him sorely in church, where he always maintained the habit of sitting in a perfectly upright position, disdaining to lean against the back of the pew. The consequence was that his propensity to nod was made the more conspicuous. I would urge upon him the propriety of leaning back so as to avoid giving occasion to the cadets in the gallery opposite for laughter; but never was the plea successful, nor could he be persuaded to nod in any way but in a bolt-upright posture. Pinches upon the elbow never offended him, nor was a shawl-pin always effective. "I will do nothing to superinduce sleep," he would say, "by putting myself at ease, or making myself more comfortable; but if in spite of my resistance I yield to my infirmity, then I accept as punishment the mortification I feel, because I deserve it."

The only endeavor in these personal reminiscences has been to throw together such incidents as have an illustrative bearing upon the unique character of a man who certainly was a variation from the ordinary type. No attempt has been made to portray him as the successful soldier, the great commander, the strenuous disciplinarian, the tireless leader who never spared the muscles of his men who, notwithstanding, adored and trusted him throughout all; and who was to the end the popular idol of the Southern heart. The records of this man's actions before the world are chronicled on every side. It is the inner spring of those actions only with which we have had to do. Thoroughly to understand the man, it is necessary that the motive power that controlled his whole being should be rightly comprehended; this is the one key to the intricate wards of a nature that to the mere ordinary observer has seemed somewhat contradictory.

The translation of the underlying principles which these reminiscences have attempted in some degree to set forth, into action on the fiery battle-field, in the sweeping march, in the devastating onset, and in the life of the camp, may serve as a clew to those who only know Stonewall Jackson as a remarkable military leader, for whom the men that followed him seemed always ready to lay down their lives. His salient points, so seized on as to become the theme of undue exaggeration, need to be estimated, not as eccentricities of which he himself was unaware, but as the deliberate and lofty principles of his life.

It may be well, therefore, to make an attempt to preserve such minute threads of ascertained facts as these pages of illustration set forth, in regard to one of the most noteworthy figures of the age. For it is out of just such material as this that the loom of history seeks to weave its indestructible web

Margaret J. Preston.

EUROPE ON NOTHING-CERTAIN A YEAR.

I ALWAYS thought I was born to see Europe. Nevertheless my prospects of ever doing so were for years less than infinitesimal. I was that most useless and unhappy of all created beings, an uneducated and penniless girl, with ambitions and yearnings — living amid the most mean and sordid intellectual circumstances, and as entirely without sympathy in my ambitions as if those about me were stones. Nothing but derision ever met my most earnest yearning. That yearning was to see what seemed to me the sole world of romance, poetry, art, and song — Europe! — born with my first geography lessons, I believe, and nourished by my juvenile readings in "Merry's Museum," the "Saint Nicholas" of my childhood.

But, if my memory serves me well, it was the reading of Bayard Taylor's "Views Afoot" that first gave a method to my European madness. I remember that it was in those days, and after that acquaintance with Bayard Taylor's fascinating experiences, that I began emphatically to assure myself that what *that* man had done *this* woman certainly would do. For fifteen years I repeated this assurance to an always hopeful and sympathetic listener. At the end of those fifteen years I was older, more tired, perhaps less wildly enthusiastic, than at their beginning; but my heart was still fixed, and I had saved three hundred dollars and twenty-nine cents!

I knew that I could always earn at least $300 every year, possibly more, as by that time I had reached such a dizzy height of literary success as to be able to dispose of at least three manuscripts every year to first-class magazines in addition to my usual story market. On $300 a year I knew I need not absolutely starve in any part of the world.

For years I had studied with zeal the scientific as well as the ideal side of my scheme. I had come to know the exact amount of nutriment bound up in the skin of a potato, and to calculate the difference in life-sustaining power between a handful of wheat and one of beans. I watched the crops of Europe with intense interest, and I, alas, confess without shame that in this matter of yearly harvests I would almost have sacrificed the financial prosperity of my own country to my desire that bread might be cheap in that famous land beyond the sea. For years I read delightedly all such vagabond adventures as those of young Ralph Keeler, of all the struggling authors and artists who, like myself, had counted privation and discomfort light in the balance against their desire to reach their Mecca. I knew that poverty equal to mine had taken "Views Afoot" which all my fibers tingled to think of. I knew that a beggar's lot in Europe would be in some respects happier than mine at home, and I would almost have chosen to be a leper in the streets of some palaced and cathedraled city, rather than the fussy little old maid I was, daily reeling off my measure of cheap fiction in a dismal prairie village.

Of course I was crack-brained, for so everybody said, when — with only the assurance of three hundred dollars a year, and that assurance subject to every hazard of sickness and accident, the hospital if I should sicken, the *fosse commune* if I should die — I finally crossed the sea.

My voyage over was marked by no unusual incident, and my experience was not different from the seasick average, save in the one particular that nobody could ever have mourned as I did the food paid for with my fifty-dollar ticket, which I could neither eat nor take away in preparation for the poorly rationed days with which my prophetic soul already concerned itself.

Looking back upon my earlier European experience, my economical heart is often wrung by memory of the mistakes I then made. It was a colossal, almost a fatal error to make my London début in one of the innumerable boarding-houses of the Bloomsbury district, almost exclusively patronized by Americans. It was a mistake soon corrected, however, and bearing compensation in the speedier acquaintance I made, not only with London topography, but London ways, than I could otherwise have hoped to do. I well needed that knowledge, fresh as I was from a prairie town.

"What are those things?" I asked one day of a fish-vendor, pointing to a heap of dingy, wet objects upon his stall.

"Periwinkle, mum," answered the man.

"What extraordinary things are eaten in England," I remarked, upon my return to Bloomsbury. "I don't believe famine itself could make *me* swallow a periwinklemum."

Unsound as I was on periwinkles, my ideas of London were nevertheless preëminently Dickeny, and my anxiety constant lest my American phraseology fail to convey

its intention. When I wanted a bun or a cake, I invariably inquired my way to the nearest cook-shop, because cook-shops are more numerous on the pages of the famous novelist than confectioners are, and the Dickensesque world is more addicted to sausages and boiled beef than to pound-cakes and Bath buns. One hot day I decided to refresh myself in American fashion. I could not remember the Dickens for "ice-cream," and so was driven to ask for it in my native American. "Ice-cream?" repeated the confectioner's young woman; "you'll find it at a chemist's." I ought to have said "an ice"; Mademoiselle thought I meant *cold cream!*

I was not long in learning that my humble means could not support Bloomsbury prices. So I found a bedroom in a plebeian but cleanly neighborhood, where our nearest omnibus focus was the Angel at Islington, and my weekly rent but six shillings.

How astonished my Bloomsbury acquaintances would have been had clairvoyant vision betrayed me translated from a "third-story back" and full-dress dinners to cooking a threepenny bit of beefsteak upon a toasting fork over the coals in my bedroom grate! I brought my provisions home in a fancy basket which might contain floss silk and ecclesiastical embroidery for all the tales it told; there were often hot potatoes in my pocket bought scorching at some street furnace; Liebig extract, with a dash of Worcestershire sauce added to a basin of boiling water from my landlady's teakettle, was my constant friend; my petroleum lamp burned brightly; my little round table, white-draped, was cosy. I had a subscription to Mudie's, and my weekly expenses for food and lodging were fourteen shillings. Then fourteen shillings a week represented comfort and plenty. Of the many, many weeks when the outgoing shillings were less I will not speak.

Two establishments received my constant patronage. At one, uncooked fish adorned the sidewalk-shelf, the odor of frying pervaded the air. Here, for five cents (2½*d.*), I could buy a very fair dinner — a three-ha'-penny "middle," or headless and tailless bit of hot fish in crisp batter, with a pennyworth of fried potatoes. The other establishment was the Widow Hardwick's, "a cook-shop," where a penny would buy a huge "faggot," another as much pease-pudding as one could eat. The latter is simply a *purée* of dried pease. What the former is we can only leave to the imagination! It was in appearance a large round ball of hashed meat, wholesome enough in flavor; but, with beef at a shilling a pound, how *could* so much "faggot" be given for a penny?

Experience and dinners of crusts taught me providence. Therefore every time I found myself comfortably in funds, I laid in a provision of Liebig and biscuits, and when the stress came my landlady's teakettle steamed me safely over the troubled tide.

Those were busy and happy days. This old Europe was glorious to my prairie-bred senses, and not only the treasures of art and knowledge which I studied, but the commonest sights of the street, the most insignificant trifles of daily experience, were fraught with a romantic essence which intoxicated me like subtle ether. It was worth being born to live those dreamy, deliciously melancholy days in Westminster Abbey, the dim atmosphere, haunted by white forms, scarcely more real than the images of themselves which had haunted my imagination in far-away Illinois. It was worth living to hold communion with, or more consciously to reverence, the beautiful, the gifted, the good, and the famous dead. It was worth living to steal away from that divine company and refresh my mortal part with sausages and mashed potatoes for "thrippence" in a near cook-shop; or to dine upon a penny bun or two, and memories of Coleridge, as I climbed toward Highgate upon the top of a twopenny tram. It was well worth living to go home and chat with my landlady, thus getting, as I flattered myself, at the heart of the common people. Many were the astonishing revelations concerning our common humanity that came to me from that brown-hued dame in rusty black and bonnet with center of gravity invariably over her left eye. My landlady had a daughter, black eyes, round-cheeked, noisy, and sixteen.

"Would you mind ringing for your coals before six?" said my landlady one day. "My Sairy's taken to keepin' the sidewalks 'ot, an' there ain't no livin' with her if she can't get out with the rest o' her mates at six."

"Oh, Mrs. Dodshow! how dare you trust that child?"

"Oh, she'll be all right! She ain't no use to me nowadays, since she set her heart on gettin' a young man."

When, three years later in Paris, I found my French, learned without a master, strangely incomprehensible to the gibbering natives, that I had but seven hundred francs in hand, and that I knew not a single soul in that whole brilliant capital, my situation was not exactly what it had promised to be when seen from across the sea. I must even confess that a slight dew of homesickness fell upon my pillow that night, in a modest little hotel named in Baedeker. "Room, 2 frs.; candle,

50 centimes; attendance, 50 centimes." My first business in Paris was to find an economical room; and therein was the beginning of disillusionments, founded upon the baseless scheme of Ralph Keeler. That happy-go-lucky adventurer, whose end was so tragic, I remember, claimed to have lived in Paris for $8, or 40 francs, a month. His experience was before the war, but, even allowing for the increase of prices since that time, it is difficult to believe that a healthy and active man could live at that rate for many months, and survive to tell the tale. Years after that homesick night of my début in Paris, when ways and means of economy were more familiar to me, and, alas, for a sorrowful season, my "nothing-certain" became certainly-nothing, I descended to the lowest point of pecuniary expenditure, beyond which I must have ceased to live. That point was forty francs a month; but I was a delicate, abstemious woman of sedentary habits,— a most important factor in such a calculation.

At that not Sardanapalian period, I found a room, or *cabinet*, in an *hôtel meublé*, in the Rue des Saints Pères. It was seven flights up from the street, and was lighted by a skylight in the roof. This skylight was manœuvred by a rope knotted to my bed-post. When that *tabatière* was closed, I was in a box with the lid down. When the rain fell, I had the choice to stifle or to soak; in dry times the flakes from my surrounding forest of chimneys gave me, every morning, the aspect of a blackamoor.

This cabinet was nine feet by six, and I paid for its luxury of bare brick floor, one broken chair, and toilet conveniences set up on an unpainted pine shelf, 20 francs a month. When I entered the little inclosure it had been freshly papered, but I discovered that the brick floor had probably not been washed from time immemorial. I shrank from putting my bare feet upon it. How to better the matter I could not determine for some time, for I had no extra franc with which to bribe gray and grasping Eugène, and there seemed no possible way to evolve cleanliness without him. However, the situation was intolerable. So down I went upon my knees every morning during several days, and scoured two or three bricks a day till all were clean.

While I occupied that eyrie my food alone cost me 20 francs a month. Every morning my breakfast was taken *en plein air* in the narrow and dingy Rue Dragon. Madame Boulanger always knew and welcomed me, gave me a chair, an iron spoon, a bowl, and a large bit of bread. The bowl she filled with hot milk into which she trickled a few drops of coffee and chicory,— principally the latter,— and I breakfasted for five sous, in company sometimes of a *repasseuse* from a neighboring laundry, a post-office clerk, a not too flourishing journalist, and a woman artist descended from an adjacent mansard. I was wise enough to make friends with the most promising of my co-breakfasters, and thus, in that long, draughty corridor, flagged with huge stones, beside Madame's charcoal furnace, I have received French lessons that my income of nothing-certain a year could never have paid for. I invariably found my companions as perfectly polite and self-respecting as those I was accustomed to in my native land, and breakfasting thus *à la bohémienne* in an open doorway of a foreign city, my own self-respect suffered no loss, which is more than one can always say of luxuriously-served American breakfast-tables.

At noon I bought two crisp "crescents," which I ate sometimes at a shop counter, sometimes in the cool corridors of the Louvre or in its sunny gardens, or sometimes sitting under the trees upon the iron benches of the boulevards. I was never remarked in this; for Paris is a city of oddities, and much of the eating and drinking is done in the open air. Whoever gave a glance at me as I munched my crescents and rested by the wayside naturally took me for one of the quiet party of country people or humble *commerçants* munching bread or fruit near by, and thus gave me no second thought. Oftentimes I have been offered a draught from the bottle of some white-bonneted *ouvrière* beside me, and what discourtesies I have received in my wandering life have not been from my companions of the boulevard benches. It must be borne in mind that I was not young, and have never been pretty, otherwise I know that my experience would have been unhappily different.

At night during this short-commons period I bought a pint of strong and steaming *bouillon* from a dusky cuisine for four sous, and carried it to my room. *La cuisinière* always addressed me with affectionate politeness as "*ma petite dame*," nor changed her greeting even those gloomy nights when my forlorn exchequer forced me to buy two centimes' worth of broken crusts with which to thicken my *bouillon*, instead of serving myself with *pain frais* from the more aristocratic baker's. Those two centimes' worth of broken bread by the way (two-fifths of a cent) gave me all the farinaceous addition my soup and appetite needed for two dinners!

But these were late experiences in my foreign life, and took place after years of Continental wanderings, long after I had lived ten days in Naples on thirty sous' worth of boiled

macaroni, and subsisted many and many a day in grim Edinburgh on tea, bread, and three cents' worth of tripe fried over a spirit-lamp. I lived in Paris three months on forty francs a month, three months of unremitting literary labor. I came out from the experience perfectly well. That there was no superfluous fat on my bones it is needless to say; but, as the pursuit of fat was not one of my objects in coming abroad, I counted that no deprivation.

A few days after reaching Paris my manner of life became methodical enough for any American old maid or Parisian *religieuse*, although amid an atmosphere of undeniable bohemianism. I dined at a *restaurant bourgeois*, where my fellow-diners were all things but *bourgeois!* There were uncloistered *sœurs* from the provinces, burly *marchandes* from the markets, students from the Bonnat *atelier*.

The salads in the windows of this humble restaurant might have been a week old, their flanking custards of even greater antiquity; the oil was of suspicious nativity, the chickens patriarchal; but what difference need that make to me when I could dine upon three *plats*, with a carafon of astringent ordinaire, for thirty sous! To uncounted millions in this struggling world of ours it would be almost the luxury of the "Arabian Nights," and why should I repine that it was less than that to me? I had only to repeat again "High thinking and low living," trot off to my selected lectures at the Collège de France and the Sorbonne, just as I had gravitated towards all the workingmen's libraries and lectures in London, thanking fate that I could hear thoughts so high with living no lower.

All this time I was making manuscript with facility, if without much art. I added to my means by translations. I studied French and made everybody my teacher. Sundays I spent in the Louvre, Luxembourg, or other picture galleries, at the Cluny or Versailles, while whole long days I browsed among books at the Bibliothèque Nationale. Whenever I dared I paid three francs for a seat at the Français, in a gallery level with the chandelier, although not the highest in the theater, or paid fifty centimes less for a place at the Grand Opéra, or more rarely thirty sous for a Pasdeloup concert. In all my foreign experiences I have found that eating and drinking are really but minor expenses, while traveling, clothing, studies, books, the forever unforeseen and uncalculated-upon, are the foxes that eat up the vines.

I had lived thus for about six months when serious doubts as to my being able to do Europe on nothing-certain a year began to assail me. My bare living was now at the rate of two hundred and fifty dollars a year, but the remaining fifty was more than swallowed up by that terrible "unforeseen," which, like an implacable cormorant, ever followed my steps. There were the perpetual *pourboires*, the pests of Europe; soon would come the new-year's presents, when I must give to postman, restaurant waiters, concierge, femme-de-chambre, Jeanne who brought home my linen, and Marthe who took it away,—even to the beggar who begged at our porte-cochère.

I was ruminating sadly over my macaroni.

"In union is strength," said Miss Day, an art-student at the same table. "Let us try housekeeping."

We tried it.

There were two furnished rooms and a doll's kitchen, sixty francs a month. We did our own cooking; or, when business pressed, brought food ready to eat from a "cook-shop" on *cuisine bourgeoise*. How often have we dined, and dined well, on cabbage soup! Madame Clère showed us the simple process of adding a lump of butter and a cup of milk to the water in which a two-sou cabbage had been boiled. They who cannot laugh and grow fat on cabbage soup, thick with broken bread, do not deserve ever to "do" Europe on nothing-certain a year.

Those impromptu suppers that we gave sometimes,—how gay they were, even though our apple-sauce was served in an earthen flower-pot, our napkins remnants of last year's *peignoirs;* though our table was covered with newspapers, and all our cups loving enough for two friends to drink from each.

A small establishment near by, dubbed by us "The Dinnery," furnished us every night a slice from a hot joint and a dash of hot vegetables at a cost of twelve sous each person. One of us ran bareheaded, plate in hand, into the little place, and took her turn to be served with work-people in *bonnets blancs* and blouses, *petites couturières* with thimbles on, and shop-people with baskets. It was a quaintly curious and foreign scene on winter nights, and worthy the brush of a Flemish master—that dusky little den where Madame Richard stood by an immense *fourneau* slicing joints or spooning vegetables, as the orders came, the red light thrown up from the cracks of the smoldering *fourneau* and illuminating her broad face while the rest of her robust person was in Rembrandt shadow.

Sometimes we cooked our own dinner and invited George B—— to dine with us.

"I can scarcely believe it," he said, when we talked of our economies—"I can scarcely believe it, for you always have so much better meat than they give at my restaurant!"

Innocent George! Three pieces of steak were on the platter, the one on George's side the juiciest of tenderloin, those nearest us the rumpiest of rump!

Of course, during those European years we had many a fierce tussle with "*la bête.*" One of those frightful struggles remains deeply impressed upon my memory. It was a bitter night; our fire was low, and both heaven and America too far away to help our dreariness. We had dined upon a salted mackerel for four sous, and were cowering around the dull grate like sepulchral caryatides.

"How long do people hold out?" murmured Miss Day.

"Hold out *what?*" I answered, half suspecting she meant to extend her pretty hand for alms on the boulevard.

"Before they draw lots," responded Miss Day.

Next morning, after our breakfast of reheated coffee and stale bread, we carried our watches, which we had never valued as Latin Quarter students are said to value theirs, to Mont Piété.

Some months later we found ourselves in Havre, returning from a trip through Normandy. As we wandered through the streets of that miniature Paris we were fascinated by a wondrous placard advertising the steamer *Sea King* to sail that night for Amsterdam, fare only twenty-five francs.

We looked at each other.

"Impossible!" sighed Miss Day.

We counted our money, sitting on a bench in the Public Gardens.

"Impossible!" sighed I.

We stopped at a *pâtisserie* to buy *brioches.* Miss Day there looked at her watch.

"One watch is enough for *any* traveling party!" somebody murmured.

That very night my watch traveled express to Paris, with a note to a friend to carry it to Mont Piété and send the money to Amsterdam.

And thus we saw Amsterdam, living in a little room by night, wandering by day among pictures and antiquity-steeped architecture, making artistic and literary memoranda of all we saw. Then we slipped by sea to Rotterdam, thence to Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp. At Antwerp we concluded that even one watch was a superfluity in a traveling party, and Miss Day's made the same voyage as mine.

Then we went dreaming long halcyon days, like rose-petals on a summer sea, till we got back to Paris, to hard work, anxiety, and, alas, *la bête* again.

Eighteen months later it came to pass that we had a clear $150 between us. We invested forty of them in third-class railway tickets, and went vagabondizing into beautiful Italy.

One moonlight night we walked under mighty shadows amid eloquent silence through the streets of old Rome. We could scarcely speak for emotion as we came out upon the Spanish Stairs, even though one of the companions, who had met us at the station, wore a philistine "claw-hammer" and white choker, and the other had come in the costume of a Boulognese fish-girl from the fancy-dress ball of the *Cercolo Artistico.*

Through the silvery mystery brooding over the wonderful city we saw the dome of Saint Peter's and the solemnly waving stone piles of Monte Mario. It was Rome, wonderful, dreamed-of, hoped-for, struggled-for Rome. Rome at last! Miss Day spoke like one in a dream, as she said:

"Here we are finally in the Eternal City, *with just two hundred francs in our pockets.*"

Our rooms were already engaged for us. The next day we gave seven *lire* for a battered, second-hand charcoal furnace, which we established upon our giddy balcony, eight flights from the narrow *ricolo* below. In these rooms we lived for two years, musing among ruins, studying in galleries, soothed in tired hours by the rhythmic sway of the Pincian pines; spreading our dinner-table to-day with a New York journal, to-morrow with a Roman Zanfulla; our sugar-bowl an antique *tazza*, our salt-cellar a Pompeiian tripod, our soup-tureen a much-dented tin basin; struggling with *la bête* at times with heart throbbing almost to bursting.

When, after months in southern Italy, we were in Paris again, preparing to drift northward, Mrs. Salmon called to bid us good-bye. We had our hats on, umbrellas and satchels in hand, a cab at the door.

"Where are you going first?" asked Mrs. Salmon.

"I don't know," I answered innocently. "Miss Day is counting over the money. If we have enough, we shall go round by Perugia and Assisi to Florence; if not, we shall stop in Siena till more comes."

"Oh, you *vagabonds!*" cried Mrs. Salmon.

And so we were indubitably. We were thorough vagabonds, even although hard-working ones. Yet if these pages incline any reader to do as we did, struggle to see Europe on nothing-certain a year, our advice would be short. Do not attempt it! For not two women in ten thousand could do as we have done, bear as we have borne, and be glad as we are glad. Even we, had we known what was before us, would have hung back and refused to take another step in so thorny and rough a path.

Mary Weatherbee.

THE URSULINES OF QUEBEC.*

FROM her cape of primeval rock with the sunrise on her face, Quebec sees to the left and rear the fertile plain of the St. Charles, to the right the majestic river, and at her feet the estuary of the lower St. Lawrence, embracing, as with arms of a sea, the picturesque Island of Orleans. What is she doing there to-day, clustered about and over that promontory of gray rock, sweeping with her guns a highway of North America, offering in her roadstead shelter to all the fleets in the world, camped as mistress at the pass of the great river of the North? Has she chosen the glorious eyrie that she may control the traffic and travel of the North-west, form a center commercial, educational, intellectual, from which the fruitful ideas and smart contrivances of modern civilization shall radiate, and to which in turn the best material in men and minds to be found in the surrounding provinces shall flow?

No: Quebec stands there as a guard of honor, an appanage of three great foundations, three faithful servants, of the holy Catholic Church. The city huddles in respectful inferiority around three great foundations: the University of Laval, the Ursuline Convent, and the Basilica. The university takes the lead in instructing the male youth of the province; the Ursuline Convent teaches the girls; and to all the Basilica offers the services of the Church, invested with the pomp that befits a coveted title, a pomp superintended by an ecclesiastic no less august than a cardinal. It is true that the Protestant and English elements have tried to stem the dominating French Catholicism by erecting a great church called a cathedral; but the handsome and respectable structure only adds to the dignity of Quebec without altering the social situation. The city is Catholic and French to the core; and not only French, but feudal. Unlike other American towns north of Texas, there is nothing hastily conceived within its old area, no signs of having overshot the mark. It seems as slow and legitimate a growth from the surrounding country as the towns of Europe. If the breath of mediæval France exhales from its every part,— from the steep streets ending with a vista of an embrasure for cannon, the wonderful house-tops, plain and severe, yet grouped in picturesque slopes and angles, the soaring church towers and ramparts, pointed at intervals with the Lombardy poplar,— not less is the surrounding country France of the latest Middle Ages. The whitewashed, brown-roofed, small-paned farm-houses, with gables that curve in graceful lines never seen in the United States; the regular lay of separate properties, the frequent small lime-kilns, the stone-work used in preference to wood, the quadrangles formed by stables and outhouses with the farmer's cottage — all these would recall France, were not the people there to show in walk and gesture, as well as language, the existence of a race alien, if not antagonistic, to the Anglo-Saxon. Drive past these farm-houses for several leagues. Presently they thicken, a few small shops appear, and there, blazoned at a distance by the flashing zinc tiles of its double steeple, stands a parish church large enough for a basilica! How could these handfuls of farmers, the traveler asks himself, build such costly houses of worship? For this district is not an exception. All down the lower St. Lawrence, each in its village or hamlet, such churches rear their haughty crests. Here and there one sees a priest in black robes, and on his head the local badge of superiority to the common herd — a high silk hat. The French-Canadian farmers and petty traders are thrifty and frugal, but stingy to a proverb. How could they erect and keep in beautiful order the legion of churches that make more picturesque a handsome land? Could it have been through a miracle, think you?

Ah, if the reader scoffs, one may know what to think of him. He is a heretic. Just such miracles have happened, and not once, but thrice, and, moreover, in Quebec. On such a point, what authority is better than a publication of the sisterhood of Ursulines, due to the talents and piety of one whose conventual humility forbids her to put even a religious name on the title-page? At page 75 of "Les Ursulines de Québec," read of the miracle that happened between the year 1640, when the monastery was undertaken, and the year

* "Les Ursulines de Québec. Depuis leur Établissement jusqu'à nos Jours." Tome Premier. Québec: C. Daveau, 1878.

"Une Colonie Féodale en Amérique." Par M. Rameau, Paris.

"The Jesuits in North America." By Francis Parkman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

"A Chance Acquaintance." By W. D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

1651, when an account was given of the sums received from France to pay for its erection. These were credited to the names of the benefactors on the books of the convent, and amounted in all to twenty-five thousand three hundred and thirty-two livres. Now, the building cost fifty thousand livres; whence came the moiety against which appears no name of a French benefactor? A heretic will mumble something would-be facetious about the arithmetic of women. One who is worthy to read the charming records of these doves of the nunnery will bow his head and place opposite the unclaimed donation the name of God. "*Comment fut donc bâti et payé ce monastère?*" asks the devotee whose graceful pen gives life and color to those driest of dry bones, the annals of a corporation. "Did God multiply the offerings of charity in the hands of the venerable Mother of the Incarnation (Marie Guyart), just as it is notorious that he did later, during the rebuilding? We are quite ready to believe it. There was a benediction accorded to the generosity and disinterestedness of the benefactors, as well as to the invincible confidence in the adorable providence of that servant of God."

Those who have a faith less fervent than the eulogist of Mother Marie Guyart may argue for themselves the interposition of the divine finger by other methods. They will not even be moved by hearing that the chapel contains a morsel of the true cross, about four lines long, or other relics less holy, such as a skull of one of the eleven thousand virgins of St. Ursula who refused to submit to the embraces of heathen soldiers. But was not Heaven at work helping to shed over so plain a structure the oil of beauty; or is it merely that the simple and beneficent lives of the sweet sisterhood, jealously hidden behind walls, gratings, and lattices, will bloom out somewhere, and at last show their influence? True, an architect may sneer at that chapel. It is well that Viollet-le-Duc died without crushing it under the weight of his mediæval learning. But in its plainness, in the slightly tinted walls and darker chocolate edgings, in the old French paintings which hang within, somewhat saccharine of color and tawdry in their eighteenth-century sentiment,— in the rococo altar and the brown spaces of the great lattices behind which the nuns kneel, there is a sweetness, there is a charm, that cannot well make its way into speech, much less into the formality of print. Let the visitor of Quebec consider for a moment the fantastic and yet singularly sober eccentricities of the iron-work on the gratings to the sacristy, and he will understand.

If Quebec is a resultant of the feudalism of France from within its walls, added to the terror of heretics and savages from without, the Ursuline Convent has not been exempt from the dangers that befell the city. In 1660 it stood on the edge of gardens and fields, where the Iroquois would be sure to strike first in their threatened descents upon the capital. During that summer, imagine the prayers and lessons of the nuns broken upon by a small band of excited citizens, who hurry in to change the convent into a fort. The sisters and their resident pupils are drafted off to the college of the Jesuits; loop-holes are cut in the walls; entrances are barricaded; bridges thrown between separate parts of the general edifice; a few of the *saintes mères* stay to provide food for the garrison. What troubles them most is that, in view of the exposed position of the convent, it has been necessary to remove the Holy Sacrament to a safer place. The sisters mourn its absence as other women might the departure of a lover— such is the sensuous mysticism of their lives. Men and women had good reason for their fears, since the valiant and well-organized redmen tortured and devoured the male captives, and subjected female prisoners to the basest, most cruel indignities. If Mr. Parkman, in reaction against the sentimental view of the Indian, has not done the Five Nations entire justice in respect to the grade of their civilization, he has given due prominence to their warlike qualities and their fierceness.

It is not without good reason that Quebec groups itself about the Ursuline Convent. Among the first to share the privations of an advanced colony too often forgot by the mother-country, it grew with its growth, suffered the hardships of its famines, and the plundering of the Tweeds of the time. It kept up the failing spirits of the townsmen when repeated disasters made them talk of abandoning the New World altogether. It stands like the oldest inhabitant of the city, or like the representative of one of the oldest families in a community that reverences good birth. But it did more. According to their light and their time, the sisters performed the service for which they set out, namely, to instruct the French and savage girls in the rudiments of education. Great stress, to be sure, was laid upon purely religious teaching. Much time was wasted by beginning at the wrong end. Instead of putting their strength upon the material civilization of the Indians, the sisters were happy when they had given the crude and child-like natives a thin varnish of Christianity, which the slightest strain cracked. Many are the naïve expressions of delight recorded in their letters to France at the precocity of certain little Huron girls, who, with the imitativeness

both of children and savages, copied the acts and speeches of their elders in a really startling fashion. But the task before the sisters was beyond their powers. If false methods of education are in question, what nation, what sect of Christians, what religion is warranted to cast the stone? The Ursulines taught the young French girls when no one else could. That to this day they teach them in some respects not amiss may be conjectured from the demeanor of the pretty brown Canadian-French girls whom one sees in Quebec and the surrounding places. How modestly and sweetly they trip along on their business! Seldom does one have to encounter the unabashed stare or hear the impertinent laugh that come from young people, equally pretty and doubtless quite as moral, in towns of the United States. Never does one see the *blasé*, cynical look which, in Paris, stamps even the young girls.

Yet the Ursuline Convent is no longer a conspicuous object on the plateau of the old town. Dwellings and public buildings have nestled in and around. Who first said that Quebec had a whole Catholic martyrology registered in her streets? The phrase might date from the end of the seventh century. Turning from the comparatively long and straight thoroughfare of St. Louis into a little passage called Parloir, we are already at the doors of the convent; we are almost at the parlor of the sisters. Linger about the Parloir, or the yard in front of a large building with curious tin-tiles upon its roof. The pretty chapel is on your right. Suddenly in front of you a door may open and pour forth a mass of little girls. Therèse, Léonie, Sidonie, Ernestine — these are the names they may be calling, while they confide to each other secrets of huge importance. As they rush out, you catch a glimpse of two or more lovely faces surrounded by the white linen head-dress of the Ursulines. But your profane, secular stare has been observed. There is no woman in the world less self-conscious than a nun. A glimpse is all you can get, for, while the doors are being hastily pushed to, the nuns hurry away into the building, the little brown-eyed girls scamper off into the old silent town, and you are left alone. You have seen the modern representatives of those women who subdued the horror of the sea and of exile natural to their race and sex, and who found it in their conscience to leave the land of their parents and the endearments of their cloistered friends, to meet with hardships certainly, and possibly with violent death, in a zone where the winter was even more savage than the savages themselves.

Great stir, in truth, did their pilgrimage make in France. There was the young widow Madame de la Peltrie, whose life and character have been admirably drawn by Parkman. About her fame scandal has been busy, as usual, but this much is sure: she devoted her life and fortune to the cause of education. There was Marie Guyart, the Ursuline, who, independent of her, had come to the same conclusions as her lay sister, and could instance visions which plainly announced that she had been appointed to convert the North American heathen. As the Virgin is especially loved by many of the monks in cloister, so a male saint is appropriate to visionary women. Why is St. Joseph so popular in the streets and neighborhood of Quebec, as well as in the hearts of Quebecois? Not merely because he was made patron saint of Canada by the Franciscans in 1624, but because he directed the Ursulines to settle in Canada. To St. Joseph the vow of Madame de la Peltrie was made when devising means to carry out her plan. But would the reader appreciate the zeal that was needed to break away from home entanglements, and establish the order in America, let him catch the wind of it by glancing at a prayer recorded as that of Maria Guyart — her whom Bossuet called the Theresa of the New World, and for whom Fénelon wrote a panegyric:

"It is through the Heart of my Jesus, my path, my truth and life, that I approach you, O eternal Father. Through that divine Heart, I adore you on the part of those who adore you not; I love you on the part of those who love you not; I recognize you on the part of all the voluntary blind ones, who, through disdain, recognize you not. Through that divine Heart I long to perform the duty required from all mortal beings. In spirit I make the tour of the world in order to seek all the souls bought by the very precious blood of my divine Spouse, in order to satisfy you for them all by way of that divine Heart; I kiss them and present them to you by his aid, and by his aid I ask for their conversion. Alas, eternal Father, and will you permit them to ignore my Jesus and allow that they shall not live for him who died for us all? You see, O divine Father, that they are not yet alive. Oh, cause them to live by means of that divine Heart!

"Upon that adorable Heart I present to you all the workers for the Evangels, in order that you fill them with your Holy Spirit, by means of his merits. Upon that sacred Heart, as upon a divine altar, I present to you in particular, N, or M," etc.

Following in the footsteps of the martyr-missionaries, and repeating more nearly the experiences of Madame de Champlain, these two visionaries set out in 1639. Feasted and run after by the court in Paris, at Dieppe their departure was made a spectacle to edify the mind and move the heart of France. The passage was long and rough. Delayed by fogs, reduced by sickness and tempests, nearly destroyed by an iceberg, the impulse of the little company of priests and nuns, when they

first reached land, was to crowd into the small boat and desert at once their narrow quarters. Many thus came near drowning close to their destination. The Governor and inhabitants of Quebec received them all with demonstrations; but the Ursulines were forced to live in a small cabin in the lower city. In fact the upper city did not then exist. Despite their close quarters and the rigor of the winter, they set about teaching the French and heathen girls. In 1642 their first monastery was complete on the plateau where its successor now stands. The financial miracle already noticed as having taken place at the building of the first attended the erection of a new convent in 1652. On a bitter December night of 1650, almost at the opening of the new year, the first structure took fire and was quickly burned to the ground. Clad in nothing but their night-dresses, the poor women, who had been used to keep their faces concealed as much as possible, were forced to brave the polar night and the gaze of all the little settlement which hurried to their rescue. By good luck many had their shoes on when they woke, because the cold was so intense that they had slept in them to escape frost-bite. Fire destroyed this building also in 1686, but again it rose, stronger and larger than ever. On both occasions the pious virgins attribute their safety and rehabilitation to the interposition of Mary, and in one case there is testimony to her actual presence, superintending the raising of the walls. It is strange that such keen eyes to detect the miraculous, and such healthy, indiscriminate appetites for signs, portents, and weirds, should have overlooked an evident forewarning of the life-work in North America which was in store for the Ursulines and for the lay founder of their chapter in Quebec. Has any sister yet marked the fact that Ursula means "little bear," and plainly foretold what her name would accomplish for the land of bears and Indians?—and yet this other, that Madame de la Peltrie, also bore in her name an evident reference to the chief articles of export which gave secular value to the French possessions in Canada!

Not without good reason does Quebec bear outward traces of a town of the feudal ages, for in its houses and environs still linger representatives of old fiefs accorded by the King of France. The late researches into documents belonging to the French Government, in the seventeenth century, prove still more completely than the statements of old travelers that the first settlers of Canada were members from the best classes of the French commonwealth. The land was occupied, not by the highest nobility, nor by adventurers and malefactors, as the Old World enemies of the New World, in more than one language, have at times maintained, but by the upper burgess class and lower ranks of the nobility. M. Rameau shows how the desire for social rank, which could be gratified at that time only by the possession of estates, operated alike on the rich merchant classes of French towns and on the poorer members of the aristocracy. It had enough force to send them over the sea, where new titles could be gained with new domains, and where younger scions of houses already great at home could establish collateral lines on the feudal basis of landed estates. These men of mark brought with them or imported their own farmers and workmen. This is true not only of Canada, but, under varying conditions, of Virginia, New York, Maryland, Pennsylvania. The religious establishments in Canada adhered even more scrupulously to feudal systems than did the laymen. In 1665, Quebec was galvanized into fresh life by the arrival of De Tracy with a fleet full of gayly clad soldiers. The celebrated Régiment Carignan then made its first appearance, and for the first time the Iroquois saw horses. This regiment was made up of nobles, and, lands having been granted by the King, it gave origin to the proudest families of Quebec. For these patentees did not, like too many of the well-born or well-bred residents of Canada, whether they came as governors, patentees, warriors, or tradesmen, make haste to leave the country that gave them wealth and additional rank. As a rule, they did not desert Canada and leave the poorer classes without their natural superiors and leaders. But now times are changed. Even these patentees have dwindled away to a small, scattered company. Not so with the Church. Proverbial for her conservatism, the Church never lets go what she has seized. The Ursulines are still true to the age of their foundation, if, indeed, they do not go yet farther back to a time supposed to be more godly because more remote. They hold much property by old fiefs, and acknowledge the suzerainty of their superiors in the Church. But it is not in temporal matters alone that they retain the sentiment and forms of feudality. Their spiritual sovereign is the Virgin. On a certain day, once every three years, they tender her formal act of vassalage.

The first occasion on which the ceremony took place was the 8th of September, 1650. On that day the bells of the convent toll, and the nuns, surrounded by their pupils, both French and Indian, betake themselves to the chapel. The monastery is at last complete, thanks to the ever-present help of the Virgin. The inhabitants of the town have

made a procession in her honor, and now the Mother Superior on earth is about to yield up her authority to a Mother Superior in heaven with some of the solemnities practiced in by-gone centuries toward potentates. The nuns are about to acknowledge themselves the "little subjects and most humble handmaidens" of the Virgin. The statue of the Virgin is brilliant with lights and surrounded with flowers. Incense arises in a cloud, and the finest voice of the convent intones the invocation "Memorare." When that ends, the Mother Superior kneels before the image and solemnly deposits the keys of the monastery at its feet. Then begins her prayer on behalf of the whole convent for pardon of faults, concluding with a formal abdication of her position as Superior and the recognition of the Virgin as Lady and Advocate, first and principal Superior. The "Te Deum" is then chanted, while one nun after another approaches to render homage to the statue by kissing its feet.

Yet the Ursuline order had been in existence hardly one hundred years when the chapter was founded at Quebec. St. Angela of Merici and twelve comrades started the order in 1535, and presently it spread to France. The Ursulines of Quebec have coalesced with another convent of hospital sisters and conformed to the regulations of the Ursulines of Paris.

Since one of the main aims of the Ursulines was the civilization of the Indian women, what was their success? True, the records contain many instances of Huron and Algonquin girls who had been *francisées*, but bitter also were the complaints of the reaction to forest life. "A Frenchman becomes a savage easier than a savage becomes French," wrote the Mother of the Incarnation — a fact of which Robert Cavelier (de la Salle) had sad experience in his voyage on the Mississippi. "Savage life is so charming by reason of its freedom, that it is a miracle when one persuades them to act like French people. They regard such life unworthy of them, making it a glory never to work except while on the hunt, or while in boats, or while at war. The children learn this as if at their birth. Women and girls paddle their canoes like the men." But in this very sentence we see how unjust it is to form conclusions about savage tribes from the fixed ideas of our own bringing up. The women were at work when they paddled. Certainly no women work harder than Indian squaws; and it is a suspicious fact that the Indian girls should have been so ready to desert the comforts of the nunnery for inevitable hard work, privations, and blows in the wigwam. Was not the system of the Ursulines at fault? In 1668 orders came from France to "Frenchify" the Indians, and both priests and nuns attempted the task on a larger scale. The same high authority writes of the girls: "Hardly one in a hundred have we Frenchified." As to the boys, all ran away from the school of the missionaries save one.

And yet Frenchmen could manage the Indians as men of no other nationality could. No other nation has been so successful in binding to themselves races of inferior civilization. Nevertheless, the French have little reputation as colonizers compared to the Dutch and English, whose conduct to the lower races has been almost uniformly brutal and selfish. In truth, the French are too good civilizers. They readily merge into a subject race, because they are too facile in adapting themselves to novel customs. In India as well as North America, the French were the path-finders, the explorers of the land, whose solid benefits were reaped by the after-coming Englishman. Where the Anglo-Saxon and Frenchman were together in presence of the savages, the latter preferred to intermarry with the wild women rather than submit to the undervaluation of the physically but not mentally superior Anglo-Saxon. The savage looked up to the Frenchman as a superior being; the ignorant Anglo-Saxon looked down on him as belonging to a nation inferior in physique.

From the naïve records of the nuns it is plain enough to see that they had small chance to manage the Indians with lasting success. Neither they nor the Jesuits, in whose footsteps they tried to walk, cared to improve the material well-being of the savages more than just enough to prevent a summary desertion. They fed and clothed them in order to form their immature minds into a species of vessel wherein to pour the mystic phraseology of the Church. If the poor innocents repeated the formulas with only a moderate show of understanding — if, moreover, they feasted and fasted in due order, and observed the hours of prayer, the nuns were overwhelmed with delight. One day a missionary visits a class of Indian pupils, and asks them if they are happy in the convent, and if they wish to stay long. At this the little girls assume a grave and mysterious air, and, pressing up close to him, as if to impart a dreadful secret, they say: "Father, you see how old and worn our clothes are; we are not given new ones; we are not smart-looking like the French girls, and that makes us unhappy." When this is reported to the Mother Superior, she hastens to make them dresses and mittens of red cloth, and provides them with new stockings and shoes — "for fear that these little

creatures should not receive with pleasure into their hearts the seed of faith." The ill success of the Ursulines in really civilizing the Indians went hand in hand with a similar failure on the part of the Jesuits, and earned for both the enmity of the great Frontenac, whose godlessness in witnessing a representation of "Tartuffe" in Quebec is still remembered by the good Ursulines with unabated horror. For, while French military men and traders civilized to a certain extent the Indians with whom they came in contact, and, in spite of firewater, did so effectually without special effort, the missionaries and nuns, who came for that very purpose, reaped comparatively small results.

In France, and from the very first, too, the Ursulines had their persistent detractors. Madame de la Peltrie had to win a tedious lawsuit with her nearest heirs, and marry an old gentleman as a dummy husband, before she could alienate her property to the support of the Canadian schemes. The Mother Superior complained that people said the Ursulines did no good, when, in fact, what went on inside the convent could not be seen, as could the work of the hospital nuns. She pleads that silence in the reports to France should not be construed as want of diligence. It appears that the famous "Relations," mainstay of the historian of early Canada, which kept Europe posted on the struggles of the missions, fell into the hands of an editor who cut off the voluminous annals of the Ursulines. It was doubtless with good reason. Compared to the tragedies that were being enacted among the Jesuits, the simple reports of clever sayings of little Huron girls, of singular events which the fervor of the good nuns dilated into miracles, must have been dull to the most devout of the courtiers of Louis XIV. The memory of De Tracy is green among the Ursulines because he lent the full weight of his personal authority, and that of a subduer of the heathen Iroquois, to deny the accusations brought against the nuns in France—accusations some of which had origin in quarrels about real estate. The Jesuits, on the other hand, were in bad odor with the merchants, because they traded more or less in furs in order to keep their missions self-supporting. Another grievance of the laity was the despotic character of the Canadian church. Farmers took to the woods and savage life rather than suffer spoliation by the religious orders. In 1663, the clergy exacted a thirteenth part of all agricultural produce; it was reduced to a twenty-sixth in 1669. Isidore Le Brun points out the disadvantage under which the Catholic farmers labored in the struggle for existence, when comparison was made between them and their Protestant neighbors of English or American origin. Things are possibly better in Lower Canada now than they were in 1831, when he wrote, but the fact that hundreds of French Canadians have settled in New England every year since the Civil War cannot be explained merely upon the plea that the Yankee manufacturers attract them by good pay. Thousands of French Canadians come into New England to work for a season, and then return; but an ever-increasing proportion of them lease or buy New England farms, and settle as families.

Religious bodies produce a tendency of capital toward them, owing to the prudent management of the community at the earlier stages, and, afterward, through bequests and the inherent multiplication of funds. So the religious bodies of Quebec have everything to do with its present state of antiquity, and can point to their early settlement of the place as justification for their practical monopoly of the town. Having occupied the land with a grasp that even conquest could with difficulty loosen, they restrained the town from the commercial development which would naturally follow its central position. The law still goes hand in hand with religion, as it did in France at the time of Rabelais. It is a sight of Quebec, that little quarter of the advocates closely adjoining the Ursulines and built upon their land! In queer, small, long-roofed stone houses sit the *chats fourrés* of Rabelais, stripped, it is true, of their ermine and their portentous mien, but furnished still with a goodly complement of claws. The scratching of their quills inside the dark little offices is easily heard on the narrow sidewalk, so quiet is the old city. It is here that the Church finds clever lawyers, with wits filed sharp on the old French law that was swept away in France by Napoleon in favor of his code—lawyers who are able to plead in English, modern and mediæval French, and *patois* French as well. They are small, dark men, very plainly dressed, who exhale from their shabby clothes an odor of parchment. If you are so lucky as to see an awkward peasant standing in one of the little dens, fingering his hat, and muttering an impossible language which he himself will tell you is not French, the sphinx-like advocate meanwhile scribbling immovably at his desk, you have struck a chord of three centuries ago.

Capital is ever arrogant. Judge what must have been the arrogance of those who had not only large capital, but a power within and independent of the Government, such as the Government would gladly have been able to

wield. In the seventeenth century the colony was practically enslaved by the Church. People could not go to the play, nor even stay away from mass, with impunity. In the present century, the policy of the Church is to bend to the storm and exercise her influence in concealment. We are wont to regard the Indians of Canada as in far better circumstances than our own much-abused and expensive red men. Yet Indians of Canada who have managed to secure an unbiased education tell a different tale. At the Iroquois village of Caughnawaga, opposite Lachine, there are Indians who have lost every foot of land by the encroachment of whites.

A protracted lawsuit between the shepherd and his flock, such as has existed between St. Sulpice and the Indians, puts the touchstone to the system pursued by Jesuits and Ursulines. Two centuries ago, in a new and heathen land, their work may have been effectual. But the world passed that stage while French Canada was fast asleep, lulled by the torpid air of a by-gone age, self-centered by the domination of the English, sealed hermetically from the freshness of the nineteenth century by the arts of the Church. Why should the Ursulines know how to teach? Do they take their vows because they feel themselves especially adapted to instruct young girls? There is no health in a system of education controlled by men or women, however ascetic may be their lives, however brilliant may be the attainments of the exceptional among them, who look, not to the desires and ambitions of their charges, but to the carrying out of a policy dictated in a distant land.

A certain number of persons will always exist to whom convents afford relief from mental excitement or stress. There are always people being born who have the tastes and prejudices of three centuries ago. Any person with a large acquaintance knows of them. It may be that the Ursulines of Quebec will last on for the benefit of just such characters. And to lose them would be a pity, for at the same time would not the old town lapse entirely into commonplace? Instead of the old ramparted spot, we should have a large, showy, bustling city, such as Montreal is fast becoming. Perhaps it is fatally inevitable; perhaps the change has already set in; for certain grand new buildings outside the upper gates have an air of flash simplicity seen in the architecture of the late French Empire. It was to stem this that Lord Dufferin, with his sympathy for a remnant of later mediæval France, advised a renewal on a larger scale of the five gates of the old city. Change in the direction of greater comfort had to come; the danger was that the alterations would deprive Quebec of the last trace of individuality.

As the sun sets up the valley of the St. Charles, we hear chimes behind our back; they are the vesper bells of the convent. In protest against an age that denies their outworn creed, the saintly Ursulines are turning to their prayers.

Charles de Kay.

"A SOLDIER OF THE EMPIRE."

By the Author of "Marse Chan," "Meh Lady," etc.

IT was his greatest pride in life that he had been a soldier of the empire. He was known simply as "The Soldier," and it is probable there was not a man, and certain that there was not a child in the Quarter who did not know the tall, erect old Sergeant with his white, carefully waxed mustache, and his face seamed with two saber cuts, one of which all knew had been received the summer day when he had stood, a mere boy, in the hollow square at Waterloo striving to stay the fierce flood of Picton's cavalry; the other, tradition said, was of even more ancient date.

Yes, they all knew him, and knew how when he was not over thirteen, just the age of little Raoul the humpback, who was not as tall as Pauline, he had received the cross which he always wore over his heart, sewed in the breast of his coat, from the hand of the emperor himself, for standing on the hill at Wagram when his regiment broke, and beating the long-roll, while he held the tattered colors resting in his arm, until the men rallied and swept back the left wing of the enemy. This the children knew, as their fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers before them had known it, and rarely an evening passed that some of the gamins were not to be found in the old man's kitchen, which was also his parlor, or else on his little porch, listening with ever-new delight to the story of his battles and of the emperor. They all knew as well as he the thrilling part where the emperor dashed by (the old Sergeant always rose reverently at the name, and the little audience also stood,—one or two nervous younger ones sometimes bobbing up a little ahead of time, but sitting down again in confusion under the contemptuous scowls and pluckings of the rest),—where the emperor dashed by, and reined up to ask an officer what regiment that was that had broken, and who was that drummer that had been promoted to ensign;— they all knew how, on the

grand review afterwards, the Sergeant, beating his drum with one hand (while the other, which had been broken by a bullet, was in a sling), had marched with his company before the emperor, and had been recognized by him, and how he had been called up by a staff-officer (whom the children imagined to be a fine gentleman with a rich uniform, and a great shako like Marie's uncle, the drum-major), and the emperor had taken from his own breast and with his own hand had given him the cross, which he had never from that day removed from his heart, and had said, "I would make you a colonel if I could spare you."

This was the story they liked best, though there were many others which they frequently begged to be told—of march and siege and battle, of victories over or escapes from red-coated Britishers and fierce German lancers, and of how the mere presence of the emperor was worth fifty thousand men, and how the soldiers knew that where he was no enemy could withstand them. It all seemed to them very long ago, and the soldier of the empire was the only man in the Quarter who was felt to be greater than the rich nobles and fine officers who flashed along the great streets, or glittered through the parks outside. More than once when Paris was stirred up, and the Quarter seemed on the eve of an outbreak, a mounted orderly had galloped up to his door with a letter, requesting his presence somewhere (it was whispered at the prefect's), and when he returned, if he refused to speak of his visit the Quarter was satisfied; it trusted him and knew that when he advised quiet it was for its good. He loved France first, the Quarter next. Had he not been offered—? What had he not been offered! The Quarter knew, or fancied it knew, which did quite as well. At least it knew how he always took sides with the Quarter against oppression. It knew how he had gone up into the burning tenement and brought the children down out of the garret just before the roof fell. It knew how he had jumped into the river that winter when it was high, to save Raoul's little lame dog which had fallen into the water; it knew how he had reported the gendarmes for arresting poor little Aimée just for begging a man in the Place de L'Opéra for a franc for her old grandmother, who was blind, and had her released instead of being sent to ——; but what was the need of multiplying instances! He was the soldier of the empire, and there was not a dog in the Quarter which did not feel and look proud when it could trot on the inside of the sidewalk by him.

Thus the old Sergeant came to be regarded as the conservator of order in the Quarter, and was worth more in the way of keeping it quiet than all the gendarmes that ever came inside its precincts. And thus the children all knew him.

One story that the Sergeant sometimes told, the girls liked to hear, though the boys did not, because it had nothing about war in it, and Minette and Clarisse used to cry so when it was told, that the Sergeant would stop and put his arms around them and pet them until they only sobbed on his shoulder.

It was of how he had, when a lonely old man, met down in Lorraine his little Camille, whose eyes were as blue as the sky, and her hand as white as the flower from which she took her name, and her cheeks as pink as the roses in the gardens of the Tuileries. He had loved her, and she, though forty years his junior, had married him and had come here to live with him; but the close walls of the city had not suited her, and she had pined and languished before his eyes like a plucked lily, and, after she bore him Pierre, had died in his arms, and left him lonelier than before; and the old soldier always lowered his voice and paused a moment (Raoul said he was saying a mass), and then he would add consolingly: "But she left a soldier, and when I am gone, should France ever need one, Pierre will be here." The boys did not fancy this story for the reasons given, and besides, although they loved the Sergeant, they did not like Pierre. He was not popular in the Quarter, except with the young girls and a few special friends. The women said he was idle and vain like his mother, who had been, they said, a silly thing with little to boast of but blue eyes and a white skin, of which she was too proud to endanger it by work, and that she had married the Sergeant for his pension, and would have ruined him if she had lived, and that Pierre was just like her.

The children knew nothing of the resemblance. They disliked Pierre because he was cross and disagreeable to them, and however their older sisters might admire his curling brown hair, dark eyes, and delicate features, which he had likewise inherited from his mother, they did not like him, for he scolded when he found them at home, and he had several times ordered the whole lot out of the house, and once had slapped little Raoul, for which Jean Maison had beaten him. Of late, too, when it drew near time for him to come home, the old Sergeant had two or three times left out a part of his story, and told them to run away and come back in the morning, as Pierre liked to be quiet when he came from his work — which Raoul said was gambling.

Thus it was that Pierre was not popular in the Quarter. He was nineteen years old when war was declared. They said Prussia was

trying to steal Alsace and Lorraine. All Paris was in an uproar. The Quarter, always ripe for any excitement, shared in and enjoyed the general commotion. It struck off from work; Pierre was the loudest declaimer in the district. He got work in the armory. Recruiting officers went in and out of the saloons and alleys, drinking with the men, talking to the women, and stirring up as much fervor as possible. Troops were being mustered in, and the streets and parks were filled with the tramp of regiments, and the cheers of the crowds as they marched by floated into the Quarter. Brass bands were so common that although in the winter a couple of strolling musicians had been sufficient to lose temporarily every child in the Quarter, it now required a full band and a grenadier regiment to boot to draw a tolerable representation. Of all the residents of the Quarter, none took a deeper interest than the soldier of the empire. He became at once an object of more than usual attention. He had married in Lorraine, and could, of course, tell just how long it would take to whip the Prussians. His little porch was always full of inquirers, and the stories of the emperor were told to audiences now of grandfathers and grandmothers. Once or twice the gendarmes had sauntered down, thinking, from seeing the crowd, that a fight was going on. A hint was dropped by the soldier of the empire that perhaps France would conquer Prussia, and then go on across to Moscow to settle an old score, and that night it was circulated through the Quarter that the invasion of Russia would follow the capture of Berlin. The emperor became more popular than he had been since the *coup d'état*, and half the Quarter offered its services. The troops were being drilled night and day, and morning after morning the soldier of the empire locked his door, buttoned his coat tightly around him, and with a stately military air marched over to the park to see the drill, where he remained until it was time for Pierre to have his supper. The old Sergeant's acquaintance extended far beyond the Quarter. Indeed, his name had been mentioned in the papers more than once, and his presence was noted at the drill by those high in authority; so that he was often to be seen surrounded by a group listening to his accounts of the emperor, or showing what the *manuel* had been in his time. His air, always soldierly, was now imposing, and many a visitor inquired who he might be, and on learning that he was a soldier of the empire, sought an introduction to him. Sometimes they told him they could hardly believe him much older than some of those in the ranks, and although at first he used to declare he was like a rusty flint-lock, too old and useless for service, their flattery soothed his vanity, and after a while, instead of shaking his head and replying that France had no use for old men, he would smile doubtfully and say that when they let Pierre go maybe he would go too, just to show the children how they fought then.

The war began in earnest. The troops were sent to the front; others were mustered in and sent after them as fast as they were equipped; news of battle after battle came, at first of victory, so the papers said, full and satisfying, then meager and uncertain, and at last so scanty that only the wise ones knew there had been a defeat. The Quarter was in a fever of patriotism. Jean Maison and nearly all the young men had enlisted and gone, leaving their sweethearts waving their kerchiefs and wiping their eyes with them by turns. Pierre, however, still remained behind.

Suddenly the levy came — Pierre was conscripted.

That night the Sergeant enlisted in the same company. Before the week was out, their regiment was equipped and dispatched to the front, for the news came that the army was making no advance, and it was said that France needed more men. Some shook their heads and said she needed better officers; but a suggestion of this by some of the recruits in the old soldier's presence drew down from him the rebuke that in his day "such a speech would have called out a corporal and a file of grenadiers."

The day they were mustered in, the captain of the company sent for him and bade him have the first sergeant's chevrons sewed on his sleeve. The order had come from the colonel, some even said from the marshal. He suggested that Pierre was the man for the place; but the captain simply repeated the order. The Quarter approved the selection, and several fights occurred among the children who had gotten up a company as to who should be the sergeant. It was deemed more honorable than to be the captain.

The day the regiment left Paris, the Sergeant was ordered to report several reliable men for special duty; he detailed Pierre among the number; but Pierre was sick, so sick that he would have been left behind when the company had started, but for his father. He was too proud of his son to allow him to miss the opportunity of fighting for France. Pierre was the handsomest man in the regiment.

The new levies on arrival went into camp, and were drilled,— quite needlessly, Pierre and some of the others declared. They were not accustomed to restraint, and they could not see why they should be worked to death

when they were lying in camp doing nothing. But the soldier of the empire was a strict drill-master, and the company was shortly the best-drilled one in the regiment.

Yet the army lay still and no battles were fought. The sole principle of the campaign seemed to be the massing together of as many troops as possible. What they were to do no one appeared very clearly to know. The men, at first burning for battle, became tired and lukewarm with waiting; dissatisfaction crept in, and then murmurs, "Why did they not fight?" The soldier of the empire was himself sorely puzzled. The art of war had certainly changed since his day. The emperor would have picked the best third of these troops and have been at the gates of the Prussian capital in less time than they had spent camped with the enemy right before them. Still, it was not for a soldier to question, and he ordered a week's extra guard duty for a man who ventured to complain in his presence that the marshal knew as little as the men. The army was losing heart.

Thus it was for several weeks. But at last, one evening, it was apparent that some change was at hand, and the army stirred and shook itself as a great animal moves and stretches, not knowing if it will awake or drop off to sleep again.

During the night it became wide awake. It was high time. The Prussians were almost on them, and had them in a trap. They held the higher grounds and hemmed the French in. All night long the camps were being struck, and the army was in commotion. Some said they were about to be attacked, some said they were surrounded. Uncertainty gave place to excitement. At length they marched. When day began to break, the army had been tumbled into line of battle, and the regiment in which were our two soldiers was drawn up on the edge of a gentleman's park outside of the villages. The line extended beyond them farther than they could see, and large bodies of troops were massed behind them, and were marching and countermarching. The rumor went along the ranks that they were in the advanced line and that the Germans were just the other side of the little plateau, which they could dimly see in the gray light of the dawn. The men, having been marching in the dark, were tired, and most of them lay down, when they were halted, to rest. Some went to sleep; others, like Pierre, set to work and with their bayonets dug little trenches and threw up a slight earthwork behind which they could lie; for the skirmishers had been thrown out, looking vague and ghostly as they trotted forward in the dim twilight, and they supposed the battle would be fought right there. By the time, however, the trenches were dug, the line was advanced, and the regiment was moved forward some distance, and halted just under a knoll along which ran a road. The Sergeant was the youngest man in the company; the sound of battle had brought back all his fire. To him numbers were nothing. He thought it now but a matter of a few hours, and France would be at the gates of Berlin. He saw once more the fields of glory and heard again the shouts of victory; he beheld the tricolor floating over the capital of the enemies of France. Perhaps it would be planted there by Pierre. And he saw in his imagination Pierre climbing at a stride from a private to a captain, a colonel, a — who could tell? — had not the *baton* been won in a campaign? As to dreaming that a battle could bring any other result than victory,— it was impossible.

"Where are you going?" shouted derisively the men of a regiment at rest, to the Sergeant's command as they marched past.

"To Berlin," replied the Sergeant.

The questioners cheered, and their regiment that day stood its ground until a fourth of its men fell. The old soldier's enthusiasm infected the new recruits, who were pale and nervous under the strain of waiting. His eye rested on Pierre, who was standing down near the other end of the company, and the father's face beamed as he thought he saw there resolution and impatience for the fight. Ha! France should ring with his name; the Quarter should go wild with delight.

Just then the skirmishers ahead began to fire, and in a few moments it was answered by a sullen note from the villages beyond the plain, and the battle had begun. The dropping fire of the skirmish line increased and merged into a rattle, and suddenly the thunder broke from a hill to their right, and ran along the crest until the earth trembled under their feet. Bullets began to whistle over their heads and clip the leaves of the trees behind them, and the long, pulsating scream of shells flying over them and exploding in the park behind them made the faces of the men look gray in the morning twilight. Waiting was worse than fighting. In a little while a staff-officer galloped up to the colonel, who was sitting on his horse in the road, quietly smoking a cigar, and a moment later the whole line was in motion. They were wheeled to the right, and marched under shelter of the knoll in the direction of the firing. As they passed the turn of the road, they caught a glimpse of the hill ahead where the artillery, enveloped in smoke, were thundering from an ever-thickening cloud; a battery of eight guns galloped past them, and turning the curve disappeared. To the new recruits it

seemed as if the whole battle was being fought right there. They could see nothing but their own line, and only a part of that; but the hill was plainly an important point, for they were being pushed forward, and the firing on the rise ahead of them was terrific; they were still partly protected by the ridge, but shells were screaming over them, and the earth was rocking under their feet. More batteries came thundering by,— the men riding on the pieces and the drivers lashing their horses furiously,— and disappearing into the smoke on the hill, unlimbered and swelled the deafening roar; they passed men lying on the ground dead or wounded, or were passed by others helping wounded comrades to the rear; several men in the company fell, some crying out or groaning with pain, and two or three killed outright.

The men were dodging and twisting, with heads bent a little as if in a pelting rain. Only the old Sergeant and some of the younger ones were perfectly erect.

"Why don't you dodge the balls?" asked a recruit of the Sergeant.

"A soldier of the empire never dodges," was the proud reply. Some change occurred on the hills; they could not see what. Just then the order came down the line to advance at a double-quick and support the batteries. They moved forward at a run and passed beyond the shelter of the ridge. Instantly they were in the line of fire from the Prussian batteries, whose white puffs of smoke were visible across the plain, and bullets and shell tore wide spaces in their ranks. They could not see the infantrymen, who were in pits, but the bullets hissed and whistled by them. The men on either side of Pierre were killed and fell forward on their faces with a thud, one of them still holding his musket. Pierre would have stopped, but there was no time, the man in the rear pressed him on. As they appeared in the smoke of the nearest battery, the artillerymen broke into cheers at the welcome sight, and all down the line it was taken up. All around were dead and dying men increasing in numbers momentarily. No one had time to notice them. The infantry who were a little to the side of the batteries were ordered to lie down; most of them had already done so; even then they were barely protected; shot and shell plowed the ground around them as if it had been a fallow field; men spoke to their comrades, and before receiving a reply were shot dead at their sides. The wounded were more ghastly than the dead; their faces growing deadly white suddenly as they were struck.

The gunners lay in piles around their guns, and still the survivors worked furiously in the dense heat and smoke, the sweat pouring down their blackened faces. The fire was terrific.

Suddenly an officer galloped up, and spoke to the lieutenant of the nearest battery.

"Where's the colonel?"

"Killed."

"Where's your captain?"

"Dead, there under the gun."

"Are you in command?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, hold this hill."

"How long?"

"Forever." And he galloped off.

His voice was heard clear and ringing in a sudden lull, and the old Sergeant, clutching his musket, shouted:

"We will, forever."

There was a momentary lull.

Suddenly the cry was:

"Here they are."

In an instant a dark line of men appeared coming up the slope. The guns were trained down on them, but shot over their heads; they were double shotted and trained lower, and belched forth canister. They fell in swathes, yet still they came on at a run, hurrahing, until they were almost up among the guns, and the gunners were leaving their pieces. The old Sergeant's voice speaking to his men was as steady as if on parade, and kept them down, and when the command was given to fire kneeling, they rose as one man, and poured a volley into the Germans' faces which sent them reeling back down the hill, leaving a broken line of dead and struggling men on the crest where they had received the deadly fire. Just then a brigade officer passed along, and they heard him say, "That repulse may stop them." Then he gave some order in an undertone to the lieutenant of the battery, and passed on. A moment later the fire from the Prussian batteries was heavier than before; the guns were being knocked to pieces. A piece of shell struck the Sergeant on the cheek, tearing away the flesh badly. He tore the sleeve from his shirt and tied it around his head with perfect unconcern. The fire of the Germans was still growing heavier; the smoke was too dense to see a great deal, but they were concentrating or were coming closer. The lieutenant came back for a moment and spoke to the captain of the company, who, looking along the line, called the Sergeant, and ordered him to go back down the hill to where the road turned behind it, and tell General —— to send them a support instantly, as the batteries were knocked all to pieces, and they could not hold the hill much longer. The announcement was so astonishing to the old soldier, to whom it had never occurred that as long as a

man remained they could not hold the hill, that he was half-way down the slope before he took it in. He had brought his gun with him, and he clutched it convulsively as if he could alone withstand the whole Prussian army. "He might have taken a younger man to do his trotting," he muttered to himself as he stalked along, not knowing that his wound had occasioned his selection. "Pierre — but no, Pierre must stay where he would have the opportunity to distinguish himself — —" It was no holiday promenade he was taking, for his path lay right across the track swept by the German batteries, and the whole distance was strewn with dead, killed as they had advanced in the morning.

But the old Sergeant got safely across. He found the General with one or two members of his staff sitting on horseback in the road near the park gate receiving and answering dispatches. He delivered his message.

"Go back and tell him he *must* hold it," was the reply. "Upon it depends the fate of France. Or wait, you are wounded; I will send some one else; you go to the rear." And he gave the order to one of his staff, who saluted and dashed off on his horse. "Hold it for France," he called after him.

The words were heard perfectly clear even above the din of battle which was steadily increasing all along the line, and they stirred the old soldier like a trumpet. No rear for him! He turned and pushed back up the hill at a run. The road had somewhat changed since he left, but he marked it not; shot and shell were plowing across his path more thickly, but he heeded them not; in his ears rang the words —"For France." They came like an echo from the past; it was the same cry he had heard at Waterloo, when the soldiers of France that summer day had died for France and the emperor, with a cheer on their lips. "For France"—the words were consecrated; the emperor himself had used them. He had heard him, and would have died then; should he not die now for her! Was it not glorious to die for France, and have men say that he had fought for her when a babe, and had died for her when an old man!

With these thoughts was mingled the thought of Pierre — Pierre also would die for France! They would save her or die together; and he pressed his hand with a proud caress over the cross on his breast. It was the emblem of glory. He was almost back with his men now; he knew it by the roar, but the smoke hid everything. Just then it shifted a little. As it did so, he saw a man in the uniform of his regiment steal out of the dim line and start towards him at a run. His cap was pulled over his eyes, and he saw him deliberately fling away his gun. He was skulking. All the blood boiled up in the old soldier's veins. Desert — not fight for France! Why did not Pierre shoot him! Just then the coward passed close and the old man seized him with a grip of iron. The deserter, surprised, turned his face; it was pallid with terror and shame — but not more so than his captor's.

"Pierre!" he gasped. "Good God! where are you going?"

"I am sick," faltered the other.

"Come back," said the father sternly.

"I cannot," was the terrified answer.

"It is for France, Pierre," pleaded the old soldier pitifully.

"Oh! I cannot," moaned the young man, pulling away. There was a pause,— the old man still holding on hesitatingly, then,—"Dastard!" hissed the father, flinging his son from him with indescribable scorn.

Pierre, free once more, was slinking off with averted face, when a new idea seized the other, and his face grew grim as stone. Cocking his musket, he took careful and deliberate aim at his son's retreating figure and brought his finger slowly down upon the trigger. But, before he could fire, a shell exploded directly in the line of his aim, and when the smoke blew off Pierre had disappeared. The Sergeant lowered his piece, gazed curiously down the hill, and then hurried to the spot where the shell had burst. A mangled form marked the place. The coward had in the very act of flight met the death he dreaded. Pierre lay dead on his face with the back of his head shattered by a fragment of shell. The countenance of the living man was more pallid than that of the dead. No word escaped him, except that refrain, "For France, for France," which he repeated mechanically.

Although this had occupied but a few minutes, momentous changes had taken place in the ridge above. The sound of the battle had somewhat changed, and with the roar of artillery were mingled now the continuous rattle of the musketry and the shouts and cheers of the contending troops. The fierce onslaught of the Prussians had broken the line somewhere beyond the batteries, and the French were being borne back. Almost immediately the slope was filled with retreating men hurrying back in the demoralization of panic. All order was lost. It was a rout. The soldiers of his own regiment began to rush by the spot where the old Sergeant stood above his dead son's body; recognizing him, some of his comrades seized his arm and attempted to hurry him along, but with a fierce exclamation the old soldier shook them off, and raising his voice so that he was heard even above the tumult of the rout, he shouted,

"Are ye all cowards? Rally for France — For France ——"

They tried to bear him along; the officers they said were dead. The Prussians had captured the guns, and had broken the whole line; but it was no use, still he shouted that rallying cry, "For France, for France, Vive la France, Vive l'Empereur"; and steadied by the war-cry, accustomed to obey an officer, the men around him fell instinctively into something like order, and for an instant the rout was arrested. The fight was renewed over Pierre's dead body. As they had, however, truly said, the Prussians were too strong for them. They had carried the line and were now pouring down the hill by thousands in the ardor of hot pursuit, the line on either side was swept away, and while the gallant little band about the old soldier still stood and fought desperately, they were soon surrounded. There was no thought of quarter; none was asked, none was given. Cries, curses, cheers, shots, blows, were mingled together, and clear above all rang the old soldier's war-cry, "For France, for France, Vive la France, Vive l'Empereur." It was the refrain from an older and bloodier field. He thought he was at Waterloo. Mad with excitement, the men took up the cry and fought like tigers, but the issue could not be doubtful.

Man after man fell, shot or clubbed down with the cry "For France" on his lips, and his comrades, standing astride his body, fought with bayonets and clubbed muskets till they too fell in turn. Almost the last one was the old Sergeant. Wounded to death, and bleeding from numberless gashes, he still fought, shouting his battle-cry, "For France," till his musket was hurled spinning from his shattered hand, and, staggering senseless back, a dozen bayonets were driven into his breast, crushing out forever the brave spirit of the soldier of the empire.

It was best, for France was lost.

A few hours later the Quarter was in mourning over the terrible defeat.

. . . . . .

THAT night a group of Prussian officers going over the field with lanterns looking after their wounded, stopped near the spot where the old Sergeant had made his last stand for France, a spot remarkable even on that bloody slope for the heaps of dead of both armies literally piled upon each other.

"It was just here," said one, "that they made that splendid rally."

A second, looking at the body of an old French sergeant lying amidst heaps of slain with his face to the sky, as he saw his scars, said simply:

"There died a brave soldier."

Another, older than the first, bending closer to count the bayonet-wounds, caught the gleam of something in the light of the lantern, and, stooping to examine a broken cross of the Legion on the dead man's breast, said reverently:

"He was a *soldier of the empire*."

Thomas Nelson Page.

ZWEIBAK; OR, NOTES OF A PROFESSIONAL EXILE.

. . . There is something that appeals strongly to the humor in the simplicity of the motives which the old playwrights assign to their characters. For instance, in the lists of *dramatis personæ*, a male character is represented as "in love" with a female character, and as "friend to" another male character. How much more complex and intricate would a play be which should describe the facts as I see them to be here. The list of *dramatis personæ* would be something like the following:

ALONZO. (Inclined to fancy *Maria*, but is dissuaded by the vulgarity of her relations. Ultimately proposes to *Olivia*.)

CLAUDIUS. (Would really propose to *Miranda* — or thinks he would — if she had money. Imagines he had better try for *Olivia*, but, finding she will not have him, falls back on *Maria*.)

VALENTINE. (A plain man of some property, really in love with *Miranda*.)

MIRANDA. (Rather likes *Claudius*, but thinks she had better take *Valentine*, as she may not have so good a chance again.)

OLIVIA. (Does not like men. Thinks they are all after her money. Prefers a man whom she has left in America, and who cannot get here within the three days required by the unities. Accepts *Alonzo*, partly out of civility and compliance, and partly because, *Alonzo* being a rich man, she erroneously supposes he is therefore not a fortune-hunter.)

MARIA. (An heiress.)

ISABELLA. (Mother to *Miranda*. Has an eye for her daughter on *Alonzo*, — who meanwhile has no notion of *Miranda*, — is not disposed to let go her hand on *Valentine*, but is a strenuous enemy of *Claudius*.)

ANTONIO. (Friend to *Claudius*. Is not, however, altogether pleased in perceiving that *Claudius*, with *Maria's* money, will be a greater man than himself.)

ANGELO. (Friend to *Valentine*. Is all the more earnest in support of his friend's suit for

the reason that he secretly believes that *Valentine* has little chance of being accepted. Having been himself not insensible to a certain dimple in the cheek of *Miranda*, he is not particularly happy to learn that the mind and body of that lady are to be indeed the property of *Valentine*.)

The author's first intention was to make "traitors" of *Antonio* and *Angelo* rather than "friends," but he relinquished this purpose on perceiving that they were too good men for the part.

(In the fifth act the characters are with difficulty got to the footlights; the orchestra makes the conventionally festive flourish, the house is expectant, when suddenly they all scamper off the stage to meet and repeat the performance the next season.)

. . . I went to-day to the *hutfabrik* and bought a soft hat for ten marks. Everybody here goes and gets one; the ladies as well as the men. I had my choice of a white, a black, a brown, or a green one. The girl who waited on me, an intelligent young person, gave the hat a little knock on top and a *yager* twist to the rim. The hat had in the crown on the inside a map of Zweibak and its surroundings. I asked the girl if the map was her idea. I might have known that it was not. It was evidently a man's idea. It was the thought of some keenly attentive person. The girl said that it was her young master's suggestion. I thought also that the notion was characteristically German; it showed a German intelligence, thoroughness, and sense of the obligation to grasp the situation perfectly. An English hatter would have wished to know what authority there was for doing such a thing, or whether it had ever been done by Lincoln & Bennett.

. . . The English here are talking a great deal of Gladstone's latest speech. On coming through London I went one day to the House of Commons, and heard this distinguished man. I find I miss very much, in reading or trying to read his speeches, the impressive presence and the rich and searching voice of the orator. Mr. Gladstone, though a great statesman and a man of immense force, is unfortunately without literary ability. I do not mean that he is not a good writer. What I mean by literary ability — and what I say he has not — is a quality of the mind; this quality its possessor has whether he writes or not, and would have if there were no such thing as alphabetical writing. It is difficult to say in what this quality consists. It cannot be said to consist in great intellectual power or in deep perceptions, for men have had it who had not great intellects or deep perceptions, and on the other hand men of intellect have often been without it. But this much may be said, that when any man has it we find that we are interested in what he says, and readily remember it in association with our sense of his character. Now Mr. Gladstone has been talking all his life, but I can remember at this moment nothing he has ever said. I can think of plenty of things that Burke or Webster or the late Lord Beaconsfield has said, but nothing of Gladstone's. Mr. Gladstone's utterances have never the distinction of the true literary man, show nowhere the glance of genius, or at any rate of literary genius. We were fortunate in this respect in our great man Lincoln. His case shows how independent the gift is of education or preparation, and how entirely it is an original property of the mind of its possessor. Throughout his public career, from the first, his utterances had the distinction and the perfection of literary genius.

Gladstone looks the great man he is. I saw him on one occasion when it was his duty to receive royalty. He wore the dress proper for an English minister at such times, — an ordinary dress-coat and waistcoat, with black cloth knee-breeches and black silk stockings. I was impressed by the contrast between his fine visage, with its expression of power and habitual authority, and the black-habited and rather slender legs. He looked to me like some old eagle which a bad boy had taken from his cage and left on the floor, having first clipped his wings and cut off all his tail-feathers, but which the urchin could not rob of the majesty of his severe eye.

EACH DAY.

I WATCH the sun at morning, and it smiles with all the gladness
Of the million million happy eyes that greet its glorious birth;
I gaze again at evening, and it gives back all the sadness
Of the million million weary eyes that watch it sink to earth.

C. H. Crandall.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Authorized Life of Abraham Lincoln.

TO this day the life of Abraham Lincoln has never been told. Many biographies of the President, of varying value and interest, have been written; one of the best, considering the promptness with which it was prepared, being by Dr. J. G. Holland, our former editor-in-chief. Dr. Holland's work is to be classed among those prepared by accomplished authors who enjoyed no personal acquaintance with the subject, nor any unusual means of access to authorities; several interesting books have also appeared bearing the names of men personally acquainted with Mr. Lincoln, and giving details of more or less value and authenticity, particularly as to his early career. But only his private secretaries, John George Nicolay and John Hay, have had the opportunity and the authority to tell the complete story of Lincoln's life, and particularly of that part of it which pertains to the Presidency. When Lincoln died, these two returned to the White House, where they were still living, though already appointed to Paris; they gathered together the President's papers, and handed them to Robert Lincoln and David Davis, who sacredly guarded them till the return of the secretaries from Europe. They were then redelivered to the latter, for the purposes of this history, and have never been in any other hands. They have served as an important part — by no means the whole — of the data preserved by the biographers for the purpose of presenting to the world the record of their illustrious chief, in all its truth and fullness. This history includes not merely the personal career of Lincoln, but a graphic account of the events which led to the civil war, and a history of that war from the point of view of the White House,— the point of view, in fact, of the commander-in-chief of the armies and navies of the United States.

Friends and admirers of President Lincoln have sometimes perhaps wondered at the liberty we have allowed certain contributors in their criticisms of the martyred President. But it has been our belief that the freer the discussion of the motives and actions of Abraham Lincoln, the brighter would emerge the character and genius of that extraordinary man. And beside, we have been planning for the presentation to the world in these pages of this, the only authoritative life of Lincoln,— the first installment of which will be given in the November number of THE CENTURY.

The appearance of this life in the pages of THE CENTURY is at a time most fortunate. The war series (not yet concluded in these pages) has brought an audience to the reading of the true life of Lincoln unprecedented in numbers, as it is also one peculiarly interested in the subject. This applies not merely to the soldier-and-sailor audience, but to the "general reader" of THE CENTURY whose interest in the war has been quickened by the absorbing narratives given during the last two years by leaders and other participants in the great conflict. In writing editorially of the war series in March, 1885, we then said that our readers of a younger generation, would, after following these narratives, be "all the better prepared by inclination and temper for an examination of the real causes of the struggle, concerning which the last word has by no means yet been spoken." This "inclination and temper" of the public mind is still more evident to-day, and the life of Lincoln will be largely devoted to a study of the causes of that war, which, when considered in itself, or in its results, must be regarded as one of the most momentous events wherewith human history has ever had to deal.

There are other considerations which make the appearance of the authentic life of Lincoln most timely. The war is well over. The South long since gave up its championship of slavery. That doctrine is dead. The doctrine of disunion is also dead. There is no longer any one section of the country that can claim an exclusive devotion to the sentiment of nationality. The doctrine of disunion, we say, is dead — but, naturally enough, not yet quite in the sense that the doctrine of slavery is dead. The once Secession States have long since accepted the situation; the leaders, with few and marked exceptions, have accepted it as loyally as the rank and file of rebellion. There is no danger to the Republic from that quarter, so far as the dead doctrine of disunion is concerned. But it is particularly desirable at this time, with a new generation rising up and coming to the front in the South, that the sentiment of nationality should be fostered and strengthened as it can alone be by a study of the political causes of the armed conflict which happily ended in the salvation of the leading nation of the world. From Lincoln the Southern citizens of the Republic are prepared to learn again that lesson of nationality which Washington alone has illustrated with equal luster and devotion.

From Lincoln, we say,— for he, a Southerner by birth and ancestry, not only quelled the Southern insurrection, but was destined by his precepts and career and by the sympathetic nature of his personality, to be a perpetual guide and influence in behalf of national unity,— an example, a precedent, an enlightenment to all sections; and not the least to that section which it was his life-work to oppose and thwart in its most cherished social and political theories and schemes. We do not hesitate to say that the political gospel of Abraham Lincoln is the one which the new South is more in the mood to study and to accept than that of any other American statesman. It is one of the most moving and significant facts in history that the pathetic affection lavished by Lincoln upon his disaffected fellow-countrymen, to be met during his life with little else than scorn and insult, was finally, after his untimely death, returned to him with remorse and unending regret. Before the murdered body of Lincoln was cold, the word leaped from many a Southern tongue, "The South has lost its best friend!"— how good a friend was thus lost the new life of Lincoln will, for the first time, authoritatively relate! Such is the sure effect of consistent devotion

to the unchanging principles of freedom and "the deep heart of man."

But it is not only the principle of nationality which needs fortifying at this moment, in view of the "manifest destiny" of the united Republic in the future of civilization, but also those underlying principles of human brotherhood, of individual liberty, and civil rights which the career of Lincoln conspicuously illustrates, and which have of late been confused in many minds among us; but principally in the minds of certain wild-beast refugees from the Old World whose compliment to the free institutions of America is their attempt to destroy them.

Starting as did we ourselves upon the reading of the life of Lincoln by Nicolay and Hay with a deep interest in the subject and a special enthusiasm for the personality of the man, we found the record a revelation of even a finer, more winning, more ideal, and more masterly character than we had hitherto imagined. Indeed, as we read the manuscript of this work—a work remarkable for its thoroughness, its historical accuracy, its literary force, its revelation of secret events, and its illustration of events hitherto only partially understood; and supremely great, moreover, in the dignity of its subject; as we have read this great work it has seemed to us that the fame of Lincoln, mighty as it already is, could be compared to a gigantic statue set up in the open square, but still partly veiled from the public eye; a statue which, notwithstanding that its form and features are only vaguely visible, yet awes by the grandeur of its proportions, and the strong lines which show beneath the folds that hang over it. The reading of this minute and illuminating history was for us, as we believe it will be for the world, the unveiling of the statue of Lincoln!

Is American Society Ready?

PRESIDENT STILES, of Yale College, in his Election Sermon of May 8, 1783, before the General Assembly of Connecticut, portrayed the future glories of the United States in terms almost prophetic. The arts, the arms, the commerce, the literature of the new nation in the coming decades are dwelt upon by the venerable doctor with an enthusiasm which would be considered nowadays rather more appropriate in a freshman's first forensic effort. One of the richest of his themes is the inevitable growth of population, and he dilates upon it as if the complete census report of 1880 had been unrolled before his enraptured vision. "Our degree of population is such as to give us reason to expect that this will become a great people. It is probable that within a century from our independence the sun will shine on fifty millions of inhabitants in the United States. This will be a great, a very great nation, nearly equal to half Europe . . . so that before the millennium the English settlements in America may become more numerous millions than that greatest dominion on earth, the Chinese Empire."

Not once, throughout his long vaticination, does it seem to have occurred to Dr. Stiles that his descendants might find some drawbacks to this happy enumeration of fifty millions, or that the Americans of 1886, looking at the successive census reports with their steady decennial leaps of one-third, might be provoked only to murmur plaintively, "How long?" To him, fifty millions meant power, wealth, resources, ten millions of fighting-men, universal respect abroad, with only that vague sense of "responsibility" which should prevent the possessor of a giant's strength from using it like a giant. To us it means the exaggeration of contrasts of wealth, the exasperation of those who would have considered themselves examples of comfort fifty years ago, a proletariat not grown out of proportion, but armed for evil with weapons which can do more mischief in an hour than can be repaired in a year; and, to the gloomy among us, the prospects for the future are only of a time when the country shall be "like a Stilton cheese, run away with by its own mites." Time has brought us respect abroad; but with it, and a part of it, has come a growing danger from within,—the increasing size of the residuum which prefers lawlessness to law.

It must be a cardinal object with all governments, our own included, to prevent the evolution of mobs. Government must be not only good, but reasonably satisfactory; the appearance of organized lawlessness, like the appearance of pustules on the human body, is an indication that there is something out of order in the organism, for there are not many men who actually prefer lawlessness to law. It is the part of wisdom to endeavor to trace back the symptoms of lawlessness to their source, and remedy the one by removing the other. But during the investigation, it is the imperative duty of human government to see to it that lawlessness of every sort is eliminated from the discussion. It is a pressing question for statesmen and law-makers, though the hope of attention to it from our "statesmen" is not particularly bright, why so large a portion of our workingmen have come to prefer the boycott and other lawless remedies to the regular operations of law; but the lawlessness must not be permitted to continue pending the decision. The state which would settle such a question with equity to all concerned must be prepared to enforce a Roman Peace upon all concerned. Long before we can consider and determine the disease which has produced the great labor organizations and its proper remedy, long before the prisons shall be so filled with violators of our penal codes as to produce embarrassment to justice, the effort to end the struggle by violence, to release violators of law, and to establish the supremacy of illegal organizations over the law, must be met and dealt with. It is impossible that collision should interminably follow collision, and invariably with Pickwickian results. Any other result means war upon society; and, though society must conquer in the long run, it is neither wise nor just for society to allow itself to be so taken by surprise as to give space for irreparable mischief to innocent parties. How far may we consider American society to be on a war footing?

The traditional American policy of avoiding the employment of regular troops in the suppression of disorders has been proved a wise one. It has spared us the financial and other evils which attend the maintenance of a large regular army. It has surrounded the little regular force with so much of the odor of sanctity, that when it has become necessary to use it in the last resort, a sergeant and a dozen men have been sufficient to make their way through the stoutest mob. It has kept alive the popular sense of the cumu-

lative power by which American society deals with disorder; first the sheriff with his *posse;* then the governor with the militia of the State; and finally, and in the last resort, the President with the regular troops of the United States; so that a sufficiently serious resistance can only result in arraying against it the entire physical force of the nation. Every indication to be drawn from past experience warns us to rely on the militia of the States as the main instrument for the preservation of order, keeping the little regular force as the final trump card, to be played only when the state of the game imperatively requires it.

The State militia, then, is the key to the situation. How the States have dealt with their trust it is hardly necessary to say. The story is the same in all the States. In each there are a few "crack" regiments, usually in the cities, and a number of others which figure largely on paper, but would need several months of active campaigning in order to take rank as a really effective military force. Some of the companies hardly ever see one another until they touch elbows for the first time while listening to the reading of the Riot Act. Such a force must of necessity be but a broken reed when the State comes to lean upon it; and the persistent refusal of the States to better it is only symptomatic of that general policy which subordinates everything else to the securing of time for the legislatures to engage in the more congenial business of deals, to the neglect of the protection of the State and its interests. There is small hope for the State militia, when left to the tender mercies of a State legislature.

There is no need that it should be left to any such fate. The Constitution, in the eighth section of Article I., gives complete authority to Congress to meet the emergency in question. It empowers Congress, by general law, (1) to provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia; (2) to provide for their use in executing the laws of the Union, and in suppressing insurrections, and (3) to provide for governing the militia, when so called out, reserving to the States the appointment of the officers, and the execution of the discipline prescribed by Congress. There stands the power, waiting for Congress to put life into it, if that estimable body could spare time for the work at any of its sessions. One-fifth of the appropriations in the River and Harbor Bill, one-fiftieth of the heart-burnings, jealousies, and log-rolling which mark the annual progress of that measure, would put American society into a position from which it could consider judicially and decide justly the conflicting claims which now so seriously threaten the public tranquillity. To decide under the pressure of riot and disorder is of necessity to decide unjustly. For security against such a calamity it is only necessary for Congress to exercise its plenary power under the Constitution. Will the new Congress do it?

Marriage and Divorce again.

THE last issue of THE CENTURY contained a suggestion that a solution of the Mormon problem might be found in the ratification of an Amendment to the Constitution, giving to Congress the power to legislate for the whole people on the subjects of marriage and divorce. It was possible in that article only to indicate the reasons for the step proposed, in its bearings upon the Mormon problem; but, when we leave that comparatively narrow phase of the question, far larger interests open up and press for consideration.

The objection which will first occur to most men is that Congress is not able to accomplish with any great success the work which is now admittedly within its constitutional jurisdiction, and that it would be folly to add a new burden to the load which is already too great for Congress to carry. Most of the force will be taken from the objection by laying stress upon the perfectly fair distinction between that which Congress *may* do and that which Congress *must* do. Congress may, undoubtedly, waste a whole session in pottering about the affairs of the District of Columbia, to the neglect of more important matters; but it is surely not wise to encourage it in the practice by laying down the rule that, if Congress will do so, its persistence must be a good excuse for its more injurious neglects. The time has evidently come when Congress must be brought to abandon many of the subjects on which it has been in the habit of legislating. The country and its interests have come to be so large that Congress cannot be permitted much longer to act as a parish vestry for the care of town pumps and other minor things. Willingly or unwillingly, Congress must become a really national legislature. Perhaps the imposition of a new burden of this sort might aid in forcing the development of that which must come in the long run.

A quite parallel objection would arise as to the effect of the proposed change upon the Federal courts. They are already clogged with unfinished work; is the whole mass of the marriage and divorce business of the Union to be added to the amount? The answer would be much the same as that just given. The congested state of the Federal judiciary has arisen very largely from the assumption by Federal courts, or the imposition upon them by Congress, of functions which would be better performed by the State courts. The process was probably inevitable at a time when some of the State courts could not, perhaps, be fully trusted on certain cardinal questions. Hardly any lawyer will insist that this reason is still of weight. For example, since the Civil Rights clause has been invalidated, and Southern State judges have been thrown back upon their professional honor and the Common Law, the lines of Southern decisions are taking directions which are startling; and it begins to look as if the rights of the freedmen were rather safer under the ægis of the Common Law than even under a Ku Klux Act. Let us change the policy and set the State courts at work where we can. Until this be done, any new duties which will increase the congestion of the Federal courts and force a change will be only a blessing slightly disguised. It will hasten the day when the Federal judiciary shall no longer be a mysterious agency, several years behind time, whose innermost *arcana* are only to be penetrated by the richest of men or the strongest of corporations.

Social objections are, after all, the strongest. Laws may be made by wholesale, but, unless they are evolved by popular needs, or unless the popular life and feeling meet them sympathetically, they must fail, and perhaps ought to fail. Is it possible, then, to frame a marriage and divorce law for the United States which shall satisfy the general feeling of the American people? A law which should represent very

exactly a mathematical average of the public sentiment of the country might fail to represent more than a minute percentage of absolute sentiment. An average does not necessarily represent anything. To all this it will be fair to answer that there are really two kinds of sentiment in our people — the local and the national. The effects of the distinction may be seen by supposing that the regulation of divorce were remitted to the towns. Removed from general inspection, exposed to the full power of a few influential and interested individuals, the towns would certainly make our divorce laws even a greater stench than they now are. Even State control, though it has avoided some of the evils of town control, has not avoided all of them. Local sentiment might tolerate loose divorce laws by a town, or even by a State; but a proposition for a loose *national* divorce system would call into action a national sentiment on the subject which has never yet been fairly voiced. It is not meant that the general sentiment would drown the local, but that the voters and their representatives, if called upon to approve a loose divorce Act of Congress, would look at it from quite a new point of view, and would have a hesitancy about exposing the nation to the condemnation of Christendom which they would never feel if only their town or State were in question. As this mode of public sentiment is an utterly unknown quantity, it must be a matter for individual judgment how far it would operate to restore the balance, so that a divorce law, too stringent to satisfy the local sentiment of the town of A or of the State of B, might be perfectly in accordance with the *national* character of both. To us it seems to be the factor needed; but at all events it is one which has not received adequate consideration, while little more than a statement of it is needed to show its importance in any attempt to forecast the results.

The objection just mentioned, if it should be pressed, as it certainly would be, would at once bring out to view one of the worst evils of our present system. The objection implies that a divorce law which would suit New York would not suit Louisiana or Oregon, or even New Jersey or Connecticut. The objection would have more weight if interstate migration were of as small proportions now as a century ago. In 1880, nearly ten millions of our population were living in States other than those of their birth. Suppose one-half of these were women, and the magnitude of the evil becomes apparent. No class is so much exposed to the purely legal evils of our divorce system as women; no class is so ignorant of them. The little that a woman knows of the marriage and divorce laws of her own State is the result of a long series of petty social observations. Leaving the State of her first residence, she loses all the little knowledge she had, and goes into her new location as ignorant as a child. When the ablest lawyer can hardly make anything intelligible out of the marriage laws of the State of New York, wherein shall the average woman dare to rely on her own knowledge? So far from its being true that the social repulsions of the States are an argument for State marriage and divorce laws, the mobility of our modern population exposes a very large class to constant and extreme danger from them. While the States make these laws, a woman must take her social life in her hands whenever she steps an inch out of the beaten path of ceremony; and even when she thinks she has kept the beaten path she is apt to find that she has merely been committing social suicide. The social repulsions of our men may demand State laws on these subjects; but are the interests of our women to count for nothing?

It is true that the transfer to Congress of legislative power on marriage and divorce is, in more senses than one, a leap into the unknown. But, when it offers so promising, so clear a road to the solution of the Mormon problem, when it offers assurance of security to a great and helpless class of our ever-moving population, when the indications from analogy are that the unknown will be advantageous to the social and political interests of the people and injurious to none, the subject is evidently one for the most thoughtful consideration, lest opportunity, once let slip, should pass from us forever.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Outlook of the Fisheries.

THE future of our fisheries is a subject which is now attracting a large share of public attention. An industry that in 1880 employed 131,426 men, an invested capital of $37,955,349, supported a population of more than half a million, and the annual product of which, at the prices paid to the fishermen, was $43,046,053, is certainly entitled to consideration as an important factor in our national growth and prosperity. Especially is this so when it is considered that the harvest thus reaped is taken from the sea — from fields that no man has sown — and the gathering of which trains a large body of hardy and enterprising men, who constitute a self-supporting militia of the sea, a force of inestimable value to any nation that aspires to naval or commercial greatness.

The question of the hour is, what ought to be done to foster and protect our fisheries, in order that they may be carried on with that reasonable assurance of success which alone will guarantee their continuance? Will success be best assured by some so-called reciprocal arrangement with the British provinces, similar to the Washington treaty recently expired? or will greater prosperity be attained under the treaty of 1818, which is now in force? The answer to this question has been most emphatically given by the entire fishing population of New England. The expiration of the fishery clauses of the Washington treaty was hailed with unfeigned satisfaction, and during the past winter they unanimously declared in memorials to Congress that the inshore British fishery was absolutely valueless to them. It was stated "that there was nothing in its use as a fishery that our fishermen desired the Government to procure for them at the price of any equivalent, whether in opening our

market to Canadian fish, or in money; that when the treaty of Washington had, at the cost of $5,500,000 and other considerations, opened those waters as a fishery to us, the shore people prevented our taking bait by mobs and violence to our vessels and seines; that Great Britain, unwilling to restrain them, paid damages for the Fortune Bay outrages; that we did not use the cod fishery in the limit; that the mackerel was insignificant, and that the use of these waters as a fishing adjunct to our undoubted rights of common fishery in the ocean had no practical value for fishing under our flag and was not asked for by our fishermen."

A brief review of the New England fisheries will enable us to weigh the value of this declaration, in the light of well ascertained facts, and to arrive at an understanding of whether the reciprocity treaties which have been made, ostensibly in behalf of the fishermen, have been of value to them or otherwise. By so doing we shall be better able to judge of the future of our fisheries and of what is best calculated to insure their prosperity and continuance as an American industry.

First, what are the advantages to be gained by American fishermen from enjoying the so-called privilege of fishing within the three-mile limit, on certain parts of the provincial coast, from which, by the treaty of 1818, they are debarred? It may be stated at the start, in positive terms, that the cod and halibut fisheries are prosecuted by American fishermen entirely in the open sea, outside of British jurisdiction. According to the United States Fish Commission, the area of the offshore banks thus unrestrictedly frequented by the American vessels, and exclusive of the Greenland and Iceland halibut grounds, is 73,123 square geographical miles. This includes the range of elevated ocean plateaus that extend from Cape Cod to the Flemish Cap, off Newfoundland, and which constitute the great fishing banks in the western Atlantic.

The mackerel fishery, then, is the only one which, even under the privileges of the Washington treaty, was prosecuted to any extent at all by American fishermen in inshore British waters. The value of the privilege of fishing for mackerel within the three-mile limit on the Canadian coast may be judged from the following:

According to a report on the fishing grounds of North America, prepared by the United States Fish Commission, the total area of the mackerel fishing grounds off the eastern coast of the United States is 56,000 square geographical miles. Here, in our own waters, the most extensive and valuable mackerel fishery of the world is carried on. In addition to this, our fishermen have the right to fish in the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence outside of the three-mile limit; and thus is opened to them an additional area of 15,200 square miles, making a total of more than 70,000 square miles over which they have an unquestioned right to prosecute their operations. Now, if we estimate the area of inshore waters frequented by our fishermen in pursuit of mackerel, we will able to get an idea of their relative importance, always supposing that the fishery can be prosecuted as well inshore as it can off, which is not the fact, as will be shown hereafter. The north shore of Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton are the localities in the inshore British waters which are now chiefly visited by American vessels in pursuit of mackerel. The total area of the inshore waters in these regions commonly resorted to by American fishermen does not much exceed 775 square miles (if we follow the coast line), or about one per cent. of the area of the mackerel fishing grounds to which they have an unquestioned right. Or, if we include the south shore of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, the east side of Cape Breton, and what is known as the "West Shore"—from Point Escumenac to Point Miscou—in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, we shall have a total area of 2,064 square miles. But a simple statement of the area of these inshore waters over which alone England has any control can convey little idea of their value. The mackerel fishery is now exclusively prosecuted with the great purse seine instead of by hook and line, which were formerly used. Therefore, the larger portion of this inshore area of water being too shallow and the bottom too rough to permit of the successful manipulation of the fishing apparatus, it is comparatively seldom that any fish are caught near the land. On the southern coast of Nova Scotia few fish are taken by American vessels, and these only during their migratory period. Thus it will be seen that the available area inside the limit is exceedingly small.

Then, too, the change in the methods of fishing has, in recent years, led to the almost practical abandonment of the mackerel fishery in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Occasionally a considerable fleet enters the Gulf; but, since the results have generally been unsatisfactory, there have been seasons when only a very few vessels went there. It is true, perhaps, that the mackerel being a remarkably erratic species, its movements cannot be predicted from year to year with any absolute certainty.

The results obtained in the past ten years, since the universal employment of the purse seine, may serve, however, as a fair basis in judging of the future. It is an historical fact, now well established by the most accurate and careful investigation and inquiry, that the catch of mackerel in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, not to speak of the inshore waters under British control, has been of comparative insignificance during the last decade. And even under the most favorable conditions, when the catch there has been exceptionally large, as in 1885, the total product of the Gulf mackerel fishery did not amount to more than eight per cent. of the entire catch of the New England fleet. Of this, less than one-fourth was taken inside of the three-mile limit.

The influence of the reciprocity treaty of 1854 was not immediately felt, and the fleet employed in the food fisheries of New England seems to have reached its maximum in 1862. At this date, according to the returns of the Bureau of Statistics, there were 133,601 tons employed in cod fishing, and 80,596 tons engaged in the mackerel fishery, a total of 214,197 tons. Since 1862 there has been more or less fluctuation in the tonnage employed in the fisheries; but, since the conclusion of the Washington treaty, the decline has been very marked, so much so that in 1883, according to the authority above mentioned, the tonnage employed in the cod and mackerel fishery was only 95,038 tons new measurement, which would be equivalent to about 140,000 tons old measurement, which shows an actual decrease, since 1862, in these branches of the fisheries, of 74,197 tons.

In 1879 an excellent opportunity was presented to me to note the practical operation of the fishery clauses of the Washington treaty. In the summer of that year I was at Pubnico, Nova Scotia, and was told by residents of that place that its fishing fleet, under the influence of the free markets of the United States, had grown from four small vessels to a fleet of about sixty fine schooners, during the previous six or seven years. In the latter part of the summer I entered upon the work of investigating the fisheries of New England for the tenth census. In many places on the coast it was found that the treaty had exerted a very baneful influence. Towns which had formerly sent to sea fleets of fishing vessels, varying from twenty-five to upward of one hundred sail, had then barely a remnant left, and in some cases not a single schooner. Some of these outfitting stations were veritable pictures of desolation — merely reminders of a lost industry. One in particular, called "Rigg's Cove," at Georgetown, Maine, impressed me the most forcibly. From here had sailed, a few years previously, fifty fine schooners. But what a change! At the time of our visit nothing remained to indicate its former business importance but neglected and tumble-down storehouses, and decaying wharves, against which lay a superannuated fish freighter, the tide flowing in and out of her open seams, and the broken cordage flapping monotonously against her bare spars, as if she had come here to die on the scene of her former usefulness.

It may not then be wondered at that, with such examples before them, American fishermen look with dread and distrust upon any proposition to renew similar relations with the British provinces. The evils they now have under the treaty of 1818, though they are many and onerous, are preferred instead.

Judging from the past, there can be no question that the result of another era of free fishing and "free fish" would be the practical annihilation of our ocean fisheries. And there can be little doubt that fair success can be obtained, and our fisheries restored to prosperity, if they are accorded a reasonable amount of protection, so that, at least, they may be placed on an even footing with foreign competitors, who are fostered by bounties, and have none of the onerous duties to pay which are exacted from our fishermen.

The future of our fisheries, then, depends almost wholly on the action of our Government. Let the rights of citizens of the United States in provincial waters be only clearly and authoritatively defined by the United States, and the fishermen will soon adapt themselves to the existing conditions. If they have commercial rights, as has been claimed by the highest authorities in the Senate, it is proper that they should know what those rights are, at the earliest practicable moment. They do not care to fish in British waters which are *only inside the three-mile limit*, and do not include off-shore fishing grounds, as has been erroneously supposed by many. This right would be valueless, as has been shown; and it is worthy of remark that not one of the Canadian cruisers has had cause for interfering with American vessels on this head during the present season.

The rights which are ours by the convention of 1818 have also to a large degree been rendered valueless in consequence of the interpretation given to the treaty by Canada. Such, for illustration, is the right of shelter. Let me ask who has the best right to an opinion in regard to the need of shelter for a vessel? Is it her master, who, by long years of training and experience, is competent to judge of the dangers which he must encounter in leaving a harbor, or is it a landsman, devoid of all experience of the sea, who, nevertheless, may be appointed as a custom officer, and, under the present arrangement, may have the power to order a vessel to sea under the penalty of seizure! On a coast where gales suddenly arise, accompanied by hard driving snows, rain and fog, frequently lasting for many days, where comes the right to order a vessel to sea under penalty of seizure if she lay in harbor beyond a prescribed limit? It is, perhaps, not too much to hope that questions of this kind, which have long been held in abeyance, may be soon settled, in accordance with the humane and enlightened spirit of the age.

Let our fishermen be once assured of protection in the enjoyments of their rights under the treaty of 1818, and there can be no reasonable doubt that, with the improved methods and appliances which have been recently adopted, together with the bravery and hardihood which have been their distinguishing characteristics, the industry in which they are engaged will recover its former prosperity. It will take time, to be sure, to shake off the effects which are a result of two reciprocity treaties. But this can be done if the conditions are favorable.

And will it not be a wiser policy to promote by all justifiable means an industry which adds to the country's wealth, and at the same time trains a large body of efficient seamen, who must ever stand as a bulwark against its invasion by sea? If this is granted, then experience has proved that there is only one way to reach the desired result. While "free fish" will surely sound the death knell of the American fisheries, the assurance of American markets for American products will as certainly promote them.

J. W. Collins.

Is it Sectional or National?

SENATOR JOHNSTON was right when he said Mr. Cable impeached a whole nation. If he meant, by his article on the "Silent South," an impeachment of the justice of whites toward blacks, that impeachment covers the Union from Florida to Oregon and from Maine to California. The same facts that are true from Richmond to Galveston hold also from Boston to San Francisco.

I base my assertion on a statement by states of the number of prisoners in penitentiaries, jails, calabooses, workhouses, military prisons, and the hands of lessees. Tables were compiled by Fred H. Wines, for ten years secretary of the Illinois Board of Commissioners of Public Charities, and are the most accurate of the kind ever gotten up by the government of the United States.

Figures deduced from these tables show that in the South * the percentage of the negro population who were in prison convicted or accused of crime was 3.67 times as large as the percentage of the white

* Under the title South we include the fifteen old slave states (with West Virginia), and the District of Columbia. The term North is used as including all the remaining states.

population so imprisoned. At the North the percentage of the negro population who were prisoners was 4.82 times as large as the percentage of whites who were prisoners. Thus on the hypothesis that judges and juries unjustly discriminate against negroes, a calculation based on the foregoing figures shows that Southern jurymen are thirty-one per cent. kinder to the blacks than Northern men are.

Taking only the ten cotton states and Virginia, the results are still more favorable to the South, and making the comparison within those states between negroes and native whites (the best basis of comparison) slightly raises the percentage of superiority.

In some individual states, both North and South, the apparent discrimination is very great. It is extremely great in Georgia, but *even worse* in Michigan. It is greater east than west in both sections, but notably so in the South. This is probably for the reason that the drift of the criminal classes among the whites is westward, which is not the case among the blacks.

Northern negroes are richer. They are less illiterate. They are more scattered and more subject to civilizing white influence and less to that of each other. They would also, naturally, be less hated because of being few, weak, and helpless. These and other considerations would induce the reasoner to expect greater discrimination South than North. It would take a year's or rather many years' work to determine their mathematical value; but they may all be offset by two things. The institution of slavery implanted in the Southern negro temperance and subordination, a combination of qualities which the freedom of the Northern negro from any such school could never give him. Northern negroes are urban. Southern negroes are rural. There is more crime in cities than in the country. Hence we would look for the proportion of Northern negro prisoners to be greater. We have no statement of the division of prisoners into urban and rural, but an estimate reduces the thirty-one per cent. of greater Southern kindness to fifteen per cent. But, could all the elements of difference be mathematically eliminated, I doubt if the original percentage would be altered. The residuum of difference could probably be explained by the kind feelings of the Southerners toward their old slaves, and the fact that *their chivalry is rational.* They are favorably inclined toward *all* weak and helpless classes, *whether a weaker sex or race.* Thus I think it has been demonstrated, as near mathematically as such a thing can be done, that *race discrimination in the administration of justice is not sectional.*

In reality, it would be a miracle, under the circumstances, if absolutely no discrimination were exhibited. As much of it as exists should be blotted out by our vaunted "chivalry" and "philanthropy." Indeed, in the North the negro is not protected by loving memories, and justice can be secured to him only by repeated, persistent efforts of noble philanthropists. In the South, where the problem chiefly lies, there is certainly room for improvement in the mutual feelings of the races. The negroes are the wards of the nation, perhaps, but each individual owes him the treatment due a fellow-citizen and fellow-man. He owes this not only to the negroes of a distant part of the country, but also to those in his own state, city, or his own street. He owes it not so much to those being tried before juries in a distant state as to the men who come up before the one on which he himself is impaneled.

A. E. Orr.

A REPLY.

EDITOR CENTURY:

Mr. Orr has, with great pains and accuracy and a most praiseworthy deference to truth, drawn his conclusions from the Census of 1880, vol. I., pp. 3 and 929. Yet his generalizing is crude. He says my "impeachment of the justice of whites toward blacks" "covers the Union from Florida to Oregon and from Maine to California." "The same facts," he says, "that are true from Richmond to Galveston hold also from Boston to San Francisco." Appealing to figures, he finds that in all the Southern states the comparative criminality of blacks and whites — if prison populations are conclusive evidence — is less than four to one, and in the Northern less than five to one; the proportion being nearly a third *greater* in the whole North than in the whole South.

Now the first trouble here is that Mr. Orr is contesting a statement that nobody has made. In my reply to ex-Senator Johnston [THE CENTURY, May, 1886], my assertion as to an excessive disproportion of colored convicts is made only of "some Southern States," and specifically only of Georgia. Both there and in the earlier pages in which ex-Senator Johnston found this and kindred statements, they are to the effect that such things are actually occurring here and there and are *liable* to occur wherever the "attitude of domination over the blacks" meets the "seductions of the atrocious convict-lease system," which system, I wrote specifically, "does not belong to all our once slave States nor to all our once seceded States." Hence Mr. Orr is entirely wrong in resting his argument on aggregate statistics of the whole South.

But this is only the beginning of his error. He is wrong again in appealing to aggregate sums of *all prisoners;* for I spoke only of penitentiary convicts leased into private hands. So that the U. S. Census tables of all prisoners in jails, calabooses, etc., are not the proper data to argue from. The proper data are the penitentiaries' official reports. In South Carolina, by the U. S. Census, the comparative criminality of blacks and whites in equal numbers of each shows six and three-fourths to one; while the report of the state penitentiary for 1881 shows the proportion of blacks and whites committed to it over *ten to one.* Is this excess entirely due to an excessive criminality, or does not faithfulness to truth compel us to consider the additional fact that, while other confinements do not, the penitentiary does disfranchise?

I have not been so careless as to imply that even the convict-lease system works the same sort and degree of evil in all places alike. Varying conditions make varying evil results. This is plainly recognized in the seventh paragraph of my reply to ex-Senator Johnston and in other places in the general controversy. In Louisiana the disproportion of black convicts is not as large as in Georgia, and yet it has one of the most brutal lease systems in the whole South.

But do Mr. Orr's mistakes end here? By no means. He errs seriously if he would imply that I do not admit a greater depravity among blacks than among whites. The fact is palpable; the fault — we will not speak of that, for who would be innocent? In my

reply to ex-Senator Johnston I said that gentleman had accounted for barely half the excess of black convict population attributed by him to "the depravity of the negro." And now comes Mr. Orr, and from another set of statistics accounts for the same five to one that ex-Senator Johnston had accounted for and leaves the same additional, remaining five to one without explanation in the states where it exists.

And still again the gentleman is wide of the mark when he says, "The same facts that are true from Richmond to Galveston hold also from Boston to San Francisco." They do not hold uniformly North or South, and only Mr. Orr has said they do. They fluctuate. There are regions where there is something like a general disposition to treat the negro as a man, regardless of race; as in Massachusetts, for instance. There are other Northern regions where — to quote my reply to ex-Senator Johnston — "it is freely admitted that the proportion of colored penitentiary convicts would be less were there not still a great deal of unreasoning prejudice against the black man on account of his color"; for example, in Illinois or Indiana. Again, there are Southern states, Tennessee, for example, where the proportion of colored criminality seems to compare favorably, not with such states as Massachusetts, but with such as Illinois or Indiana; though even this momentary advantage is more than lost when we leave census figures of "all prisoners," and turn to the states' own official lists of their *penitentiary convicts*. And, lastly, there are such states as Georgia and South Carolina, where the figures are simply indefensible. Here is a small table of comparative figures:

EXCESS OF BLACK CRIMINALITY IN EQUAL NUMBERS OF BLACK AND WHITE.

State.	*By U. S. Census of all prisoners.*	*By State official reports of Penitentiary convicts under lease system only.*
Massachusetts.	2 3/4 to 1	Convicts not distinguished by color.
Indiana.....	6 1/4 to 1	" " " "
Illinois	5 2/5 to 1	5 2/5 to 1 in Joliet Penitentiary.
Tennessee	5 to 1	7 to 1.
South Carolina	6 3/4 to 1	10 1/2 to 1.
Georgia	7 4/5 to 1	13 to 1.

Mr. Orr's census figures are well enough, but his conclusions have an embryotic immaturity. He is not more to blame than a thousand others for overlooking entirely the figures of lynch law; it is the fashion to ignore them. And yet there they stand, in all their naked, shameless, unpardonable savagery. But, passing them by, there is still between certain states this additional unestimated difference: that while in one the great majority of all questions of offense against persons of property, small or great, are brought before the bar of law and authority, in another the great majority of such questions are submitted only to the law and authority of one's good right hand. South Carolina will doubtless maintain its civilization to be not greatly inferior to that of Massachusetts. On the other hand, with three-fifths of her population of such sort that the other two-fifths deny them full citizenship on the ground of mental and moral unfitness, she will not claim to be greatly superior. But in Massachusetts the total of prisoners, even exclusive of reformatories, was in 1880 one in every four hundred and ninety-three of the state's population; while in South Carolina — almost destitute of reformatories — it was but one in every fifteen hundred and fifty. The total white prisoners in South Carolina, a state more than one-fifth of whose white population of ten years and upward could not write, were only one in every six thousand nine hundred and eighty-four. To assume that such a record indicates conclusively the amount of criminality in a population is too preposterous for serious notice.

Such facts as these make it quite superfluous for Mr. Orr or ex-Senator Johnston to find ingenious reasons to account for excess of Northern over Southern incarceration of colored men. The North, the East, the West, shall never find in me a champion of any error in them. If I do not enlarge upon the presence of race prejudices there, it is because I see their best people recognizing, lamenting, and steadily crowding out the wicked error. Moreover, I find but half a million dark sufferers from this error in all the North. There are twelve times that number in the South. Meanwhile I see in the South the seat of the contagion, and her intelligent but deluded people alternately denying and boasting its presence, and openly proposing to perpetuate it, against the peace of the nation and their own good name, happiness, and prosperity. I have never yet spoken first in this matter, save under the conviction that silence was treason to the South. It is treason.

But I must be done replying to such critics as ex-Senator Johnston and Mr. Orr. Why will not some one for once attempt a reply to what I have actually said or implied? There are my statements; The Convict Lease System, The Freedman's Case in Equity, The Silent South; not one assertion actually made in any one of them has been even seemingly refuted. The false doctrines which so many have claimed to be the true sentiment of and right system for the South have thus far found no advocate able to speak to the point. I shall make no more replies to those who cannot; but if any can — there lies the gage in the open arena.

Mr. Orr seems to me the fairest minded of any critic I have yet had. He seems really ready not only to acknowledge the truth, but to be in search of it. If he is he will presently find his way to an outlook whence he must see that the true duty of every Southerner is to make peaceable but inexorable war against the foul errors bred in the South, and only in less degree in the North, by slavery, and that only one among them is the corrupting and execrable penal system that distinguishes the majority of our Southern states from the rest of the enlightened world.

George W. Cable.

"A Healthy Change in the Tone of the Human Heart."

(SUGGESTIONS TO CITIES.)

THIS is the term used by a great writer to describe what indolent people would be apt to call a difference of taste, the difference between the "taste" that led to the building of the Parthenon and that evinced in

the building of the cathedrals, and, again, between the public taste of the period of cathedral-building and the time of the building of — what shall be said? — our soldiers' monuments? our patent iron bridges?

In the fifteenth century, Mr. Ruskin tells us, the most cultivated of men found delight in scenes of which the chief characteristics were trimness, orderliness, framedness, surface fineness,— sources of gratification that could be so only through a conspicuous manifestation of human painstaking. The water in which they took pleasure was water flowing in a channel paved at the bottom, walled at the sides, rimmed at the surface, and bordered by parallel floral fringes, specimen trees, or hedges. The rocks they enjoyed were any but crannied, craggy, mossy, and weather-stained rocks. They liked best to look on forest trees when they had been trimmed, shorn, and disposed in rows by the side of a road. They disliked all that we mean by depth, intricacy, mystery, in scenery. They liked clear outlines, fences, walls, defining circumstances, scenes fretted with bits of bright color, turf patched with flower-beds, nature dressed on the principles of our drawing-room and garden decorative art. They fairly hated the sight of the disorderly, unconfinable sea, with its fluctuating lights and shadows and fugitive hues. The civilization of our times, Mr. Ruskin thinks, finds a greater pleasure in rivers than in canals; it enjoys the sea, it enjoys the distinctive qualities of mountains, crags, rocks; it is pleasantly affected by all that in natural scenery which is indefinite, blending, evasive. It is less agreeably moved by trees when standing out with marked singularity of form or color than when the distinctive qualities of one are partly merged with those of others, in groups and masses, as in natural woodsides. It takes pleasure in breadth, sedateness, serenity of landscape. If modern art has any advantage over that of the middle ages, it is through its awakening to the value of these aspects of nature and its less respect for the more material wealth of man's manifest creation.

This doctrine is not Mr. Ruskin's alone. Scholars in general have substantially taken the same view from the time of Addison and Horace Walpole down. Mr. Ruskin has but presented it more fully and accurately than others. But if we accept it, what are we to think of the neglect that is apparent at many of our centers of civilization to preserve, develop, and make richly available their chief local resources of this form of wealth? Let me refer to a few examples.

At our national capital, while we are every year adding to its outfit new decorations in marble and bronze, formal plantations, specimen trees, and floral and bushy millinery, we leave the charmingly wooded glen of Rock Creek in private hands, subject any day to be laid waste. Once gone, the wealth of the nation could not buy for Washington half the value of landscape beauty that would thus have been lost.

Again, one of our Northern cities has always had lying at its feet a passage of scenery in which, with some protection and aid to nature, and a little provision of convenience, there might be more of grandeur, picturesqueness, and poetic charm than it is possible that this city shall ever otherwise be able to possess, though it should increase a hundred-fold in population and wealth, and command the talents of greater artists than any now living. No effort is made to hold the opportunity. No thought is given to it. The real estate in which it lies, as yet mainly if not wholly unproductive, is from year to year bought and sold as private property with regard alone to its possible future value for some industrial purpose to which thousands of acres near by can easily be as well adapted. There is a river running through it, but its chief interest to "the human heart" does not lie in the water. The water is of no small value, yet it might be wholly drawn off to turn wheels and all that I have said remain true.

We have another fine city, a city of some repute for its poets, its architecture, sculpture, music, gardening, its galleries and its schools of art. Liberal, provident, thrifty, clean, it sits at the head of a harbor giving directly on the sea. The harbor has made the city. Various islands and headlands make the harbor. The islands and headlands are thus the life of the city. Following Mr. Ruskin, one would suppose that whatever of beauty lies in them would long since have engaged all the art-sense of its people. But, in fact, hitherto, a stranger wishing to look down the harbor toward the sea could find not a foot of ground along the shore prepared for the purpose. Once the islands were bodies of foliage. Seen one against another and grouping with woody headlands, they formed scenery of grace and amenity, cheerful, genial, hospitable. But long ago they were despoiled for petty private gains, and the harbor made artificially bald, raw, bleak, prosaic, inhospitable. Each island now stands by itself, as sharply defined in all its outlines as the most mediæval mind could desire. Several of them are the property of the city and are in use for excellent purposes. It would not lessen but enhance their value for these purposes to dress them again with the graces of naturally disposed foliage; and under a well-prepared system, patiently followed, it would cost little more every year to do this than is spent for an hour's exhibition of fireworks. The harbor is often more crowded than any other on the coast with pleasure-seeking yachts and yachtlets; all that has been stated is perfectly plain; but the opportunity remains not only unused, but, so far as publicly appears, unconsidered,— a matter of no account.

One of the most impressive (and by its impressiveness most recreative, and by its recreativeness most valuable) city grounds that I have known, I strayed into by accident, never having heard of it before. This was thirty years ago, and I have not heard of it since; but the impression it made was so strong that being asked for a note on this topic, it is instantly and vividly recalled. The entire value of this city property lay in its situation. Otherwise it was barbarous — barbarous in its squirming gravel-walks, its dilapidated essays of puerile decoration, its shabby gentility; its hogs and its hoodlums. But far below flowed a great river, and one looked beyond the river downward upon the unbroken surface of an unlimited forest; looked upon it as one looks from a height upon the sea.

No matter what is beyond, an expanse of water, as you say, can never fail to have a refreshing counter interest to the inner parts of a city; it supplies a tonic change at times even from the finest churches, libraries, picture galleries, conservatories, gardens, soldiers' monuments, parks, and landward outskirts. What is easier than to provide a grateful convenience

for such refreshment? Yet if one wants it at Troy, Albany, Newburgh, Springfield, Hartford, Middletown, New London, Trenton, Norfolk, Louisville, St. Louis, Memphis, Vicksburg, what is offered? What was lost for Brooklyn when the brow of its heights was wholly given up to paved streets and private occupation! What resources is Burlington wasting!

The wayfarer in Lynchburg may come to know by a chance glimpse at a street-corner that that city holds one of the greatest treasures of scenery at its command; but if he would see more of it, he must ask leave to climb a church-steeple, or, what is better, plod off by a dusty road to a point beyond the city's squalid outskirts, where the James river will give him undisturbed space for western contemplation. Many such illustrations of the general fact might be given.

But one who believes that Ruskin is describing tendencies of civilized movement rather than stages attained, as he looks over our land, is not left cheerless. Years ago a traveler arriving in Buffalo asked in vain where he could go to look out on the lake. "The lake?" he would be answered in the spirit of the middle ages; "nobody here wants to look at the lake; we hate the lake." And he might find that two large public squares had been laid out, furnished and planted, leaving a block between them and the edge of a bluff to be so built over as to shut off all view from the squares toward the lake and toward sunset. But lately land has been bought and prepared, and is much resorted to, expressly for the enjoyment of this view. This new public property also commands a river effect such as can be seen, I believe, nowhere else,—a certain quivering of the surface and a rare tone of color, the result of the crowding upward of the lake waters as they enter the deep portal of the Niagara. Is the regard paid to these elements of natural scenery by the city less an evidence of growing civilization than is given in the granite statues on its court-house or in its soldiers' monument? San Francisco holds a grand outlook upon the Pacific; New Haven has acquired a noble eminence overlooking the Sound. Be it remembered, also, that at Chicago and at Detroit, at Halifax and at Bridgeport, sites have been secured at which the public interest in great, simple, undecorated waters may be worthily cared for.

Between the two neighboring cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis the Mississippi flows majestically. Its banks are bold and nobly wooded, a virgin American forest. Mr. Horace Cleveland, a veteran artist, a kinsman of the President's, is urging upon the people of these two cities that they secure the opportunity thus offered for a public ground common to both with which no other city recreation-ground could be brought in comparison. If Mr. Ruskin be right, it speaks well for the health of these two wonderfully growing communities that the suggestion has been gravely received and is earnestly debated.

A small space, it should not be forgotten, may serve to present a choice refreshment to a city, provided the circumstances are favorable for an extended outlook upon natural elements of scenery. This is seen in Durham Terrace at Montreal, the inward as well as the riverward characteristic scenes of which Mr. Howells has described in "Their Wedding Journey." Another illustration of the fact may be found in a queer little half-public place, half-domestic back-yard, from which the river may be overlooked if any one cares for it, at Hudson, New York. Yet another may be come upon at Providence, a public balcony, not more than a hundred feet square, thrown out from a hill-side street. A trifling affair, but a trifle that expresses much of public civilization.

For low-lying towns upon the sea or lake coasts, promenade piers will generally offer the best means to the purpose. A simple promenade pier built with tree-trunks from neighboring woods, nicely hewn, nicely adzed, nicely notched, nicely pinned, without a bolt or strap of iron, with no paint or applied "gingerbread," built by a village bee, would be a work worthy to be celebrated in a wood-cut poem of THE CENTURY.

Frederick Law Olmsted.

Ocean Signal Stations.

THERE is, perhaps, no question in science in which there has been so large an admixture of speculation and fact as in the attempts made to reduce to general rules the phenomena attendant upon storms, the reason being that meteorological observatories were too few in number, and too widely separated to procure the necessary data without drawing largely upon conjecture.

The introduction of the electric telegraph has contributed greatly to the solid advancement of the science of meteorology, which, more than any other, must depend upon extensive and carefully conducted observations. In this respect the United States stand preëminent, having at the present time nearly eight hundred observing stations. One of the results of the increase in the number of meteorological stations on the land, is the valuable system of storm warnings, or weather indications, now so widely studied.

From the ocean, however, until recently it has not been considered possible to obtain accurate knowledge of meteorological conditions, except such as might be compiled from the logs of incoming vessels.

In order to overcome this serious defect in the world's weather service, I have prepared the following practicable plan for the collation and distribution of meteorological data from the North Atlantic Ocean. The system as designed embodies the construction of a number of lightships of peculiar form, which are to be moored at intervals across the Atlantic Ocean, displaying weather and code signals, and the laying of a submarine telegraph cable connecting each of these floating stations with the telegraph systems of Europe and America. The hull of the station is cylindrical in shape, the bottom or lower end being flat, securing a maximum buoyancy. The top, or upper end, is convex, with a pitch of thirty degrees, presenting a minimum surface of resistance to either wind or sea.

The hull, when in position, will be submerged nearly to the level of the upper deck, maintaining at all times an equilibrium as nearly perfect as is possible. For regulating the depth of submersion, two large tanks having a capacity of many hundred tons of water ballast are placed in the lower hold.

From the upper deck, a skeleton-like tubular iron framework arises, at the top of which are placed the lantern and lighting apparatus, the latter consisting

of a Fresnel lens of the first order and an electric arc light, forming a beacon of the greatest range of illumination and brilliancy.

The tubular columns supporting the lantern serve as smoke, steam, and ventilating shafts, one being used as a stairway to the lookout and signal box, situated just below the lantern.

The interior of the station is subdivided into cabins, observing, electrical machinery, and other departments. For ventilating purposes, two of the tubular columns will contain powerful fan-wheels, the one supplying pure fresh air, while the other exhausts the foul air and gases accumulating below the decks. These fans are calculated to furnish seventy-five hundred cubic feet of air per minute — a quantity more than sufficient for all necessities.

For mooring purposes, a peculiar form of anchor, known as the mushroom, is to be used in connection with a light steel cable of small diameter, the great buoyancy of this form of station readily sustaining the immense weight of cable required to anchor in the great depths of the ocean, varying from one thousand to three thousand fathoms, the average depth on the telegraph plateau being two thousand four hundred fathoms.

To provide electrical communication between the stations and the two continents, a submarine telegraph cable is to be laid between Europe and America, and connected with each of the intermediate stations. In order to avoid strain or injury to the main cable, the local or direct connection will be made by means of a secondary cable, buoyed in the immediate vicinity of the station. The motion of these ships in heavy weather will be slow and easy, and with absolutely no strain upon either the hull or mooring cable. The fact of the stations being so nearly submerged and presenting but a minimum surface of resistance to the elements, places their ability to ride in safety through the severest Atlantic gale beyond all doubt. Comfortable quarters are provided for the meteorologists, electricians, and crew necessary to properly attend to the management of such stations.

The system is also intended to record the movements of shipping at sea, especially of the great fleet of passenger steamships, the observers reporting the location and condition of each ship as signaled. By reason of the almost constant knowledge of the progress of steamships, the anxieties of the world would be greatly allayed when, by disabled machinery or other mishaps, a steamship compelled to proceed under sail-power alone becomes long overdue.

The stations, being moored in known latitudes and longitudes, will become points of departure for mariners who through stress of weather have lost their reckoning and bearings.

F. A. Cloudman.

Rondout, N. Y.

Pronunciation of Alien Words.

I would like to ask through your columns the proper treatment of such words, in the matter of pronunciation, and perhaps of spelling also, as have come into daily use among us from other languages, many of them being proper names, as of persons, geographical, etc. As an instance, I had occasion a few days ago to mention the Simplon in connection with a small collection of Alpine flowers I had gathered last year on this famous pass, and pronounced it, according to its spelling, in English sounds. I was met with an interrogation from one of my audience, "The Samplon?"

Again, I used the word to express a person employed by another, and spelled it, as I pronounced it, employee. My spelling was corrected to employé.

How are we to escape between the Scylla of misspelling on the one hand, and the Charybdis of mispronunciation on the other? If we pronounce *Simplon*, *employé*, and other like words according to the rules of their respective languages, are we to set any limits? If so, what limits? If not, must we become familiar with the pronunciation of every language under the sun, words from nearly all of which we meet with in our daily papers? Must the continental traveler speak of *Paris*, and the pulpit of Calvin, as these are pronounced abroad? Or shall we adopt the rule of pronouncing from all languages according to the sounds of our own, and thus maintain a uniformity and consistency that is otherwise impossible to any but a polyglot?

The writer would like to see this question discussed for the benefit of your vast and intelligent *clientèle*.

Marcellus.

The proper answer to the above questions is not very favorable to those who have not the gift of tongues. For the pronunciation of words which are altogether foreign to the English language, there can be but one rule: pronounce them as nearly as possible as they are pronounced by those to whom they are vernacular. This rule is dictated by both good taste and common sense. The only excuse for violating it is ignorance, of which, in the case of the majority of languages, most of us must, of course, plead guilty. Every well-educated man, however, is to-day supposed to have a knowledge of at least French, German, and Italian, sufficient to enable him to pronounce correctly the few words from those languages which he is likely to meet in general reading. For Chinese, Burmese, and the like, he must consult the authorities or trust to Providence. A blunder in Russian or Choctaw is in a high degree excusable. What is true of pronunciation is equally true of spelling.

But our correspondent's questions — to judge from his examples — cover also a large class of words to which the above rule does not apply; which, in fact, are not really foreign words, but anglicized pronunciations and forms of such words, established and recognized as integral parts of the English language. The language-makers are not fine scholars, and in their mouths French, German, or Italian words, if frequently used, or if especially difficult to pronounce, soon acquire an English sound; and when usage lifts this new sound above the rank of a blunder, we must all recognize it as the only legitimate one. When change of sound is accompanied by a change of spelling, this necessity is obvious to all; when it is not so accompanied, it is common — among certain would-be accurate people — to discard the English and affect a foreign pronunciation. Thus, for example, to say *München* for Munich would at once be condemned as affectation; but it is equally affected to use the German pronunciation of *Berlin* or the French pronun-

ciation of *Paris*, or to say Cal*van* for Cal*vin*. This remark applies to a vast number of geographical names, names of persons, and other words which we need not specify in detail. On the other hand the exceptions are very numerous. The language-makers have not transformed every familiar foreign word into English, and hence, while we, for example, with right, use the English pronunciation of Galileo and Luther, we must use the German of *Hegel*, *Fichte*, and *Jacobi*, and the French of *rendez-vous* and *ennui*. Whether *Simplon* should be pronounced as English or French is probably a matter of taste, since the English pronunciation of it is hardly established; but *employee* is a good English word, preferred by the "Imperial" to *employé*, and admitted by "Webster" to be "perfectly conformable to analogy" though it is not given a place in his vocabulary.

To sum up: When there is an established anglicized pronunciation or form of a foreign word, it is always to be used; otherwise, and especially in modern European languages, where ignorance is no excuse, the foreign pronunciation is the only accurate one. But who then is to tell when such English forms exist? That is the duty of the pronouncing dictionaries.

Benjamin E. Smith.

The Singing-schools of Olden Time.

THE simple tunes, the fugues and anthems of the olden time awoke as keen a pleasure in the hearers and performers of that day as the music that has supplanted them awakes in the disciples of the advanced culture of the present. They were happy as far as they knew, and they knew enough to be happy therein.

The teachers of these schools were men whose attainments in music were above mediocrity. The mechanical part of their art they knew quite thoroughly; in its deeper scientific and philosophic principles they could probably hold no comparison with our modern professionals. They were prominent variously for taste, voice, or ability to teach, and their employment was on the itinerant method. The musically inclined in several contiguous towns arranged for schools on different evenings of the week during the winter, and, by virtue of the footings on the inevitable "subscription-paper," bargained with a teacher whose whole time was thus employed on the comprised circuit, to the mutual advantage of all. All the preliminaries having thus been arranged, the young people of the several towns for whose pleasure and benefit these affairs were mainly intended, reënforced by some of the veteran singers for back-bone and support, joyfully gathered for the vocal campaign. The order of proceedings with some of the older and more thorough of the teachers was to call the novitiates, one by one, to the front and require them to "raise and fall" the eight notes of the gamut. Those unable to climb and descend this test ladder were summarily set aside by the choral autocrat, and assigned to the spectators' seats thereafter.

The successful passers of the test were then put through the musical alphabet and rudimentary exercises, though I do not remember that the aid of a blackboard or chart — now considered almost indispensable — was ever called in. Proficiency in the practice of the scales was attained according to the grade of apprehension in the individual pupils, and the lessons were continued sufficiently long to enable the brightest to wade glibly among the semibreves, crotchets, and quavers, and become leaning-posts and "ponies" for those of duller intellects. When *word* came to be substituted for *note* practice, the dullards came alongside of the experts, since rote could counterfeit knowledge undetected.

A recess interluded the two hours' session. Sometimes, when the teacher used a violin as an accompaniment of his instructions, the instrument was called into requisition to aid a dance or two during the interval. The chorister who was master of this accomplishment added another leaf to his laurels.

Toward the close of the season came the practice of the "set-pieces" and anthems which were to be the crown of the final concerts. Oh, the recollection of old "Denmark" and the "Judgment Anthem," as I followed their mazy wonders, is among the things secure from oblivion!

On the finished course of lessons supervened the grand finale — a concert in each of the several localities wherein the schools had been held, often aided by a selection of the prominent singers of the neighboring precincts. The spacious, old-fashioned church was the scene of this terminal demonstration. Its galleries, extending around three sides of the edifice, were lined by the performers; the chorister, instrumentalists, and most prominent vocalists occupying the center front. The parish clergyman and his visitant brethren filled the pulpit, and the pews and aisles were crammed with the expectant audience gathered from far and near. After prayer, the great volume of modulated and cadenced sound began to roll — at first along the simple measures in the tunes adapted to ordinary use. Gradually, as the singers warmed to their work, and the harmony became more perfect, more complicated themes astonished the listening multitude, whose admiring interest was halted and whirled through fugues whose labyrinthine intricacies, like the evolutions of trained battalions, were as wonderful as the skillful clew that brought all the prolonged and errant tones into triumphant unison at last. Occasionally, when rare voices were found in a community, they were paraded in a few solos or quartettes; and I remember occasions where "Deep is the sleep of the hero," from Handel's Oratorio of Saul, and "Eve's Lamentation," by a forgotten composer, were rendered with an effect to which the perfect silence and irrepressible tears of the great audience bore expressive testimony.

Many of the music-teachers were uniques in their line; often, as they became veterans in their profession, they assumed proportional autocracy, and surpassed the old-time district school-master in disciplinary *régime*. An unlucky whisper or a thoughtless giggle during the exercises would, in some cases, provoke exhibitions of temper and results which the "young America" of these days would resent as intolerable. I have seen buxom maidens of eighteen years and more, drawn from their seats with no gentle gallantry and stationed in mid-floor, blushing, mortified, tearful, or defiant, as the case might be, and young men taken by the collar to the door and summarily ejected, for some trifling indiscretion during the performances. Nor were the educational acquirements of some of

them at all remarkable beyond the gamut. I recall the criticism of one such who called a sudden halt in the midst of a tune and exclaimed in wrath: "Mind your words! You lay too much stress on the pronoun *and*, and the adverb *of*." On another occasion he chid his choir thus: "You sung that no better than a lot of *Squummux* Indians would do."

Well, all this is now among the by-gones. Picked choirs and paid quartettes, or promiscuous congregational singing, have supplanted the volunteer full-gallery performers of olden time; and where modern refittings have not yet been applied, those empty galleries still remain to awaken sad remembrances of other days and the old-fashioned singing-school.

E. W. B. Canning.

A Grave Omission in our School Histories.

HAVING had occasion (as member of a city school board) to examine a number of text-books on American history "prepared for the use of schools and academies," I have been struck with one defect which all seem to possess in common. This is their glaring omission of any due notice of the vast immigrations, from foreign countries, which have taken place within the present century and which have so largely contributed to the "making of America."

I look at the census tables and learn that there are fourteen million people, in the United States, of foreign parentage. I observe that there are half a million Irish men and women in New York and that a majority of the voters in the State of Wisconsin are of German birth. I turn to my school history, which pretends to tell me the story of the American people, and I find no trace of the coming of these millions. There is no record of the mighty industrial impetus which their immigration must have produced; nor the slightest hint of the vast, though subtile, social and political influences which, almost necessarily, must have accompanied the instreaming of such a mass.

As well might a record of the thirteen original colonies brought down to 1886, in which all reference to the Great West and South-west was omitted, be called a "History of the United States" as one which ignores the colonists who have landed since the Revolution.

Possibly some explanation of this inexcusable hiatus may be found in the habit of school-book compilers of servilely imitating their predecessors of the '30's and '40's. "Peter Parleyism" has been the bane of the schools in this particular department. Apparently there is no America until the curtain is rung up to witness the landing of the Puritans, "those brave refugees" from a religious despotism they did so much to reëstablish in their new home. And the school-boy is regaled with all the little joys and woes of the Plymouth villagers while the rest of the country is settled "without note or comment." There is, for instance, no adequate mention of the earlier influx of Irish settlers whose hatred of English dominion exerted so powerful an influence in favor of the Revolutionary movement (if we are to credit the authorities cited in one of Mr. Lecky's recent volumes), and that has since grown to be so important an element in the history of the American people. The pupil has forced upon his memory all the Netherlandish names of the governors of colonial New York, while the vast German immigration that has built up entire States in our Western domain is scarcely noticed.

In this particular our text-book writers on American history have made a great mistake. They have closed their epoch of colonization and settlement a century too soon. They notice the arrival of a hundred refugees in the seventeenth century, and expatiate on the causes of their exile. But they ignore the "million a decade" who have landed on our shores during the present century. Yet this colonization of the nineteenth century is greater than that of all previous eras. It has exceeded numerically that great migration from the north which overturned the Roman Empire. True, it has not carried in its train the disastrous and destructive results of the barbarian inroads, but it may possess all the constructive and modifying force of that mighty popular upheaval. It has brought widely differing races into the community. They have adapted themselves to the society which they have found here, but has there been no responsive adaptation on the part of the native community? But, in any event, whoever fails to recognize in European immigration and Western settlement main threads, aside from purely political events like the slavery agitation, in the history of the American people during the present century, is unfitted to write a suitable text-book for the schools.

H. J. Desmond.

Death of David Crockett.

CAPTAIN REUBEN M. POTTER, U. S. A., writing to correct some statements in an account of the fall of the Alamo that appeared in an article on General Sam Houston, in THE CENTURY for August, 1884, states that Crockett was killed by a bullet-shot while at his post on the outworks of the fort, and was one of the first to fall. Captain Potter says that the story of Crockett being captured with a gun-barrel in one hand, and a huge knife in the other, and a semicircle of dead Mexicans about him is pure fiction. Bowie was ill at the time of the fight, and was found murdered in his bed; and a single bullet-hole in the forehead of Travis tells the whole tale of his death. Nothing else, he adds, can be known.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Bitter Soliloquery of a Lesser Poet.

(TAKING HIMSELF INTO A CORNER BY THE EAR.)

TINKLING poet, with your lays
Nicely turned for people's praise;
With your moldy little rhymes,
They have heard a thousand times;
Wingless "songs" that tug and pant,
Airy as an elephant;
Sonnets stiff in all their joints,
Spurred by exclamation points; —
To one question pray reply,
Just one only; that is — WHY?

Has the suffering soul of man,
Since your mild "career" began,
Ever had a drop of balm
From your doleful little psalm?
Has the eager thought of youth
Gleaned from you one grain of truth?
Has the heart of human care
Leaned on you, or learned to bear?

Do you write for ducats yellow?
For the girls to say, "dear fellow?"
In some circle quite retired
Are you "very much admired?"
Tinkle, tinkle, little star!
How I wonder *why* you are;
Up above the world so high,
Tinkling,— how I wonder WHY?

Anthony Morehead.

Our Wedding Trip.

OUR wedding day, dear John's and mine,
At last, at last had come;
When we as two should cease to be,
And love and live as one.

How eagerly we talked about
The places where we'd go.
All maiden fear was lulled to rest,
We loved each other so.

The words were said that made us one,–
We wept our last good-byes.
O'er summer seas we sailed and sailed
To lands with bluer skies;

Where Arno's waters swiftly slip
'Neath Ponte Vecchio's stones;
Where Santa Croce's marble saints
Watch o'er her honored bones;

Where gleam the gems of art divine
On church and palace walls;
Where on the ear the Sistine chant
Like seraph music falls;

Across fair Naples' azure bay,
Where Capri's smiling shore
Wooes those who love to rest for aye,
Never to wander more; —

Through all that land of art and song,
Where love holds sway supreme,
We roamed and quaffed life's richest draught,
And lived as in a dream.

. . . . . .

Was this indeed our wedding trip?
No. Only what we talked.
We went from mother's house to John's,
And John and I both walked.

LeRoy Parker.

Love's Coup d'état.

NO LONGER at thy feet,
My only dear,
With honeyed words I'll woo thee,
Nor never fear
That with thy praises sweet,
I will again pursue thee!

"Soft stars of night," thine eyes
Did folly call,
To make thee smile upon me,
Love's favor small!
Instead, thou didst chastise
With frowns, and yet more shun me.

So now, 'tis time to try,
Truth to thy mind:
Thou seest not that I love thee?
Then art thou blind!
'Tis sin to say thine eye
Is like a star above thee!

"Thy lips were made to kiss,"
Long time I said —
Tho' thou'st with scorn denied me
To taste their red:
Know that they speak amiss
When they do thus deride me!

"The dimple in thy chin
For Love was made?"
Alas, I did not know thee!
That trap was laid
To catch my heart within,
As I,— poor fool! — did show thee.

"Thine heart is sweet and true,"
Once wert thou told;
Now, Lady, prithee hear me;
Thine heart is cold!
(Such words are surely new,
Truth, haply, may endear me.)

One thing I *cannot* say
(Loving sweet Truth,
Tho' fain I would abuse thee
With words of ruth),
That there can dawn a day
My heart would cease to choose thee.

Margaret Deland.

Uncle Abe's Views.

UNCLE ABE belonged to that class among the colored people who were raised in slavery and were self-instructed in the principles of Moral Philosophy. Interest, with that plausible sophistry which a willing disposition furnishes the tempter, argued that two wrongs make a right; consequently, stealing from a master was *not* stealing. With his fervent religious nature, he was greatly interested in the discussion of much-mooted points of Christian tenet and doctrine. But the polemics of learned doctors, in his hands, often led to startling conclusions. After emancipation, realizing the boon of opportunity, Uncle Abe sent his children to school, but, like all men, white and black, while he admitted the advantage of learning over ignorance, he always felt himself to be an exception to the applicability of the rule. He believed it necessary to educate other people in order to bring them on a level with his mother-wit. There is no denying his general shrewdness, although the sincerity of some of his positions may be doubted. Jacob, his oldest son, soon began to display an activity of intellect, and evince a disposition to inquire into first and final causes that gave the old man some trouble to maintain that supremacy which he assumed, and which had hitherto been unquestionably conceded by the family. The oracle was hard-pressed by the devotee.

"Daddy," said Jacob of the nascent intellect, one night as they sat around the wide-mouthed, mud-daubed, stick chimney, while the pot of chittlings suspended from the crane bubbled a low and savory song of joy, "you said your moster was a mighty hard man, an' didn't give you all enuff to eat. How could you work when you was hungry?"

"Huh! chile, I got plenty. I didn' ax nobody to feed me, I use' to go to de smoke-house an' fare sum'-tious, an' de chickens said dere prairs ev'y night—case dey didn' know which one had to go nex'. Ef you wants to ketch a chicken so he won't holler, jis take him by the nake so," illustrating with the poker, "an' you got 'im."

"But, daddy, whose meat an' chickens was they?"

"Dey war mine when I got a holt uv 'em," said the old man, laughing boisterously.

"But whose was they before you took 'em?"

"W'y, moster claimed 'em, but I guess some uv 'em belonged to me, seein's I worked fur 'em."

"But was it right to take 'em without askin' for 'em?"

"Uv course, 'cause ef I had a-ast, I'd a-got a whippin' an' no meat neither." This ratiocination did not seem conclusive, for Jacob continued:

"Would it be right for me to take some of them big October peaches I helped you plant?"

"No," said the old man hastily, alarmed for his best fruit, "an' you better not."

"Why wouldn't it be right?" said Jacob, acquiescing without question in the inexpediency of the proposed act.

"'Cause I'se your pa," said Uncle Abe conclusively.

"Would it be right to take some of mammie's preserves?"

"No," sententiously responded the philosopher.

"Why?"

"'Cause she's your ma," confidently.

"Would it be right to take buddie Jim's hick'ry nuts?"

"No!"

"Why?"

"'Cause he's your brer," triumphantly.

"Would it be right to take some of Mr. Thompson's roas'in' ears?"

"No, an' you better not go foolin' 'roun' dere neither, fur he doan' take no foolishness."

"When is it right to take something from somebody?" asked the boy, using indefinite terms, finding all specific cases under the ban.

"'Tain't never right fur *you* to take nothin' fum nobody," answered Uncle Abe in a sentence that was a triumph of jugglery in the use of negatives. And fearing lest Jacob might still be inclined to emulate his prowess, he continued: "You mus'n' try to do as I duz, 'case circumstances alters cases — you'se a little boy an' I'se a man; I'se got a family to pervide fur, an' you ain't. Ef you wuz to try to do what I duz you'd git cotched de fust time. Chilun ain't so sharp dese days. Min' now, ef you touches dem October peaches, I gwine to skin you 'live."

H. T. Kealing.

Little Maid with Lovers Twain.

WAS ever a soul so pestered; dear me, what shall I do?
I thought there was none like Robin, and loved him leal and true;
I thought there was none like Robin, but now that Jamie's here,
I look at Robin and Jamie and both of them are dear!
And whether the old or new love wins, I canna tell as yet.
Alack! Aweel! I'll wait and see which way my heart shall set!

Was ever a soul so worried? I would na do a wrong;
But there is Robin and Jamie — I canna to both belong;
Yet when a-walking with Robin, I think him the finest lad,
And when Jamie comes a-wooing, I canna for long be sad!
And whether the old or new love wins, I canna tell as yet.
Alack! Aweel! I'll wait and see which way my heart shall set!

Was ever a soul so beat about? I dinna, canna see,
How that Robin and Jamie can both belong to me!
For Robin's like the sunshine with eyes of sunny light,
And Jamie's like the darkness with eyes of dusky night.
Yet whether the old or new love wins, I canna tell as yet.
Alack! Aweel! I'll wait and see which way my heart shall set!

Was ever a soul so badgered? Whichever way I turn,
Whether to Robin or Jamie, the truth I canna learn.
A many a thing in Robin helps me to hold him near,
And a many a thing in Jamie makes him as passing dear!
And betwixt the old and new love, my heart is sore beset!
Alack! Aweel! I'll wait and see, I will na wed as yet!

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

Poor Papa!

Ada.—Poor Papa has a toothache this morning, Edith. I don't think it is a good time to speak about the ermine cloaks. The bill can be sent quietly into the office.

Edith.—Yes, it's as well not to trouble him about them, especially as I have to ask him for money for those opera tickets.

Ada.—Supposing you ask for enough to cover our matinée party next Saturday. Poor Papa so dislikes drawing checks, and it's too bad to trouble him twice. Only be sure you make it large enough. There's the lunch at Delmonico's, you know.

Edith.—You think that's better than a dinner at the Café Brunswick afterwards?

Ada.—No, I don't; I prefer the dinner; but you see—poor Papa——

Edith.—Really, it will do him good to dine alone once in a while. He often says we make his head spin with our chatter. I don't doubt he'll enjoy his dinner better for the silence.

Ada.—Very likely he will. Oh, and I have an idea. Why couldn't we invite old Cousin Martha to dine with him on Saturday night? She's got to be asked sometime this week, you know,—she goes Monday,—and she is *such* a pill. It would be a good time to get it over.

Edith.—Would it do, though, when we are both away? Why not have her to-night?

Ada.—But you won't be here to-night. You are going on that sleighing party, and I'm sure I *never* could stand her alone. We might ask her for to-morrow if you thought best.

Edith.—Indeed and I don't. You'll be away yourself then at the Philharmonic, and I can't abide her any more than you. Upon the whole, I don't see any harm in asking her for Saturday. We can explain to her that we felt it would be a comfort to poor Papa to have her company while we were away.

Ada.—What time shall we ask her for?

Edith.—We'll have to say half-past five. She'll never dare be out alone in the street later than that.

Ada.—Yes, but papa is never home till six on Saturday nights, you know.

Edith.—That's only because he takes a walk before coming home. We must tell him Cousin Martha is coming and that he must be here to meet her.

Ada.—Shall we tell him this morning?

Edith.—Certainly not, if he has the toothache. You might know better than to annoy him when he's ill. Poor Papa! It's time enough to tell him Saturday morning after it has all been positively arranged with Cousin Martha.

Ada.—Who's to see her home? She's sure to ask.

Edith.—Let me see. We should be back just in time to send her round in the carriage. But it's a pity to keep Monks out just for her.

Ada.—And he does get so sulky if he has to drive any of the side-street relations. Send Suzanne with her.

Edith.—It's Suzanne's night out.

Ada.—Harriet, then.

Edith.—You are so thoughtless, Ada! You might remember that Harriet has that jacket of mine in hand, and you know how slow she is. She'll never get it done till the last minute as it is; I can't have her taken off. I must have it for Sunday morning.

Ada.—I don't see then but what poor Papa will have to go round with Cousin Martha.

Edith.—Well, that's just the thing. It will make up for his shorter walk in the afternoon. It would be a pity he shouldn't have his full amount of exercise when it's all he gets the whole week through.

Ada.—So it is. Poor Papa! It is a pity he has to work so hard. But you know he objects to going out in the evening.

Edith.—It won't harm him in the least. Night air is better than no air. Besides, if he objects, he can send her home in a hack, can't he? It is a shame if all the time he spends at the office doesn't bring in enough to send a guest home on wheels when it's necessary. Don't encourage him in counting his dollars too closely. It'll lead to miserliness before we know it, and then where shall we be?

Ada.—True enough. Perhaps then we had better persuade him to buy a new coat. His is fearfully shabby about the seams.

Edith.—His office coat, do you mean? Oh, it doesn't at all matter what he looks like down town, you know. And poor Papa so hates going to the tailor. Don't bother him unnecessarily. He really needs a new frock coat, though. I was so ashamed last night when Tom Jones caught him in here in that shiny one. He *must* have another at once.

Ada.—I spoke to him about it ages ago. But he said we should have to put up with it a while longer. Stocks were bad or something.

Edith.—Oh, if there really isn't money to spare, of course we mustn't force him into extravagances. Let him take his own time, then. Only he had better keep out of the parlor in the evenings until after calling hours. It does look so to have one's father getting seedy. We might suggest to him that his feet are damp—they're sure to be any night, poor Papa!—and get him to put on his slippers earlier. He'd never think of coming in here then.

Ada.—By the way, his slippers are in such a state! I had to get one for Mollie Van Buren the other day, when she wanted to show me the new slipper figure for the german, and I was *so* mortified. I had to pretend I couldn't find those he was wearing, and that this was an old one.

Edith.—I noticed it at the time. Very quick of you; I don't think she suspected, so there's no harm done. It's a shame of Papa to let his slippers get to such a pass. What would he ever do without us to take care of him!

Ada.—It mightn't be a bad idea to get him a pair for Christmas. One has to have a little present for him then, you know. Why don't you work him a pair?

Edith.—Goodness, I haven't time. There's the screen for Julia Murray only half-embroidered (I spent eleven dollars on silks for it yesterday, my dear!), and I have planned a perfect love of a sofa-cushion for Miss Fitz-Hugh that will take every spare moment left. Why don't you make him a pair?

Ada.—As if I had more time than you! There's no end of work on Tom's cigar-case yet, and I've begun a lot of things besides. One can't be receiving attentions all the time, you know, without giving some return besides thanks.

Edith.—Why not just buy a pair, then? Poor Papa won't know the difference. I saw some cloth ones lined with flannel at Macy's the other day. They're awfully cheap, and every one knows it's only because they're warm that one buys them. That's the beauty of such cheap things. When they're so *very* cheap as all that, every one knows they must have some especial good in them, or you wouldn't get them, and so it's not set down to meanness.

Ada.—Well, you had better get them, then, as soon as possible, before any one else sees those atrocious old ones.

Edith.—Why should I bother about them any more than you? They're not for me.

Ada.—Nor for me either, are they? I'd like to see myself wearing such guys! But if you'll get the slippers I'll write to Cousin Martha,—tedious old chatterbox. It's lucky we don't have to ask her more than once a year, and she lives so miserably at home that our ordinary dinner will be quite good enough for her. You needn't provide anything extra.

Edith.—I had ordered rather a nice dinner for Saturday,—that was when we thought of asking Albert Fitz-Hugh and his cousin in after the play. There was a form of jellied quails for one thing. It seems too bad to waste it on just Cousin Martha and poor Papa. Besides, he's so fond of the dish that if we weren't here to restrain him, he wouldn't leave a scrap of it.

Ada.—Countermand it.

Edith.—I shall, of course. Or rather I'll keep it over till Sunday night. Papa's always at Will's then. Besides, some one's sure to drop in to Sunday night's tea, and it looks well to be caught with a nice little supper on the table when it's known no one's expected. Is poor Papa's toothache *very* bad to-day, Ada?

Ada.—Quite too bad to risk the ermine cloaks on it.

Edith.—Oh, of course. But the check?

Ada.—I can't say, really. You might try a little laudanum with him first.

Edith.—But I do so hate the smell of laudanum. Is there nothing else?

Ada.—Why not wait for the check? You don't need it to-day, and his toothache is sure to wear off by to-morrow.

Edith.—Let's hope so, for really I want a lot of money. And if it doesn't?

Ada.—He must have the tooth out. We really can't suffer so from his toothaches. These attacks are getting periodical.

Edith.—Don't you think, all things considered, it might be as well any way to have it out before Saturday?

Ada.—The sooner the better, poor Papa, of course.

Edith.—You had better speak to him about it at once, then.

Ada.—No, I'll write and make the appointment with the dentist. You can speak to him about it.

Edith.—I would rather you did.

Ada.—And I would rather *you* did.

Edith.—I *won't.*

Ada.—*I* won't.

Edith.—But some one must. Suppose we *both* do.

Ada.—Oh, well, perhaps that's the surest plan. Poor Papa! What would he do if he hadn't us to look after him!

Edith.—Come on, then.

Ada.—All right.

Both together.—Poor Papa!

Grace Denio Litchfield.

F.L. 5-2.57

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